Esquire

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER
1938

ARTICLES

CLIFFORD HARMON
ILIA BRODY
THOMAS NEWMAN
HARRY HIBSCHMAN
HILAIRE DU BERRIER
BOB LEVITT
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
CREIGHTON PEET

FICTION

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
MANUEL KOMROFF
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
LOUIS PAUL
OLIVER LA FARGE
WALTER SCHOENSTEDT
E. A. DURAND
CARL STEPHENSON

ART

ROWLANDSON PRINTS

SATIRE

LYNN MONTROSS
E. R. BAYER
BEN HAMILTON
DANIEL FUCHS

POETRY

KENNETH C. KAUFMAN

SPORTS

DONALD HOUGH
PARKE CUMMINGS
MONROE H. GOODE
DONALD C. VAUGHAN

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CARLETON SMITH
PATTERSON MURPHY
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
CHARLES RUTHERFORD
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
HOWARD BAER
GEORGE PETTY
PAUL WEBB
B. SHERMUND
ROBERT C. DELL
A. ROSS
ROBERT HOLLEY
RODNEY DE SARRO
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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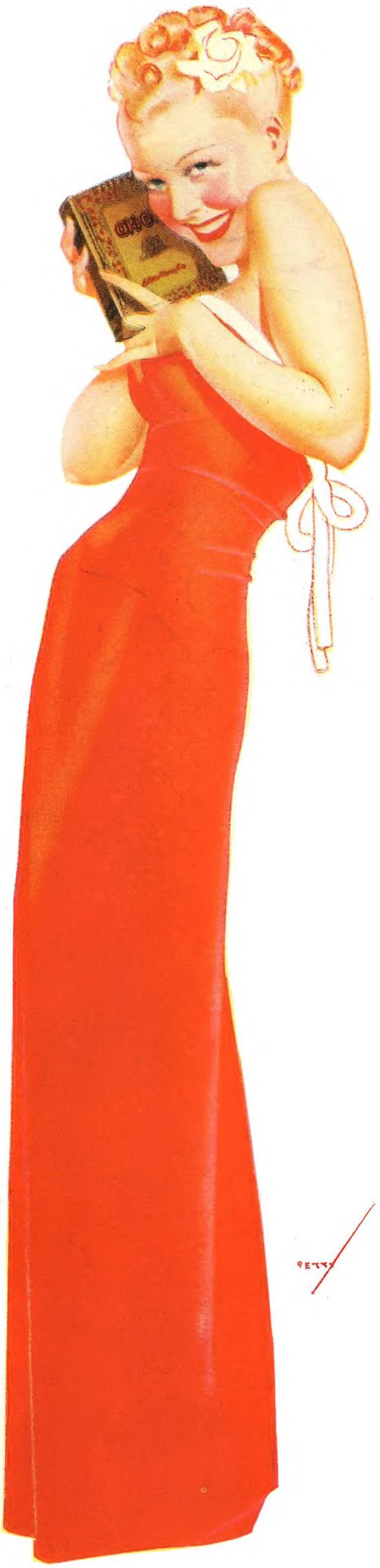

Whatever
Her taste
Is in reading
Here's one book
She'll really enjoy.
It's dedicated
To her
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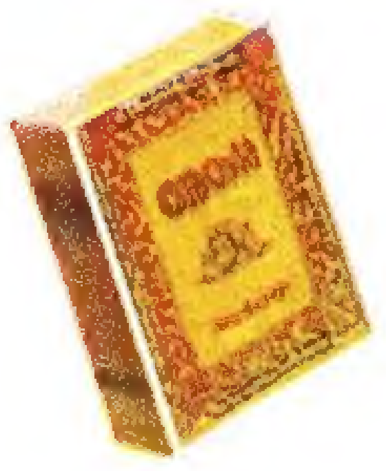

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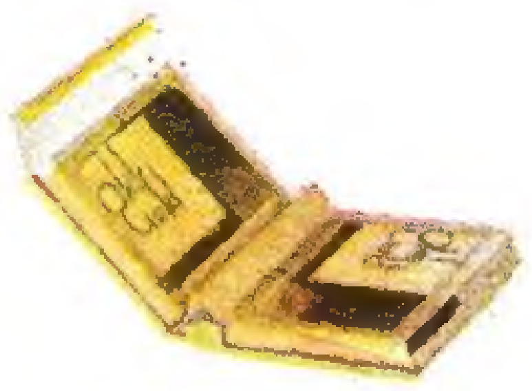

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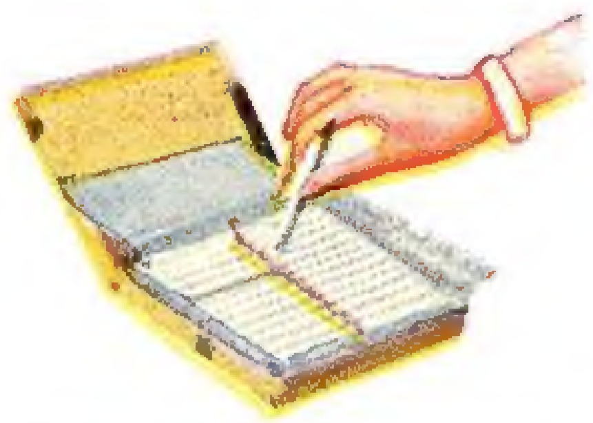

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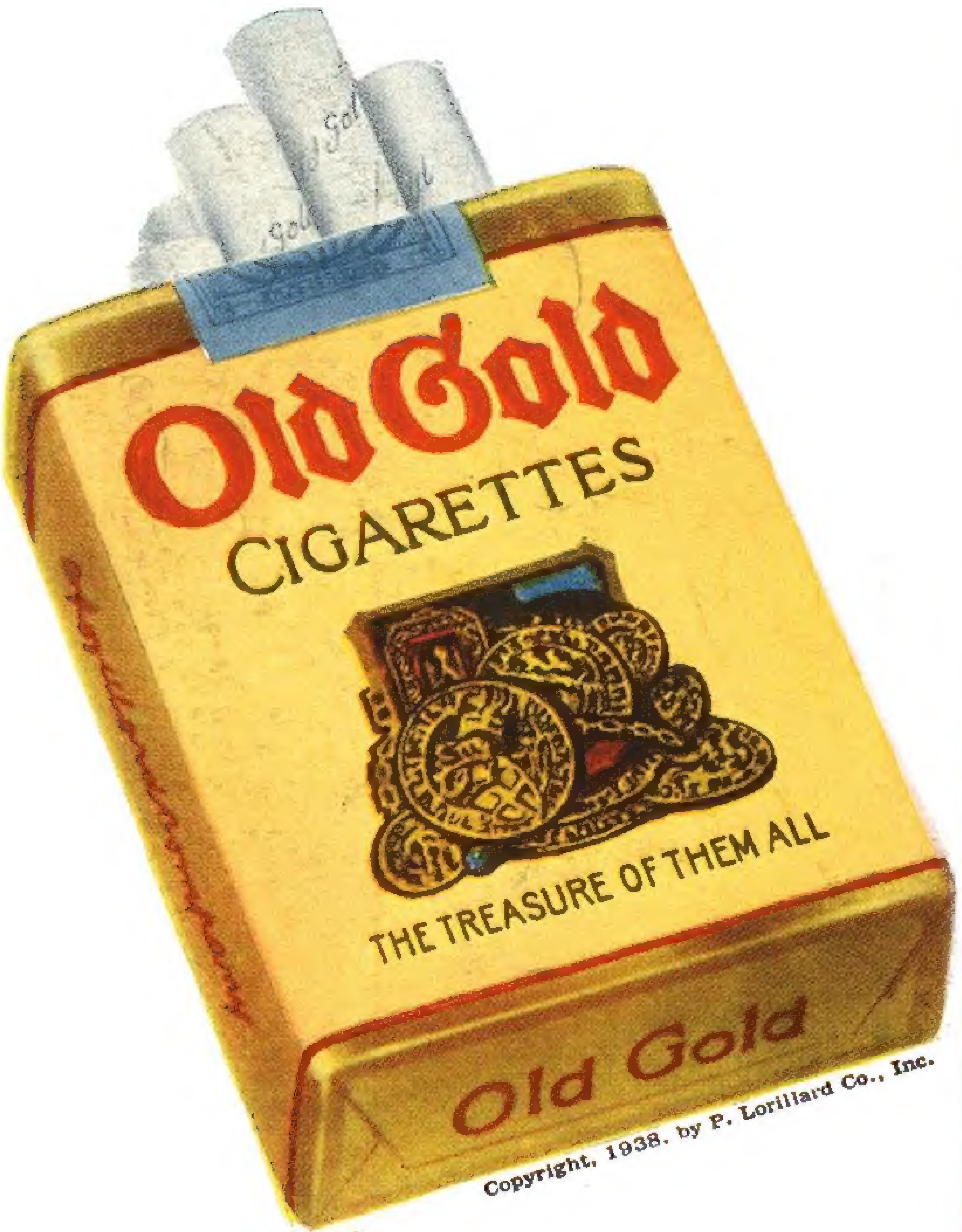

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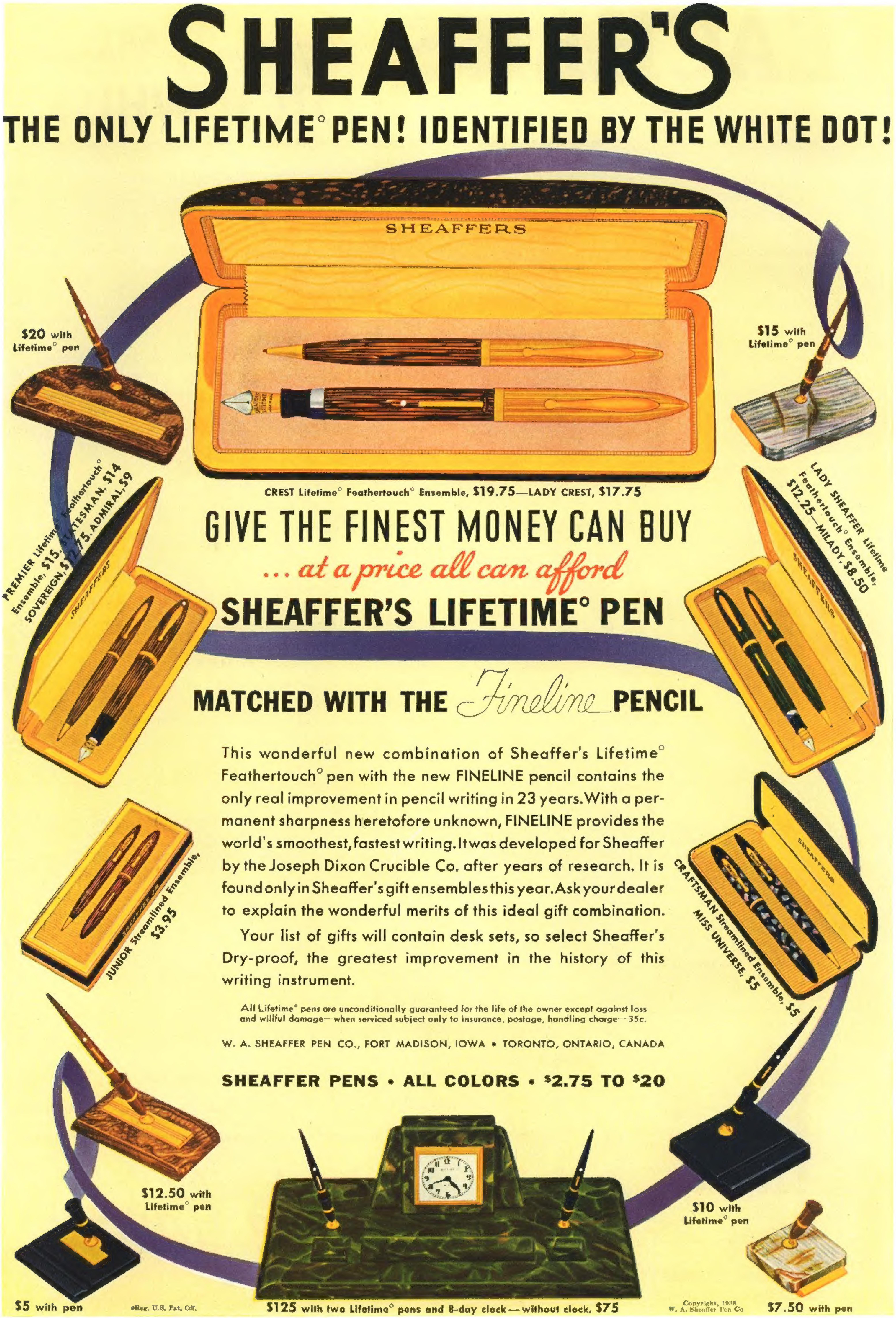

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Edited by
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Art Director: ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Practical Christianity for a Christmas season

This will be read around Thanksgiving time, and the note of thankfulness is not hard to achieve, since this is written during the first days after the passing of the worst crisis Europe has known since 1914. It's easy and obvious to be grateful for the lives that have been spared, and for the fact that millions of men have been kept out of the trenches, at least for this Christmas. But it is hard not to wonder whether Europe was saved from suicide now only to be hanged later.

Every such victory as that scored by the fascists in the meeting at Munich will bring new nations swarming to climb on the bandwagon of brute force. It is only human to want to be on the winning side. And nobody who can read can harbor any doubt as to who won the war that wasn't fought in Europe this fall. Fascism is not merely on the march. It has been on the march for a long time, past the milestones of Manchuria in 1931, Ethiopia in 1935, the Rhineland in 1936, Austria and Czechoslovakia in 1938, not to mention Spain and China. But now fascism is at the gallop. And as for that dream of a United States of Europe, which seemed within measurable reach of realization before Briand and Stresemann lost their grip on European affairs, such a goal now seems more remote than the Holy Grail.

It is worth taking time out to ask oneself whether Europe at war this Christmas would have been closer to the spirit of The Prince of Peace than it is in its present precarious state which has been achieved only by an entirely one-sided attitude of "forgiveness." And the question should not be answered before counting up to at least a hundred. Peace that is preserved by the spreading of oppression is a less Christian concept than war fought for freedom from oppression.

It is natural for us, over here, to want to shrug off Europe's troubles, by diving into the ostrich-hole of Isolationism. The only thing wrong with Isolationism is that it won't work, except perhaps for Mars. World Peace, World Trade, World Prosperity, World Freedom—all these, unfortunately, are like a cow that we and Europe own in partnership. Under the circumstances, we can't very well tell Europe to go ahead and kill its half of the cow, if it feels like it, because we intend to mind our own business and go on milking our half.

The decline of democracy in Europe is not merely Europe's problem. It is, and will be, our own, whether we like to face it or not. As fascism gains ground over there, mere shrugging of shoulders won't keep it from spreading over here. If Europe succumbs to totalitarian slavery, whether of the black variety that is now in the ascendancy or the red variety that is its obverse, we cannot hope to remain free. The modern world can't live half slave and half free, any more than modern America could. Lincoln, too, was "a man of peace" but he was not afraid to face the truth when the truth was ugly.

Are these bellicose reflections out of tune with what ought to be the proper key of our thoughts on the threshold of the Christmas season? Well maybe, and maybe not. Read the New Testament carefully and you will discover that there were limits even to Christ's patience.

Let's be thankful, then, that war was averted this fall, as befits the mood of this season. But let's look beyond this. Democracy in Europe seems to have had its spine sprained, if not broken. It is engaged in a seemingly unending exhibition of patience and forgiveness in "turning the other cheek" again and again to the slaps of the dictators. Perhaps what Europe needs, under the circumstances, is a good example. Maybe a militant and aggressive democracy over here would serve as an eleventh hour inspiration over there. And at least it will put us in training for the inevitable showdown that must come someday.

The Reds and the Blacks, wherever they have finally won the power, have shown no forgiveness whatsoever. Opposition in Russia, as in Germany and Italy, is shot down without mercy. Why then, for totalitarian systems which, after taking full advantage of democratic liberties to achieve power, only suppress those liberties once the power is won, should we show any one-sided forgiveness? The Communist Party is a legal political organization at present. But until a Communist governed country can show clean hands on the treatment of its opposition, should the Communist Party be a legal organization over here? The various colored-shirted Nationalist organizations have not yet tried to become a legal political party in America, though there are constant rumblings of the coming formation of a fascist party out of these now disunited elements. But wouldn't now, right here, be a good time and place to stop it before it starts?

Banning these two extremes from our democratic party system would raise loud shrieks about "freedom" and Americanism. But what freedom have either communists or fascists allowed when they were once in power?

Meanwhile, we can all wish each other "peace on earth to men of good will." But nobody can give us any good authority for wishing peace to men of demonstrated ill will, who only wish us harm.

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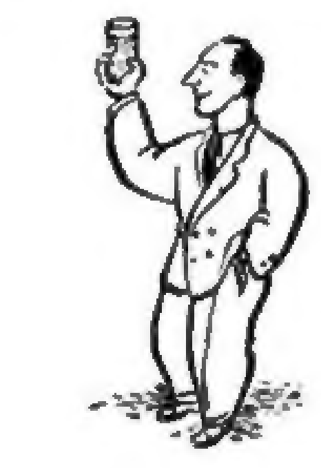
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HOUGH'S TOUGH

I have just noticed Mr. Reynolds' letter in *Sound and Fury*, ESQUIRE, for September. I can not help but feel that this letter was addressed to me; it sounds like it. I therefore am replying.



In my article I was more concerned with a point of view than with actual amount of liquor consumed. For example, the eight highballs which you confess, would make an awfully big occasion for me. I don't think I ever have consumed eight highballs in an afternoon in my life, nor has anything I ever have written, to my knowledge, recommended such excess.

Which brings us around to the second point: My observation has been that obstreperousness is not directly and infallibly a result of quantity of liquor. I know plenty who get mean and bad company on two or three drinks—to say nothing of eight!—and I know others who remain the finest company after drinking any quantity. A person whom liquor affects adversely is a person whom liquor affects adversely, whether it be a few drinks or a quart.

Liquor is a plaything of man; it is not a god. It should in my opinion be treated accordingly. A man who can stand up under liquor, or who drinks like a gentleman, is not in my opinion any greater therefor. It is, after all, only liquor. Drinking is drinking; it is not a rite.

As I say, I simply defended, or advocated, as you will, a basic point of view. And finally, my article was no deadly serious pronouncement. It was intended to be humorous. It was supposed to be satire. It was supposed to be all in good fun—like the drinking I prefer. When the tongue is in the cheek, as it so often is in ESQUIRE, it is not difficult, in the serious Boy Scout vein of the military establishment, to pick it to pieces.

Cordially,
Jackson, Wyo. DONALD HOUGH

INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN

Let me introduce myself as a thirty-five year old Swede. For twenty of those years I have roamed the face of the earth. Now I am a citizen of this great country and a resident of San Francisco, for the time at least.

So much for myself, and now for the beef, and have I got one. I have never purchased one of your magazines, for the simple reason that I'm never four-bits ahead on my next bed and meal. However, I've never missed a chance to look at the pictures over some one's shoulders, or while a vendor was not looking. The other day I got a chance to look over your October issue, where I read in the *S. & F.* two letters from two babys named Bava, who were blowing off at the head about an article by Kenneth Mann named *The New Italy*. Having been in that hole only a year ago, and in so much as I'm just getting the smell out of my system, I thought I'd better get the August issue and see who was OK, Mr. Mann or these two guys or whatever they are named Bava.

ESQUIRE let me say you should be tickled stiff to have two such idiots and un-Americans off your lists. In fact this grand country would be a lot better off if the like of these two bums were deported.

Mr. Mann should be complimented on his straight forward article. The pity is, he didn't mention half the conditions that make Italy and its marvelous Fascism the big smell of civilization.

When in hell have these Bavas been there? If recently, how in hell can they condemn a man or a publication for printing the truth that is so conspicuous that even I who never has been accustomed to much, can be sickened at the stomach over.

Yes, Mr. Mann, the place is full of bugs, beggars, bums, illiteracy and degeneracy. What a pity, that decency does not permit the printing of some uncivilized conditions of this great place the Bavas brag about.

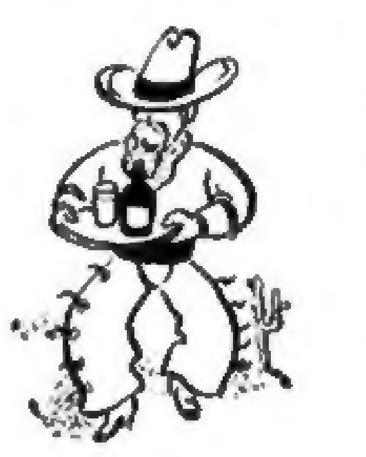
Yes, you Bavas, Mr. Mann went easy on your marvelous Italy, and its wonderful leader. I reiterate that this country would be better off with the likes of you out of here.

Editor, I don't suppose you'd risk the loss of a lot more the likes of these two, by printing this. However, it has made me feel a lot better to write this, and if I thought you would send a copy of this to these two Bavas, I'd be a very happy American-Swede.

Yours truly,
San Francisco, Calif. CARL OLSON

DUST OUT OF TEXAS

"Dragging a skeleton out of the closet" is always unpleasant, so why indulge as you did in your article, "I Drink American"? I know the quotation is hackneyed but so is the theme of the article in question.



Yes, many of us in the forbidden fruit days of prohibition knew no joy in drinking, because there was none, except to get "stinko." However, from what I've seen since better days returned, our good friend the "stinking drunk" is about as passé as the old Georgia white mule that I floated into manhood on, and I've attended bar meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the past six years. At least, Mr. ESQUIRE, let's not glorify the old idea of getting blotto—I believe we are getting some place in our drinking habits and there was much room for improvement as you well know.

Many of us are finding real pleasure in "Mint Juleps" like our grandfathers used to make. Nor is the appreciation of a "whiskey and soda" confined to our cousins across the sea. Some of us "tired business men" enjoy relaxing over a couple after a hard day—with ice, however, which, as you know, is "quite American" as no self-respecting Englishman would dilute his soda (or is it his whiskey?) with ice.

As a further contradiction, Englishmen are not bores to drink with—nor do they all toddle off to bed too soon. I "cheerioed" and "chin-chinned" with them for a good many months in one of their colonies and am convinced that they can take it, and I've floated enough battleships in my time to be no novice at the game.

No, Mr. Hough, getting "stinko" is no longer "Drinking American" and you and Mr. ESQUIRE had better get on the right side, brother, or our Uncle Sam may be led astray again and tell us that we can't drink in America. Let's use it but not abuse it, because I want mine always on tap.

Yours for Saner & Soberer
(but not too sober) U.S.A.,
Lubbock, Texas JOHN T. SHEWMAKE

ESQ'S MINORITY PROBLEM

I think your cartoons are lousy.

Where do you get the idea that every guy is left weak and helpless at the sight of some beautiful and dumb female figure? A little less S. A. and a bit more genuine wit in your so-called comics would certainly help a lot.

Your articles, stories and general magazine are swell, but Ye Gods! your attempt at humor in pictures!!!!

You won't print this letter, but I'm writing it, anyway.
Oakland, Calif. FRED NEWTON

ESQ READERS WILD

Having for some time been an off and on subscriber to your excellent magazine, I am taking the liberty of submitting the following argument to your readers for expert arbitration.

A certain party was playing poker with table rules that aces could be called high or low. Five card stud was called with two hole cards and low card in the hole wild.

The following hand was dealt. Showing: King Hearts, Queen Hearts, Jack Hearts. Hole: 10 Hearts and Ace Clubs. The problem is, is this an ace high or a king high straight flush.

One faction argues that since the ace is called low in order to establish it wild it cannot be put back again as an ace at the top of a straight but must be used as the nine Hearts.

The rival faction argues that once the ace becomes wild it can be used as anything and therefore can be called the Ace Hearts and put at the top of the Straight.

I assure you that your opinion may stop a vast amount of hot air being strewn around our erstwhile peaceful village.

Yours very truly,
JOHN THWAITES
Fergus, Ont., Canada

APPLAUSE ON THE LEFT

A thousand bravos for the editor's note to a letter of *The Sound and Fury* written by one, Felice Bava of New York City, an Italian American pro-fascist.

The editor wrote a spirited and justifiable come-back to this American with fascist tendencies which reads: "ESQUIRE never knowingly offends anyone's religion or race while cheerfully running the risk of offending anybody's prejudices. For offending any Italian as an Italian, we offer the most abject apology. For offending any Italian or Italian-American as a fascist—why damn the torpedoes, we apologize to nobody." (That's the stuff ESKY old boy, old boy.)

But ESKY I fear for your circulation in the fascist countries, printing stuff like this, especially the article *Enemies at Democracy's Table* by Edward Hunter. This article throws a great light on the foul tactics of the fascist. The fascists will go into a frenzy over this.

A million bravos for the writer of this article and another million to ESKY for printing it. I am yours for life, now. You have my sympathy for the loss of part of your circulation (if there is any). But, I opine that ESKY's attitude is similar to mine—the-hell-with-the-fascists.

You see ESKY (the kibitzer is expounding now), the very small minority which is the high exclusive upper-crust class can no longer rely on democracy to support it, because democracy contradicts it very much in this industrial era. That is why there is so much struggle now-a-days in the form of strikes and fighting among the political parties.

This ultra upper-crust is decaying and it knows it, therefore they are making a last desperate attempt to maintain their class by taking in fascism, and in addition, fostering it abroad in other democracies where it is secretly welcomed by the ultra upper-crusts of those democracies. With despotic and terroristic methods the upper-crusts can with ease maintain their class.

The ultra upper-crust in all the democracies are willing to lose their nationality rather than lose their class.

That is why the democracies are capitulating to fascism and making concessions to it without a struggle, which all seems so strange to the majority of those democracies.

That is why there are so many betrayals in the governments of democracies. Fascism like a wolf in sheep's clothing goes about preaching democratic privileges and making empty promises to its followers. This is brought to light in Edward Hunter's article *Enemies at Democracy's Table.*

One of these days I am going to write an article on such stuff as this and I hope you print it

Yours for a more wide awake
democracy,
THE EXPOUNDING KIBITZER
Fallon, Nev.

P.S.: If you print this letter, yours is the most democratic of democratic magazines.

THUNDER ON THE RIGHT

As an Italian-American, I'm not taking exception to the article published in the August issue entitled *New Italy*, but your editorial comments in the October issue irk me.

It is beyond me why ESQUIRE publishes an article, written undoubtedly by a foe of the Italian Government, a communist, perhaps an ordinary bum (literally speaking) which tends to put it in a political class and cause ill feelings among its readers.

Hell (as you would put it), if you want to go in for politics, go right ahead, but for Pete's sake, start right here. Remember the "Monroe Doctrine" and stay the hell out of foreign affairs.

Yours truly,
ANTHONY S. CARLANTONE
Bronx, N. Y.

SNATCHED FROM LIMBO

Whatever became of that letter of mine about *Rascoe's China* piece which you wrote me you'd print in the August issue???

Although at the time you had turned down a couple of pieces of mine, your promising to print the letter lifted me to my desk and plopped me down at the typewriter to knock out a cracker-jack piece on George Jean Nathan. It started—

When George Jean Nathan swallows a play and regurgitates a criticism, the smell is often redolent and indicative of the digestive state of his mental faculties. It is one thing to take poor food into a healthy system and declare it poor.

It is another to partake of good or even excellent fare and declare it poisonous merely because the unhealthy state of one's own absorbing gray matter has produced a case of mental halitosis so strong it doesn't need one's best friend to tell him.

You can see it would have been a lulu. But you don't deserve it—so you don't get it.

For you to have refused my articles was dangerous enough. For you to refuse to print my letter is absolutely suicidal. I predict a swift decrease in ESQUIRE's circulation—by at least one.

With you in your sorrow,
New York City GEORGE ASNESS

TELL IT TO O'BRIEN

A press item states that Wm. Saroyan is compiling some sort of anthology about poor stories.

Poor Mr. S. Doesn't he know S-KEY has been doing this for the past 5 yrs.?

But we know, don't we.
Duryea, Pa. J. R. CHROMEY

Continued on page 8

WHY FIVE ROSES....IN A FOUR ROSES AD?

FOUR ROSES
PINT

It was a new Jersey florist who suggested that the greatness of Four Roses Whiskey could best be proved with *five* roses.

Said he: "Knowing how you people make Four Roses, I thought you'd be interested in a beautiful new variety of rose which has been developed in much the same manner—*by combining four different varieties.*"

We asked him to send us all five roses...and here they are.

Each of the four roses in the vase is a different variety. But the fifth rose is the most exquisite of them all! For *this* is the rose achieved by patient crossing and re-crossing...the rose that combines *all* the best qualities of the other four.

In much the same way, Four Roses Whiskey is a deliberate combination of *several* fine whiskies—*several* whiskies merged together to make *one* whiskey that's finer still—*Four Roses!*

Doesn't this sound like the whiskey you've been hoping to find? Just try it and see! Ask for Four Roses—at your favorite bar or package store—*today.* You may find that Four Roses costs a little more than some other whiskies, but when you taste it, we think you'll be mighty glad you paid the difference!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

The roses in the vase are the BRIARCLIFF, ROSE HILL, COLUMBIA, and OPHELIA. The fifth rose is the HAPPY DAYS rose.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

CHARACTER WITNESS

Because I like to see credit go where credit is due, I hope you print this letter.

In the September issue *Sound and Fury* carried a letter from John Hilton on the "cornyness" of modern art, although he didn't use just that word that is what he seems to infer and I'm sure that 99% of the people agree with him.

What Mr. Hilton didn't mention though, is that he is an artist of no small reputation himself.

He is one of the few that devote themselves wholly to the desert, and reproduces its beauty sanely and accurately.

I know this because, although he probably doesn't remember me, I used to be his neighbor.

Sincerely yours,
Oak Park, Minn. Chet V. Mero

IT SEEMS YOU *CAN* WIN

I'm crazy about betting. And it's not any wonder, coming, as I do, from the hills of West Virginia where the element of chance, coupled with mother nature's adaptation of poker faces to function go hand-in-hand to make conditions ideal for gambling. Everybody gambles nowadays because they realize that the only certainty is the continuance of uncertainty and the only stability is the perseverance of instability. Some say they never gamble but they do and are unconscious of the fact. Just ask them if they're married.

Myself, I've gambled on everything from Irish Sweepstakes—through the stock market—all the way down to underground investments and despite all the ups and downs, (mostly downs) I like it. In passing, I might say that only last winter I helped drill one of the best dry holes that's ever been drilled in the heart of a West Virginia gas field. That was merely a case of the Law of Averages catching up with a booming gas field.

Now that I'm stationed in Maryland, I've gone in for horse racing. This is virgin territory to me but I've been here long enough to know that people go for racing—hook, line and sinker. It has a great fascination for me and I find that almost daily I'm being lured to the bookie with an uncontrollable instinct.

I like Mr. Dowst's article, *How They Bet 'Em*, because it's good advice to the beginner as well as to the old seasoned fossil who says, "I learned my lesson years ago. You can't beat them." But, I say you can beat them if you apply the four principles which the author ultimately stresses. The operation of the Law of Averages, coupled with self-control and a scrutiny of a horse's racing record, together with any hunches you might have will let you win more than fifty per cent of the time.

As to hunches, I will say that I believe in them. Always play heavy on a hunch. Just to show you what I mean, let me tell you about a recent experience of mine. On Friday night, September 3rd, I dreamed of a horse, "deep rock," I had not previously seen the entries for Saturday, had never heretofore heard of the nag but the next morning I found him to be running in the second race at Detroit. Well, it began to rain so I played him to win and place and strange as it may seem—a photo placed him. I didn't realize any huge financial gain but nevertheless it proves the point.

Then, I believe there's something in horse nomenclature. On the same day, Saturday, September 3rd, in the 5th Narragansett Special, with $25,000 added, Stagehand, Bull Lea, Cravat and Thanksgiving were entered, along with others. The latter was a good horse, was picked by many, had good odds and if I remember had most of the oop down the alley but he wasn't even in the money. Why? Because, Thanksgiving never comes on Saturday. Little things like that, along with many others that are overlooked invariably lead to huge gains for the bookie.

I like the article because the author tells you that you can lose, but he doesn't tell you that you can't win. Just take care that the bookie doesn't class you and your friend as his "daily double."

Respectfully,
Julian W. Nash
Edgewood Arsenal, Md. Lt. C.W.S.

FAR-AWAY TANTALUS

You have a number of readers who are smart fellows and who are anxious to let you know how clever they are at solving problems. The thoroughly dishonest dealings of the cocoanut owners were easily elucidated by them. The itinerary of the wandering cow and the trials of the man who stretched innumerable garters round the family globe in his library proved only too easy for them. The answer to the last is of course n squared minus n plus 2 where n equals the number of bands. These mental giants should welcome a problem that they cannot solve and here it is. You, Sir, should also welcome, after the weak problems you have published, one that will be beyond your readers.

"A Battery Commander had 15 guns which were numbered 1 to 15. He had orders to fire one round per gun, and one only, every day for a week (7 days). The guns were to be fired always three at a time so that each day he had to fire five salvos each of three guns. Work out his firing table for a week so that no two guns were fired simultaneously more than once during the week."

Example:—The first day's program might be—

(1)— 1, 2, 3,
(2)— 4, 5, 6,
(3)— 7, 8, 9,
(4)—10, 11, 12,
(5)—13, 14, 15.

I will undertake to give one year's Subscription to Esquire to the sender of the first successful solution within one month of publication, provided that this solution is not merely obtained by trial and error.

Yours etc.,
Dr. P. A. Stevens
Proserpine, N. Q., Australia

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY WITH A HYPHEN

For some time an essay on Americanism has been bumping around in my brain, and the October collection of *Sound & Furies* has touched off the fuse leading to this mild explosion.

Since publication of Mr. Mann's *The New Italy*, I have noticed with interest the pro and con reaction to it. For instance, in this October number, there are three letters from insulted readers, of which two are plainly of Italian nationality, and the third an ex-patriot, who for some unknown reason prefers a foreign nation to his own birth-place. Noticeably absent are condemnations from citizens of other extraction, although there is no doubt that if you were to publish such an article about any other nation, say Sweden, for example, you would receive by return several cancellations of subscriptions from readers of Swedish birth or nationality.

It seems to take about three generations or more, before aliens who become citizens of the United States renounce more or less their allegiance to their Fatherland, and cease to take offence at anything said or written which appears to cast aspersions on their erstwhile native land. This condition is certainly deplorable, to state it mildly. Most foreign-born Americans continue to speak the tongue of their native land, and converse in English only when absolutely necessary. They subscribe to newspapers written in their home tongue, and make little effort to decipher American-language sheets. They join and are active in groups composed wholly of other persons of the same nationality, and these groups seem to take a more active interest in affairs of their old country than they do of their new home.

This has been brought home to me only recently in a very forceful manner. A few years ago I married a girl of foreign extraction, but who had been born in this country. She was well educated and spoke English almost perfectly. We have been perfectly happy together, and have two lovely children.

However, having never visited her parents who live in a Western state, we recently drove out to their home to spend a vacation. During our stay there, and in spite of the fact that her people were well-educated in their home-land, and of better-than-middle-class stock, they spoke their native tongue almost exclusively, although perfectly aware that I understood only English. Now, I am convinced that they didn't mean to be just rude, but that it has become such a habit with them to speak their old language, it never occurred to them to use English. I raised quite a stink about it, and eventually got them to use English more often, but the tendency is still there.

Even my wife, who is essentially an American, even by birth, and whom you couldn't pay to live in any other country, hotly resents insinuations that the old country, or at least her family's part of it, ever did anything wrong. On the slightest provocation she will become truly incensed.

Now, I don't have any cure to offer. I don't know of any way this condition can be remedied as long as free speech and a free press exist (and God forbid that they should fall!). However, the second generation could certainly help, if they would insist that their parents speak to them in English at least when others are present. In this manner, perhaps the old folks would become more accustomed to English, and in so doing, use their own tongue less and less. This would promote greater interest in things American, and bring their new homeland and new neighbors closer to them.

Yours for a more united America.
An American for Four Hundred Years
Pittsburgh, Pa.

P.S.: I am omitting my name and address to avoid domestic complications in the remote possibility of publication. Thanks.

THE OLD ANTI-HYPHEN YELL IS HEARD AGAIN

Congratulations!

We do have a man editing *The Sound and The Fury.* As good and sufficient proof I refer to the last sentence of your note following Oh Mann, Oh Mann.

Right now is a fine time for any hyphenated—milk and water—so-called American citizens to return to their beloved fatherland if they cannot give full allegiance to this country to which they were probably damn glad to come.

I am for America for Americans and no hyphens.

Yours truly,
Buffalo, N. Y. Chet Meuser

YOUNG MAN WITH A CORN

On page 94 of the October issue of Esquire, to which I subscribe, you all have an article called *On the Record*, by a certain Mr. Carleton Smith. This purports to be about swing. Mr. Smith evidently has no conception of what he is writing about, when he includes Guy Lombardo, Skinnay Ennis, Kay Kyser, and Horace Heidt amongst those bands which are representative swing outfits. Ask any musician who knows swing what these bands are, and he will tell you that they are essentially "corny."

It's a damned shame that Esquire has come to the point where they have to hire incompetents to write Departments for them. Who is this man Smith anyhow—a long-hair? Believe me there'll be many a musician laughing up his sleeve at that article. Yours,

Berkeley, Calif. Joe Bailey

A KNOT IN THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

I regard your article *Hail to the Gentry* in the September Esquire as a typical example of the bad manners now prevalent in your country. The writer of this piece of effrontery seems to be mightily pleased that Americans can buy their way into *Burke's Peerage*. I would very much like to know if he has ever heard of *Debrett.*

I hardly think that your "nut and bolt" millionaires could buy their way into that volume. Yours faithfully,

Audley, London, Eng. Aldenhamian

NEWS ITEM

I may be ignorant but I can't quite understand how Adolf Hitler could leave his work managing so many lives to come and attend one of our baseball games, the same one incidentally that Eskie and his feminine friend are attending. If you doubt my veracity, look closely directly above the brim of Eskie's *Tyrolean* and if that isn't Adolf I'll eat my own Porkpie.

Yours for more Petty,
Cleveland, Ohio Howard Tuttle

EXAMPLE OF FAIRNESS

Esquire, you have been very fair (and far-sighted) in trying to steer a medium course in the stormy waters of politics, and I pray you to continue with your policy.

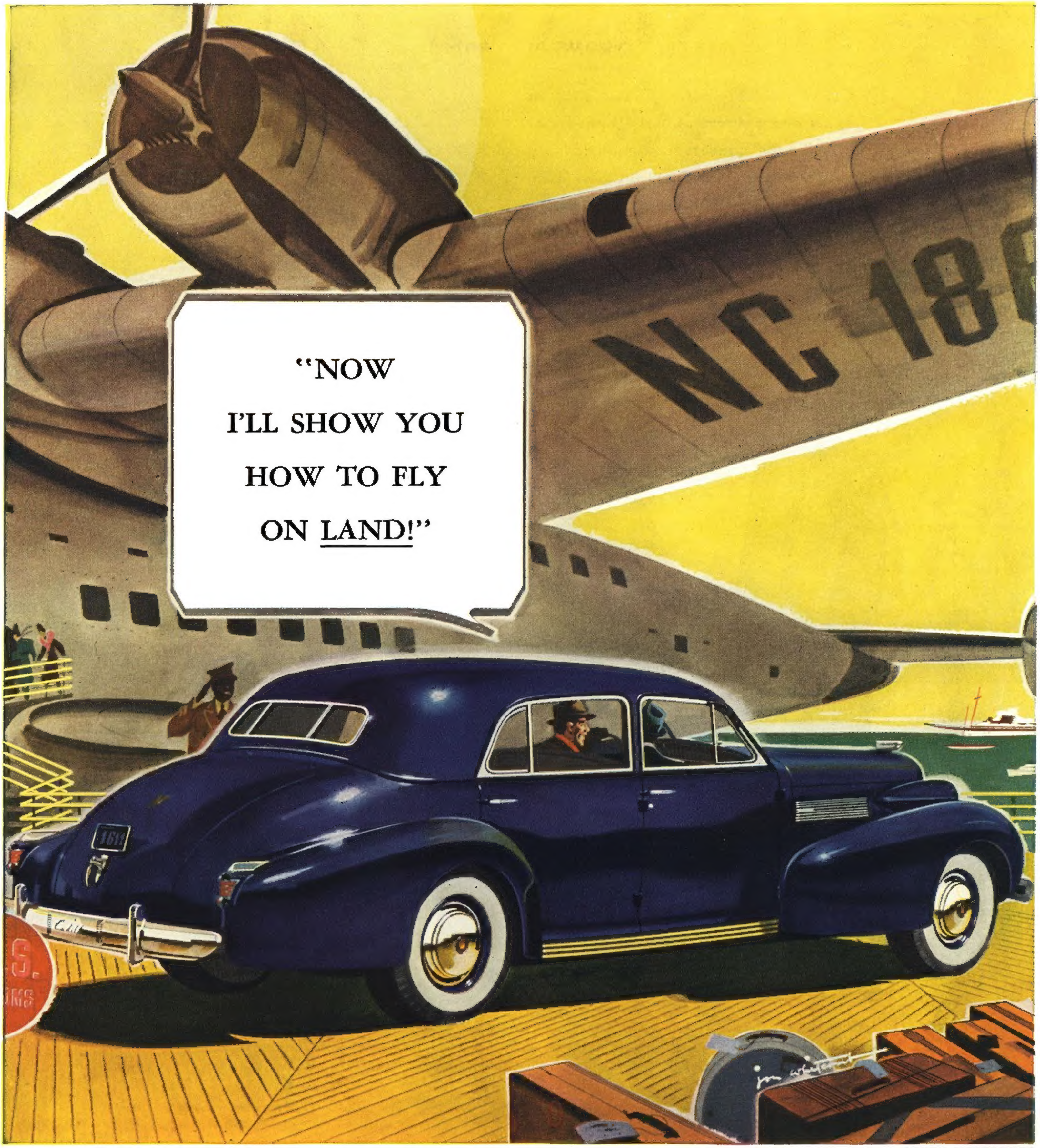
One of your contributors, (and a man who can write superb prose) Ernest Hemingway, has indulged in another paper in one of the cheapest attacks on a brave man I have ever had the distaste to read.

Neville Chamberlain has a most thankless task in his desire to keep the peace in Europe. If he took the easy way of saying, "Yah, you stink!" to Hitler and Mussolini, he would become the hero of all the fire-eating Leftists, and the slayer of a million harmless people.

If you stick a pin in a mad dog someone is going to get bitten—and it's usually the innocent bystander. Chamberlain has the real courage to take the hardest path—a path that even if leading to success will earn little praise, and I admire his guts for refusing to become a cheap little hero at his people's expense.

In these days of spurious values it seems a pity that a man with the literary gifts of Hemingway should purposely place himself in the shallows of the Hearst mentality.

Joppa, Duncan Hamilton
Midlothian, Scotland



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Most people who purchase the Cadillac Sixty Special are attracted, first of all, by its striking appearance. Without doubt, it is the most distinctive motor car in America.

But when they take the wheel, they find yet *another* reason for choosing the Sixty Special . . . and a big one, too. We refer to its unduplicated performance. It is not merely that the Sixty Special is dynamic in acceleration and unbelievably smooth in operation—the *whole conception* of its performance is different. The way it rides . . . the way it hugs the road . . . the way it handles in traffic . . . *everything* is delightfully different.

Only a ride can fully reveal what this difference means in terms of additional satisfaction. It actually makes all other performance seem commonplace.

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Also, see the new Cadillac Sixty-One—the lowest-priced Cadillac for 1939—available in four body types. Its remarkable performance and luxurious riding comfort make it a worthy companion car to the famous Sixty Special. Your Cadillac dealer will be happy to demonstrate both cars at your convenience.

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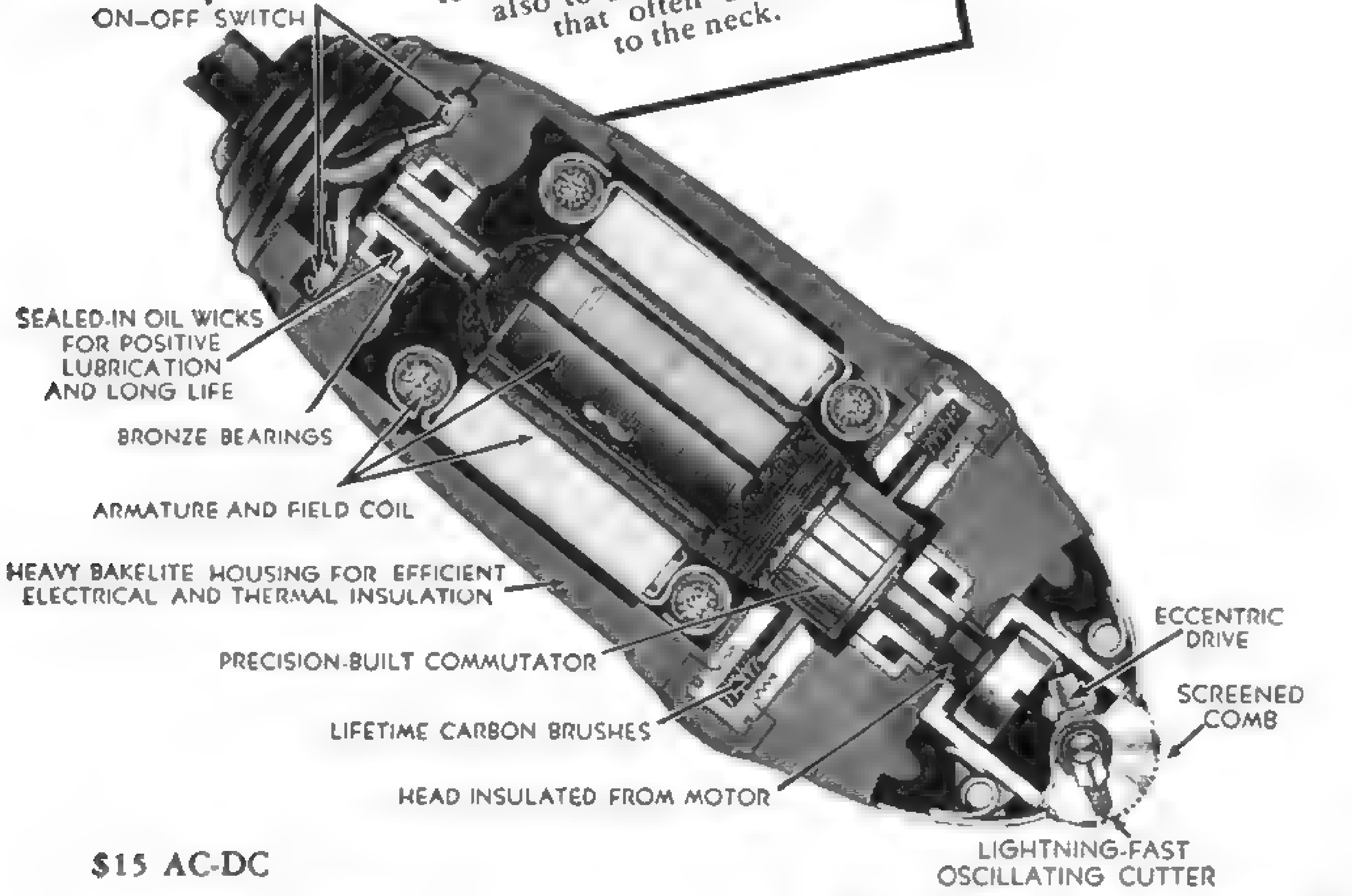
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head screened not only to shave the short beard, but also to pick up curly hairs that often cling close to the neck.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All *good* things are usually *simple.* Shavemaster has proved itself to be the simple, logical answer to electric shaving—both in principle and in use. There is no experimenting with heads to find one that may fit your beard or suit your skin. And in the midst of a shave there is no changing heads to clip the short stubble beard and then to pick up longer, curly hairs. There are no long weeks of "patient practice" and "skin conditioning". No bothersome adjustments to make it run fast enough with sufficient power.

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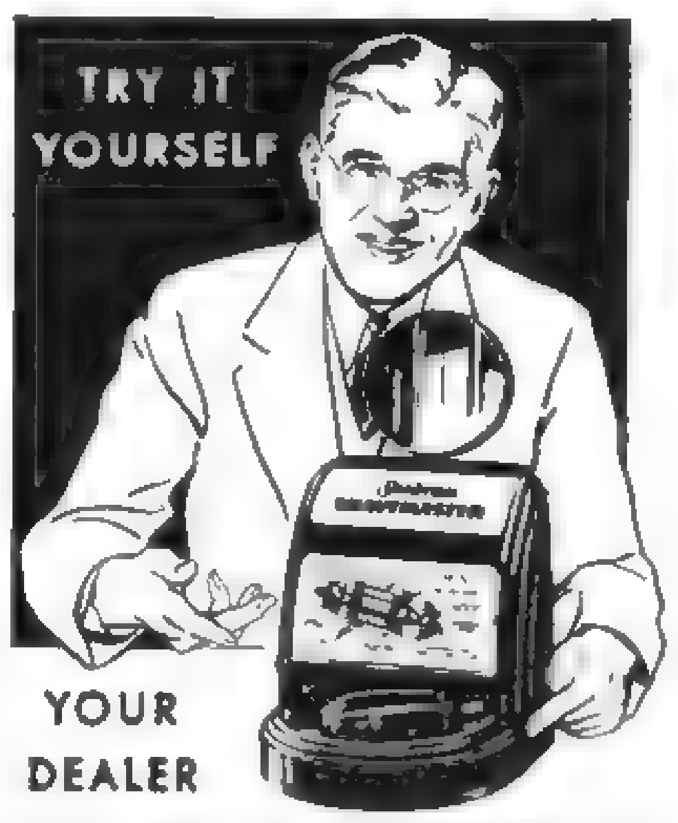
Shavemaster has a patented principle that is all its own—exclusive features different from all other electric shavers. Shavemaster is "TOPS" with the men of America because it gets down to business and does a job RIGHT NOW—not next week or the week after.

So be sure the electric shaver you give (or the one she gets you) is a genuine Sunbeam Shavemaster. It's America's favorite—*and for definite reasons!*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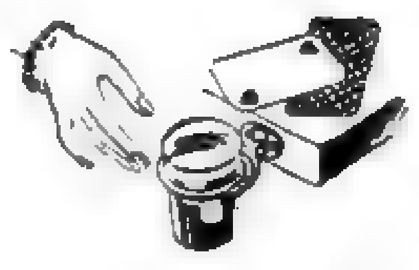

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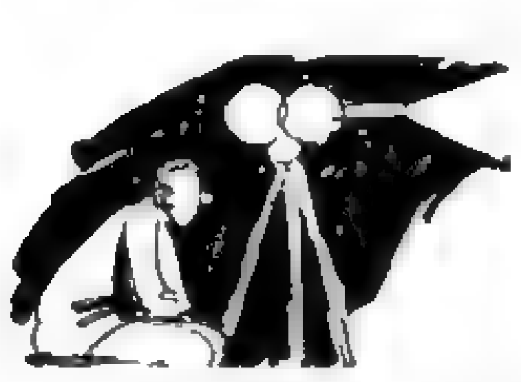

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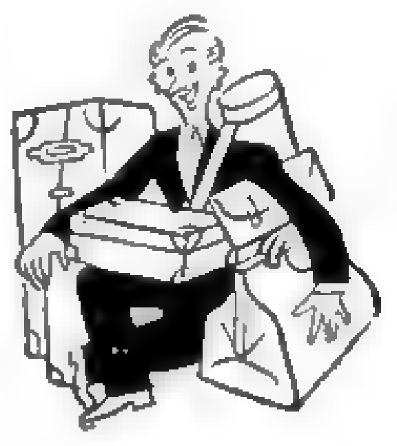

LUGGAGE IS AN IDEA . . . and a good substantial gift it is, too. If a man is prone to take a number of flying trips he'll find use for *"Nightflight,"* a striped duck, lightweight wardrobe case that keeps 2 coats in the lid and 2 pairs of trousers on the trouser fold in wrinkleless condition until journey's end. Ample room in the body for shoes, shirts, etc. If he travels with an elaborate wardrobe he should have a *hatbox*. You can buy a beauty in natural rawhide, alligator or cowhide which holds 4 hats . . . 3 non-crushables and an opera hat. A case that takes considerable knocking around in an unperturbed manner is one of those new *"aviator cases"*. . . a mannish-looking grain cowhide constructed so that there isn't a thread, stitch or exposed seam. Twin guards of stainless steel that won't rust or corrode, take the place of binding and serve to protect all 4 sides of the case from abuse. A snap to pack is a wardrobe case which has a removable middle section with separate pockets for shirts or underwear. Shoe compartments can be snapped open and laid flat to provide extra space for other things. Suits are neatly disposed of on hangers.

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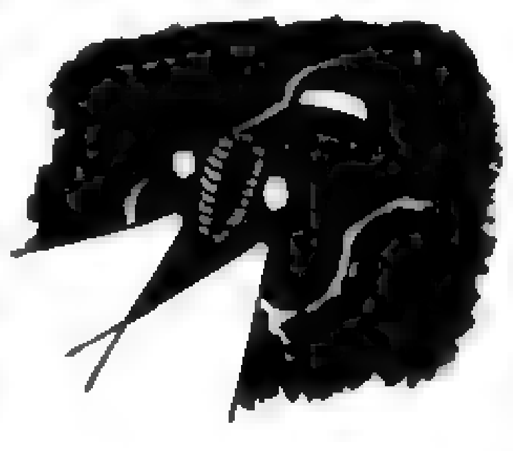
GOOD GROOMING KIT. If you are looking for an inexpensive gift that's different, how about a useful little gadget which consists of a whisk broom and a wool pad to polish shoes combined into a neat traveling case of simulated leather. And incidently, a good thing to keep in your office yourself.

FOR THE T.B.M. (tired business man, remember?) An electric vibrator is a swell gift. About 6" x 4", the vibrator is equipped with elastic straps which slip over your fingers. Just start the motor running and the machine guides your fingertips with the same rotating and patting motion that a Swedish masseur would use. There's another kind of vibrator, which has all kinds of detachable gadgets for various purposes. If you want to stimulate your scalp and check that falling hirsute, you plug in a prong applicator in rubber. If you want to get after the nerve center at the back of your neck, there's a ball applicator which whrrs round and round. To bring the glow of health to your cheek, the sponge patter attachment goes to work on line eradication. Gifts that will be grabbed up by the women . . . dandy beauty appliances.



A GIFT FOR HIS CAR. Ever think of buying some car owner a fog light? One of these powerful, penetrating *amber* lenses is designed to cut right through heavy fog, rain and snow. You can get the lights painted in colors to match your car. And how about a special driving light? Swell on the highway, the searching, strong 140,000 candlepower beam pierces the darkness and allows you to see 2000 feet ahead. One model includes a pre-focus bulb to concentrate the beam. *Multiple Auto Mirror* clamps onto the edge of the sun visor above the driver's seat. Easy to adjust because it's *inside* the car which also protects it from rain, dirt and theft.

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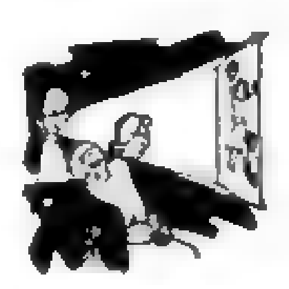

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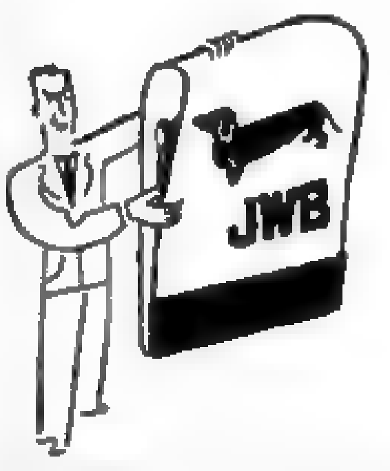

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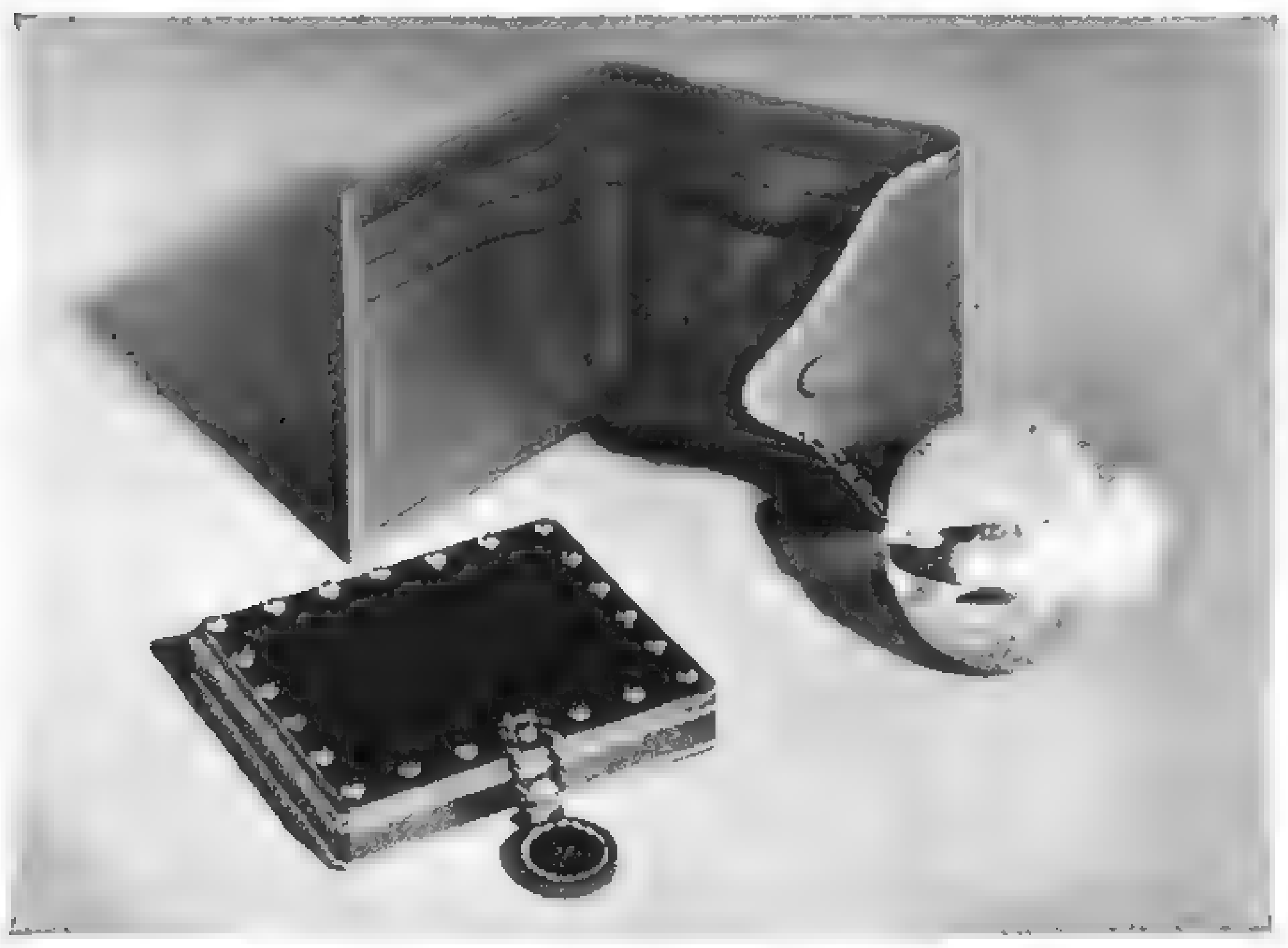
542 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. AL. 4-7450

HER WISH...
in four close-ups

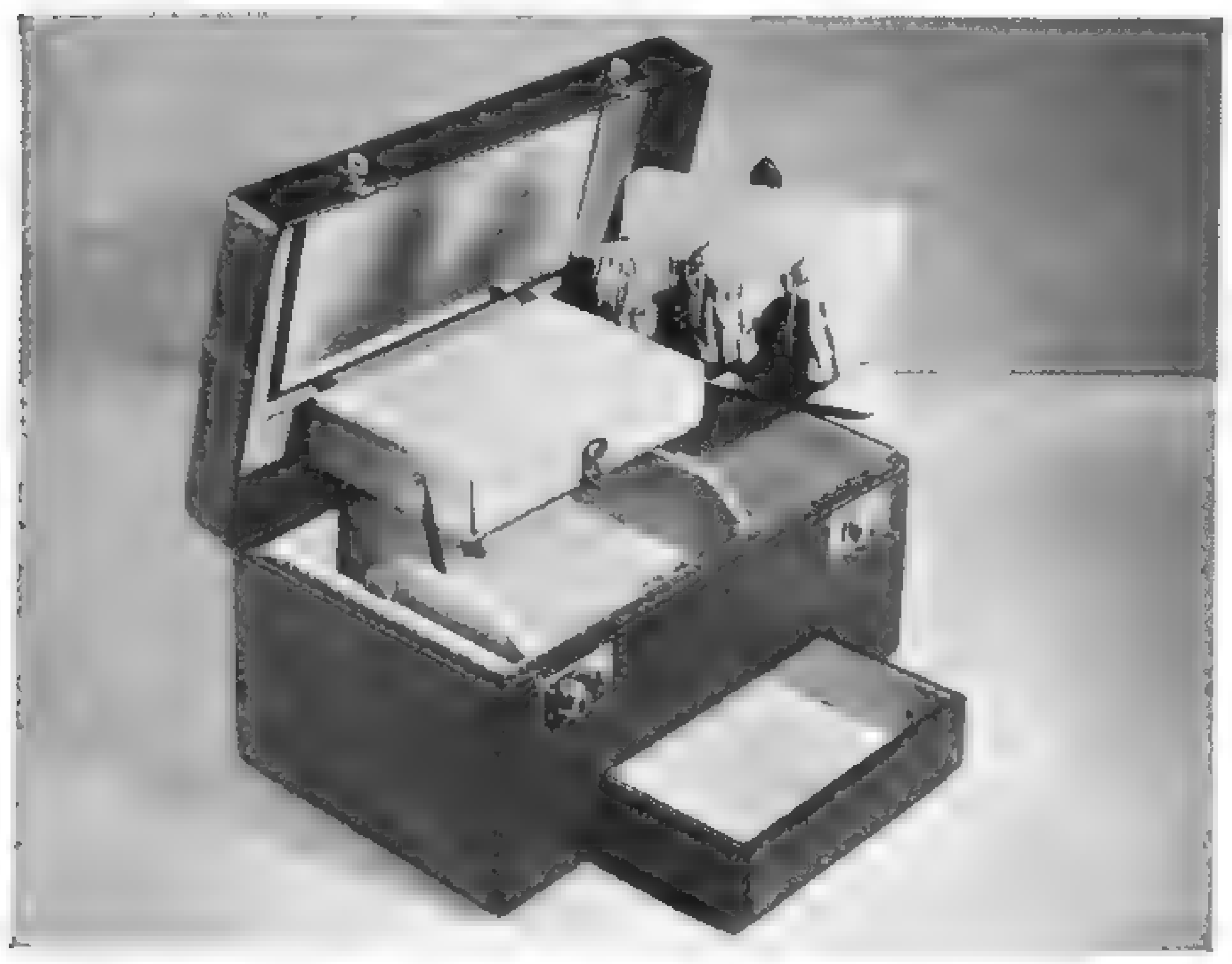
A HANDBAG of classic simplicity . . . black or coloured calfskin, stitched with white saddler's thread, $15.

A NEW GLOVE called "Buckaroo" . . . of buffed steerhide, smartly handsewn . . . $5.

A BOX FOR HER JEWELS, luxuriously done in polished calfskin with two extension trays. Choice of colours. Velvet padded and lined. 10¼" x 6¾". $23.50.



THREE VERY FEMININE accessories: billfold in coloured pinseal, edged with gold metal, $2.50 . . . dainty Sphere powder case for evening in colourful brocade, $5 . . . calfskin compact, with gold metal studs, $2.75.

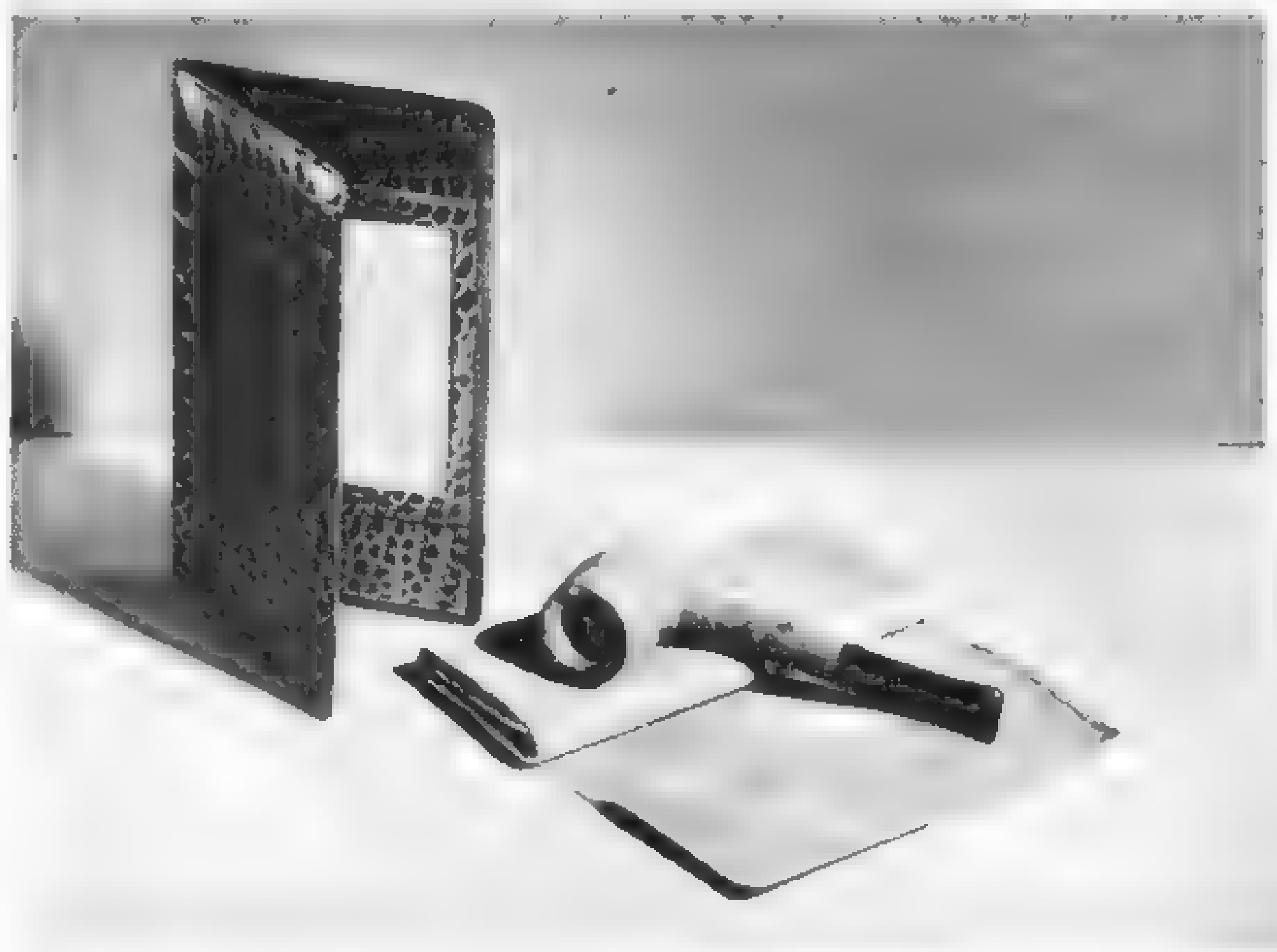


THE MAYFAIR . . . a stunning new Mark Cross beauty case (patented) to take her own bottles and jars. When she opens the cover, the drawer opens out, the trinket tray comes up. 14" x 8½". Pigskin, $39.50.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING for the kind of gift that can be proudly given . . . a gift in good taste and bearing a celebrated name . . . may we call your attention to these handsome gifts in leather by Mark Cross? This Christmas, a store right in your own city represents this house of leather and is ready to show you these and hundreds of other gifts in fine leather . . . for *every one* you would compliment . . . and at *every* price.

May we send you the new Mark Cross book of Christmas Gifts?

HE HOPES *you'll give him gifts like these . . .*



A WALLET in handsome golden crocodile throughout, $25 . . . a Cross Country Pipe made especially for us in England, $5 . . . a roll-up tobacco pouch of softest gloving leather, $3.75.

THE TWO-IN ONE GLOVE, ingenious duet of colourful Scotch woolen glove which may be worn either alone or with the fine African capeskin outer glove. Complete, $6.50.

A POKER and bridge set to make any man's eyes pop. Case of saddlesewn pigskin holds 300 chips, 6 decks of cards, scores and pencils for bridge, $39.50. Set with 200 chips, 4 decks of cards, $29.50.

A TOILET CASE so hard to find in this country that very few men have even seen one. Drop front box of Gingerbread Pigskin, disclosing every needed toilet accessory, $67.50.

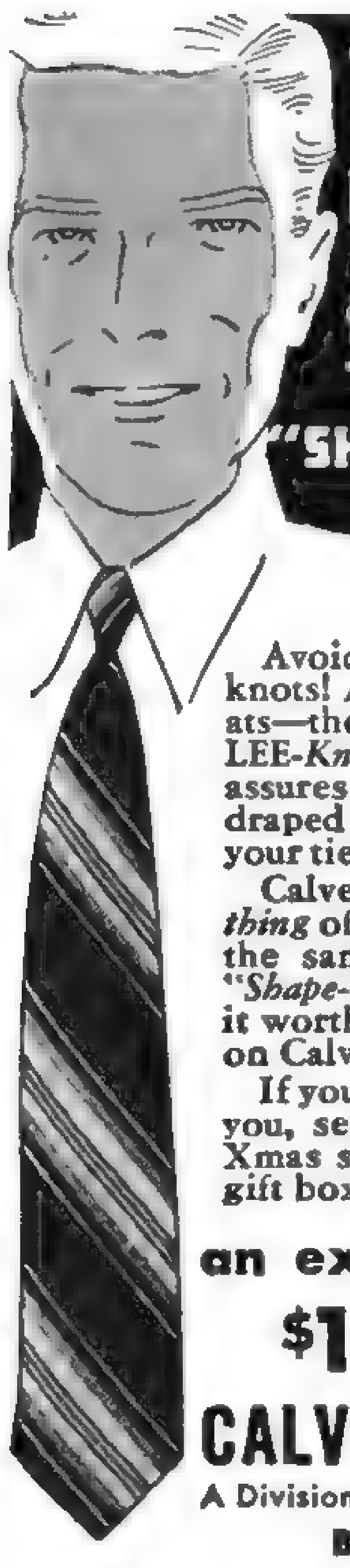
Mark Cross gifts in leather are to be had at leading department and specialty stores from coast to coast. May we send you the name of the Mark Cross representative in your city?

MARK CROSS

Fifth Avenue at 52nd Street, New York

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Personalized Gifts
Unique • Distinctive • Useful
INDIVIDUAL NAME PENCIL SETS
Any Name Engraved in 18K Gold on Pencils, Pen, Case and Ruler
Genuine leather case with reindeer handsomely embossed on flap complete with 3 pencils, pen and ruler. 50c
LARGER SET WITH COIN POCKET, 75c
HIGH GRADE TALON ZIPPER SET, $1
MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS
Exceptionally Fine Quality
CONTRASTING COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES
12 Decks $5.50
Orders shipped same day received
Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE
2 DECKS $1.00 POST PAID
Send CHECK—MONEY ORDER or STAMPS
AMERICAN ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Tie a shapely knot every time--with "SHAPE-LEE-KNOT" (patent pending)

Avoid awkward, twisted knots! Ask for Calvert Cravats—the tie with "*Shape-LEE-Knot*"—the feature that assures a graceful, perfectly draped knot even if you tie your tie in a fireman's rush!

Calvert Cravats *have everything* offered by other ties in the same price range *plus* "*Shape-LEE-Knot*"—to make it worth your while to insist on Calvert!

If your dealer can't supply you, send $5 for 5 Calvert Xmas specials in individual gift boxes.

an exclusive feature
$1 and $1.50
CALVERT CRAVATS
A Division of A. Schreter & Sons, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

FOR *fun's* SAKE!
SMART PARTY TRICKS

EYE-OPENER. Looks like an innocent magnifying glass, but shoots a harmless stream of water. Folds into simulated leather pocket case. A real fooler! 50¢

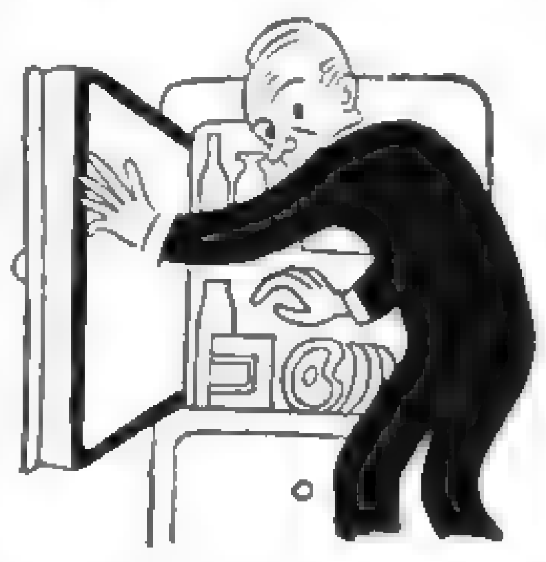
SPAGHETTI FORK. The humorous solution to the ever present problem. Tiny crank turns fork and winds spaghetti. Loads of fun! 50¢

CELEBRE. Offer victim one of these gold-tipped cigarettes and see his or her astonishment when invisible glass plate acts as barrier. Always clicks! 25¢

Assortment A (above three tricks) only $1.00
Assortment B Includes above three tricks, also American Hairless Dog, Dixie Pecans, March of Time, Fan Dancer and Collegiate Matches (won't light). **Only $2.00.**

ALAN'S *Novelties For 20 Years*
1428 Orleans St. Dept. M-9 Chicago

Please send me, at once, postpaid:
________ Assortment A at $1.00 $________
________ Assortment B at $2.00 $________
I enclose $________ Sent only in U. S. A.
Name________
Address________



GIVE HER AN ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS. Might as well be practical about the whole thing... this will be one of those joint gifts that will benefit the whole family. Even your domestics in the kitchen will be happy about the whole thing. An *electric dishwasher*, let's say: all you do is turn a switch and a torrent of scalding water cleans the dishes which then dry in their own heat... a matter of about 10 minutes for the whole affair. Or how about an *electric range?* Newest development along this line is the triple-oven type, which takes care of all variations in oven cooking without waste of heat. The stove has a large baking and roasting oven, a super-broiler, full-sized broiling compartment and speed oven, a smaller fast oven. And the new fangled *refrigerators* do everything but mind the baby. Sliding shelves, an interior which lights up automatically, 12 freezing speeds, sliding vegetable pans and basket, a thriftometer which tells you at a glance that your foods are adequately protected. Practical touch is the bottle-width chiller which holds your beer for rapid cooling.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC BLANKET. Single bed addicts will relish this on a cold night. The blanket transmits its own heat as required. There's a control box which automatically releases heat sufficient to maintain the desired sleeping temperature regardless of room temperature. Along this line, sun lamps and electric heating pads are grateful gifts.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER. House work becomes a pipe if the little woman has one of the new cleaners. One species needs no adjustment for thick or thin rugs, the cleaner nozzle stays in the correct position above the top of the nap on every rug and keeps the machine operating at top efficiency all the time. The machine is a rug and furniture cleaner combined and she can switch from one job to the other without stopping the motor. Tools plug in the side of the machine instantly. Cleaner is made of an airplane metal lighter even than aluminum.

KEYBOARD RADIOS. Think of the fun of getting a radio with no dials, no knobs, no controls... all operated with the tip of the finger. The stations are arranged like a miniature piano keyboard and there are separate keys for your favorite stations. You can also buy remote keyboard control where you tune in from an easy chair or even from another room. If your friends have a radio, you could give them an automatic station timer, a clock which stands atop the radio, turns it on and off automatically and tunes in on whatever programs they select through a 12 hour period. Automatic program pre-selectors are good, too... this time control unit permits the owner to choose favorite programs in advance at 15 minute intervals throughout the day and evening. The selector switches from program to program and turns radio off without a finger being lifted.

MUSIC AS YOU GO. If you have the kind of friends who constantly travel hither and yon, give them an 18-lb. portable radio covered in airplane cloth to match their luggage. Has 100 feet of built-in aerial and the batteries last 250 hours. Size 13" wide by 8" x 8".

CAMERA-FLAGE. Give the kids at school a gramophone done up in a metal-covered case shaped like a large camera. Weighs 4 lbs. 3 oz., is 11" x 4¾" x 2" in size, yet plays 10 and 12 inch records with one winding. It took Switzerland to think this one up.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

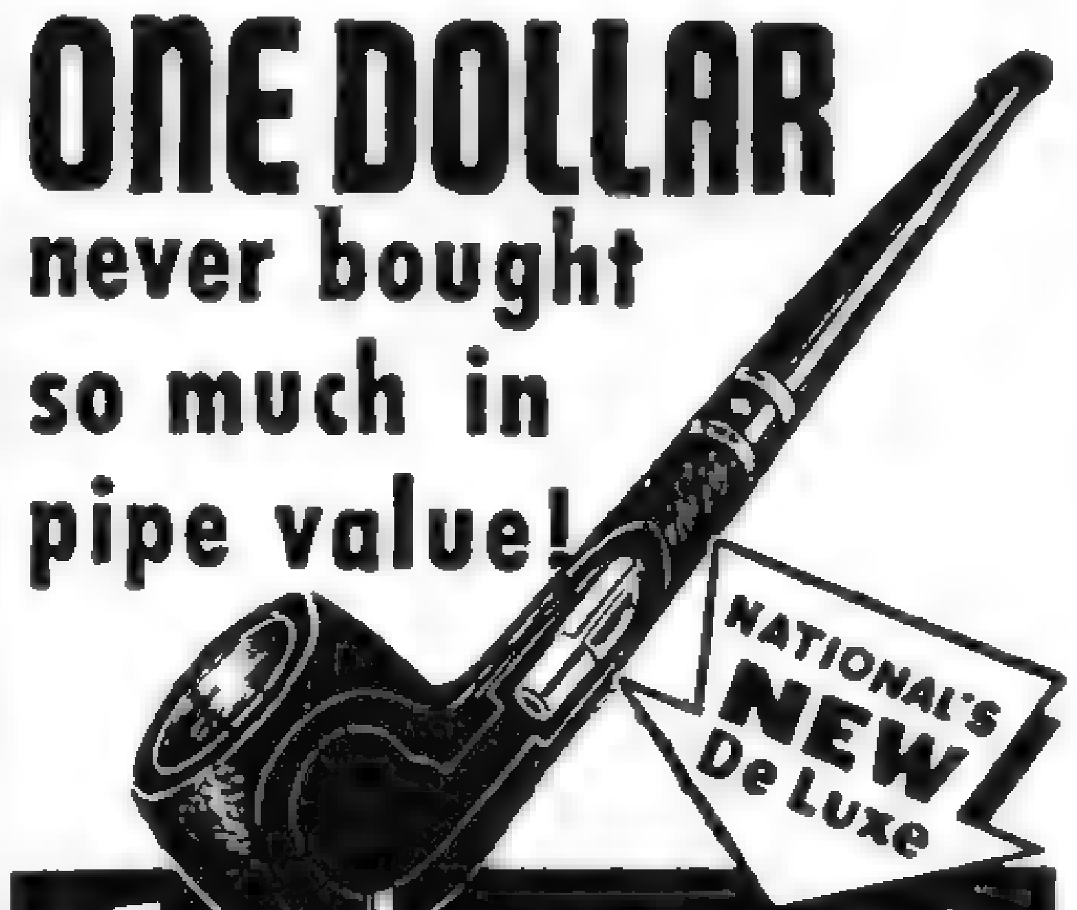
... and this Christmas
A LEICA FOR YOURSELF

You've promised yourself a Leica ... you've told yourself that some day you, too, would own a Leica ...that you, too, would enjoy truly perfect miniature photography. For once, be selfish, keep the promise you made. Give yourself a Leica this Christmas.

Your dealer will explain the Leica Time Payment Plan which enables you to easily own this superb instrument. Write for FREE copy of "Leica Photography".

Leica illustrated, Model IIIb with Leitz Xenon f:1.5 Speed Lens and Rapid Winder.

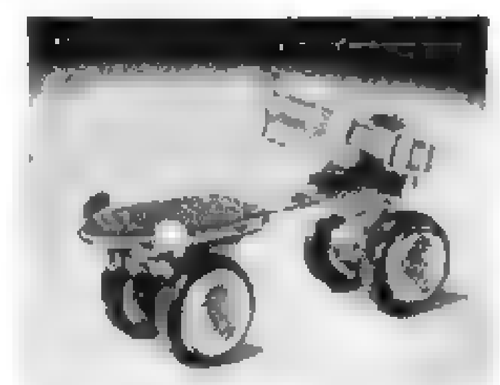
E·LEITZ, INC· Dept. E
730 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY



ONE DOLLAR never bought so much in pipe value!
NATIONAL'S NEW De Luxe
KLEENEST
AIR-COOLED FILTER PIPE

☆ Double-action CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED FILTER traps nicotine and impurities . . keeps pipe clean and dry.
☆ KLEENEST is cut from the finest selected IMPORTED BRIAR money can buy.
☆ AIR-COOL VENT prevents bowl from overheating . . gives you a perfect, slow-burning smoke.
☆ HONEY-CAKED BOWL makes "breaking-in" unnecessary. Sweet from the first puff, KLEENEST brings out the best in your favorite tobacco.

48 Personality shapes—11 *Free* extra *Kleenest* Cellophane-Wrapped Filters. Insist on KLEENEST! *At all good stores—or send $1 with dealer's name and address.*
NBP NATIONAL BRIAR PIPE CO., INC.
Jersey City, N. J.



MERRIER CHRISTMAS!
... *with* ROLL-KINGS
AMERICA'S PROUDEST SKATE

For that boy—or that girl! It's the skate to send prideful joy surging through their Christmas hearts. Its name is ROLL-KING—its beauty is streamlined—its speed is velvet—its life is long! To you, with a flair for the finer, ROLL-KINGS will appeal.

CUSHIONED IN RUBBER
Rubber wheels—Rubber treads—Rubber mountings—and 18 ball bearings in each wheel. Thus, the famous "Floating Ride" of ROLL-KINGS.... At better dealers—or sent postpaid for $3.95—west of the Rockies and Canada, $4.45. Refund if desired.

METAL SPECIALTIES MFG. CO.
3202 Carroll Avenue Chicago, Ill.

PARIS DE COTY
L'AIMANT COMPOSÉ PAR COTY

A SWEET ENTENTE *exists between a lovely woman, a Coty Perfume and the glowing season of Christmas. Your part, dear Sir, is to bring the three together. Your reward —to share in the spell that a magnetic fragrance so subtly creates.*

Shown here—three famous perfumes...Emeraude, L'Aimant, "Paris". You'll also find these perfumes combined with other Coty charm aids in a magnificent variety of new Gift Sets.

COTY

How I got my Fur Coat

WHen I went to work for the Kolossal Kompany it was straignt from MiSs Lovey's S#ecretarial sChool. The score stood: no hits, no runs, no errors and nO fur coat.

By a strange quiRk of fate, I found myself secretary to Cadwallader Smith, AdveRtising Manager of Kolossal, and at that time ~~gl~~ blue ribbon occupant of the dOg house. It seems that Kolossal's sales were not so good, particularly not soo good in the NeW York territory, and my lambie-pie was the bboy they pinned it on.

Says I to the boss one day, "You do lots of grumbling and gRowling about New York, Mr. Smith, but WHat do you really know about the town? Maybe we just ain'T putting our xxxx advertising in the right newspapers."

SaY, he sat up like he'd been shot and sent right out for a whole smear of the New York gazettes. We ~~sep~~ spent the rest of the day going through newspapers and i took down a flock of notes.

When we add3ed it all up, one was way out in front and tHat was a paper called The Sun. It had about everything a good mediumm for Kolossal's advertising should have -- lots of news, lively features, swell sports and finanshial sections and a great woman's page. AnD it was simply amAzing how many retail stores of all kinds used it. That was where Cadwallader had been wrong -- he hadN't been using The Sun in New York.

LIfe is lovely now that Kolossal is using The Sun in New YoRk. And am I the fair-haired girl around here? And did my boss appreciate my ~~sutt~~ suggestions? Well, the score nOw stands: no hits, no runs, no errors, ONE FUR COAT! !

Favorite Holiday Recipes

requiring Cognac Brandy, each one of which is at its best when the Cognac Brandy is MARTELL

Cocktails

The Side Car—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ Curacao (white), few drops lime juice. Ice and shake well.

Brandy Old Fashioned—Dissolve one lump of sugar in a few drops of water. Add one drink of MARTELL, dash of bitters and ice. Add half-slice of orange and a cherry.

Brandy Alexander—⅓ MARTELL, ⅓ Creme de Cacao, ⅓ cream. Ice and shake well.

After Dinner

MARTELL Cognac Brandy has been the favorite after-dinner liqueur for generation after generation of connoisseurs. Serve with the "demi-tasse".

Stinger—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ white Creme de Menthe. Ice, shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

For All Occasions

Brandy-and-Soda—1 drink of MARTELL in tall glass, add ice and soda-water. The favorite highball of the Continent.

Brandy Egg-Nogg—1 drink of MARTELL, ½ pint of milk, 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, 1 egg. Shake well, strain into tall tumbler, grate nutmeg on top.

Hot Brandy Toddy—1 teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in boiling water, 1 wine-glass of MARTELL. Fill tumbler ⅔ with boiling water. Grate nutmeg on top.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDIES include MARTELL "Three Star", MARTELL 20-year old, MARTELL Cordon Bleu, and MARTELL Cordon Argent. *(80 Proof)*

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Bottled in Cognac, France
since 1715

MARTELL
COGNAC Brandy
The Spirit of Holiday-Tradition
for over 200 Years
EST 1715
MARTELL
COGNAC
BRANDY
J. & F. MARTELL
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP'N
NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.
84 PROOF
Imported Exclusively by PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

MEN PREFER

Esquire

SPECIAL XMAS GIFT RATES

(November 15 to January 15)

One subscription, one year	$ 5.00
Two subscriptions, one year	8.00
THREE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year	10.00
Additional yearly subscriptions, each	3.00

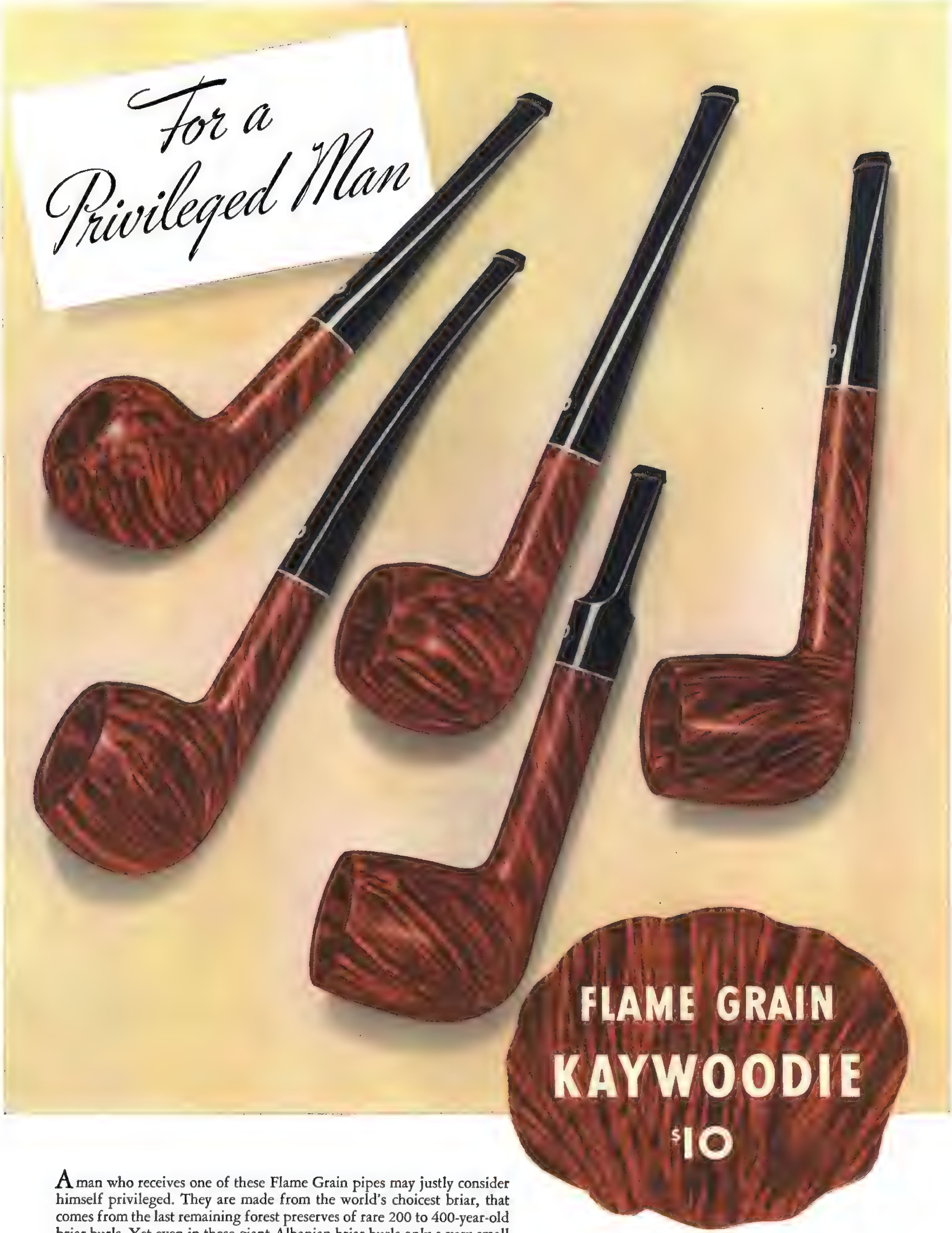
(Add 50c per yearly subscription for Canada; $2.50 for Foreign)

AN ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR BY CAMPBELL WILL ANNOUNCE EACH GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

The famous ESQUIRE illustrator, E. Simms Campbell, has designed a Christmas card—especially for ESQUIRE—that will be the prized possession of every ESQUIRE reader this year.

It is a watercolor, painted in Campbell's finest and most characteristic vein, and reproduced in full color on an extra fine grade of paper.

Your name will be inscribed on the inside page of this card and it will be mailed along with the January issue in a colorful Christmas package, both to reach your friends' homes just at Christmas time.



A man who receives one of these Flame Grain pipes may justly consider himself privileged. They are made from the world's choicest briar, that comes from the last remaining forest preserves of rare 200 to 400-year-old briar burls. Yet even in these giant Albanian briar burls only a very small part yields the incomparably beautiful, perfect Flame Grain markings.

Only in a Kaywoodie pipe can Flame Grain be obtained. Kaywoodie has contracted for the entire supply. The man to whom you give a Flame Grain Kaywoodie may not know it before he smokes it — but he will discover that his Flame Grain pipe is the sweetest-smoking pipe he ever owned. Your dealer will show them to you, $10 each.

If your dealer doesn't have these beautiful pipes, he will get them for you. Or write our New York office, *International Building*, Rockefeller Center.

The group illustrated above, left to right: Nos. 09B, 96, 80B, 04, 76B — all actual size. All Flame-Grain pipes have this beautiful color and distinctive hand-burnished finish, unlike other pipes.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
NEW YORK *and* LONDON
World's Leading Pipe-Makers

The Dress . . . from Milgrim
The Jewelry . . . from Olga Tritt
The Car . . . a Chrysler of course!
BE MODERN

"My love...TO YOU AND THAT NEW CHRYSLER!"

DEAR ALEX:

How marvelous of you, darling . . . making that big sale to the Bradshaw people! I've been all over the countryside, telling *everybody* how wonderful you are!

Which brings up (I hope not *too* abruptly) the fact that I'm driving that selfsame motor vehicle of these too, too many seasons!

My heart is set on that gorgeous new Chrysler. It's the right setting for me . . . the right background for you.

So modern . . . so definitely up-to-the-minute . . . so sleek and low . . . Airflow styling with a touch of Paris! And inside it's enormous! They tell me it's four inches wider at the windshield. That gives you an idea.

And the new things in it! The gear-shift lever up on the steering wheel . . . right under your hand! And when you're driving along, the gears shift automatically between pick-up and cruising speeds, according to the power you demand.

And the instrument panel . . . it's a gorgeous plastic; so smart! And the upholstery . . . divine! And the driving vision . . . the ease of handling . . . the concealed trunk . . . the . . .

I'm out of breath, darling . . . so hurry home and see for yourself. Incidentally, a Chrysler *will not* make a big dent in your bankroll!

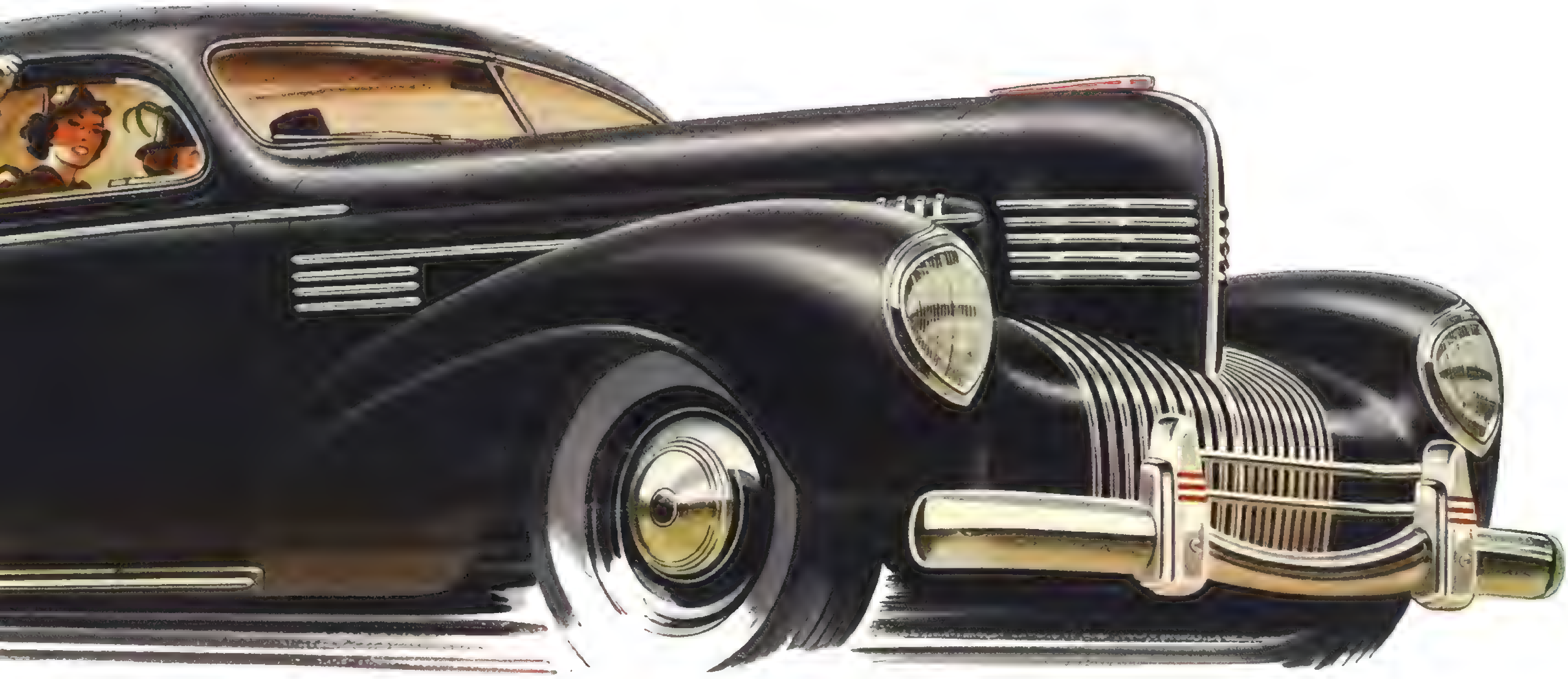
☆ ☆ ☆

1939 CHRYSLER ROYAL . . . 100 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase.

1939 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . 135 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase.

Also Chrysler's famous Custom Imperial in five and seven passenger sedans and limousines.

★ TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.



Buy Chrysler!

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

GOING..
GOING..
GONE!

YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS for Christmas lists are solved. New automatic ash tray with patented thermostatic control for disposing of cigarette stubs. When stubs burn to the tip, Mr. Pelican "gobbles 'em up." This new, sensational ash tray is all metal in pleasing colors (blue, orange and white) 8 inches long—6 inches high.

A useful—colorful ornament. A practical gift for every man—a welcome gift for every hostess—safety feature saves scars and burns from forgotten stubs. This marvelous "gadget" only $2.50.

ORDER DIRECT TODAY. Enclose check or we will ship C. O. D.

GRANTHAM ASSOCIATES, Inc.
First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

MOST POWERFUL MADE

Made with piston rings. One pump required. Muzzle velocity 416 ft. secs. Hand honed trigger. Unrivalled for target—small game. Guaranteed. Made in 3 models: Junior $12.50; "Mark I" $22.50; Senior $27.50; length overall 8½"— cal. 177 or 22 rifled barrel

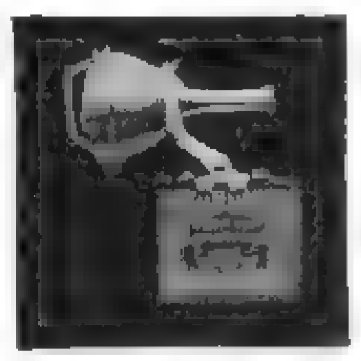
WEBLEY AIR PISTOL

From Your Dealer or Order Direct
Sole Distributors **S. E. LASZLO** 317 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

TO HOLD YOUR SHIRT IN

The new "TIDY" Shirt Belt of comfortable, flexible Latex is worn over the shirt and under the trousers. It keeps the shirt in place — no more tucking in — no more unsightly bulges. An aid to better grooming and posture. Beautifully packaged, "TIDY" is a DIFFERENT gift. At your dealer or send $1. Cooper-Brenner Co., Dept. E, Youngstown, Ohio. **$1**

"TIDY" LATEX SHIRT BELT



PERFECT GIFT FOR MEN AND BOYS

CARPENTER SEARCHLIGHT

Mile Range - 250000 c.p. Camping-Hunting - Yachting - 12 inches high - Carry in hand. $18 delivered free in U S A. Christmas packed or $25 with rechargable battery-Send check

CARPENTER MFG. CO., Cambridge, Massachusetts

XMAS PRESENT FOR GOLFERS

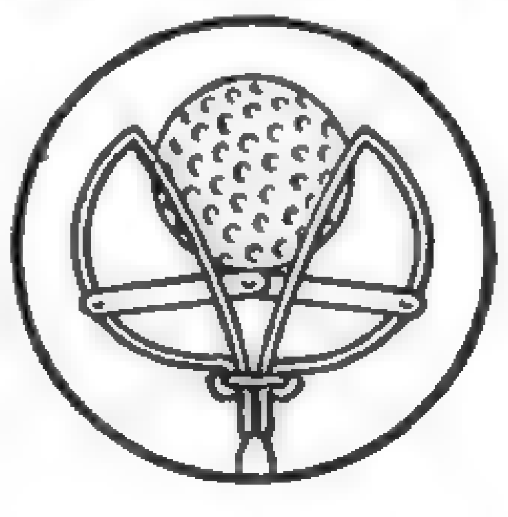
Lose fewer balls with GRABBIT.

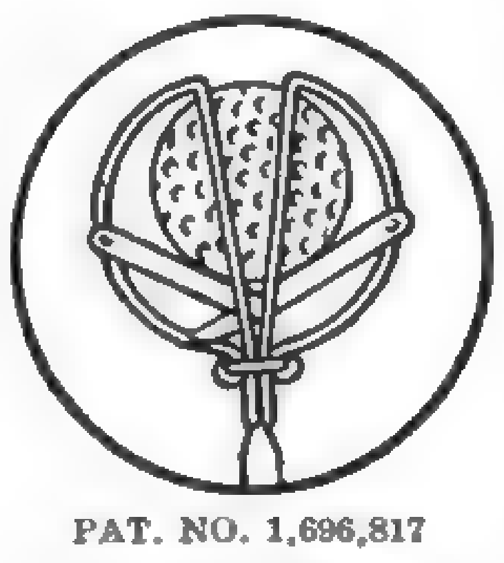
When his golf ball lands in a water hazard GRABBIT retrieves it! If you can see it you can reach it with GRABBIT!

GRABBIT is a four section telescoping chromium steel rod with cork handle and GRABBIT head (see illustration). Total length collapsed is 36 inches (convenient length for golf bag); extended it is 107 inches making GRABBIT usable up to 140 inches due to the added length of arm.

Its simple operation makes GRABBIT an added joy to any golfer's outfit.

Dealer inquiries invited.





PAT. NO. 1,696,817

ST. JOHN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Greenville, S. C,

Enclosed is $3 for one postpaid chromium finished steel GRABBIT golf ball retriever. If I am not satisfied my money will be refunded.

Name ____________________

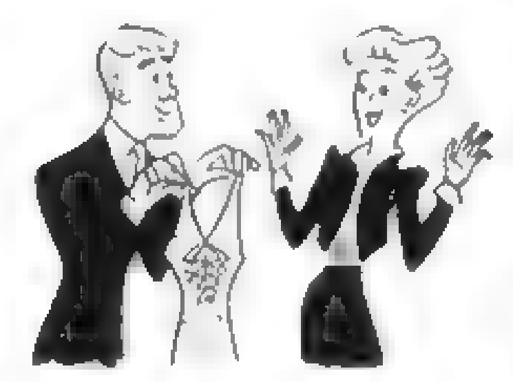
Address ____________________

(Executives: GRABBIT makes an unusual Xmas novelty. Write for quantity prices)

GIVE HER PERFUME, *ANYWAY*. No matter whether you are in for rubies or radios . . . you'll give her perfume besides. They expect it . . . and with it, provide an atomizer for more subtle application. The results will get you! Again we go on record in suggesting the right type of perfume for a certain type of woman. This time its

GRACIOUS LADY . . . a woman frankly over 30, with sense enough to capitalize on her years instead of attempting futile concealment. Charming, dignified, a hostess of infinite tact and poise, she graces any menage with wisdom. Her perfumes should be exquisitely fine and chosen with discernment. Such as: *D'Orsay's* Belle de Jour, a provocative blend of haunting delicacy and moving gaiety; *Jaeckel's* Are Jay . . . a perfume created especially to use on her loveliest furs; *Revillon's* Carnet de Ball, nostalgic, lasting. *Elizabeth Arden's* Night and Day, *Helena Rubinstein's* "Orchid 715," sparkling sophistication. *Chanel's* immortal "#5" or "#22"; *Weil's* soft-spoken, compelling Cassandra; *Matchabelli's* commanding new Albano, *Lenthéric's* disturbingly stimulating Anticipation. Or the modern and moving Vega of *Guerlain;* Parfums Chevalier Garde produces "H.R.H.," as delicate as drifting clouds; *Corday's* Orchidée Bleue, fascinating and feminine; *Yardley's* regal Bond Street; *Coty's* lovely L'Aimant; *Molyneux'* Royale, for a stately lady; *Lanvin's* Arpége; *Patou's* Colony, lush and reminiscent; *Molinard's* Mimosa Royal; *Caron's* epoch making Noel de Nuit; *Ciro's* Camélia du Maroc.

Or, if she prefers a cologne . . . there's *M. Delia's* A La Cocarde de France; *Lengyel's* Essence Impériale Russe or *4711's* popular Tosca.



"OR SOMETHING IN A NIGHTGOWN?" But definitely. If you want her to look demure, yet tantalizing, ask for a gown with entire top of lace which resolves itself into a bottom of shimmering satin. If you want something startling, take a look at an orchid satin job with large impressionistic flower appliques smacked down the front. If you crave a Grecian Goddess effect, a gown in satin with front cross straps, and whole top and sash done in lace with satin bands. You probably don't know what this is all about . . . but "them's the facts." And then there's the old standby, black chiffon . . . dolled up with a bolero effect done in lace with gold threads. If you don't want to go the whole hog on black . . . get one in pink satin with *black* straps and black and pink embroidery.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

FOLDING BARS

Drinking tonight? Set up James Mont's brilliant FOLD-A-BAR, the one piece collapsible party-size bar that's fully equipped with liquor-proof top, inner shelf for supplies, chrome rail for swank. It's all plywood with metal hinges, guaranteed for years of merrymaking. Designed by the famous barmaker in five original Mont motifs . . 52½" long, 39½" high, 15½" wide. F.O.B. New York $22.50. Write for illustrated folder today.

FOLD-A-BAR CORP.
549 West 54th Street New York City

OLD TIME HOME MOVIES

Smart Fun! Old Time Movie Parties! Hiss—Cheer—Howl at thrillers, slap-sticks, love confessions (1909), 16mm. Chaplin, Hart, Pickford, "Birth of a Nation", "Great Train Robbery", "Phantom of the Opera" (Lon Chaney), Fatima — Hoochi-Koochi (1893). Sound or Silent—Complete shows for rent. *Novel Xmas Gift Suggestion:* Old Time MOVIE SHORTS, 25-50-100 ft. lengths, $1.25 up. Catalog on request.

STONE FILM LIBRARY, Inc.
201 W. 89, New York City, SChuyler 4-1148

PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES

Ideal Inexpensive Gift! Sensational new Walco Permanent Sapphire Needle for all phonographs. Eliminates needle changing! Plays well over 2000 records (two years ordinary use) without replacing. Produces a clearer, richer tone with less needle scratch. Our Capehart tests show no wear on records after hundreds of playings with Sapphire Needle. A "must" for automatic instruments. Really a money-saver at $2.00 each postpaid.

RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
100 West 56th Street New York City

SKI WAX

Door-Ease ALL-WEATHER SKI WAX is a good companion on ski trips. It won't spoil your fun by messing up your hands and clothing. Clean and easy to handle and apply from its metal push-bottom container. And you don't have to fill your pockets full. The same wax can be used for every snow condition. Gives more speed, lasts longer. At ski shops and sporting goods dealers, or send 35¢ for 4½-inch stick.

American Grease Stick Co., Muskegon, Mich.
World's Largest Mfr. of Stick Lubricants

Mr. and Mrs. Esquire
111 Anywhere, U.S.A.

THIS DISTINCTIVE AND COSTLY APPEARING GIFT

For a Marvelous Man!
To Charm a Lovely Lady!
To Please the Happily Married!

This distinguished, personalized stationery of fine Strathmore Ridged Bond printed in Cordovan Brown with the name and address of the recipient (as per the illustration) FOR LESS THAN THE COST OF MAILING EACH LETTER!

100 sheets 7¼ x 10½—100 envelopes 7½ x 4 with name, street and city address—Only $2.00 postpaid! ! ! (Extreme west $2.25)

200 sheets and envelopes, as above, Only $3.50, postpaid! (Extreme west $3.75)

By mail only. Send check, money order or C.O.D. order to:

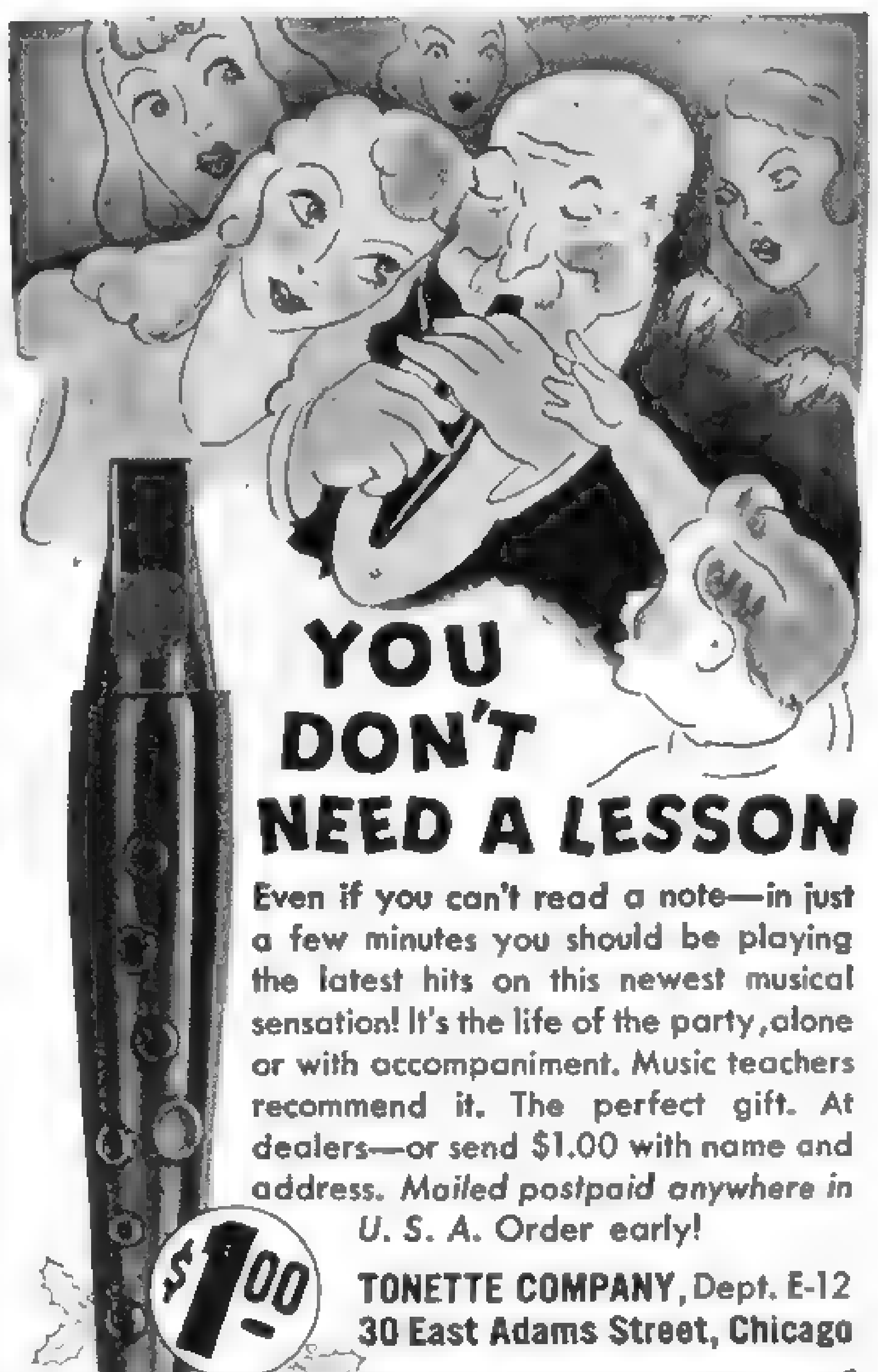
KEYSTONE PRINTING SERVICE
LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS
CREATORS OF PERSONALIZED STATIONERY

AT LAST
a Real Electric Shaver
HANLEY AC $5.00 Also operates on DC with Current Converter at $1.50

Ingenious patented shearing head "combs" beard into erect position and cuts hairs cleanly, well below skin surface. Simple, trouble-proof construction with only two moving parts. Guaranteed for one year.

At your local dealer's or write direct to factory

CLIPSHAVE, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y.

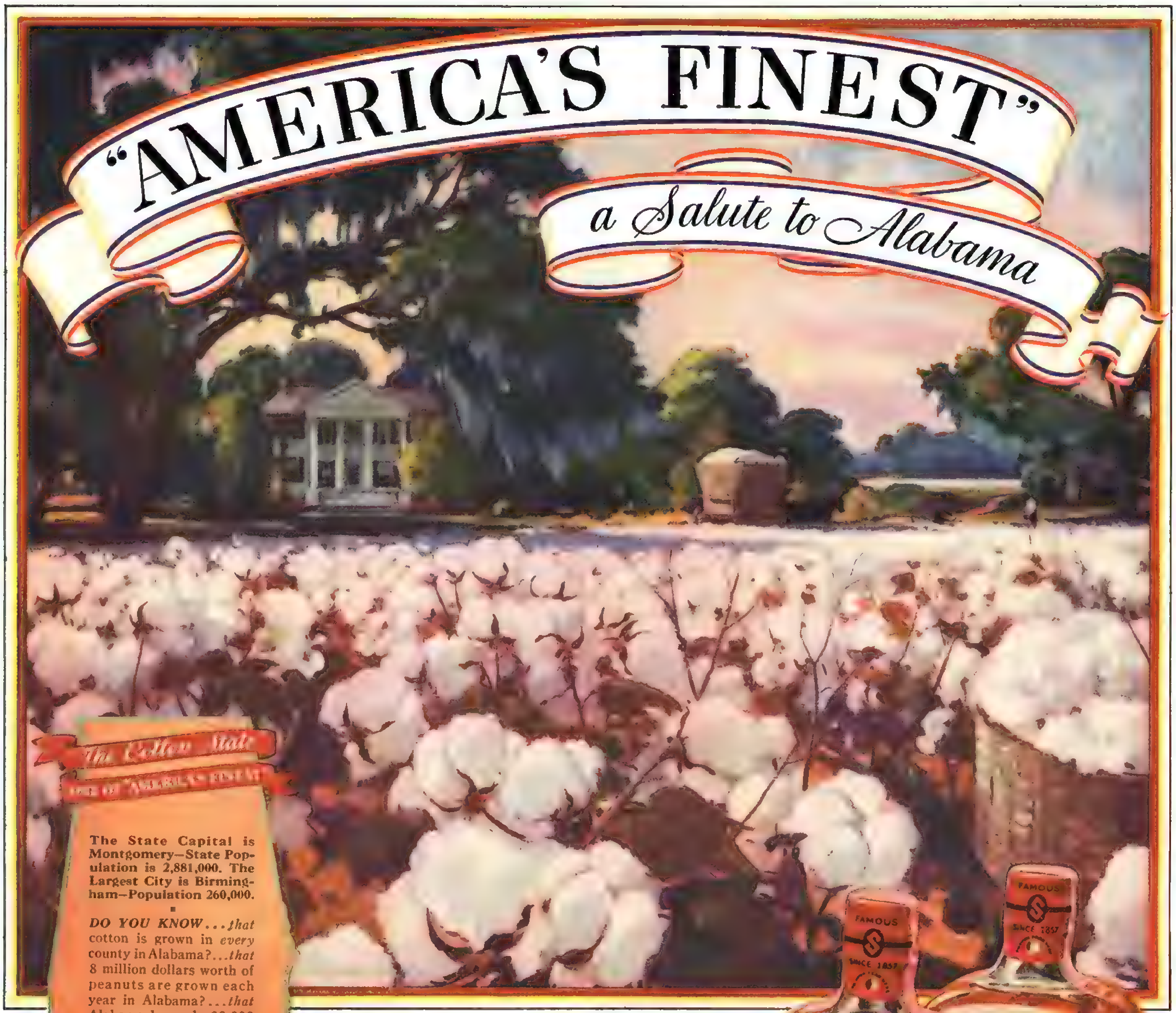


YOU DON'T NEED A LESSON

Even if you can't read a note—in just a few minutes you should be playing the latest hits on this newest musical sensation! It's the life of the party, alone or with accompaniment. Music teachers recommend it. The perfect gift. At dealers—or send $1.00 with name and address. *Mailed postpaid anywhere in U. S. A. Order early!*

TONETTE COMPANY, Dept. E-12
30 East Adams Street, Chicago

TONETTE
ANYONE CAN PLAY IT


"AMERICA'S FINEST"
a Salute to Alabama
The Cotton State
ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

The State Capital is Montgomery—State Population is 2,881,000. The Largest City is Birmingham—Population 260,000.

▪

DO YOU KNOW . . . that cotton is grown in *every* county in Alabama?*...that* 8 million dollars worth of peanuts are grown each year in Alabama?*...that* Alabama has only 20,000 foreign born people?

Watch for other advertisements saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Say Seagram's and be Sure of *"America's Finest"*

TO KEEP the quality of Seagram's 7 and 5 Crown faithfully uniform, year after year, is a task that calls for rare genius in the art of blending fine whiskies.

With an experience that dates back 80 years and a never-ending treasure of more than 80 million gallons of aging whiskies to draw upon, Seagram's master blenders are able to perpetuate with unerring accuracy the famous Crown taste.

Through the years, men have learned to trust the quality of the whiskey in a Seagram bottle. If the label says 7 Crown or 5 Crown, you can be sure of getting "America's Finest". At your favorite bar or package store.

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp, New York

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

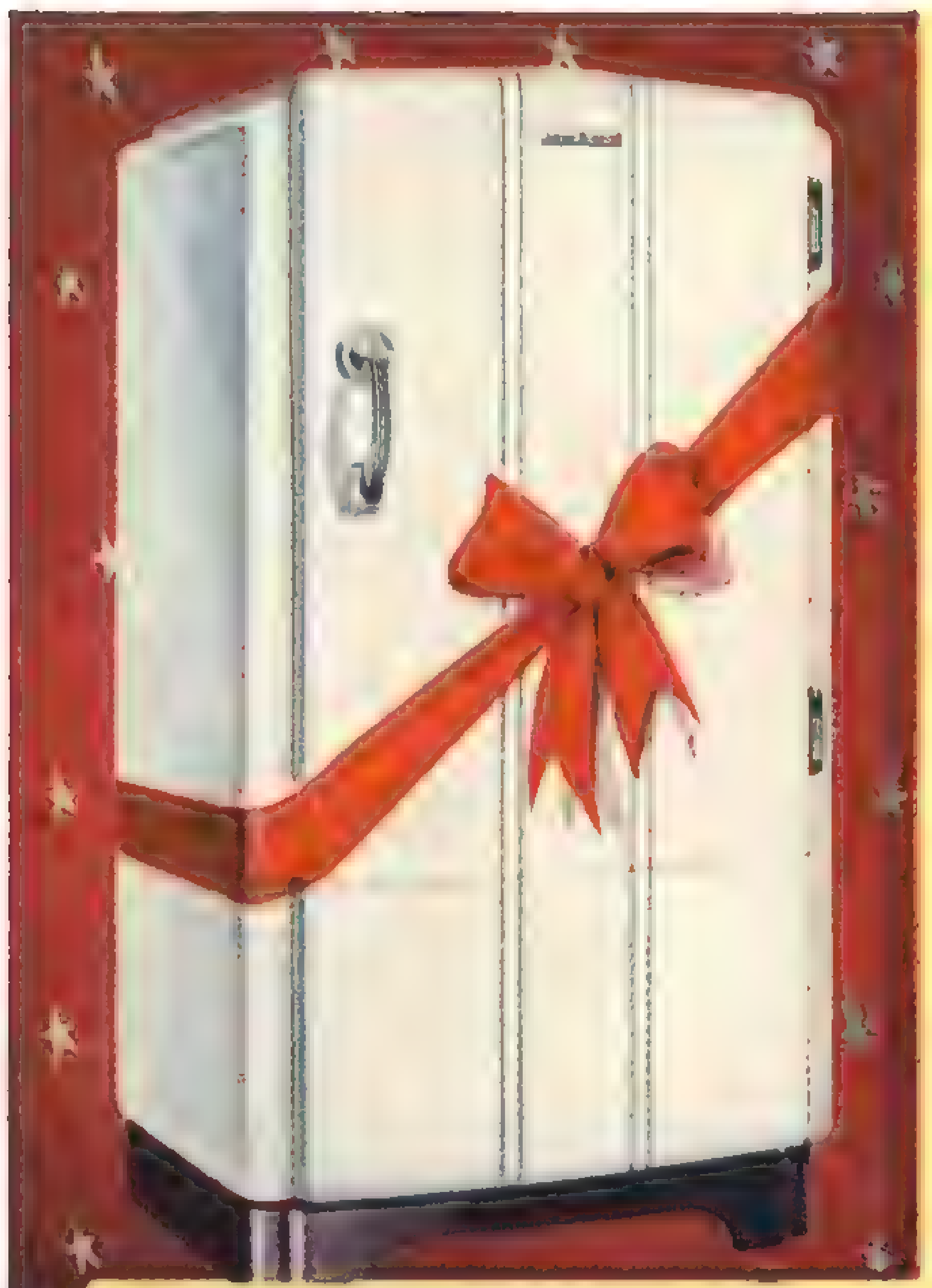
Seagram's
7
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
a distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
LAWRENCEBURG IND
NINETY PROOF
FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
5
Crown
Blended Whiskey
PROOF
AMERICA'S FINEST

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

90 PROOF

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.



G-E TRIPLE-THRIFT REFRIGERATOR. The gift with a lot of "give". G-E, first choice of millions, has the famous sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit with Oil Cooling. It's thrifty in price, current, upkeep. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.

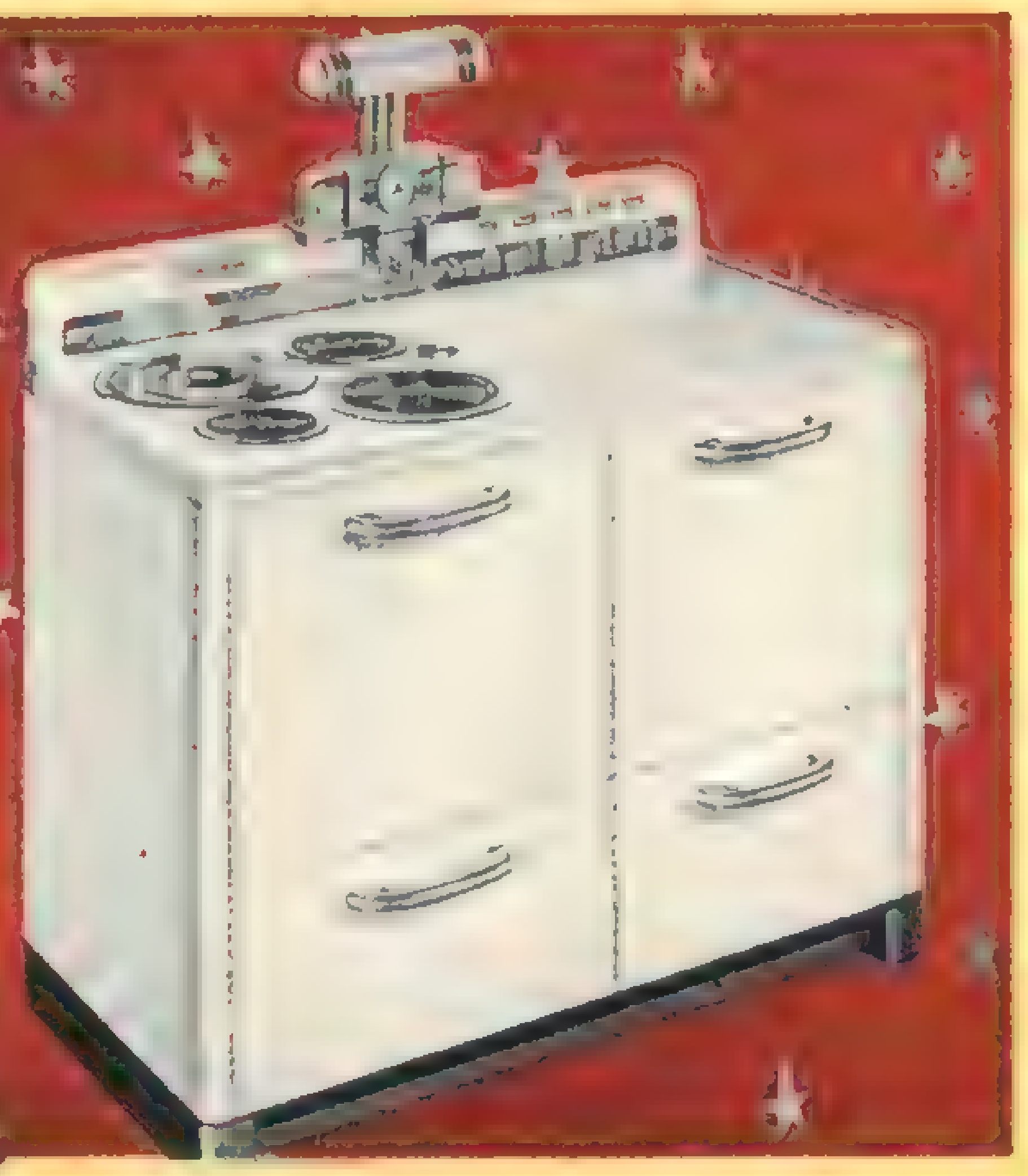
For a Sentimental with a Practical

THIS year make yours a gift of the heart and *head*, something she really wants . . . and *needs*.

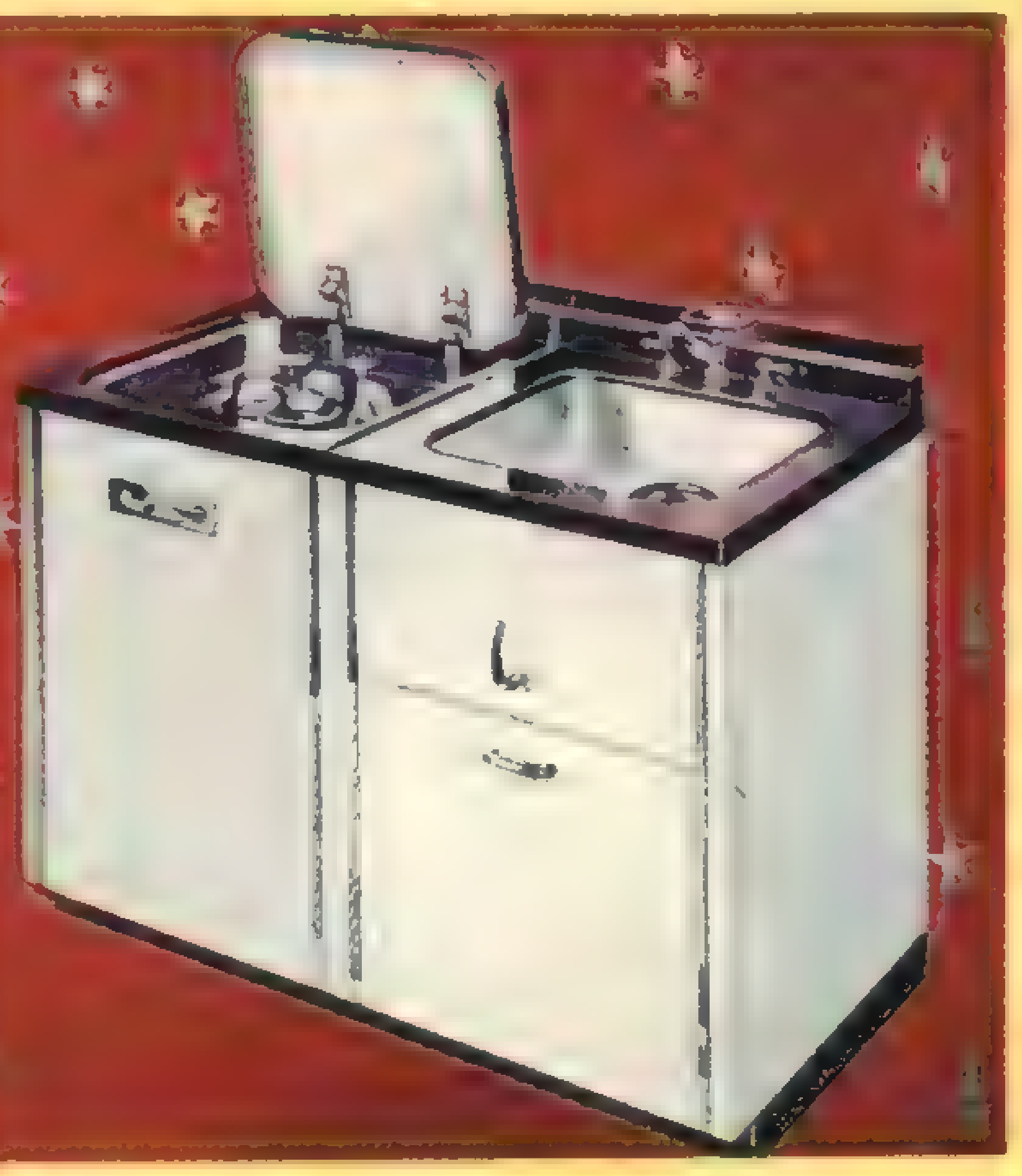
Give her a practical present . . . a General Electric gift she'll use . . . and *appreciate* . . . for years to come.

You couldn't choose gifts more thoughtful . . . or welcome. Because G-E gifts are gifts of freedom. They lighten household tasks . . . bestow added leisure. The suggestions shown here . . . and many more . . . are now on display at your G-E dealer's. You'll find his store the best possible Christmas shopping headquarters . . . with a wide assortment of more than 150 desirable gifts to choose from . . . priced from $1.00 to $1,000. A General Electric gift puts no strain upon Santa's budget. For the smaller gifts are most modestly priced and the major items are all available on the General Electric easy payment plan.

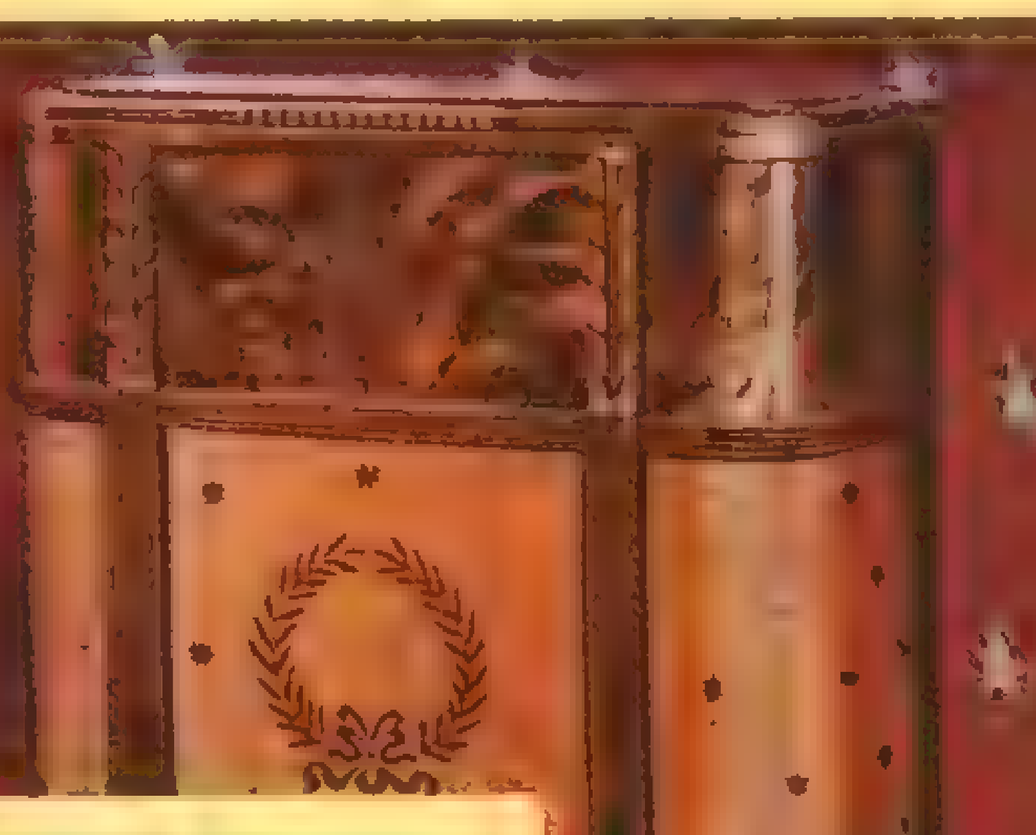
All prices subject to territorial variations



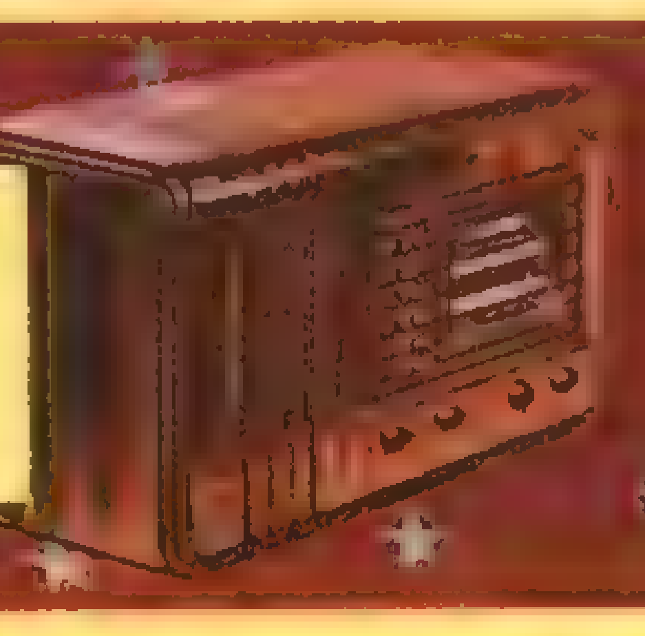
G-E ELECTRIC RANGE. Any Santa Claus will be proud to present one of these beautiful G-E Electric Ranges. Three new thrifty G-E features: Tel-A-Cook Lights—5 Speed Calrod Cooking Units—Tripl-Oven (3 ovens in one). Can be purchased for a minimum down payment—and as little as $5.00 per month.



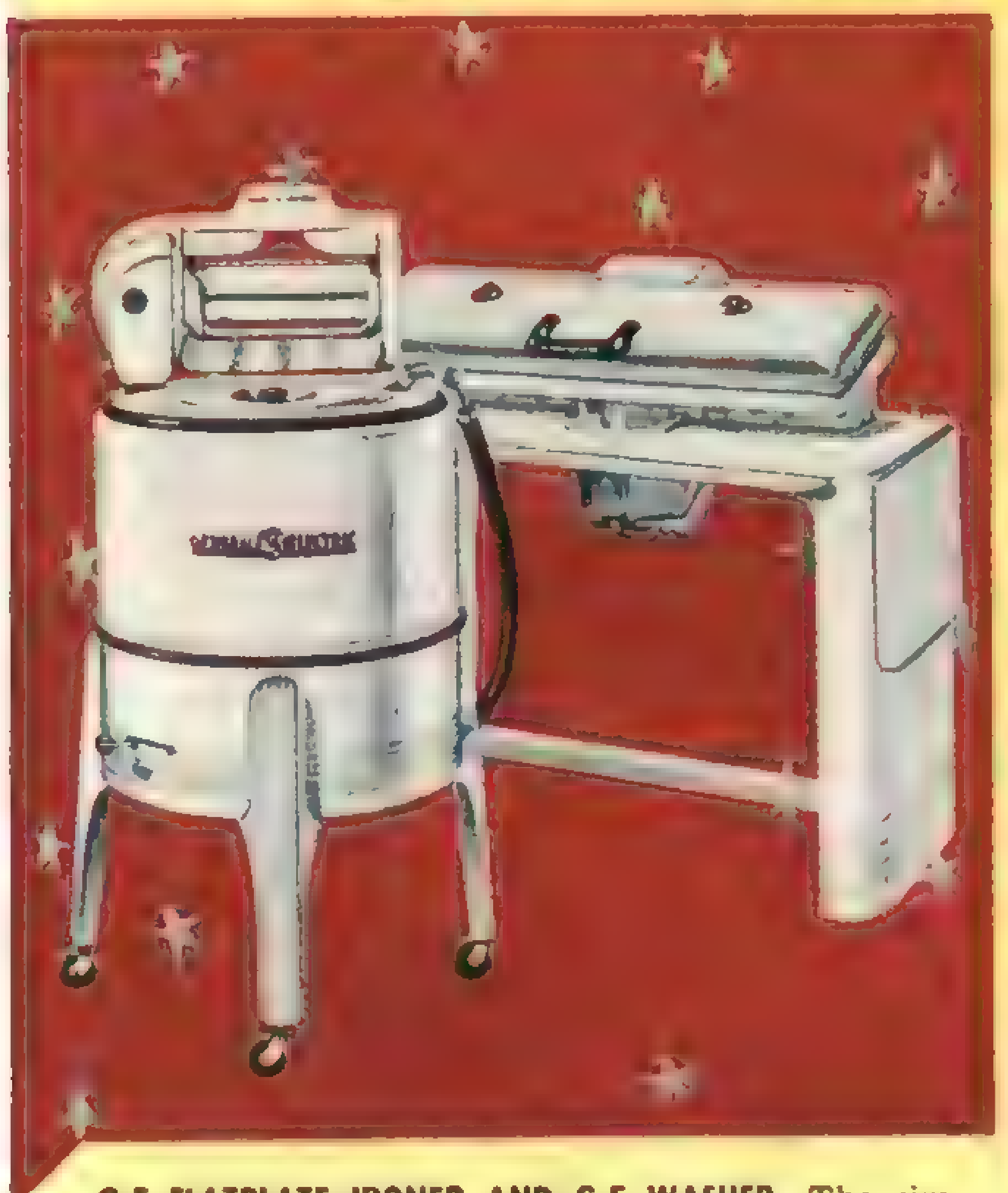
G-E ELECTRIC SINK. With dishwasher and garbage disposal. Drives dishwashing drudgery right out of the kitchen—and ends the messy accumulation of garbage. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5.00 per month.



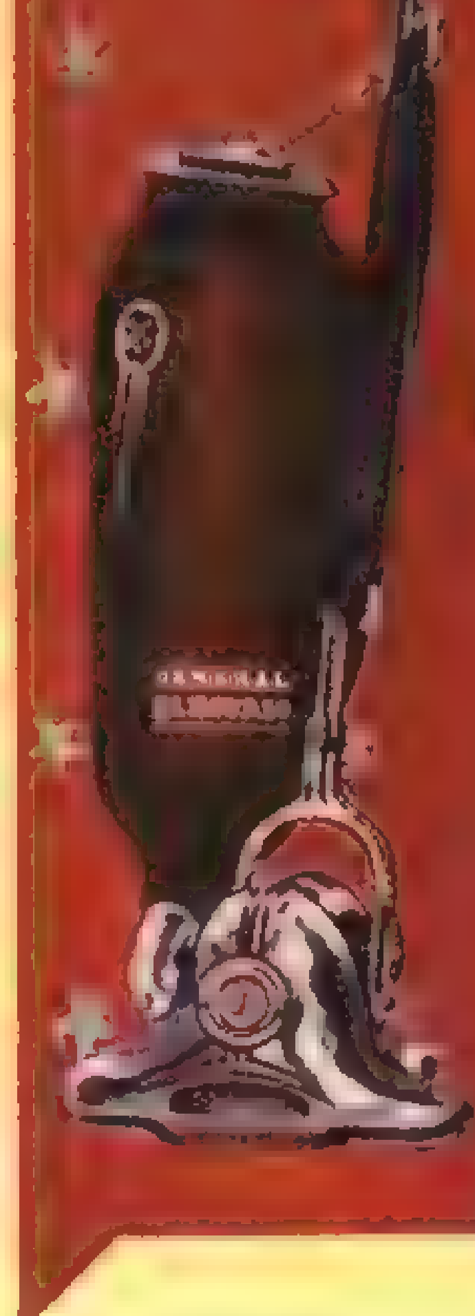
G-E RADIOFORTE G-95. No dial—no knobs. New built-in Beam-a-Scope ends need for aerial, ground wires. Keyboard Touch Tuning. Consoles from $39.95 to $200.



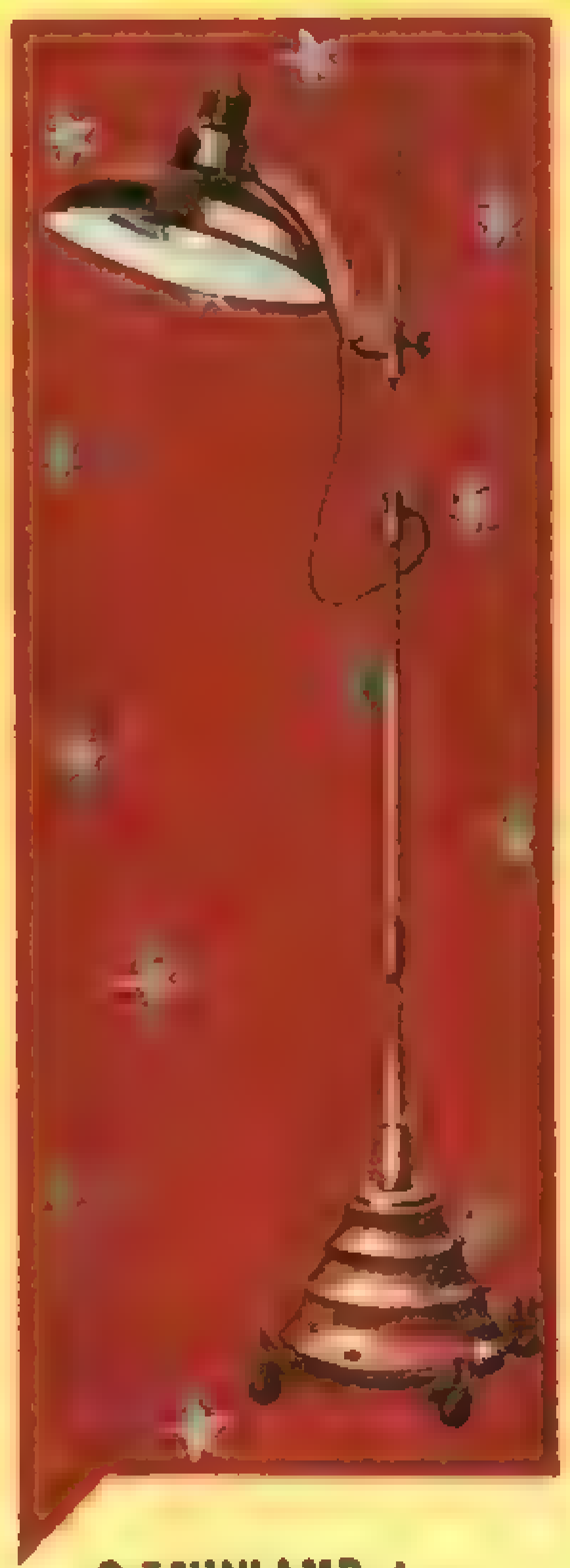
G-E TABLE MODEL G-53. For bedroom; nursery; guestroom; kitchen or cottage. Many G-E table models have Keyboard Touch Tuning. $12.95 to $59.95.



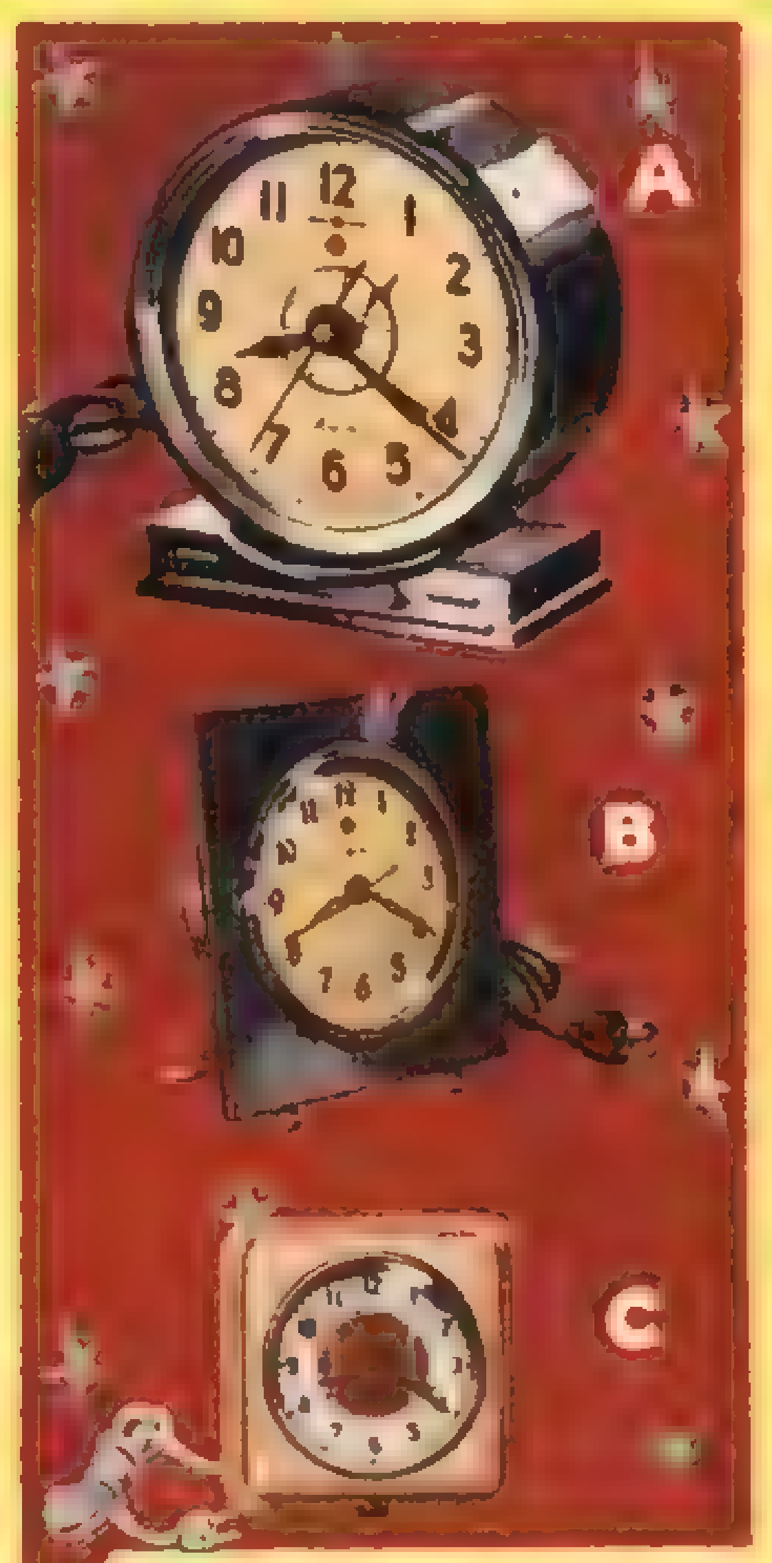
G-E FLATPLATE IRONER AND G-E WASHER. The simplicity of the One-Control Wringer and effortless operation of the Flatplate Ironer make the household's hardest task lighter. Can be purchased for a minimum down payment and as little as $5. per month.



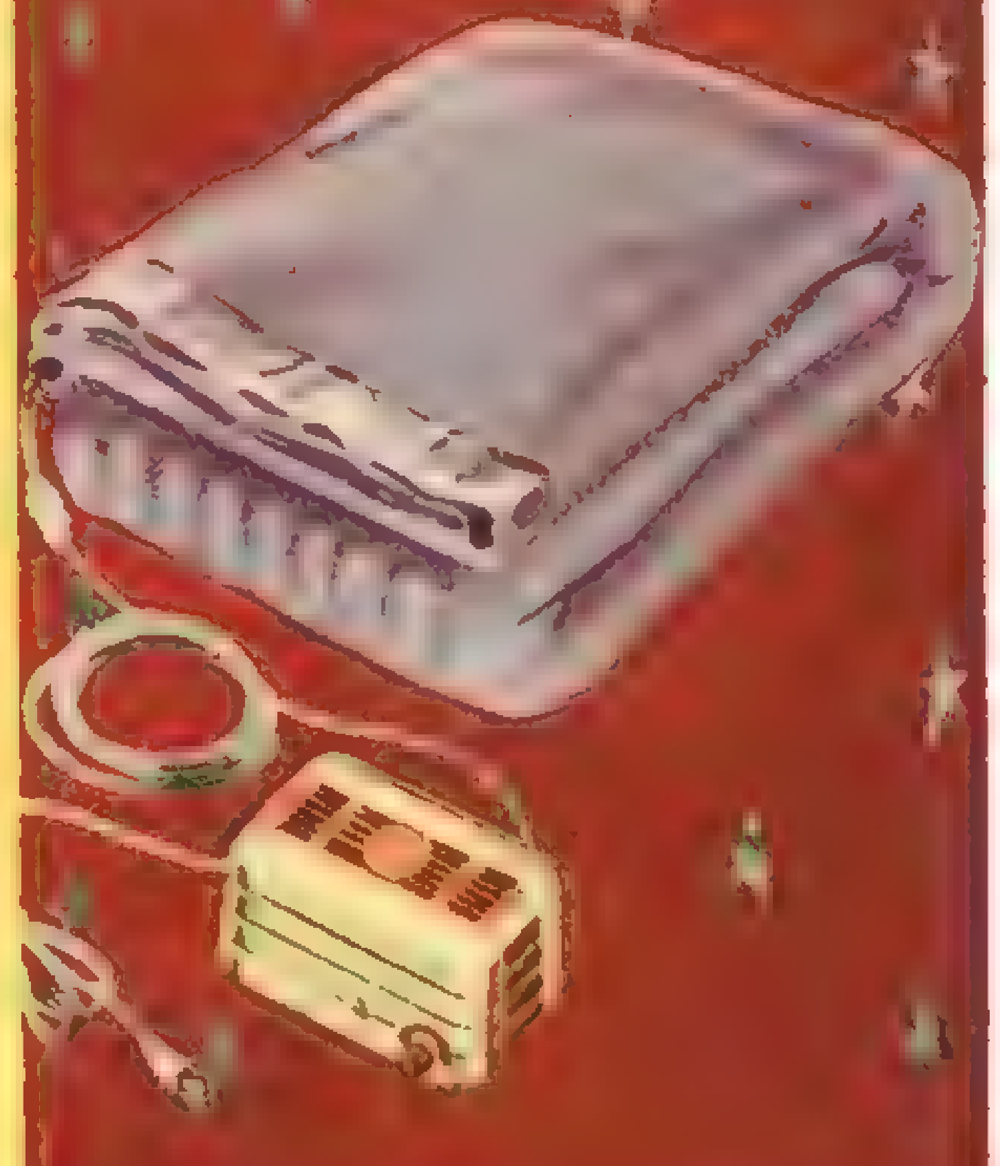
G-E CLEANER. All the features of more expensive cleaners. $21.95 to $59.95.



G-E SUNLAMP. A suntan for New Year's! $44.95. Other models $24.95 to $74.50.



G-E CLOCKS. Accurate time. No winding—no failing alarms. (a) Sergeant Alarm $2.95. (b) Duncan $4.50. (c) Garcon $3.50.



G-E AUTOMATIC BLANKET. Automatically adjusts itself to outside temperatures. Sleep under safe light-weight warmth. $44.95 to $69.95.

Person Side!
"—and roses, too!"

Freedom! Is the lady of your heart wearing away her good looks and health at household tasks which General Electric home servants could spare her? Why not win her lasting appreciation this Christmas by giving her a General Electric gift—by giving her a General Electric gift—that carries with it freedom—leisure—happy hours reclaimed from drudgery. Every G-E gift pictured here will make her life easier, pleasanter, happier.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

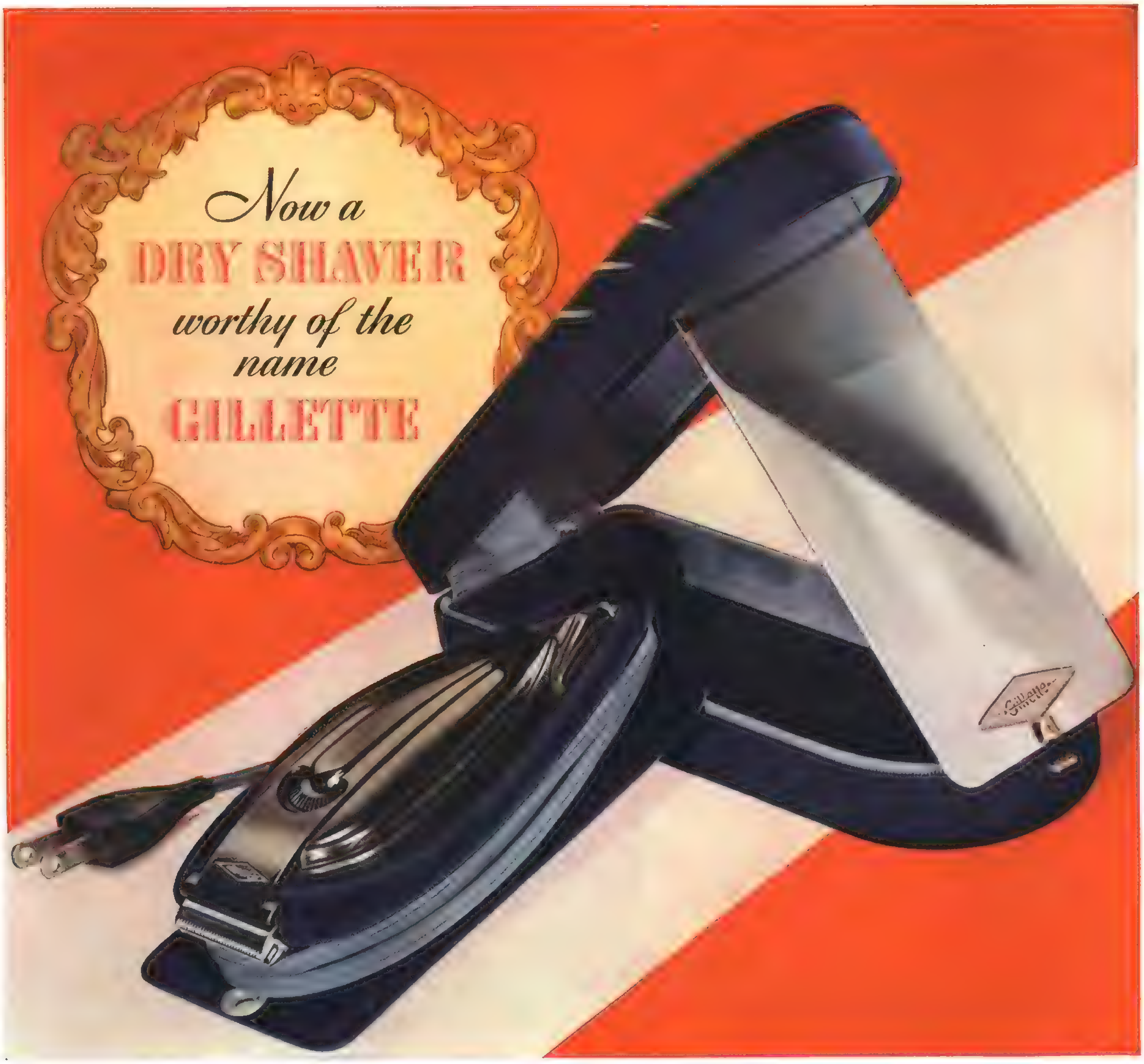
G-E AUTOMATIC TOASTER. Set it—forget it—and have perfect toast. Toaster only, $16.00. Complete luncheon service, $23.75.

G-E IRON. Saves the arm, has automatic heat control. $8.95. Other models $2.95 to $9.95.

G-E MIXER. Smooth cakes, velvety custards without effort! $16.00. With Automatic Juice Extractor, $19.95.

G-E TWIN WAFFLE IRON. A streamlined appliance for more and better waffles. $8.95. Other models $5.50 to $9.95.

G-E COFFEE MAKER. Perfect coffee every time. In holiday gift package. $5.95. Other models $4.95 to $9.95.



COMBINING every advantage of electric razors now on the market, plus a host of new exclusive features and refinements, the Gillette Dry Shaver is a fine precision device worthy of the distinguished name it bears. For this dry shaver is the achievement of engineers and scientists who have spent a lifetime in the perfection of the finest shaving instruments known.

Comfortable Shaving Position

You naturally expect the Gillette Dry Shaver to surpass any other thus far obtainable—and it does! You get the cleanest, easiest shaves that an electric razor can give. So if you have a beard that is adapted to dry shaving, here is the instrument for you.

In designing this shaver, Gillette experts had in mind that it would be used by men who, all their lives, had been accustomed to shaving with a safety razor. Therefore the shaving head is offset. Its gooseneck construction enables a man to shave with his arm in a natural, easy position, much as he always has before.

Exclusive Four-way Beard Pick-up

This shaver nestles in your hand. You grip it without effort. The patented double-action cutter has a four-way beard pick-up. Even flattened bristles are lifted, fed to the cutter and sheared off at the skin-line.

The high-speed motor is man-sized—never fades or falters when shearing dense patches of tough bristles. Light, easy strokes make short work of heavy stubble. No long training period is necessary. You'll get the knack of using the Gillette Dry Shaver in no time!

The refinements of this razor extend even to its sturdy, all-steel traveling case. You'll like the removable cradle that forms a convenient wall bracket for holding the razor when not in use. Notice, too, the unbreakable mirror that swings into position and makes shaving easy wherever you may be.

Built to exacting standards . . . this shaver is difficult and costly to produce. That's why it is the most expensive electric razor on the market. The price is $20.

Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed

You buy the Gillette Dry Shaver with a full guarantee of complete satisfaction. If after a fair trial this shaver does not measure up to your expectations—if your beard is not suited for electric shaving—return the instrument to us and we will exchange it for Gillette Razors and/or Gillette Blades at list price to the full amount you paid. Production is limited. Not all dealers can be supplied. So hurry if you want a Gillette Dry Shaver by Christmas!

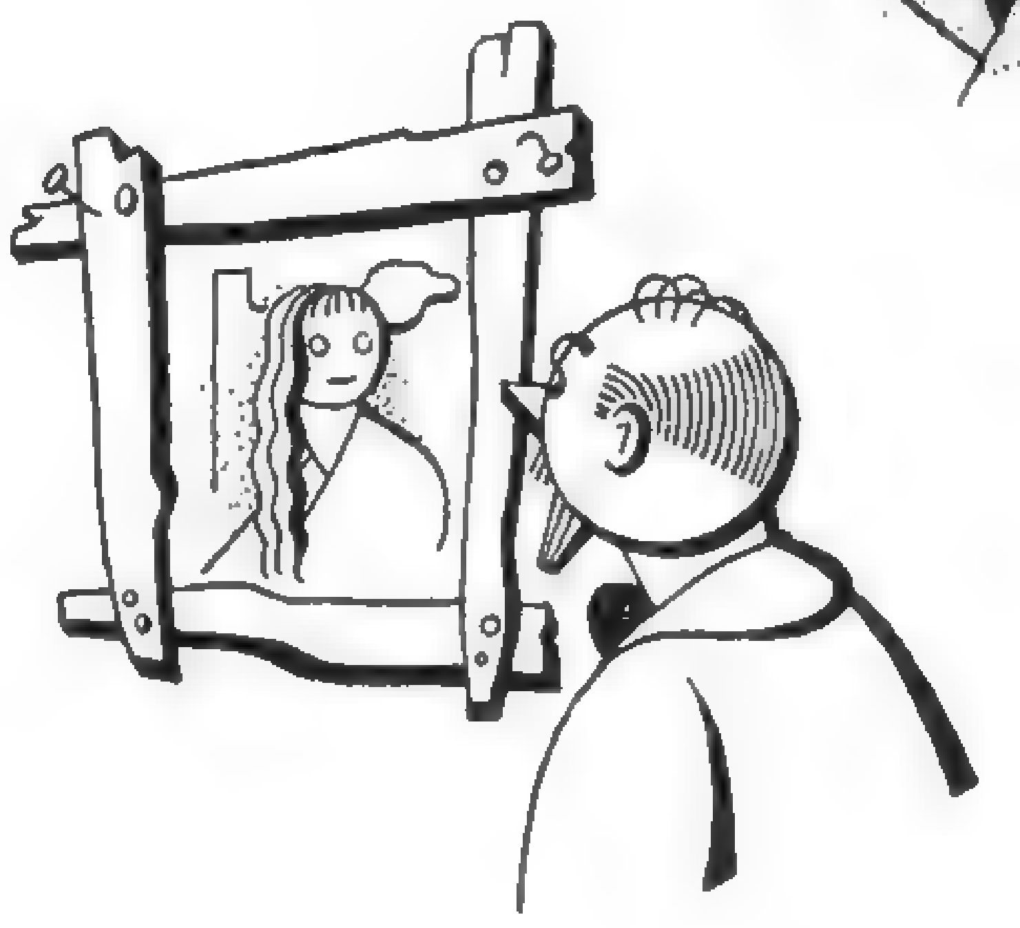
Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Boston, Mass.

Gillette
Dry Shaver

THE FOLLIES OF ANY YEAR:

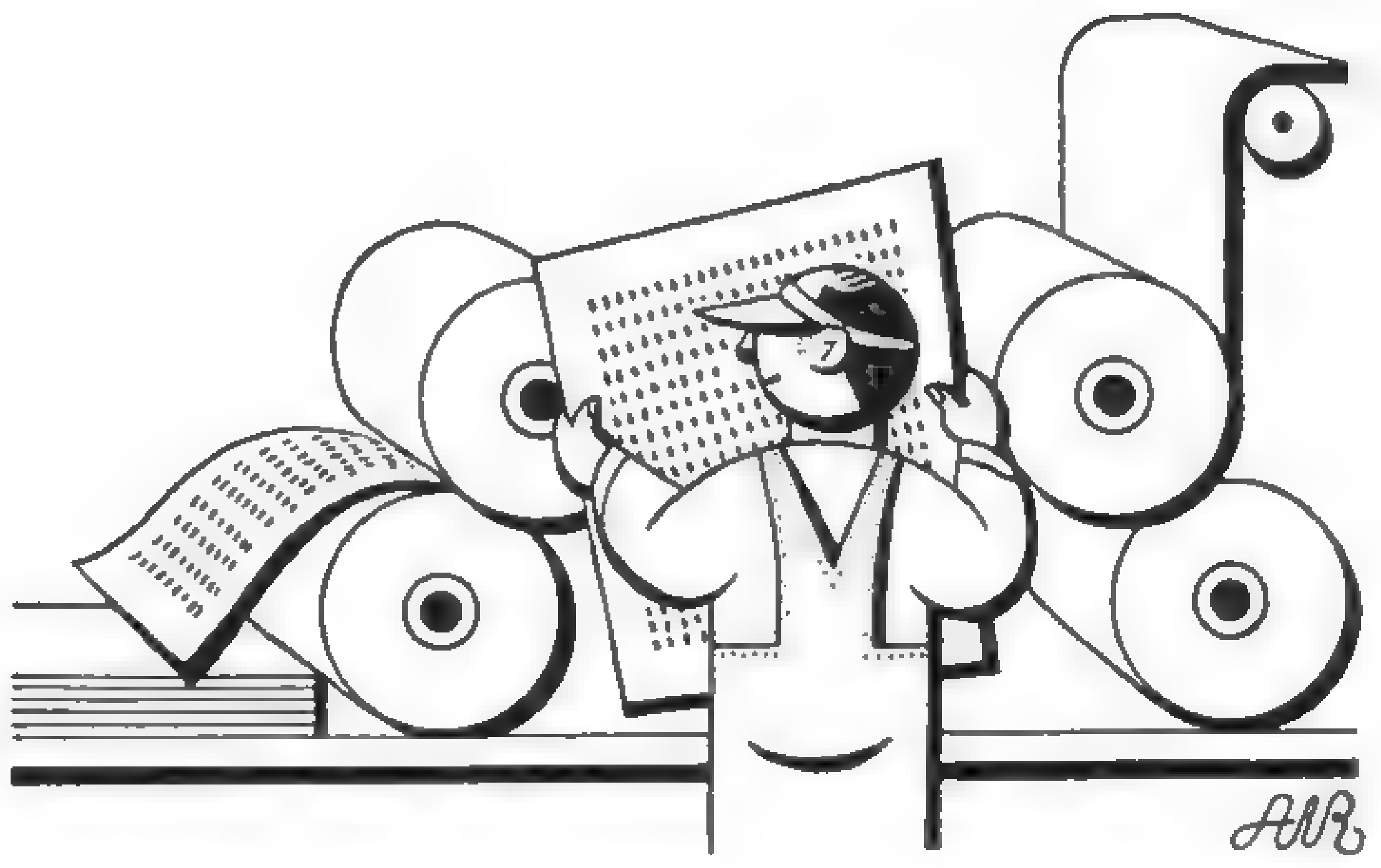
Foolish to spend $100 for a suit and then ruin the effect with a $1.98 hat—

Foolish to spend $300 for a painting and then spoil it with an 85c frame—



Foolish to spend $25 for a pipe and then ruin it with 8c tobacco—

Foolish to spend $125 for a set of golf clubs and then wreck your game with an 18c ball—



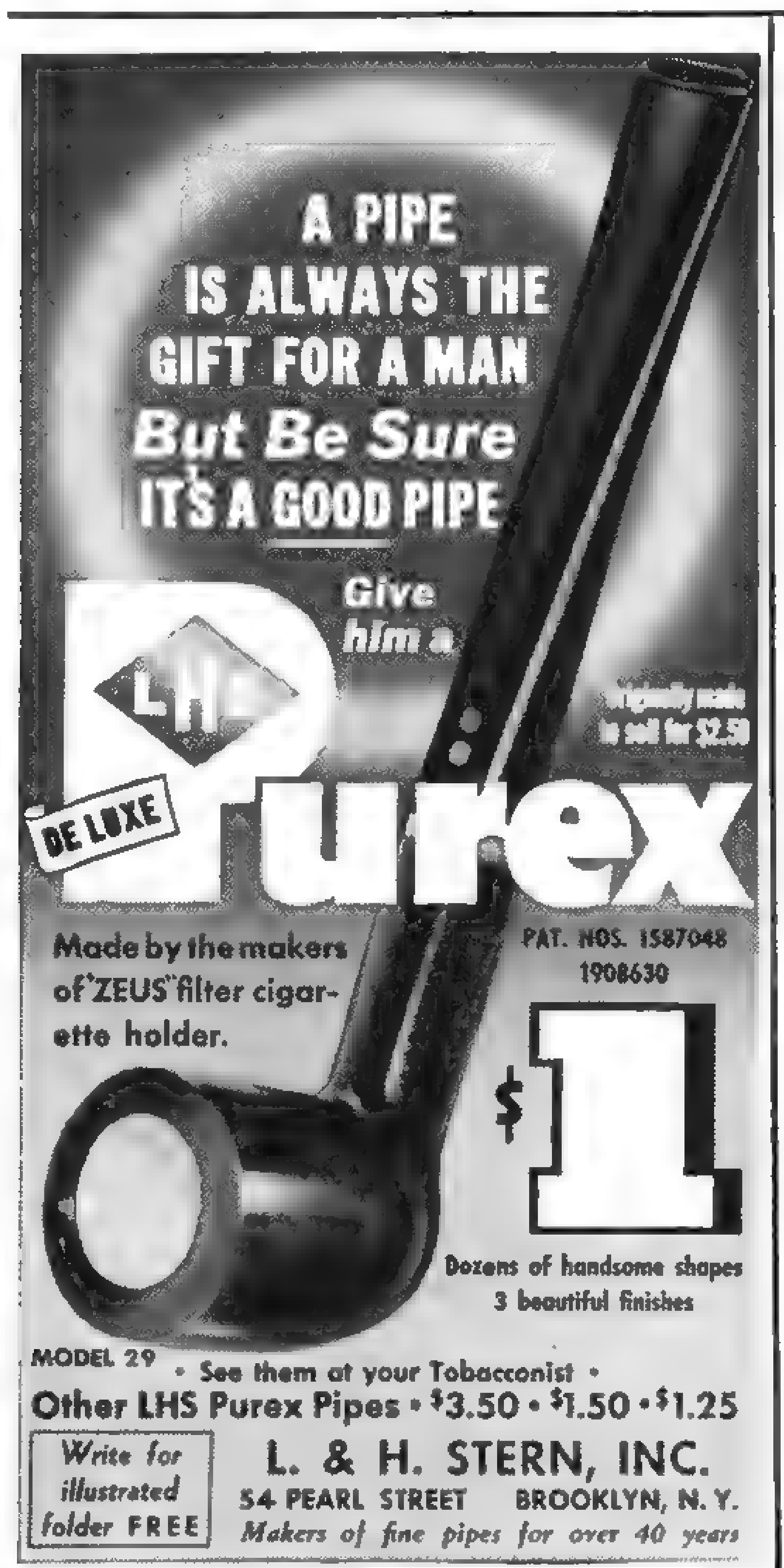
And it's most foolish of all to spend a lot of money for engravings, typography, paper, and presswork—and then ruin the effect of the printed piece with inferior ink.

Check this, you buyers of printing. Many a printed piece that should be right comes off the press dull and muddy-looking, lacking just the snap and sparkle that make all the difference in the world. Do you know that the chances are better than even that the fault is with the ink? Do you know that experts say there's no easier way of being penny-wise and dollar-foolish than by attempting to cut down this minor expenditure by a few more cents? Put it to the test. On your next job consult with your printer and authorize him to spend that extra 1% for ink in order to improve the other 99%.

But what makes us so positive that *Bowers Ink* is a better ink? Well, you know that Esquire wouldn't pay $1.98 for a hat—or use inferior ink. In fact, Esquire uses the best ink—*Bowers Ink*—both for color and for black and white pages. And the same thing is true of Ken and Coronet and any number of other examples of fine printing. So, by that token alone, here's one ink *you* can rely on to improve any job of yours, whether it's in letterpress or offset, whether it's small or large.

BOWERS PRINTING INK COMPANY
711 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

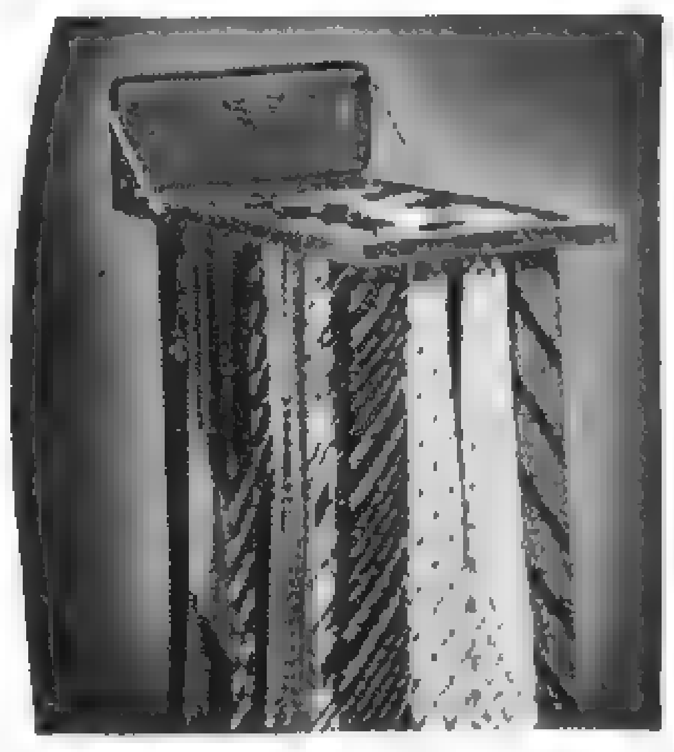

A PIPE IS ALWAYS THE GIFT FOR A MAN
But Be Sure IT'S A GOOD PIPE
Give him a LHS DE LUXE Purex
Originally made to sell for $2.50
Made by the makers of "ZEUS" filter cigarette holder.
PAT. NOS. 1587048 1908630
$1
Dozens of handsome shapes
3 beautiful finishes
MODEL 29 • See them at your Tobacconist •
Other LHS Purex Pipes • $3.50 • $1.50 • $1.25
Write for illustrated folder FREE
L. & H. STERN, INC.
54 PEARL STREET BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Makers of fine pipes for over 40 years

BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL
With Lever Hand Pump for Target—Small Game—Camping—Etc.

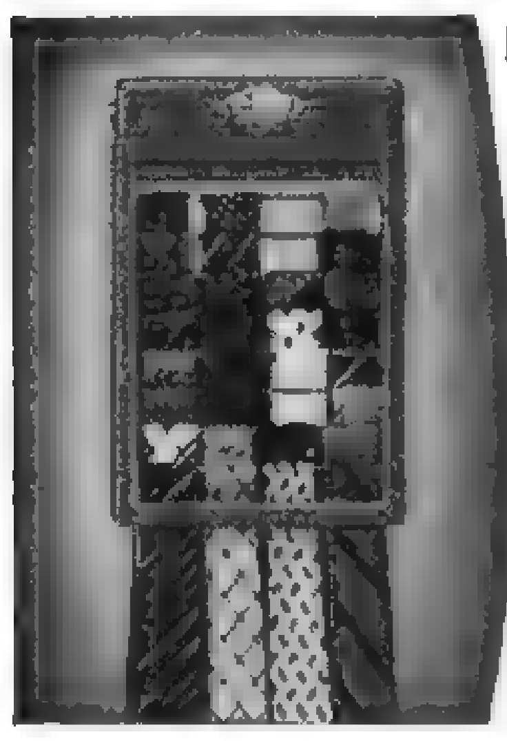
WRITE TODAY

Guaranteed - Accurate - Practical - Economical - Safe - Clean - Quiet. Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity. No smoke or fumes. Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety Lock - Hand Pump. Single Shot BB $8.50; Single Shot cal. 177 or 22 with rifled barrel $8.50; BB 8-Shot $10.00; Holster $2.00. Also a Complete Line of Benjamin Genuine Compressed Air Rifles for BB and cal. 177 or 22 pellets and darts. No license required to purchase from dealer or prepaid from factory. Ask for complete specifications & free targets. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 898 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Beau Brummel
FOLDING HANGER
$1.00
POSTPAID
Or Buy at Your Favorite Store



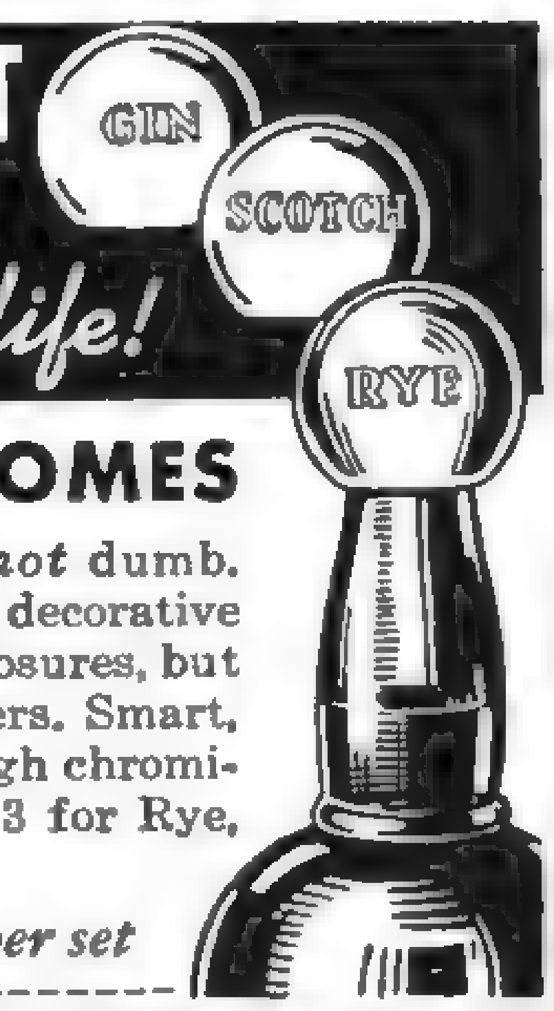
TIES DESERVE THIS CARE



Holds 32 ties without a wrinkle — each visible for instant selection. Made of hardwood. Attaches to closet door or wall. Home Facilities, Inc., 747 Warehouse St., Los Angeles, Calif.

A "MUST" ON YOUR MEN'S CHRISTMAS LIST

THE GIFT that leads a double life!



CHROME DOMES

are beautiful, but *not* dumb. They not only lend a decorative note as liquor bottle closures, but serve as perfect jiggers. Smart, durable, finished in high chromium. Comes in sets of 3 for Rye, Scotch and Gin.

Price only $1.50 per set

Hollis Co. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 138
Enclosed find $________ for which please rush
________ sets of Chrome Domes.

NAME________

ADDRESS________

WANT A LIFT, MISTER? From time to time letters waft into this department from gentlemen who ask us what they can do to look taller. You can add an inch or more to your stature by wearing built-up shoes. This is not achieved by exterior elevation, but the shoes are skillfully built up from the inside with cork which runs from the tip of the toe to the back of the heel. And all in proportion so that there is no forward pitch from the arch. On the outside the shoes look perfectly normal, with regulation height heels. An amazing assortment of people wear such shoes, and for various reasons. Movie people and actors wear them for increased height, a golf pro wears them to help his stance, a well known orchestra leader wears them to better his posture, besides the army of short men who married tall wives.

HEARS ALL, KNOWS ALL. This epidemic of wire tapping may have given you ideas. You can be a private dick yourself . . . all you do is buy a special portable phonograph which is a sound recorder as well. You take a long induction coil, drape one end over the telephone box, plug the other end into the machine, put on your disc and the nosey little number takes down both sides of the telephone conversation which can be played back as soon as the conversation is concluded. We hate to think of the rise in the divorce rate if this practice becomes common. Aside from its uncomfortable eaves dropping potentialities, the machine is a dandy to have for home-recording. It makes its own records, cuts its own groove as it records the sound, records are made of cellulose-coated discs, the same sort used by broadcasting stations for making electrical transcriptions. You can record your favorite radio programs, use it for voice training by hearing yourself talk, etc.

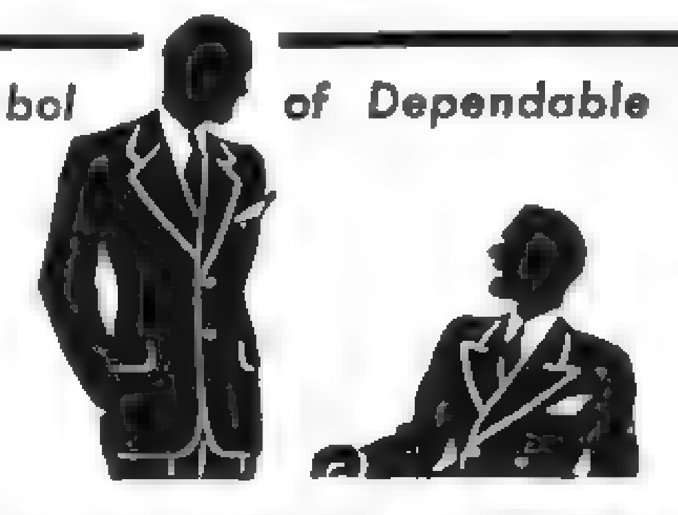
FINGER FREE. An industrial design*ess* (meaning female, of course) has created a glove for men which takes into account the anatomy of the hand. Gloves are made in three dimensions, length, width and *thickness*. The three-dimensional palm has streamlined fourchettes *walled* to follow the rounded contour of the fingers. The tips are made longer at the back to protect the nails, the theory being that this keeps the fingers from pushing through. Both hand and fingers have plenty of freedom . . . and without added bulk.

SAFE AT HOME. New kind of safe especially designed for small homes and apartments. Only 8 inches high and 6 inches in width, it is set into the floor of a closet or a bedroom by a system of anchoring which makes it immovable. Body of the safe is of solid steel with a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds to the square inch. The designer has contrived a phantom combination which is removed when the safe is locked. With the combination dial removed the safe is flush with the floor and can be concealed by a rug.

PETTY GIRL ALWAYS UNDER FOOT. The seductive Petty girl, the undergrad's dream of joy, can now be preserved for posterity shellacked on the side of a waste basket, hamper or such. A man in town makes these up to order . . . just send him your favorite cartoons or magazine covers. We know a certain bachelor who has a bathroom hamper covered with Esky covers.

Ranger

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★SIMPSON CLOTHES

A Bonus With Every Garment

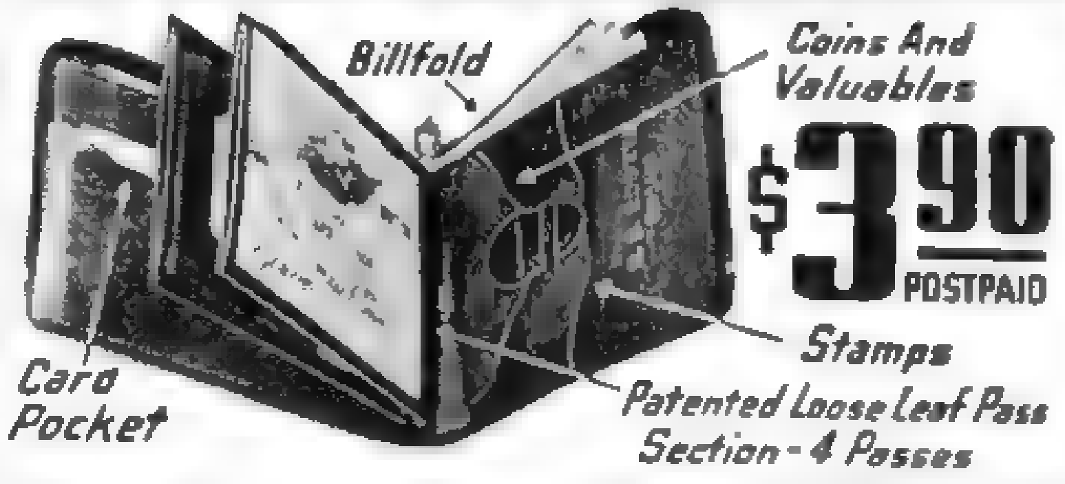
★ *Extra* value in every skillfully wrought stitch . . . *extra* beauty and quality in every fabric offering and last but certainly not least, that indelible stamp of the perfectly dressed man! These make up the bonus which is delivered with every Simpson suit, topcoat or overcoat, individually made to measure. Simpson clothes are sold only by direct representatives who call at home or office with America's most extensive collection of fine imported and domestic woolens. If you don't know a Simpson representative, write for our beautifully illustrated fashion Brochure E.

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.
Display Rooms in Many Cities

Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

Prevents CHILDREN having
MOTOR SICKNESS
Special information given on new children's remedy
MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., New York

AMAZING Pass Cases For MEN!



$3.90 POSTPAID

Genuine Steerhide-"Talon" Zipper-$3.90 Postpaid
Also with zipper keycase, $5.90 - Deluxe gift set

Lodge fellows, business and railroad men all say HALVORFOLD is the only one worth while for passes, money and cards. Must be right—more than 1,000,000 now in use.

If your dealer—luggage or department store or jewelry store cannot supply you, order direct from us and give dealer's name. If looking for just an ordinary billfold, don't bother.

HALVORFOLD 605 W. WASHINGTON Dept. E1 CHICAGO ILL.

Give SMOKER-ADE

The man-sized ash-tray

Forget those midget, don't-you-touch-me gadgets! Smokerade is an ash tray for MEN. It has an ingenious device that *grips* your cigar or cigarette *firmly*, and a bottom compartment big enough to hold a full week's stubs. Just raise top, jiggle—and presto! ashes vanish instantly. Made of Bakelite—easy to clean.

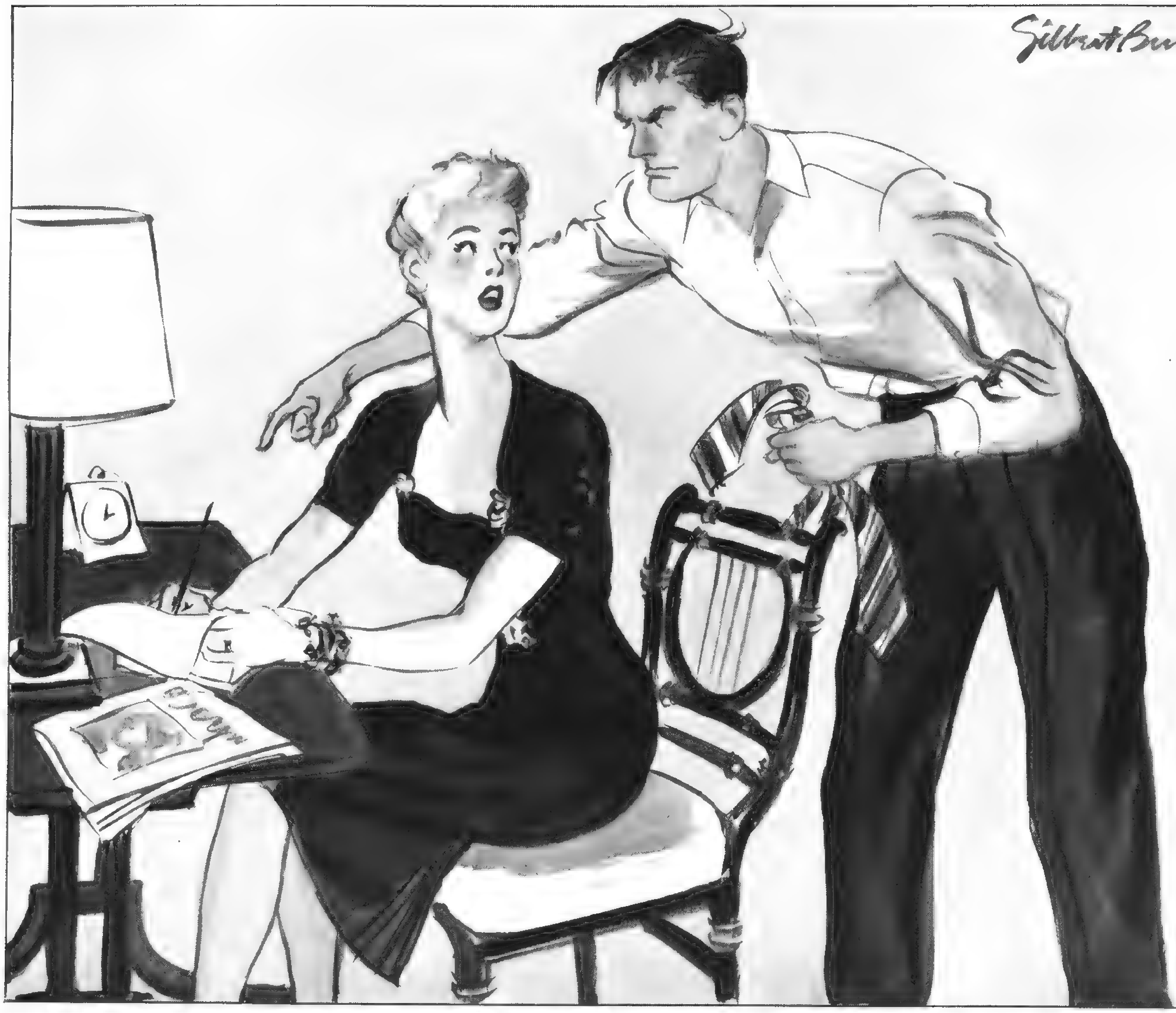
IDEAL FOR SMALL XMAS GIFTS

Price, Special, $1.00

Hollis Co. 207 Market St., Newark. N. J. Dept. 137
Enclosed find $________ for which please rush
________ Smokerade (s).

NAME________

ADDRESS________



"Write it down 50 times!"

JOE: Now, honey, you know I'm no Simon Legree... but this time I'm desperate...

JANIE: *Lovey still mad about pretty shirt Janie bought?*

JOE: Mad? Oh, no! No, I'm not mad! That pretty shirt you bought almost *choked* me to death, that's all!

JANIE: *But Lovey, dear, the man* said...

JOE: Sure, I know what he said. He told you that shirt was "pre-shrunk"... that's what he said.

JANIE: *Joe! How did you ever guess?*

JOE: Guess? I used to buy "pre-shrunk" shirts, too. And how some of those babies did shrink! The only way you can be *sure* that a shirt won't shrink out of size is to look for the name Sanforized-Shrunk. Now write it down like I tell you...

JANIE: *All right, dear. "Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk!" Joe, what is Sanforized-Shrunk?*

JOE: Listen, fluff-puff. Sanforized-Shrunk is the shrinking process that is *patented* and *controlled.* It's the process that takes out the shrinkage within a trifling 1%, *by Government standard test!* It's the process that... never mind, get on with your writing!...

JANIE: *"Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk. Every shirt I buy..." Joe, do they cost any more?*

JOE: No! The stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in all price ranges. All you have to do is look for the tag or label that says...

JANIE: *Don't tell me... I know! "Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanferized-Shrunk..."*

JOE: "San-FOR-ized," not "San-FER-ized"...

JANIE: *"Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk... Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk... Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be ...."*

"These Things, Too, Janie..."

Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever you buy *anything* made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon. For instance—

- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks***
- ***Men's Work Clothes***
- ***Men's Pajamas, Shorts***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

To be sure of ***permanent*** *fit... look for the words...* *Sanforized-Shrunk*

SANTA'S COMING TO NEW YORK *again* IN APRIL!

Good old Santa! . . . he's never failed merchants yet! And, in '39, he's got New York scheduled for TWO visits (or one LONG one—depending upon how you look at it!) When his bottomless bag opens in April, the whole world will face toward that Modern Mecca: The New York World's Fair, 1939. To sixty million people the Opening will signal the start of their trips. There'll be more than a BILLION DOLLARS budgeted for spending in New York! And that extra Billion will mean city-bright Prosperity. ★The New York World's Fair, 1939, offers magnificent opportunities to advertisers. For here, in this concentrated area, may be reached not only the vast populace of the city and environs . . . but the Billion Dollars worth of visitors as well!

TO ADVERTISERS:

The important marketplace in New York is among the million adults in over 400,000 better-income families who are reached by the World-Telegram every weekday evening. ★As an auxiliary to your regular campaign, do not overlook the magnificent World's Fair Supplement which this newspaper will publish on February 25 for New York and the nation. Colorgravure, 2-color roto, monotone and black-and-white offer flexibility for your message in the outstanding souvenir edition of the time.

New York World-Telegram

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT OF SCRIPPS-HOWARD
NEWSPAPERS, 230 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES •
DALLAS • DETROIT • PHILADELPHIA • ATLANTA

MEMBER of THE UNITED PRESS . . . THE ASSOCIATED PRESS . . . THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS and MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

OLD FORESTER

ITS FAMOUS LABEL STILL CARRIES THE SIXTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD ASSURANCE

"There is nothing better in the Market."★

★ Why not enjoy this whisky so justly famed for premium quality? You'll discover that its superb taste justifies the old-time, hand-written message on the label.

AMERICA'S "GUEST WHISKY" SINCE 1870

By Brown-Forman

•

Bottled in Bond Under U. S. Government Supervision—100 Proof

ONE QUART
BROWN-FORMAN
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THIS WHISKY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
KENTUCKY

"BY BROWN-FORMAN"—NOTHING FINER CAN BE SAID OF WHISKY

EARLY TIMES

The Whisky That Made Kentucky Whiskies Famous

A name that is famed through the years to lovers of fine whisky. Traditionally great—at a low price. A Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky—90 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN
EARLY TIMES
KENTUCKY
OLD TUCKER

OLD TUCKER

4 Fine Whiskies in One

Selected for particular qualities to meet the taste of those who prefer fine blends. The straight whiskies in this product are 3 years or more old. A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED—AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY—SINCE 1870

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

MARCONIPHONE
PORTABLE AUTOMATIC RADIO PHONOGRAPH

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT
THE NEW 1939 10 TUBE CUSTOM BUILT MODEL
CHANGES RECORDS AUTOMATICALLY
Operates AC or DC & European Voltage
In genuine cowhide or rawhide leathers from $159.50
(European Voltage $10 extra)
Other models from $99.50
Write for folder No. 12E.
MARCONI BROS., Inc.
679 MADISON AVE., (near 61st St.) NEW YORK

MUSIC LOVERS: SALE!
The world's finest recording music. 50c and 75c per record. Regular price $1.50 and $2. The Symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas of BACH, WAGNER, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, BRAHMS, etc. Mail orders sent anywhere. Send for Catalog "E." Also Victor and Columbia Records.
N. Y. BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
111 E. 14th St., New York City

AMAZING SAPPHIRE NEEDLE PLAYS 2000 to 2500 RECORDS
SAPPHIRE WALCO
Use 2 years without changing, on ANY make record or phonograph! Won't wear down your treasured records. Gives brilliant tone, full range. No scratch, surface noise. Only $2. Money back guaranteed if not satisfied. At dealers, or Musicraft Records, Inc., 10 W. 47th St., New York City.

Give Hospitable Friends
SILVERICE

● These gay yellow lemons and green limes keep highballs chilled without diluting. Of tight-sealed colored glass, filled with water which freezes quickly in refrigerator tray. Easily washed—usable over and over. Box of 6, **$1.50.** Box of 6 silvery metal spheres, **$3.00.** Gold-plated, **$5.00.**
LEWIS & CONGER
45th St. and 6th Ave., New York City
☐ Please send a Free Copy of your illustrated 36-page Christmas Catalogue E-11.
Please send me.......boxes of Silverice
☐ Lemons ☐ Limes ☐ Silvery Metal ☐ Gold-plate
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D.
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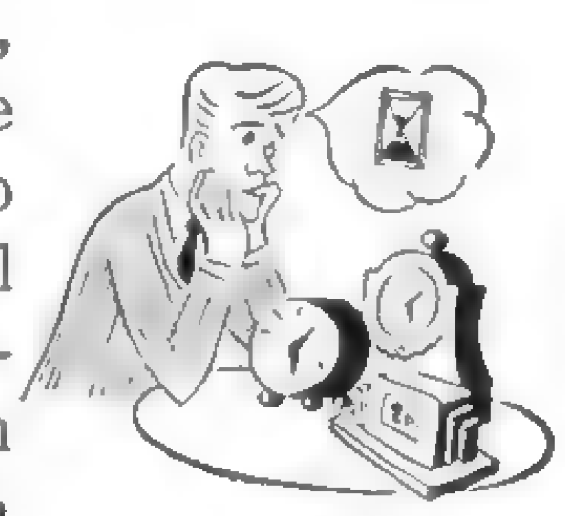
Address..............................
City......................State..........



CLOCK THAT'S ALSO A PAPERWEIGHT. A small, round clock that you place flat upon a table or desk, face up. Crystal is of very heavy magnifying glass variety, which makes the clock heavy enough to be a paper weight. In case you don't want to use the clock flat, a gold-plated easel comes with it. Easel, as a further inducement, holds a perpetual calendar within a small slot. What more can you ask of a clock under $5? Then there's the "bachelor self-starting electric alarm" with a current interruption signal designed to prevent the indication of momentary interruptions of less than two seconds. And a travel alarm clock with novel sliding shutter arrangement. Has only one key wind for both time and alarm spring.

PLEASE 'EM WITH A PEN. There's the kind that adjusts itself to an individual's handwriting simply by moving the slider on the self-fitting point up or down. Fine, medium or wide, the writer controls the flexibility of the point. And, what's more, the pen has a safety ink shut-off . . . no dribbling down over the cap. To match the pen, you can buy one of those repeating pencils that you sharpen by pressing the top and a new point appears. Feeds leads continuously, and only needs refilling a couple of times a year. Did you know that you can get *pens with a lifetime guarantee!* They come in de luxe sets, that are really like fine pieces of jewelry . . . pen and pencil in 14 kt. gold handsomely chased. Another set, the top half of sterling or gold, the rest of the pen in a color. Super streamlined in that the cap, when placed either on the butt end of the barrel or covering the pen point, makes a perfectly smooth, balanced joint with the barrel. This flush fitting of cap and barrel is an entirely new departure in pen design. For the man who likes to know what it is all about . . . there's the pen with the television ink supply . . . give him second sight by letting him see the ink level at all times. He can refill at any moment.

WEATHER OR NO. On everybody's list is the guy who insists upon playing games . . . braving the elements, weather or no. For him of course a lightweight waterproof windbreaker for golf, or a belted bush coat for hunting, or a storm jacket with a quartet of big pockets for fishing . . . water-repellent, of course. And every man needs a raincoat, one of those double breasted, belted coats or the casual, raglan shouldered fly front style in a fabric that looks like a fine cloth, yet is water-repellent. University students are swaggering about in dark green, yellow or black waterproof raincoats which have, as a bright whimsy on a dark day, *brass buttons.*

HOT HANDS. Men who spend a lot of time at the wheel on a zero day should have lined gloves. For warmth without cumbersome weight, there's a good sturdy South African capeskin lined with a suede-like fabric so light you'd never know it was there and so silky the glove goes on and off in a jiffy. For perfect freedom of the fingers there are the new *3-dimensional gloves* designed not only to give proper length (through rounded fingertips) and width, but *thickness* as well.

BILLFOLD FOR EVENING CLOTHES made of a soft finished, lustre-less metal that looks very much like a dull silver. The stuff won't tarnish, doesn't stain, never needs polishing. Case is one of those Houdini-like affairs with elastic bands . . . you place your bills on top of the bands, open up from the opposite side and the bills are snapped under.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

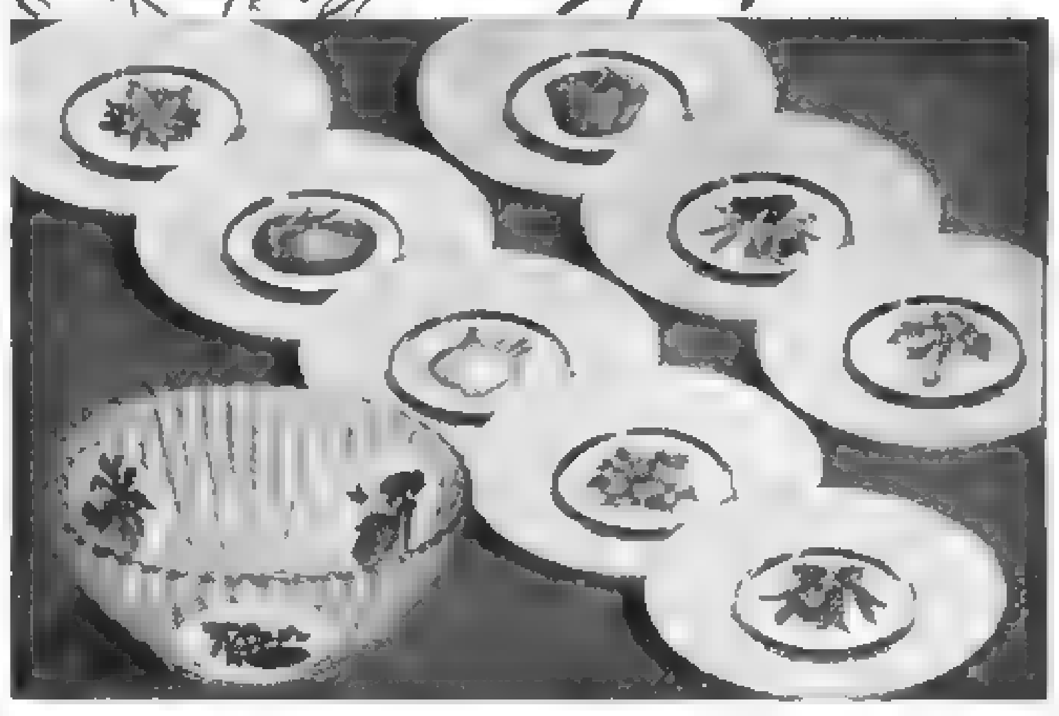
Unique for Xmas
HUARACHES FROM OLD SANTA FE
ONLY $2.75
Attractively Boxed
Delivered Immediately
Here's utter comfort for indoor loafing! These Mexican house slipper sandals make ideal gifts for men, women. Hand-woven of same honest steerhide as outdoor type. All sizes for men or women.
TO ORDER
Send shoe size, if possible outline of foot.

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ_NEW MEXICO

ROBERT EVANS ACADEMY
Good Speakers ARE SUCCESSFUL IN BUSINESS
Learn the art of addressing directors' and sales meetings; after-dinner and extempore speaking, lecturing.
RADIO STAGE SCREEN
Acting, Singing, Announcing. Voice building, "Mike" technique, recordings. Diction. Personality development. Script Writing. Children's courses. Instructors of National reputation. 11th year. Booklet E. **1650 Broadway, New York.**

FRATERNITY JEWELRY
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Give the old "Grad" and the active man too twice the *kick*—his fraternity crest on Balfour jewelry. Send for the 1939 Balfour Blue Book*—it's free.
*Mention your fraternity.
L.G. BALFOUR Company
ATTLEBORO, MASS.
REPRESENTATIVES AND STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

THRILL HER WITH "Gayware"



● New! . . . and the smartest thing for salads! Eight clear glass plates and a glass bowl through which guests see luscious vegetables in full, beautiful colors, drawn in a modern manner and enduringly applied. The bowl of simple, Swedish-modern design measures ten inches across; the plates eight inches. Attractively packed, "Gayware" makes a "different", appreciated gift. Wooden salad fork and spoon included.
Complete $5, express collect.
For special Xmas packing and prepaid express add $1. Your card enclosed.
ALAN'S Novelties For 20 Years
1428 Orleans St. Dept. M-8 Chicago
Please send __________ sets of "Gayware" — 8 plates and 1 bowl. I enclose $__________ U. S. A. Only
Name__________ City__________
Address__________ State__________

make up and... *Give*

A new accessory to loveliness just in time for the gift season. This dainty Playtex Make-up Cape is a grand time saver. She'll slip it over her shoulders countless times a day to protect her dress while she does her primping... combing, powdering, shampooing. It's as lovely as lingerie; as essential as powder. The perky little swing pocket conveniently holds her puff, lipstick, and remover-tissue. This sheer and feminine accessory is made of creamy liquid latex in shell pink, heavenly blue, and white. A timely suggestion to men who have an office full of girls on their gift list (not forgetting the wives); or for women looking for something new and unusual this season! At leading stores $1.00, or use handy coupon to order one or a sleigh-full!

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, 350 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

International Latex Corporation, Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. Please send me the following quantity ☐ of *Playtex Make-up Capes* at $1.00 each, gift packaged.
or 1 doz. (12)☐ 2 doz. (24)☐ 3 doz. (36)☐
white ☐ pink ☐ blue ☐
Check or money order for $........ is enclosed.

Name..

Address..

Copyright 1938, Int'l Latex Corp'n.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

$5 STRAIGHT GRAIN
Genuine Imported Bruyere Root
FOR ONE DOLLAR

We have been accumulating these pipes for the past 8 months. They are in every respect the same as the regular $5 Straight Grains except for slight surface flaws which compel us to sell them at this bargain price. *Get five for what one would ordinarily cost.*

NOW $1.00 ea.

Straight Grains, are discovered, not made at will. We will endeavor to fill your order for styles as close as possible to those specified by you.

EVERY PIPE GUARANTEED

Check shape desired
13 14 17 21 23 16

JOHN SURREY, LTD. 72 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

AZTEC JEWELRY
"with a story"*

She'll be even more lovely! Fragile against the barbaric beauty of these Aztec treasure pieces, finished in gold and silver.

*Each tagged with its legendary meaning.

A • Dangle Brooch $6.95
B • Links or Earrings 1.95
C • Dove Bracelet 5.95
D • Dove Necklace 19.50

Money-back in seven days.
Send for Gift Booklet
At leading stores, or order direct.

Aztec Authentics
25 W. 16 St. New York

ORDER NOW for CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

New! **MONOGRAMMED GLASSES**

GIFT PROBLEMS *Solved*
First time at popular prices—graceful 10 oz. tumblers complete with any 3 letter, hand etched monogram you wish. Ideal for highballs, ice tea or dinner service. Distinctively monogrammed on guaranteed chip-proof Libbey's Safedge glass. A smart, different gift for weddings, birthdays, showers. Only $2.35 per dozen, prepaid anywhere in U. S. Safe delivery, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order now—catalog on request.

$2.35 A Doz. Prepaid

MONOGRAM GLASS CO., INC. The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.

FOR THE FIRST TIME
CRÉPES SUZETTE
Ready to Serve

Enjoy this most aristocratic of desserts in your own home at but a fraction of the usual cost... an opportunity made possible by the genius of Alphonse Roart, former chef at the famous Hotel de France et d'Angleterre, Fontainebleau.

Daintily packed in glass containers, with enough for four to six servings. If your grocer cannot supply you, mail coupon below with $2 ($2.50 outside of U. S.)

ALPHONSE ROART, INC.
245 Farragut Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa.
You will find enclosed $________ Please send me postpaid, ________ jars of Roart's Crépes Suzette.
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________

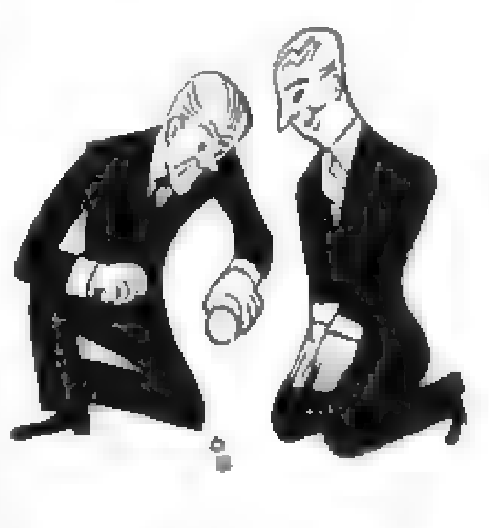
GIVE 'EM GAMES. Easy answer as to what to give everybody whether they're 6 or 60. Here are some of the newest. *Peg Chow and Telka,* played on the same board are scoring a double header in success. Peg Chow is a new version of Chinese Checkers played on a peg board. Object is to move all 12 of your pieces from your side of the board to the opposite side. Telka combines the excitement of captures and the perils of danger zones with jumping your men in every direction. *Crossword Anagrams* is out in a new version, using alphabet tiles instead of cards. Each player gets a rack to hold his portion of the tiles. *Crossword Lexicon* is still going strong with young and old.

EDUCATIONAL, EH WOT? In line with radio "audience participation" games comes *Paul Wing's Spelling Bee.* Players draw words to spell, pronounce and define, and success is rewarded by the awarding of a colored disk. A riotous game is *Balaroo,* the swing ball game. A spinning top hits a rubber ball swinging on a wire hanging from the top of the arch. Ball darts about knocking colored celluloid balls off their numbered tees. Last ball on the tee wins. *Easy Money* is a good trading game, you buy and sell, build or rent a house, run a night club and other financial ventures.

JACKS COME OF AGE. Believe it or not, the old childhood game of *Jacks* has moved off the back stoop and into cocktail lounges and night clubs (for considerable stakes). New version is called *Royal Jacks*... the jacks in form of small crowns, spades, hearts, etc. Good game on the order of roulette is *Luck-A-Chuck.* The numbered board is equipped with a wheel in the form of 3 overlapping arrows. When the arrows come to rest, all players who have chips on any number or numbers, collect. Trick is if 2 arrows point to the same number, player collects 5-fold.

SALLY RAND IN STEREOPTICON. And now comes *Tru-Vue*... a modern conception of the old stereopticon 3rd dimension effect in looking at pictures. The new device is like a pair of opera glasses made in lightweight plastic. The pictures (2 images of each picture) are positives, printed on a 35 mm. film which is moved through the view by a flick of the lever. Each roll contains 15, count them folks, 15, pictures. You can squint at the bubble dance, the fan dance, the Normandie, The Passion Play and all kinds of travel pictures as well as a special series for the kiddies, Cinderella, 3 little pigs and scenics. The penny arcade in the home. Whee!

THE ROARING GAME OF THE BARBARY COAST. *Frisco,* the thrill of roulette, the intimacy of poker plus other gaming features done with betting tiles, chips, dice and a cup. *Jack Be Nimble*... the noisiest, rowdiest dice game on record. A nerve-shatterer of the "pounce" and "slap-jack" variety. *Sniff,* a good game for two, and a revival of the old timer that grandpa played in the 80's. Dominoes and a sniff (cribbage to you) board.



DIZ-BIZ, the latest thing to make monkeys out of your smarty pants friends. A cardboard chart inscribed with all manner of geometric lines and figures. You place tracing paper on top of the chart, gaze into a camera-like box with a mirror in one side, and try to trace the design you see reflected in the mirror onto the paper. "Can you coordinate hand and eye?" asks the wily manufacturer, and "how good is your nerve control?" Rotten, thanks.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

The Light-Weight JACKET that *Swallows itself!*

BAG IS PART OF JACKET

You just roll it up and tuck it into ITS OWN zipper-closing bag

Bantamac
ALL SPORTS—ALL WEATHER
SHOWER-PROOF—WIND-PROOF

"IN THE BAG" is an ingenious new *Bantamac jacket (Pat. pend.) of wind and water-repellent *shelter poplin. Light weight, compact, durable and comfortable. Wear it in any weather—all the time. A BRIAR CLUB creation. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Tan, blue, or green $7.50

MARCUS BREIER'S SONS
1107 Broadway, New York
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CAR NITIALS
the perfect gift

Gleaming chrome plated, rustproof initials, ⅜" thick. Quickly installed without tools on auto radiator grills. A perfect gift for your friends...individuality for your own car.

Send $2 for set of three or have them sent C.O.D. (Post Paid in U. S. A.)

LYONS PRODUCTS 362 Wrigley Bldg. Chicago Illinois

HANDY RECORD FILE

Holds fifty 10 or 12 inch discs. Keeps them separated by silk-covered wire dividers. Sections are numbered and index card provided so that any disc can be quickly selected. Simple, attractive, well built. 8 in. high, 10 in. deep, 13 in. wide $3.95. Two for $7.50.

HAYNES-GRIFFIN
373 Madison Avenue, New York City
Mail Orders Shipped Same Day Received

For Uncle Ned

Who's Cr-azy About Guns

The new, streamlined Mossberg 22 calibre rifle (with Automatic Range Finder Telescope Sight, as pictured among Esquire's Christmas gift suggestions). Over 15 brand new and exclusive features.

And here's our sporting proposition. Give a Mossberg for Christmas. If the recipient is not tickled silly, write us and we'll take the rifle back and refund your money!

Rifles from $6.15* to $22.75* for a special left-hand model. Telescope Sights from $5.45*. Shotguns from 6.95*. See them at your local dealer's or send for complete, free catalogue.

**Slightly higher west of the Rockies*

O.F. MOSSBERG & SONS, Inc.
2077 Greene St., New Haven, Conn.

This Christmas... Choose an ELGIN

MOST IMPORTANT WATCH VALUES IN 74 YEARS!

Ridgeley Vermilye, New York

"*My Elgin* carries on a family tradition started by great-grandfather in 1866," writes charming Ridgeley Vermilye, of New York City. One of this season's loveliest debutantes, Miss Vermilye is an expert skier, has tried out many famous Alpine slopes. She also rides to hounds in Virginia.

THE NEWEST ELGINS ARE THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER WATCHES IN AMERICA. YEARS AHEAD IN STYLING AND TECHNICAL DESIGN. AT YOUR JEWELER'S NOW.

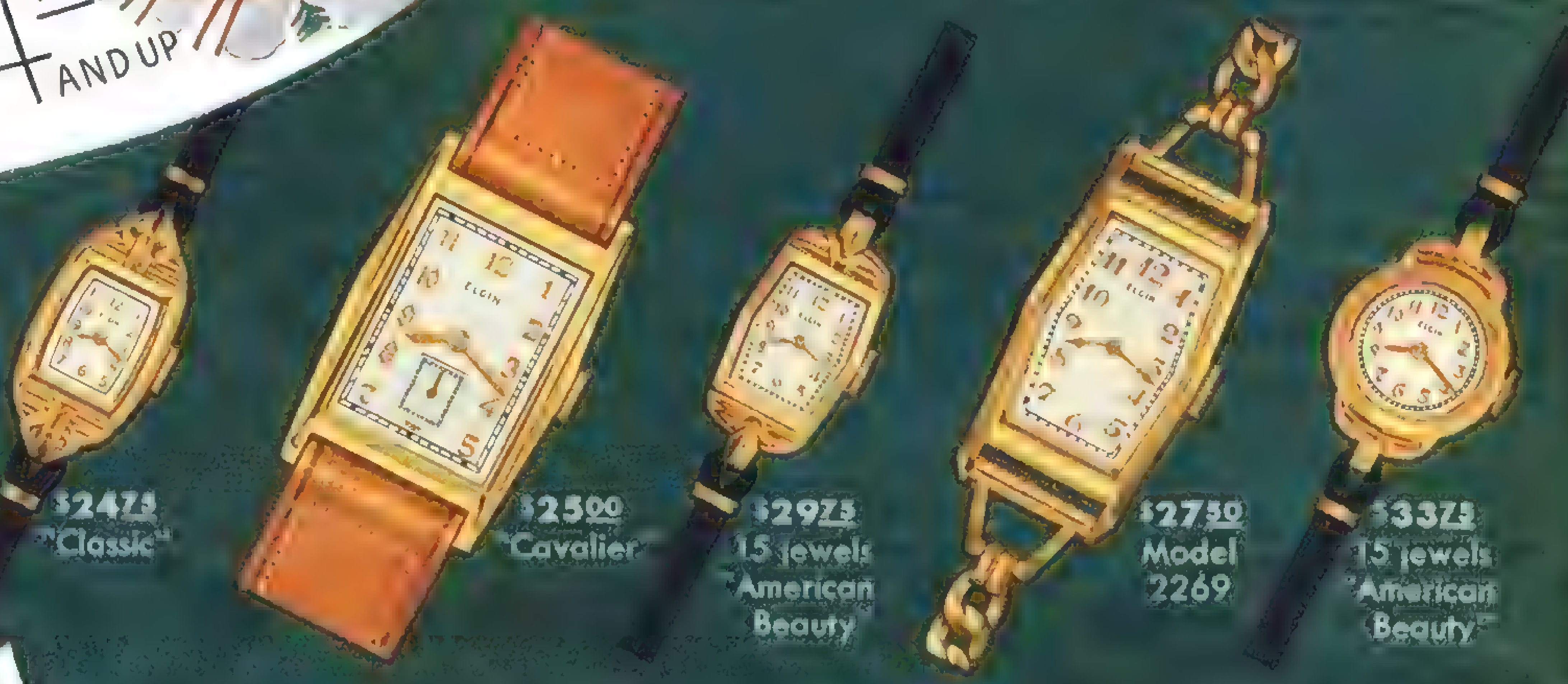
Know the thrill of an ELGIN at Christmas! It's so easy now. This year many models are priced lower. And you will find that your ELGIN jeweler's budget or lay-away plan of purchase is most attractive.

Only your best superlatives can do justice to the newest ELGINS. Knowingly styled—smart—born to be cherished. Each distinguished timepiece embodies exclusive technical advances that place it years ahead.

The new 21-jewel Lord Elgins and 19-jewel Lady Elgins merit special attention. Visit your ELGIN jeweler now.

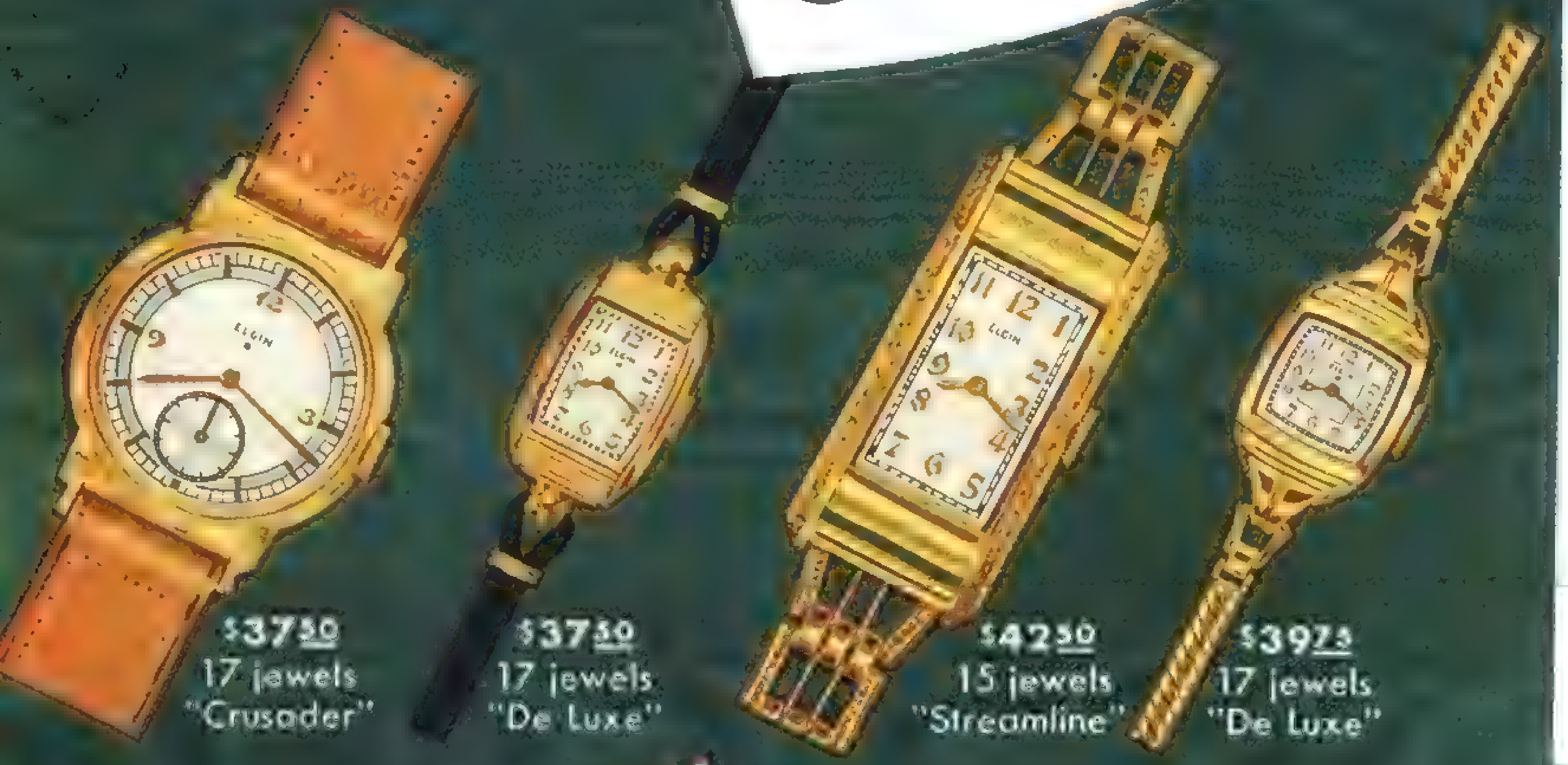
$24.75 AND UP

Thoroughly American . . . solidly honest in materials and workmanship


$24.75
"Classic"
$25.00
"Cavalier"
$29.75
15 jewels
"American Beauty"
$27.50
Model 2269
$33.75
15 jewels
"American Beauty"

$37.50 AND UP

Styles that are distinctive
Interesting . . . vital


$37.50
17 jewels
"Crusader"
$37.50
17 jewels
"De Luxe"
$42.50
15 jewels
"Streamline"
$39.75
17 jewels
"De Luxe"

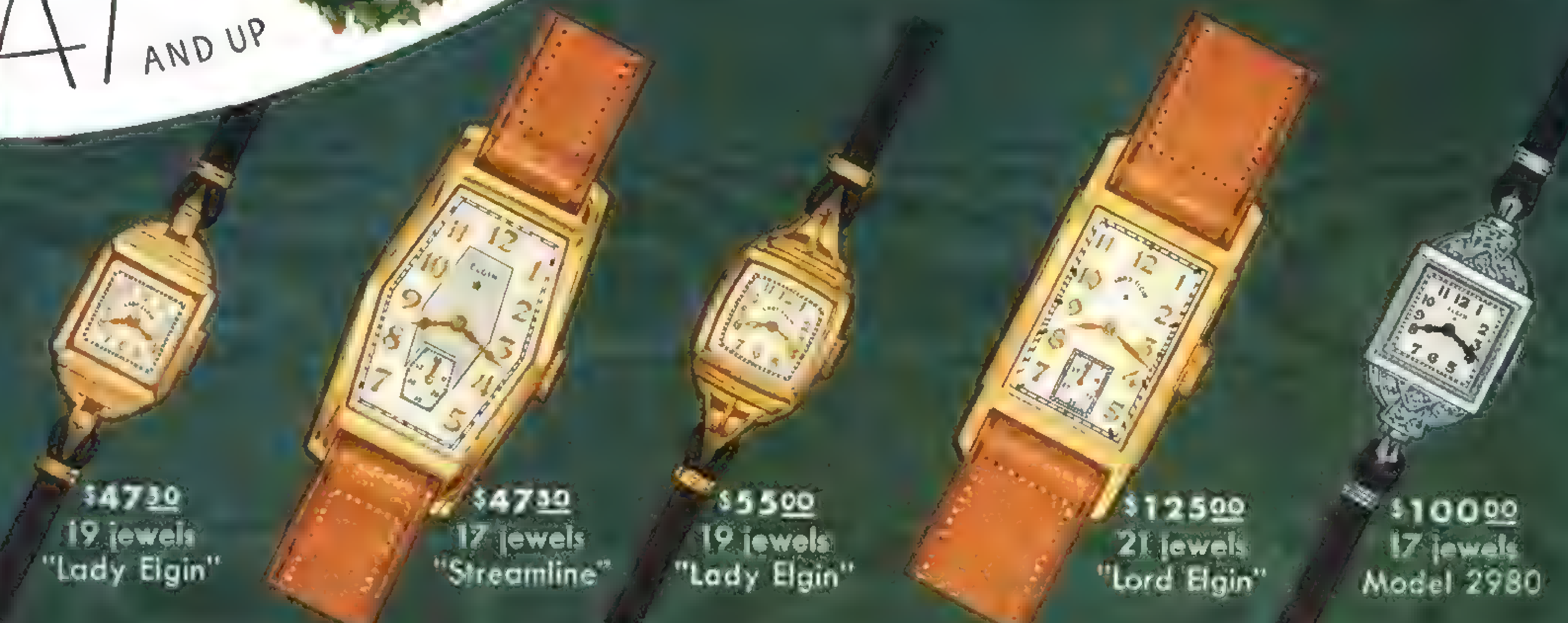
SOUND AMERICAN TRADITION SINCE 1865! Leading American families, generation after generation, have found in gift ELGINS the perfect expression of their sentiments on Christmas day. This Christmas you may choose from the finest ELGINS ever produced. Only ELGIN'S celebrated craftsmen, aided by optical and other scientific instruments heretofore unknown in watchmaking, can create such timepieces. When you give—give the finest! Choose an ELGIN, star-timed for accuracy. You'll find prices extremely pleasing.

Dabney Parrish, South Carolina

"*My most memorable Christmas*," says Miss Parrish of Greenville, "was when I received my beautiful Elgin." This young descendant of Vice-President John C. Calhoun is an enthusiastic swimmer, plays fast tennis. Miss Parrish's mother and brother also wear ELGINS.

$47.50 AND UP

Ask to see the Lord Elgins and Lady Elgins


$47.50
19 jewels
"Lady Elgin"
$47.50
17 jewels
"Streamline"
$55.00
19 jewels
"Lady Elgin"
$125.00
21 jewels
"Lord Elgin"
$100.00
17 jewels
Model 2980

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

A gift that arouses genuine enthusiasm from pipe smokers

Middleton's *Blending Kit*

Now every man can "blend his own" pipe tobacco. Complete in one unit, tidy tins of choice Burley, Virginia, Turkish, Latakia, Perique, Havana; Walnut, Old Mariner, and Regimental mixtures. In large humidor kit with mixing tray, measuring jigger and instruction book of sample formulae . . . Complete $3.50.

Sold by leading Dealers

or mail your order direct (prompt refund if kit is not satisfactory in every way).

John Middleton, Inc.
Est. 1856
1211 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gift booklet on request

KAN-U-GO

New! Original! CROSS WORD CARD GAME

Exciting . . . Absorbing . . . 2 to 7 players. 60 card deck.

Your gift!

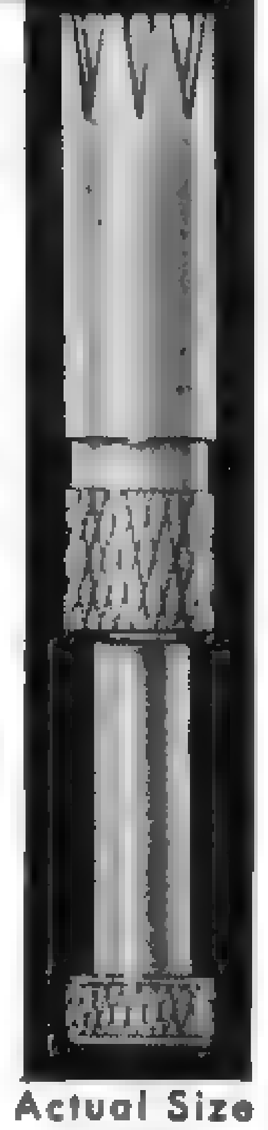
4-Color Box . . . At Stores Everywhere

Sole Dist. U. S. A.
A. A. BURNSTINE SALES ORGANIZATION
200 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection

use
KLIPETTE

NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. The use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

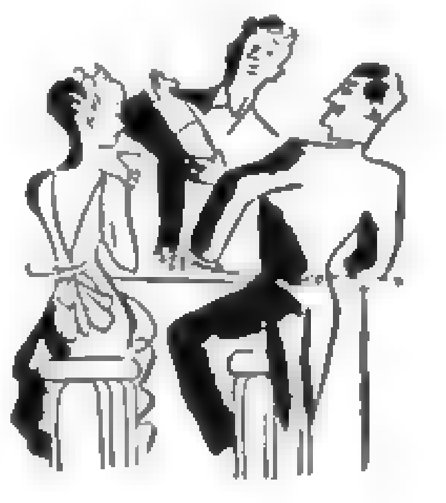
Actual Size $1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 128
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name____________________
Address____________________

DISAPPEARING BAR. A gift that will be greeted with huzzahs by male and female alike is a compactly built bar that fits obligingly into an ordinary clothes closet when not in use. It's 42″ long, 42″ high and 18″ wide, top of linoleum (easy to wash off) and front of simulated leather in almost any color to match your décor. With it go two bar-stools so that guests can perch professionally. When guests arrive, just roll her out, set up the stools and go to work . . . for the bar outfit provides everything but the liquor. A fitted drawer holds 8 cocktail glasses, 8 highballs, 8 old fashioneds, 8 straight glasses and an ice-tub. Another drawer holds gadgets, jigger, corkscrew, opener, muddler, spoon and cocktail shaker. There are 3 large sections for liquor storage holding a total of 60 bottles. And just for good measure, there is also a wooden "pull" for cutting lemons and the proverbial bar towel.



HOW WILL YOU HAVE YOUR ICE? Here comes a technical ice crusher that can be adjusted to turn out ice in any desired *size.* Getting down to cases, just place your cubes in the crusher, set gadget for fine, medium or coarse, and turn handle. Out it comes. Crusher is about the size of an ordinary cocktail shaker and is attached to the wall. Comes in chromium or colored enamel.

THOSE CHILLER-DILLERS THAT DON'T DILUTE. Fruit-shaped hollow balls . . . lemons, limes, oranges or baby tomatoes, even golf balls . . . loaded with pure water hermetically sealed up inside. Freeze them in your icebox tray; then drop into your drinks. They chill a drink to the right temperature without diluting it. A boon to the host who likes his liquids straight and to the hostess who likes to glorify them with a splash of color. Peculiarly handy on the yacht at sea when the pitching of the waves splashes the water around in your icebox tray so it won't freeze; but these glass ice-balls will.

HOLDS ITS LIQUOR. A glass in the holder is worth two on your clothes. Save upsets and put your glasses into special chromium rings just big enough to hold any standard size. Rings are held by little brackets fitted on the 4 sides of the bridge-table. This little device was originally designed for use on boats where its pivot-mounting compensates the ship's roll and won't permit spilling. Glass, holder bracket placed on the steamer chair. Also a good stunt with lounging-chairs at lawn parties.

A SIPHON FOR THE RIGHT SPIRIT. A handsome copper finish with red trim, complete with 5 refills . . . makes club soda for about 8c a quart. Another new siphon has a rechargeable feature . . . a push on the top carbonates the siphon which has a good wide opening to take large sized ice cubes. Looks like a bullet in chromium.

PIANO, RADIO AND PHONOGRAPH. . . . 3 in 1. Not enough that you have a piano today . . . it has to have a radio and a phonograph attached. This remarkable triumvirate of tone appears in the form of a compact piano with 7½ octaves, standard plate strung and tuned in the normal way but no sounding board. The vibrations of the strings are picked up individually and electrically amplified. Two sections at either end of the cabinet house a radio and a phonograph. Radio covers American broadcast and foreign short wave bands, and the phonograph sports a crystal pickup. Dimensions are 3 feet high, 2 feet 1″ deep and 4 feet 2½″ wide. Take it away for about 600 bucks. Great space saver for small apartments.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

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SHORT men wear Staturaid shoes to increase their height.

TALL men wear Staturaids to improve their posture. Smart, normal-looking, built up feature does not show. Thousands in use.
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Tilt Top Tillie Table with adjustable height is the Perfect Xmas Gift to bring joy and comfort for a life time to the friends you cherish. Sent prepaid $18.85. Tillie's book "Joy in Bed" is free.

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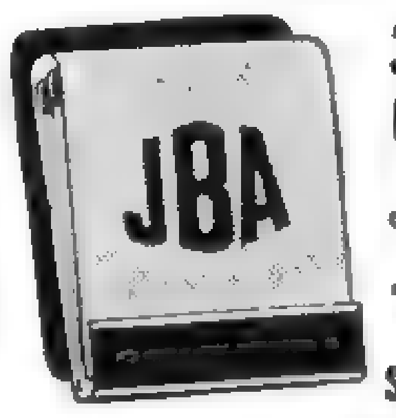

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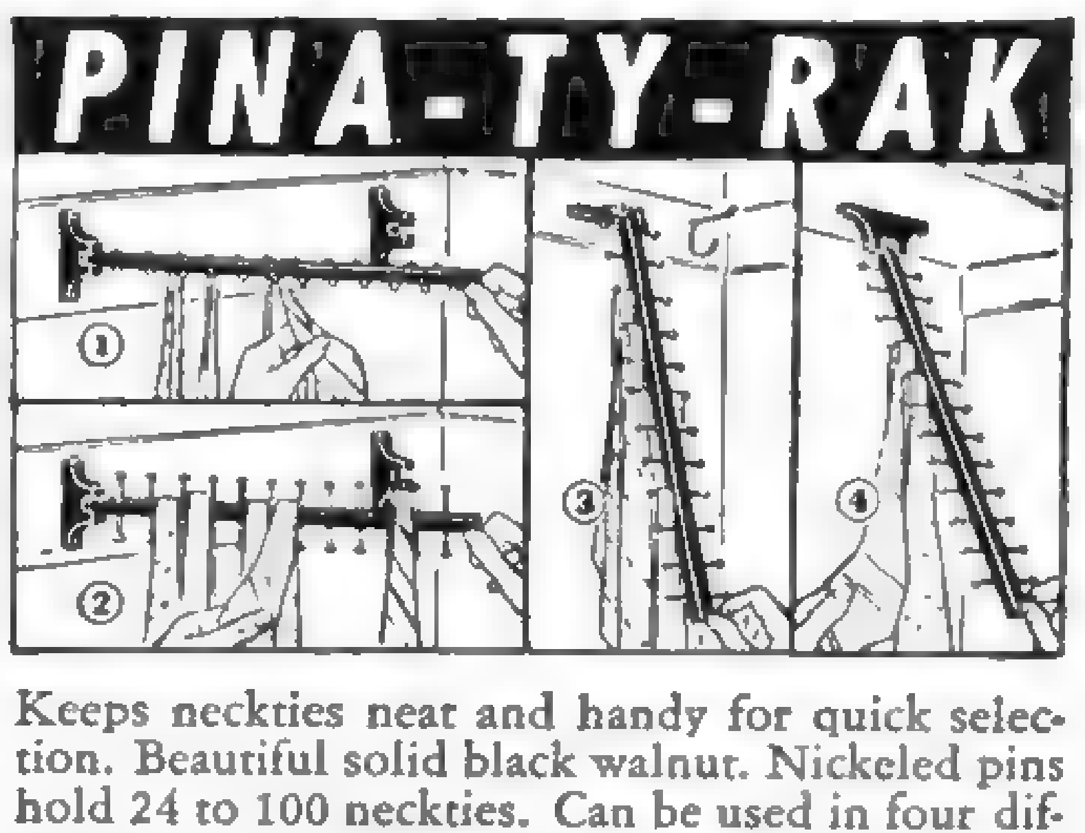


Keeps neckties neat and handy for quick selection. Beautiful solid black walnut. Nickeled pins hold 24 to 100 neckties. Can be used in four different ways, (see above) vertical or horizontal, even under a shelf. The ideal gift, attractively boxed. $1 at gift, department and men's stores.

THE KLIPPER SPECIALTY CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU

TERRIFIC PICK-UP AND "GO" with new Nash "Hurricane Power". Even in lowest priced models you flash from 15 to 50 M.P.H. in 13 seconds flat *in high gear!* And with this performance, economy is even better than last year.

"CONDITIONED AIR" for Winter Driving—now made *Automatic!* "Tune in" the comfort you want (from cool to hot)... the "Weather Eye" foils changes in weather and wind.

On the Road Today... a New 1939 Nash... with the Ride and Drive of Your Lifetime!

YOU'LL see it pass you on the road... sometime this week. A rush of wind... a silver streak, snaking ahead of traffic, silent as a shadow.

Then you'll know that the first new 1939 Nash is in town.

If you have hands that itch for the reins of a spirited thoroughbred... if your pulses leap at the sight of an airliner nosing aloft... then you, too, will soon be driving a new Nash.

In sober truth, *you have never had your hands on such a car in all your life.*

It has glamour, *character*. It is lithe and low and it's fire on four wheels.

Simply touch that throttle... and in three fast shifts you can break the hearts of the best of them. A *fourth speed forward* is like "wings" on the car!

Want to try the Nash "Weather Eye"? Just set that mysterious dial in front of you, and you can ride all winter long in the fresh, balmy air of June—*automatically* kept at your comfort level!

More facts. Ten of your old driving nuisances are gone! You start, stop, shift, and steer with new ease and speed.

Spacious interiors... seats that make up into a double bed... exquisite appointments... it's like a home on wheels!

• • •

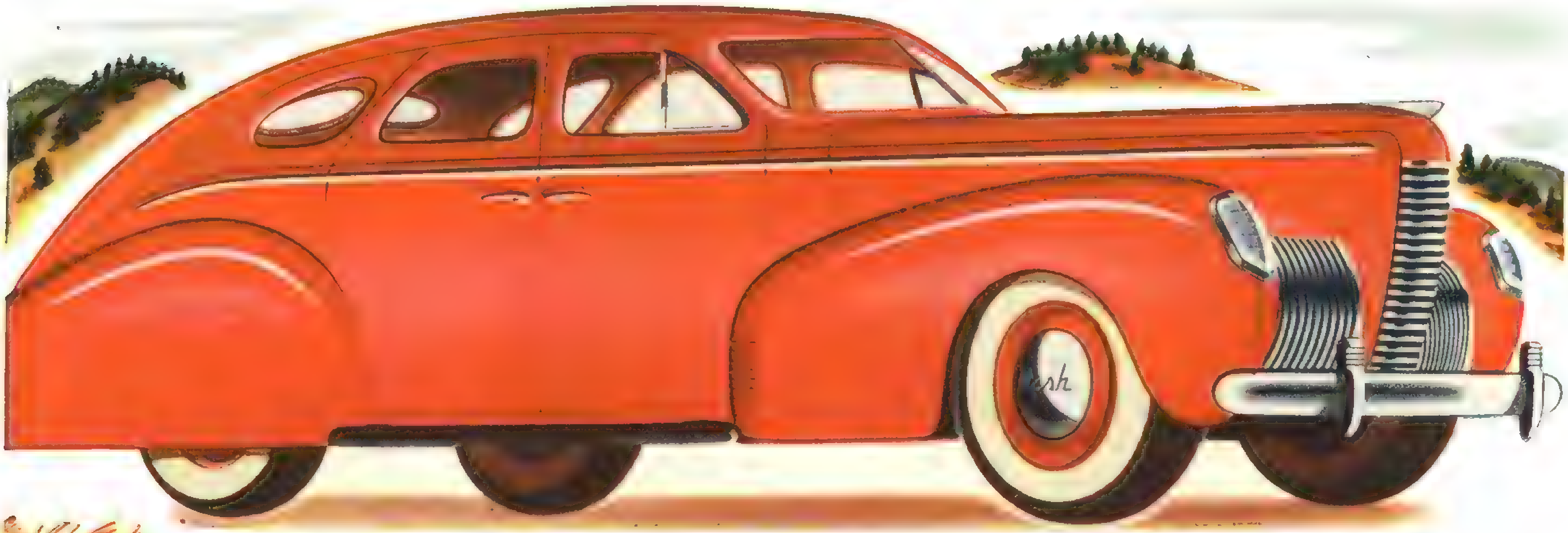
It is, we believe, the world's most modern car. Certainly, the most exciting!

Very likely you'll never inquire about price until you reach for your check book.

But that's news to cheer about, too!

And remember, Nash precision engineering means *many years* of this thrilling performance.

Get out of the house and drive this great car today! Just 'phone your Nash Dealer now. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.



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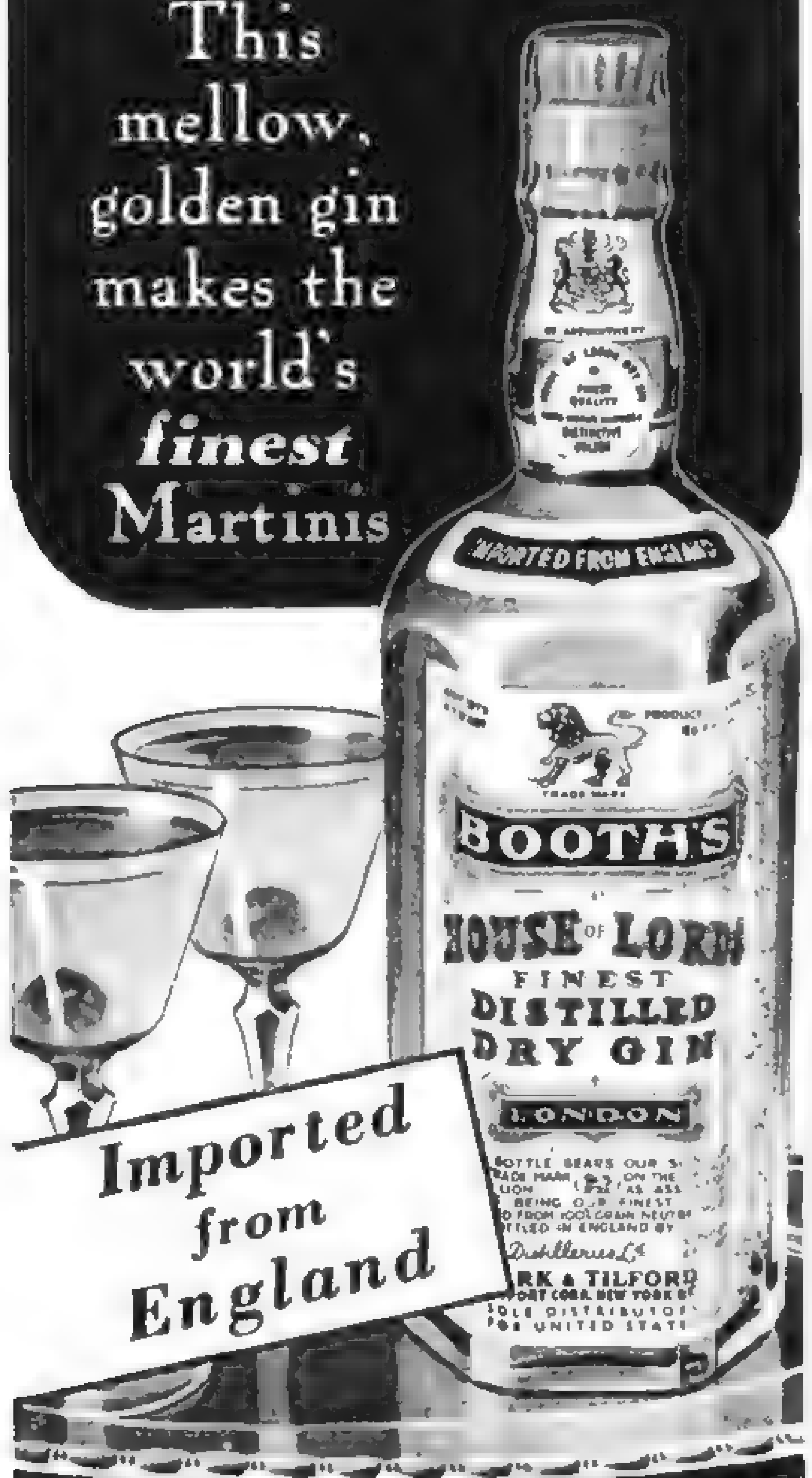
This mellow, golden gin makes the world's *finest* Martinis



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DINE! DANCE! REVUE!
ENJOY A DARING GIRL SHOW
Greenwich Village
CASINO
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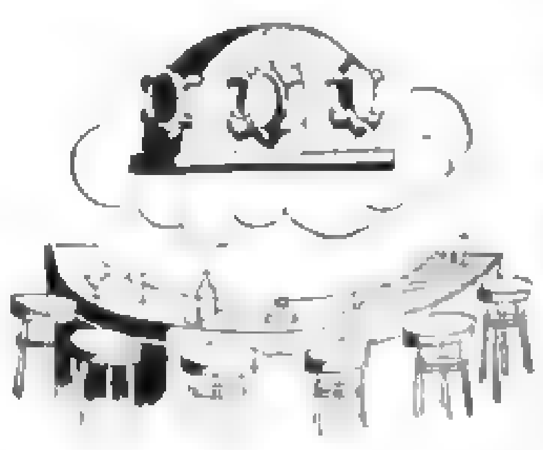
From Chicago way come glowing reports of the new room opened by the Hotel Sherman. Probably on the theory that if a cat has nine lives, a hostelry must have nine ways of living. So the Dome was opened and has the town by the ears. A circular service bar runs around an immense room, the walls of which have bright murals of contemporary things. In the centre, a master of ceremonies comments on the day's passing events, points out celebrities in the gathering, and keeps things going. In the evening, Earl Rickard presents a complete floor show. The Dome is, however, not set merely for your entertainment; a special chef with unique dishes caters to this new room.



Julius from his vantage point at the Hunt Bar in the Hotel Lombardy is in a position to know about the town's drinking habits. Julius remarks in passing that the haphazard customer has almost disappeared from the scene. Now everything is by brand and bottle, even unto the components of a cocktail. It is a sound trend and a necessary one if you are to be intelligent about your potables.

Our mid-west scout reports that Theodore DeWitt, who has the Vogue Room and Parisian bar at the Hotel Hollenden in Cleveland, has brought forth a Century Room at the Neil House in Columbus. The decorators have gone back to the Greek and Victorian, eschewing the modern vogue. The scout further reports that all Columbus is on its ear and fills the new room nightly. A feature of the spot is a balcony separated by a wall of growing plants, from the dance floor, so that the diners may dwell in peace. The Rhythm Boys furnish the music and intimate entertainment is added nightly.

At the first hint of cold weather, we always repair to Keen's Chop House, 72 West 36th Street, and get the inner man lined for the winter. Nowhere else in the world, as far as we know, can you find the sort of mutton chop Keen's serve (a sort of roast). Park that alongside an Idaho baked potato, the usual fixings, and a mug or two of ale; fate certainly can't harm you. Keen's has bravely resisted all modern trends, from chromium to swing, and their reward is a considerable and steady clientele.

The face and color of the town change so rapidly that it is heartening to find, now and then, an establishment that is more than an address. There is something about the Anglo-Saxon tradition that decrees, that where there is a tavern there should also be a host. Perhaps that is why Jimmy Kelly's, in the Village, has continued through the years attracting the same sort of folk. Since the days when Jimmy Kelly was manager of Nigger Mike's place in the Bowery (birthplace of the genius of one Irving Berlin), Kelly has been beloved of the turf and ring fraternity. You will find them there 'most any night talking to Signor Kelly of the old days. You will also find the man-with-a-night-out, not to mention the intellectuals slumming vicariously, all intent on about the sole remaining American art form —the strip tease and bubble dance. As long as the forty-to-fifty years old have memory, Kelly will prosper. And don't fail to buy a souvenir program: the funds from its sale go to food baskets delivered to the poor by Kelly at holiday time.

Asked recently to recommend a Viennese restaurant, such as you used to find in old Austria, we were hard put as to how to bridge the international situation. Dodging all those atmosphere places, where the goulash is as permanent as the zither, we decided upon the Crillon. We learned later that the patrons were more than pleased, as they well should be. The Crillon has managed to hold all the charm of that lost world and yet cater to the fastidious tastes of those whose main concern is superb dining.

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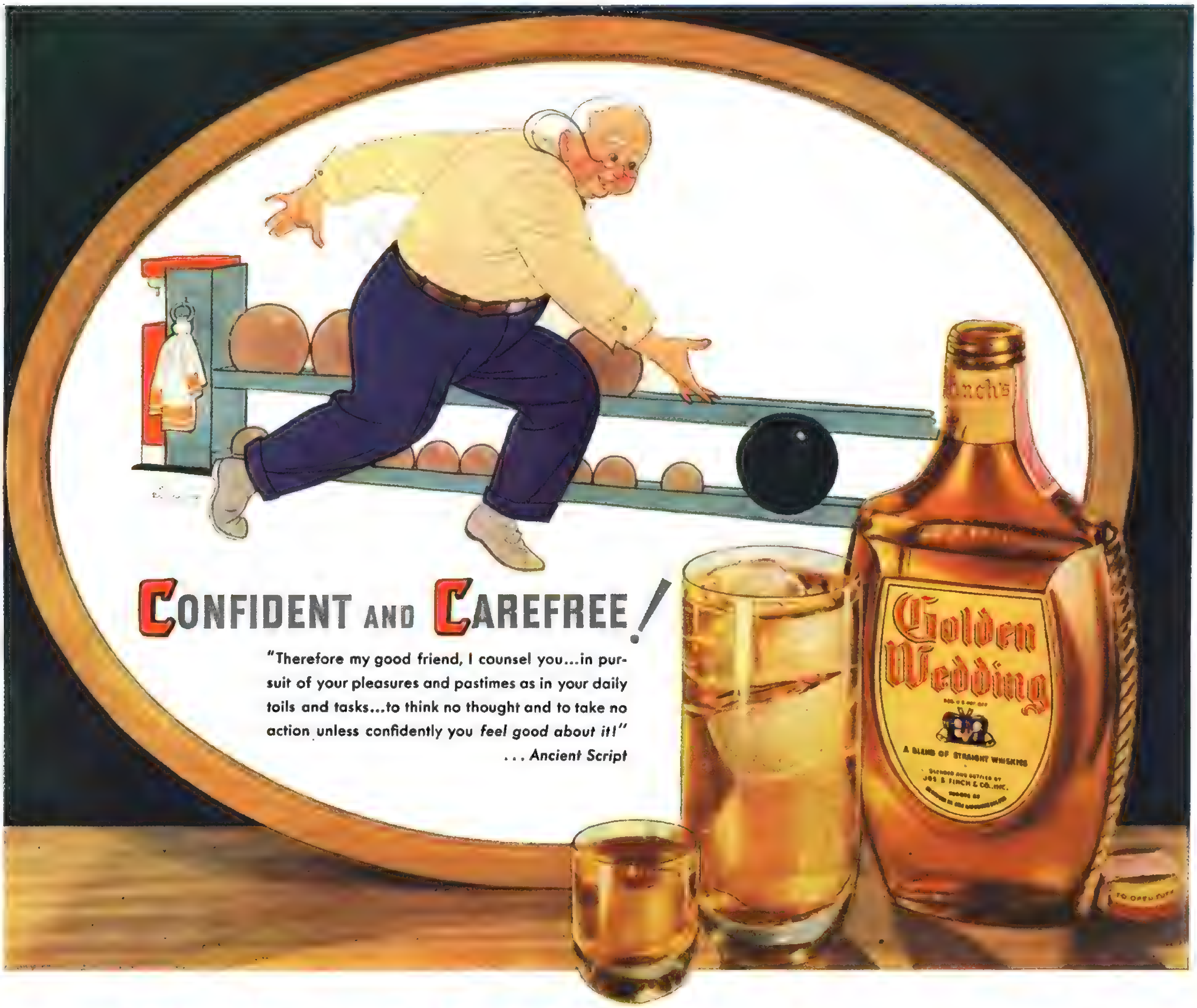
Finch's
Golden Wedding
A blend of straight whiskies
Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc.

CONFIDENT AND CAREFREE!

"Therefore my good friend, I counsel you...in pursuit of your pleasures and pastimes as in your daily toils and tasks...to think no thought and to take no action unless confidently you *feel good about it!*"
. . . *Ancient Script*

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

Look at the label. Front label. Back label. You'll feel good about THIS famous whiskey even before you take a taste of it! For here is a brand that can proudly promise you are getting a blend of STRAIGHT whiskies... ALL whiskey... and even the YOUNGEST of these whiskies is at least 4 years old. Unscrew the cap. Sniff that deep fragrance which floats up to greet you. And now taste TRUE LUXURY... taste peerless Golden Wedding...and revel in the satisfaction you are drinking Finch's finest!

AND AT THE BAR— When you see this tall bottle at the bar, you're in a place that gives you *ALL* whiskey... Finch's very finest. A blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old!

FINCH'S
GOLDEN WEDDING
As you prefer, in Bourbon or Rye

COPR. 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

E. A. Durand

E. A. Durand's agent says he is twenty-eight years old, six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. He was born and raised in Pompton Lakes, New Jersey. For four years he was a boy chorister at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, at the same time Lanny Ross and Burgess Meredith were there. However, they went their way and he went to Trinity College, getting an A. B. degree in 1931. He is an engineer by trade and his predilection is writing.

•

Donald C. Vaughan says: "As able truant and engender of parental wrath, I made a couple of successful attempts at escaping classroom ennui and discipline and wound up at Doubleday, Doran's proofroom where I remained reading copy until a spring daydream carried an erstwhile intent eye from the galley proofs and I dropped two paragraphs from a popular novel. After that I searched for various jobs unsuccessfully, attended Grand Central Art School, did a fair amount of drawing in charcoal, pencil, pen and ink at home, in Charleston and Bermuda, sold a bit of it, worked for a travel agent and in Spalding's wholesale tennis department. I was able to sell a dozen or so articles in the realm of sport and light fiction. During years of intermittent employment I played miles and miles of badminton which I learned in Garden City, home of the N. Y. Metropolitan team champions. For many seasons I entered all competition I could, played with many professionals, won a half-dozen titles and forsook the amateur ranks to teach the game in Philadelphia in the Fall of '37. Last spring a stroke of luck gave me the opportunity to join Ken Davidson in an exhibition badminton match at the Roxy Theatre where we played for two weeks, doing four shows daily and five on Saturdays and Sundays. It was a lot of fun, a strange way to earn a living and during the engagement I took sixty showers in two weeks." He writes about badminton on page 88, *Shuttlecock Shots on the Rise.*

Donald C. Vaughan, Jr.

•

Lynn Montross says: "The reason that writers become coy, chatty, or heavily humorous when faced with the problem of a personal sketch, is because there is actually very little to be said either for or about a writer as a rule. If he keeps busy, he is likely to be a dull fellow indeed as compared to an enterprising plumber or milkman. But there is the fact that I have been working for some four years now on a book about war, which I hope to publish next year. Meanwhile I am also writing a book about Andrew Jackson's New Orleans campaign, to be illustrated by my wife, Lois Hartzell. I live on a small New Hampshire farm and am sure to be either hunting or fishing, depending upon the season, when I am not writing. If a past is desired, I have none—a mere background is the best I can do. I attended the University of Nebraska three years, leaving to become an A. E. F. private in the infantry for the next two years. Since then I have been in turn Chicago newspaperman, New York advertising writer and, since 1924, free lance fiction and article writer. I have lived in France a couple of years and have published several books."

Lynn Montross

Monroe H. Goode's father held the theory that the first duty of a parent was to teach his progeny to "ride, shoot, and tell the truth," and as a result, Monroe more or less cut his teeth on a Colt .45. He has hunted extensively through the West, and in Old Mexico, and has bagged most species of big and small game. But deer stalking is his favorite sport. For twenty years, as a hobby, he has written articles and stories for hunting magazines, and for six years was editor of the arms department of a large sporting periodical.

He is an independent oil operator and lease and royalty broker. For several years he was Vice-President of Marland Oil Company (now Continental Oil). He is, he says, a pushover for a new gun or a trim ankle. He gives vent to the former weakness in *Selecting the Proper Gun*, page 115.

•

Creighton Peet says that *Program for a Ballet-Pantomime* notwithstanding, he has never had anything to do with the ballet, although in college he carried a spear in *Aïda* for a dollar a night. He was born in New York City. His first jobs after graduating from Columbia were reviewing films for a movie magazine on weekdays and reporting sermons (all denominations) for the *New York Times* on Sundays. Since then he has written a daily column on films for the *New York Evening Post* and reviewed both films and plays for the old *Outlook*. At the moment he is covering Broadway plays for the *Los Angeles Evening News*. He has published two photographic books for children, and a third book concerning dude ranches is on the way.

Creighton Peet

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Oliver La Farge's last novel, *The Enemy Gods*, is his first return to the Navajo scene since *Laughing Boy*, but unlike *Laughing Boy* is an attempt at a sociological novel on a large scale as well as an Indian story. During part of 1936 he was hired by the Indian Service to help the Hopi tribe of Indians organize themselves with a written constitution and formal council, and he says he's awfully proud of that job.

Monroe H. Goode

•

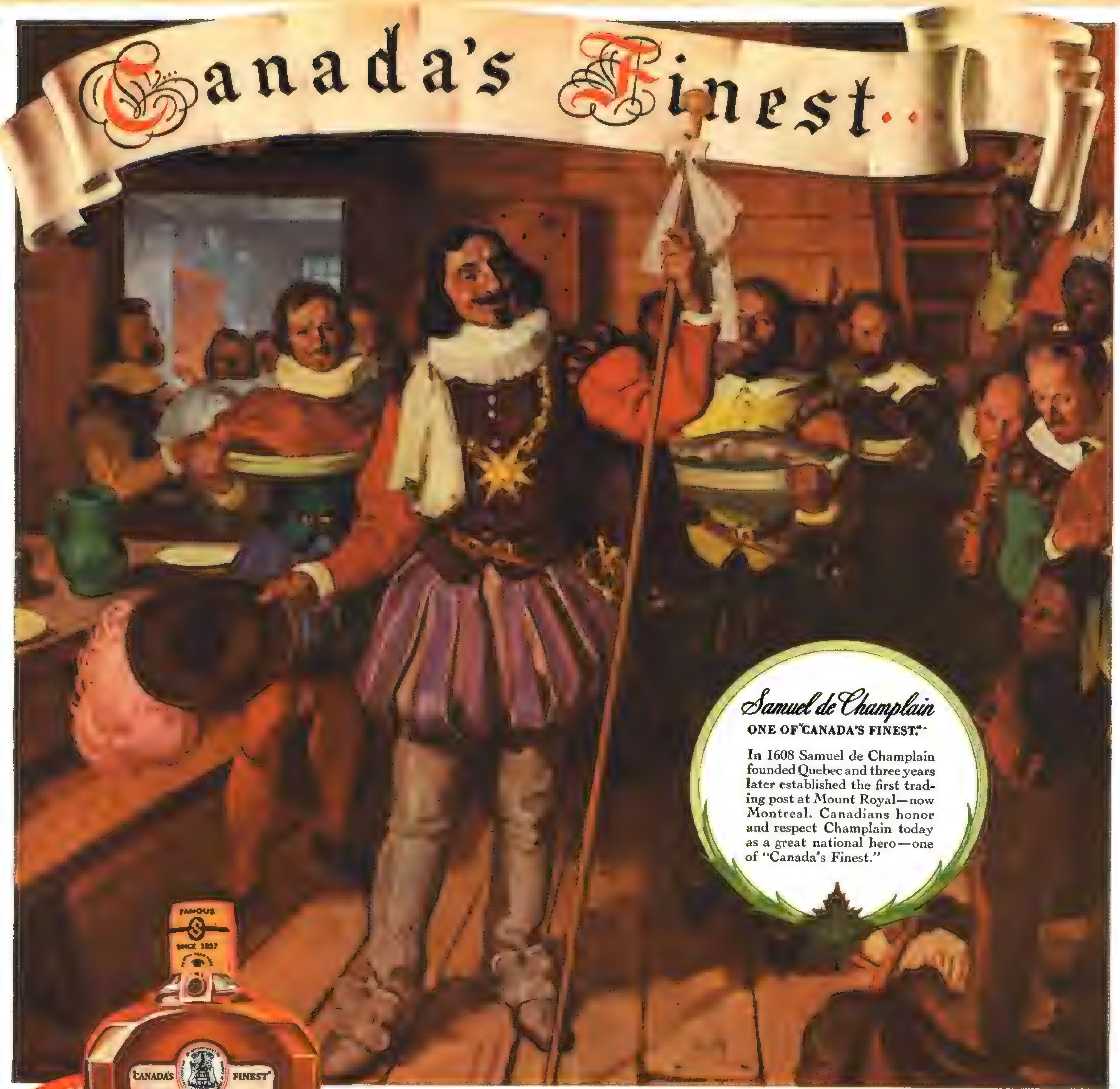
Walter Schoenstedt's most recent book was published by Farrar and Rinehart last fall: *In Praise of Life*. He had a story in the August issue of Esquire: *The Girl from the River Barge*. And his *The Hero of Sussemilken* is on page 87 of this issue.

•

Daniel Fuchs returned from Hollywood to New York last fall, full of wonder at the movies, and yet with respect for many of the men in the industry. These people, he feels, lush and flamboyant as they may be, nevertheless often have within them that mysterious ingredient which is the component in the alchemy that produces great art. The best examples of what he means here lies in the actual histories of the photoplays. Outrageously as they sometimes come into being, they get themselves manufactured and what is more, they are often good. Before going to work at one of the Hollywood studios, Fuchs led a quiet life teaching school in Brooklyn for seven years and writing three novels, the last one *Low Company*.

Continued on page 36

Daniel Fuchs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In 1608 Samuel de Champlain founded Quebec and three years later established the first trading post at Mount Royal—now Montreal. Canadians honor and respect Champlain today as a great national hero—one of "Canada's Finest."

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RARE OLD BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
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A PRODUCT OF JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
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Honored throughout the Dominion as the Finest Canadian Whisky

For years Canadians have shown their appreciation and respect for the true Canadian character of Seagram's "V.O." From the Gaspé Coast to British Columbia, this superb whisky is the choice of discriminating men.

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Barreled in 1932, and bottled under supervision of the Canadian Government, Seagram's "V. O." is the highest expression of the Canadian distiller's and blender's art—truly a masterpiece designed for better living.

Copr., 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

SEAGRAM'S "V. O." CANADIAN RARE OLD BLENDED WHISKY. 6 years old—Distilled, aged and blended under the supervision of the Canadian Government.

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Deliciously Delicate—Yet Deeply Satisfying

A MASTERPIECE OF THE BLENDERS' ART

Ties colored especially to harmonize with your favorite suits—served at the

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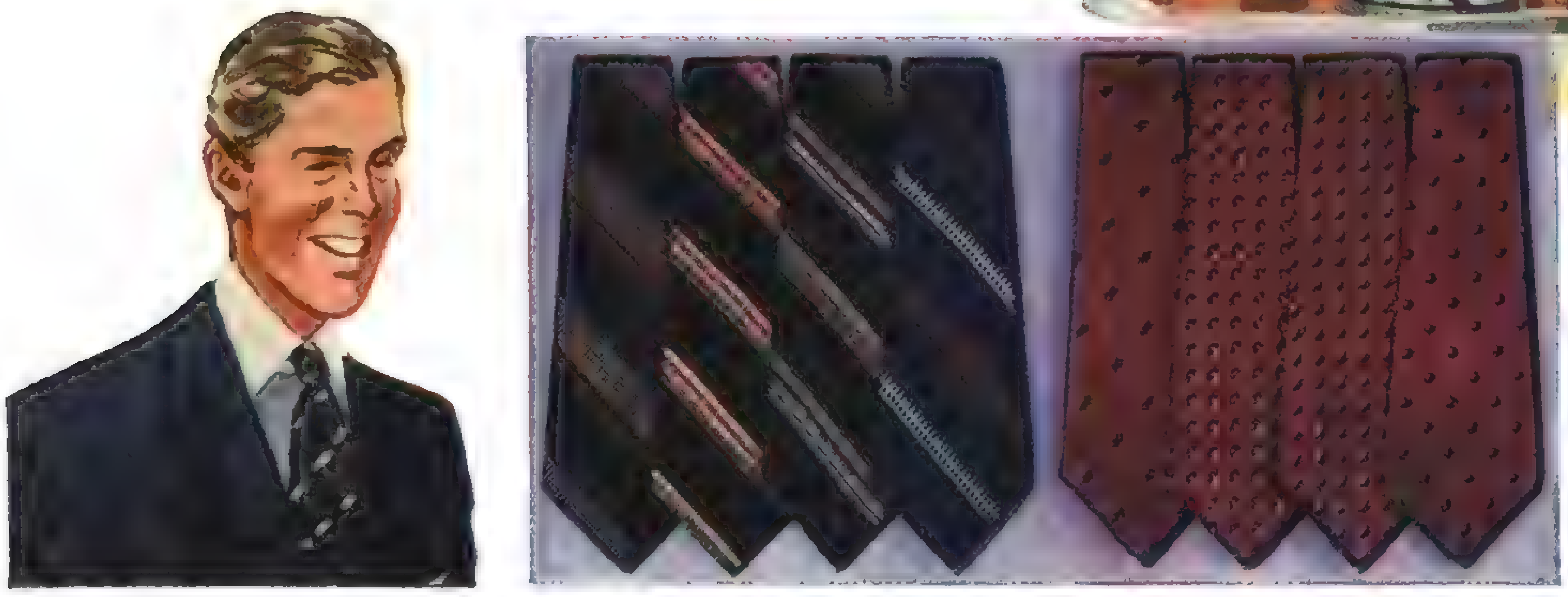
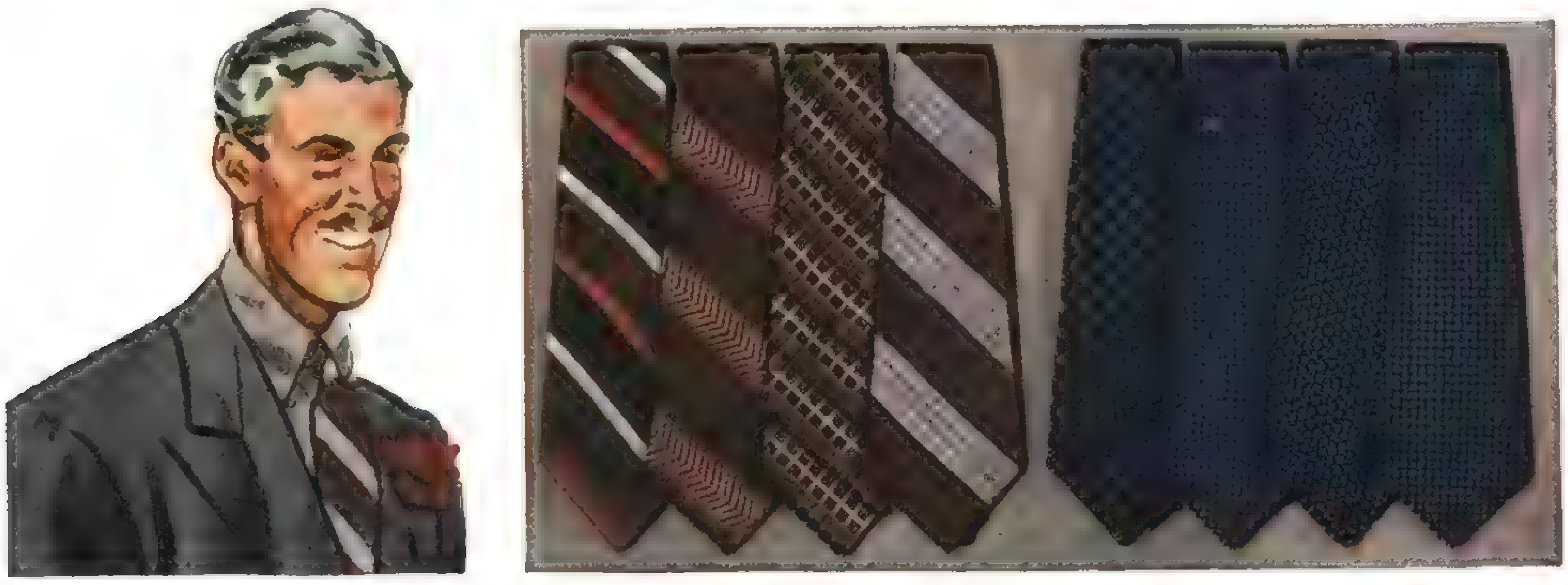
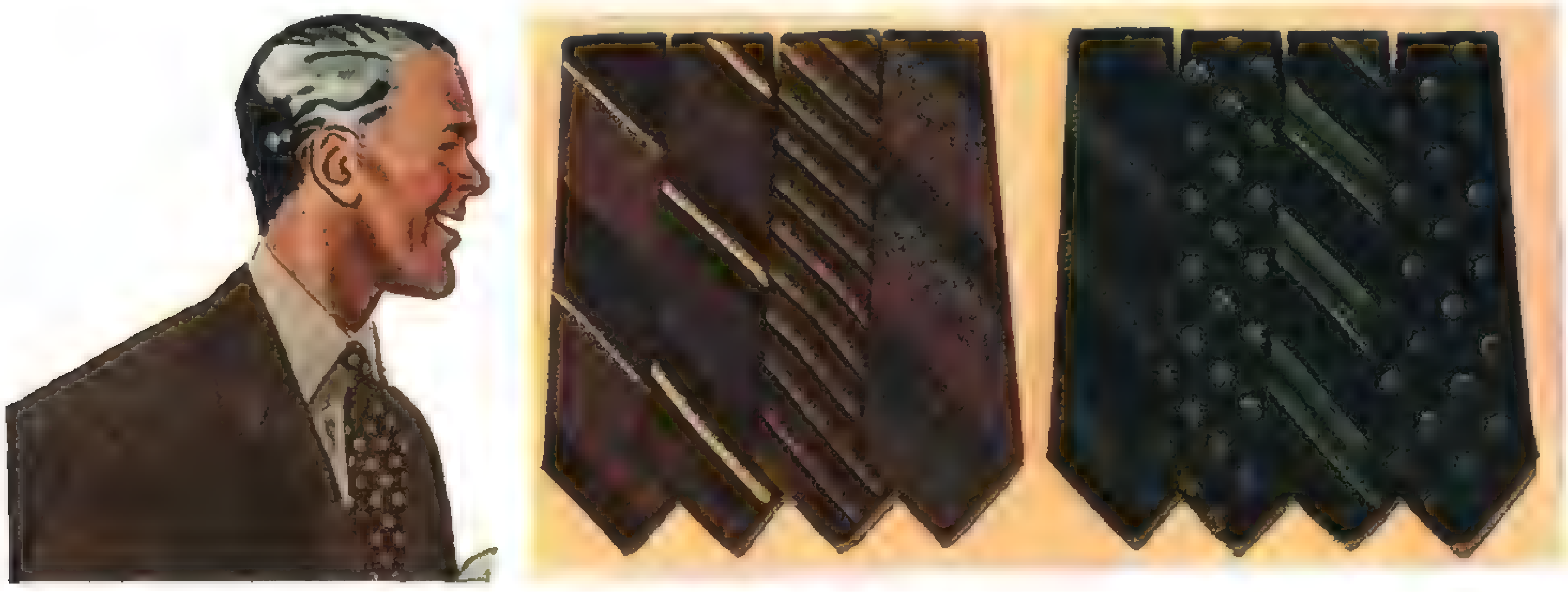


For your blue suit —With blue shirts. The four ties at the left are the famous silk and wool Kerry Poplin (woven in U.S.A.). Price $1.50. The four neat designs at the right are Ardsley Twill. Price $1.00.



For your grey suit —For wear with grey shirts and blue shirts. At the left four ties of Glengarry Homespun. Price $1.50. At the right, Multifolds, the luxurious extra fold construction. Price $2.00.



For your brown suit —Chosen for wear with shirts of tan or green. The group shown at the left are of Silk Tweed, the richly blended heather weave. Price $2.50. The four ties in the right-hand group are Sandrift. Price $1.50.

The charm of your necktie depends directly on the blend it forms with your other clothing. *McCurrach ties are pre-planned with just such costume harmonies in mind.*

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In making fine neckties we of McCurrach begin where the silk worm stops. We range the world for designs . . . direct the dyeing of raw silks to suit our own color ideas . . . weave these silks on our own looms into 1500 new patterns each season.

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Color notes for
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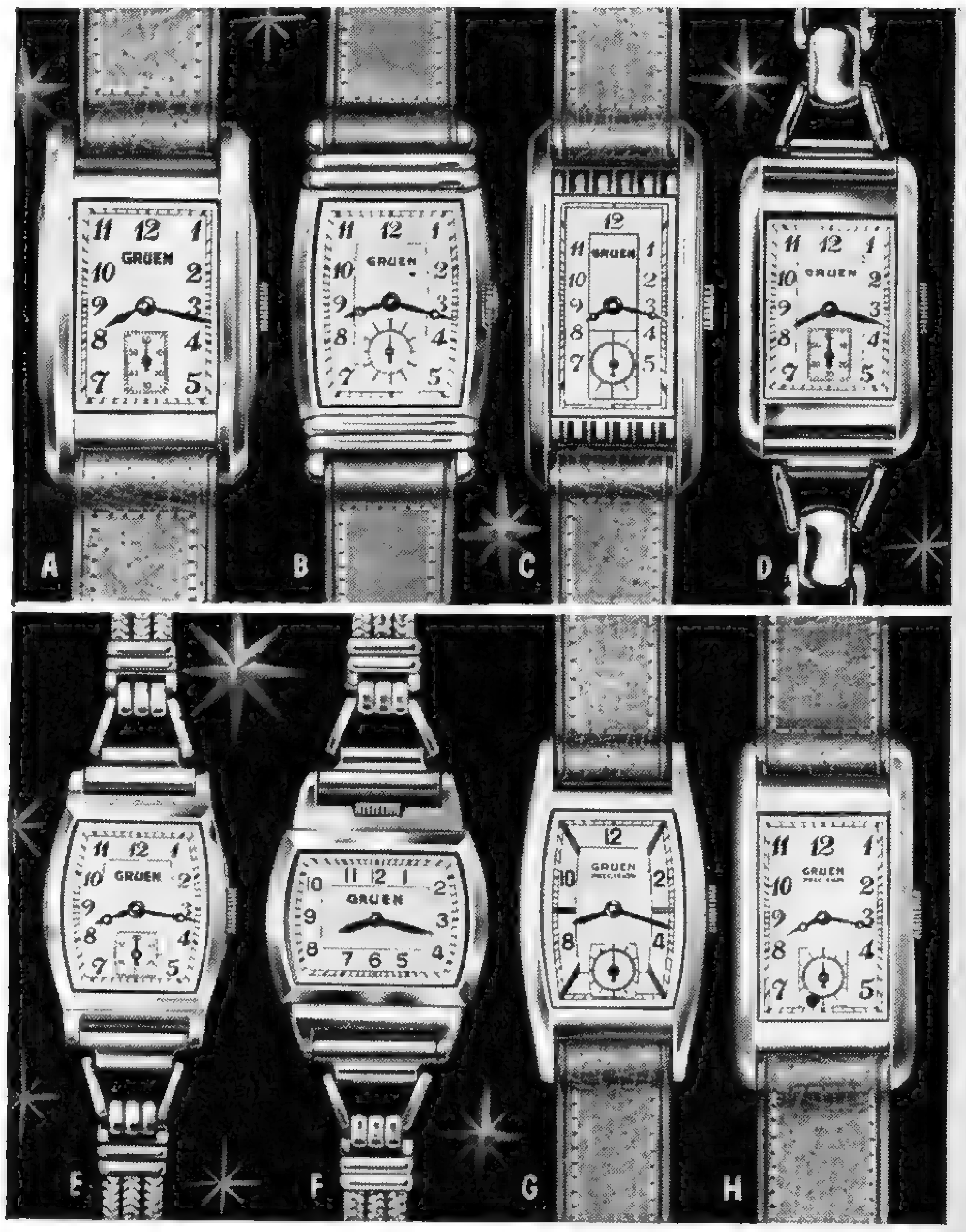
McCURRACH

GET FREE BOOKLET — This 16-page full color booklet suggests attractive tie harmonies for various suits and shirts. Free copy at your favorite store or write direct. McCurrach tie band and label ensure correctness.



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The name upon the face of a watch can make a world of difference. Let your gift watch bear the *proudest* name in time. Gruen—"America's choice since 1874."

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W

CURVEX MAJOR: 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. Yellow gold filled case............. $55

X

CURVEX GENERAL: 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. Yellow gold filled case........... $59.50

Y

CURVEX CORONET: 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. Yellow gold filled case.......... $50

Z

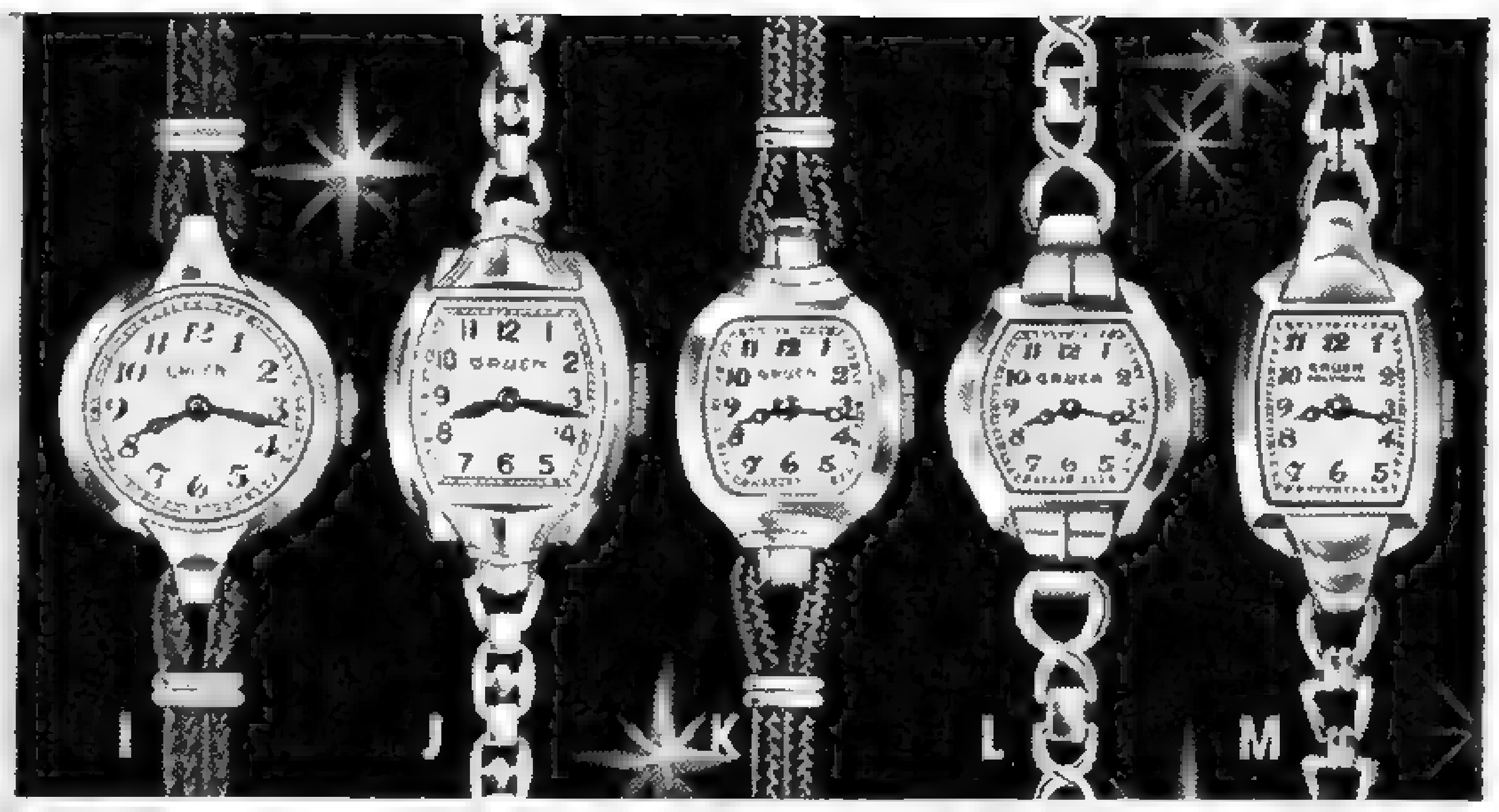
CURVEX ADMIRAL: 17 jewel Precision. 14 kt. Yellow gold filled case....... $67.50

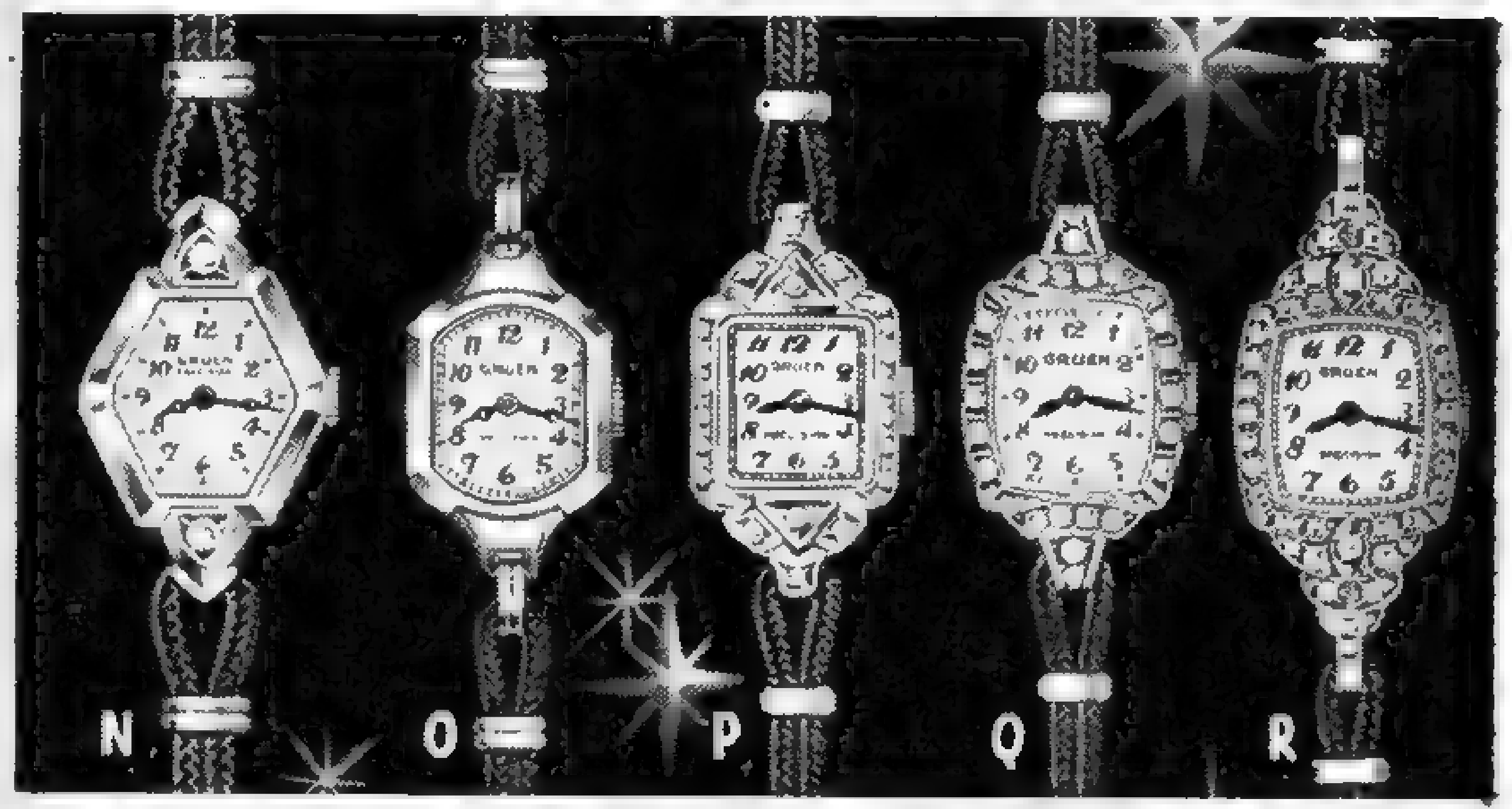
AA

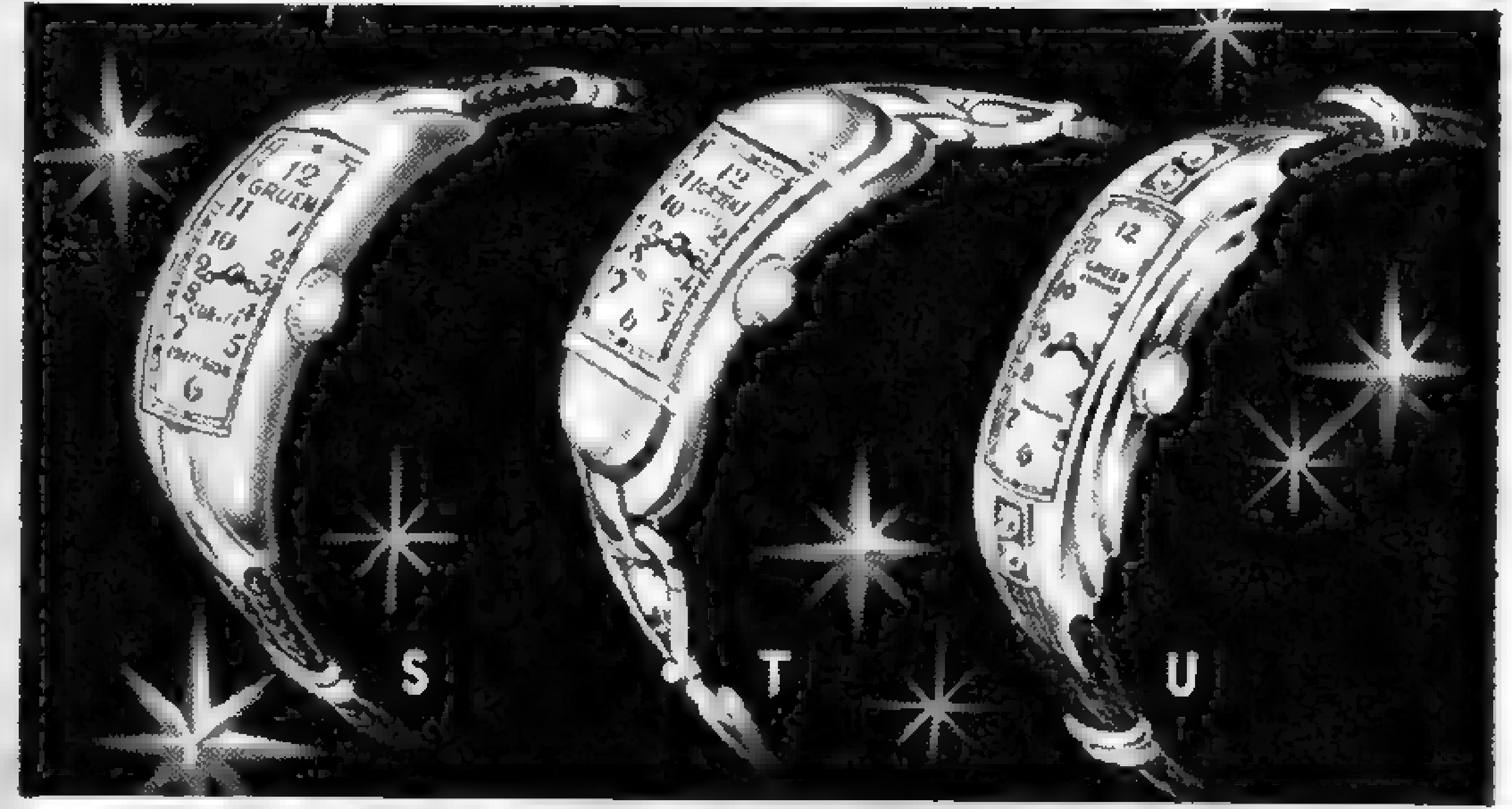
KNOX: 17 jewels. Yellow gold filled case............. $35

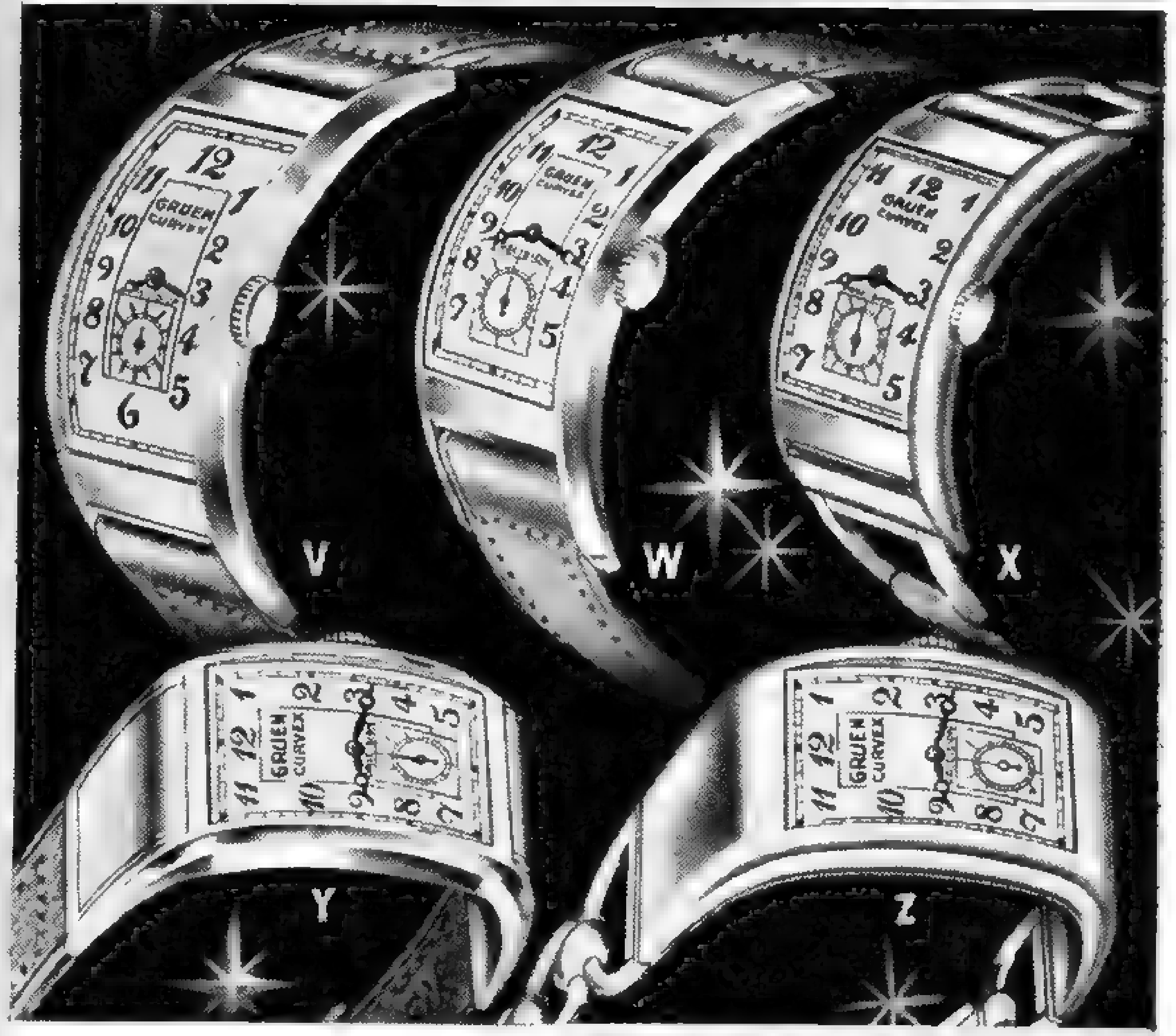
BB

HARVARD: 17 jewel Precision. Yellow or white gold filled case........... $59.50

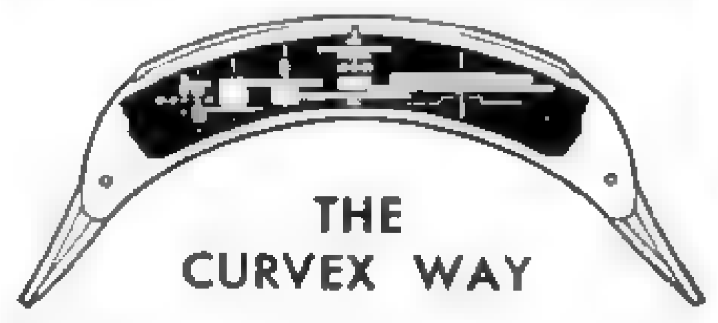






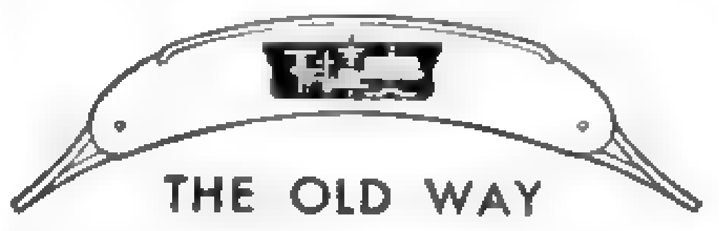


WHY A CURVED WATCH SHOULD HAVE A CURVED MOVEMENT



THE CURVEX WAY

Patented, full-size movement curves with the case, making possible pocket-watch accuracy, ruggedness and long life.



THE OLD WAY

An ordinary flat movement reduced in size and ruggedness to fit inside a curved case.

•

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1855952 Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1936 by The Gruen Watch Co.

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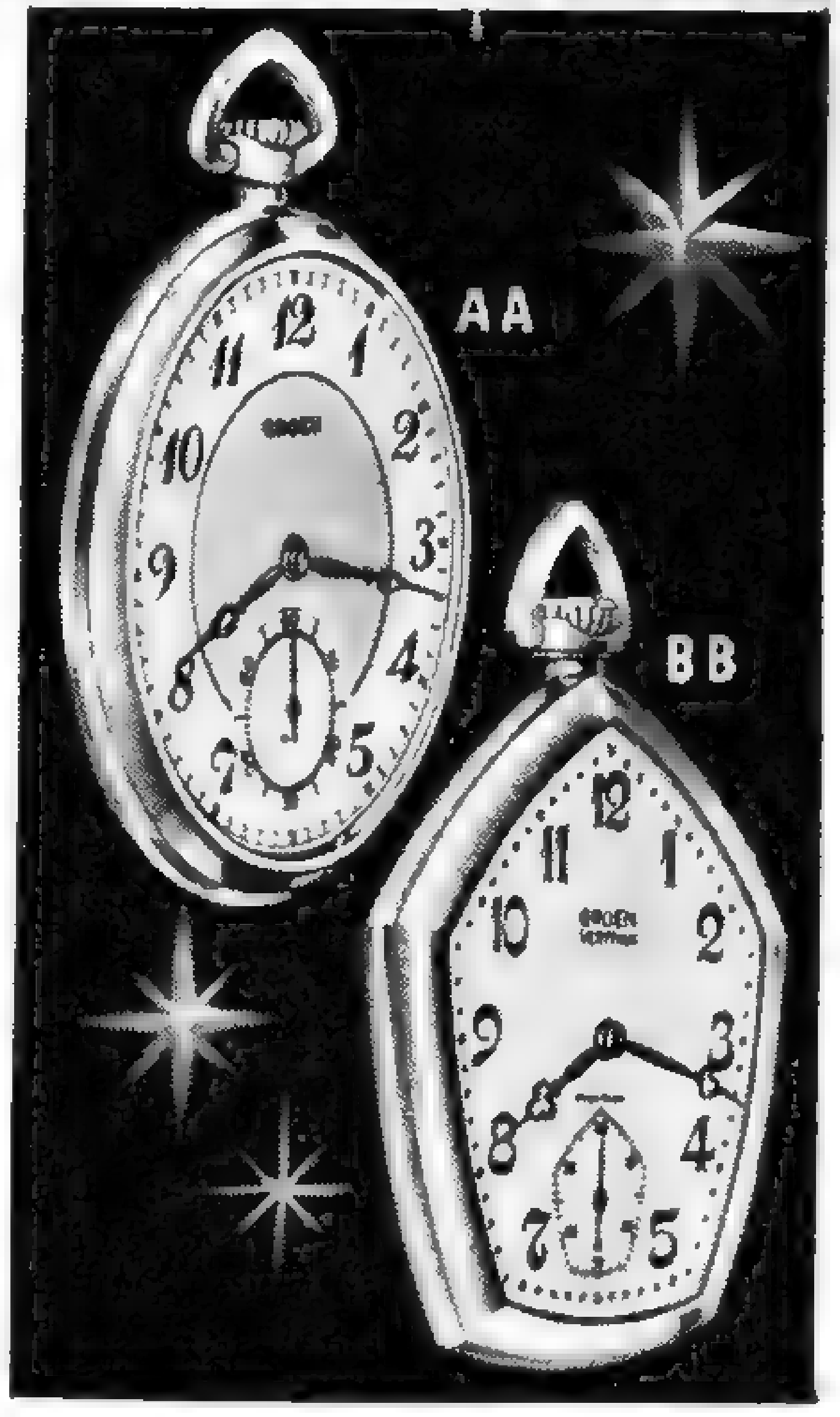


BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Parke Cummings

Parke Cummings recalls that the first time he wrote his autobiography, for a freshman English theme, at Harvard, he got an E minus. Ever since that time he's been kind of chary about such things. All he will admit is that he was born, lives in Connecticut, and that his favorite avocation is having fun. He's in the Sports department this month with *If They Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin.*

•

Kenneth C. Kaufman, our poet for this month, writes: "I was born in Kansas, just too late to be a cowboy, but not late enough to avoid inoculation with the virus. However, I did most of my riding on the seat of a sulky plow. I grew up on a claim in Western Oklahoma, raised kaffir corn, stole watermelons, milked cows in the shelter of a barbed wire fence in a blizzard and the like. Then, at a rather advanced age, I got to go to college; I discovered a capacity for languages, and decided I had rather herd ideas than milk cows. I taught several years in an Oklahoma City high school, and have been connected with the Modern Language Department in the University of Oklahoma for ten years. I am book editor for the *Daily Oklahoman*, and co-editor with R. T. House of the quarterly magazine, *Books Abroad*, which is devoted to discussion of new books in languages other than English. I have one wife—the same one—and two children. I like to fish and hunt and read poetry aloud, if I can get anyone to listen to me, and to cook. I believe I am the only amateur cook in existence who can really cook, who has not written about it."

Kenneth C. Kaufman

•

Thomas Newman (*The Voice of Cain*, page 82) is a New Yorker by birth, a hillbilly by adoption. He has written for *Story*, *Transition*, and other "little" magazines.

•

Bob Levitt is twenty-eight years old, and claims he has a lot of gray hairs, of which he earned every one. He says: "I was graduated from Rollins College in 1931 after demonstrating my academic inconstancy at Lehigh, Moravian Theological Seminary, N. Y. U., and Seth Low Junior College. Since then I have been employed by such oddly assorted people as Adolph Zukor, Billy Minsky, Chester Erskin, and W. R. Hearst. I am healthy, of good appetite, and unmarried but easily persuaded. I was born in New York, dislike it very much, don't think I could live anywhere else. In collaboration with an unknown composer, I have written a lot of excellent songs which the publishers insist are 'show stuff' and the producers maintain are 'commercial.' I don't know what I'll be when I grow up."

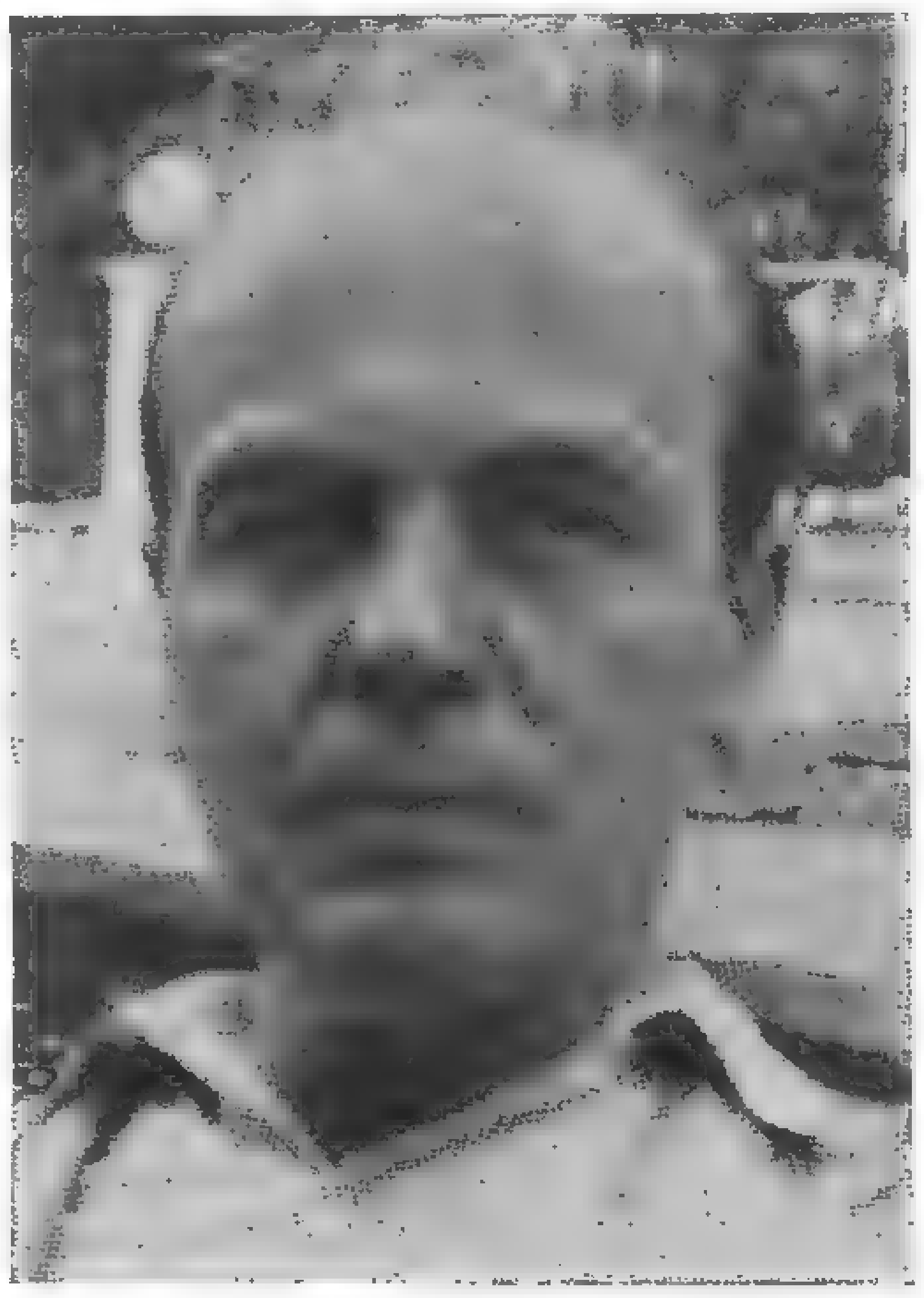
Bob Levitt

•

E. R. Bayer is twenty-three years old. He attended Western Reserve University, where, he says, he spent most of his time hanging around the drama department and writing lurid (and wholly imaginary) features on campus life for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He graduated in 1935 and his first job was with a Rockefeller Foundation project in Washington. It was there that he met the living model for *The Perfect Secretary* (page 58). During the year following, he was secretary to President Hutchins' Liberal Arts Committee at the University of Chicago. The past nine months he's been back with his old love again—learning about the theatre at Cleveland's famous Play House.

•

Ilia Brody is a Hungarian, half-brother of Sándor Hunyady, whose stories frequently appear in Esquire. Their father was Sándor Brody, sometimes called the Hungarian Zola. Ilia Brody says: "I was born in Budapest thirty-nine years ago and because my father insisted that children ought to be left alone to grow up, I grew up a very bad little fellow. I had no mother to interfere with this queer sort of upbringing; she died when I was seven, and father approved thoroughly when I beat up my schoolteacher at the age of eleven. I was barred from all Hungarian schools. The long vacation was interrupted by the World War; I enlisted in the army at seventeen, served on three fronts, was wounded twice. When I got back from the Western Front, I realized I had developed the habit of regarding each day as just another gift, and that I could not break myself of the custom of living only for the day. In 1920, after having participated in two revolutions, I doffed the tunic of the cavalry officer and started to tell people that I was a portrait painter. I kept on fooling patrons and myself with my pictures for years. From 1922 I lived mainly in Paris, later in London, and because I had read too many romantic novels, I fancied myself a modern Casanova. Life, the whole present situation, became unbearable in Hungary and I rolled my eyes longingly back towards America. I came to this country a year ago as correspondent of several European papers. I would rather ride horseback than eat, and much rather ride horseback than write."



Ilia Brody

•

Morley Callaghan (*The New Coat*, page 66) has lately sold picture rights to his last novel, *More Joy in Heaven*. And he has just finished a dramatization of another novel, *They Shall Inherit the Earth.*

Donald Hough

Donald Hough says to tell the girls he's married, but to explain that this took place fifteen years before the accompanying photograph was taken, when he was a gay young blade. He will, however, take a drink. When last heard from he was on his way to Montana, to take part in a cattle round-up, and admitted that since he rides like a lieutenant colonel and hates horses, he was apprehensive. He got most of his background for *Man of Nature* when he was in the United States Forest Service in Minnesota. He writes for a living, and has stories coming up in the *Post*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Scribner's*.

•

All we know about **Hilaire du Berrier** is that he sent us *An Adventurer Retires* from Hong Kong, that he planned to leave for Syria in a couple of months and was considering going to Mecca on the next pilgrimage.

•

Ben Hamilton, author of *It Might Happen to Anybody*, page 72, volunteers briefly that he was born in 1908, educated at the University of Washington, where he did not take a degree. He is unmarried. He has published pulp fiction, newspaper features and has done considerable radio scripting.

Ben Hamilton

The Heart's Desire

of Fathers and Mothers, of Sons and Daughters

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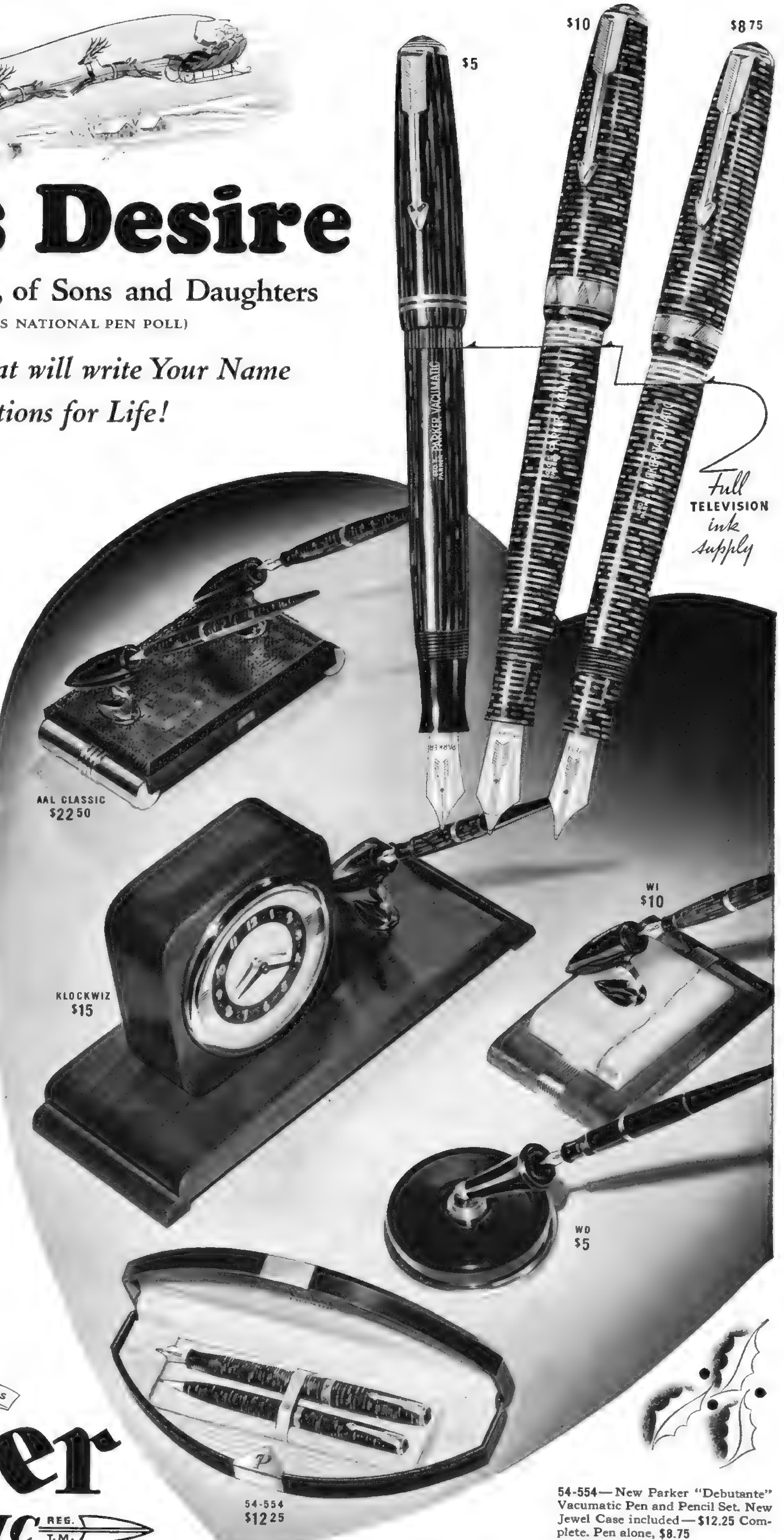

WD—DESK SET—Black Glass Base with Parker Challenger Desk Pen—$5

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54-554—New Parker "Debutante" Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Set. New Jewel Case included—$12.25 Complete. Pen alone, $8.75

KLOCKWIZ—DESK SET—Desk Clock with Walnut Base, with Parker Vacumatic Desk Pen—$15

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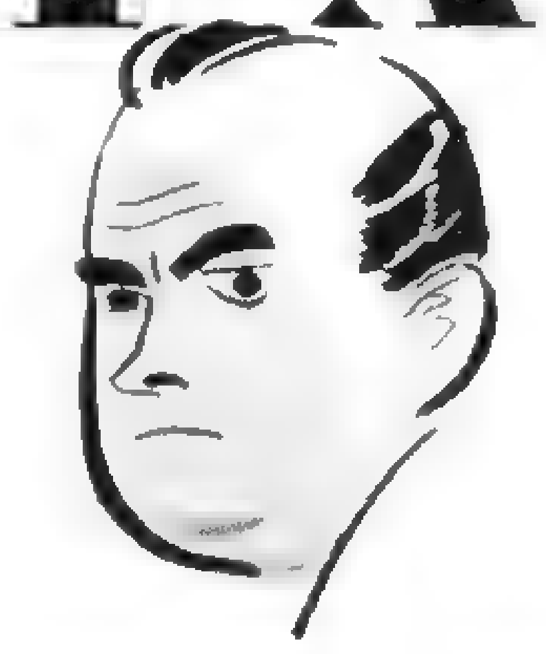
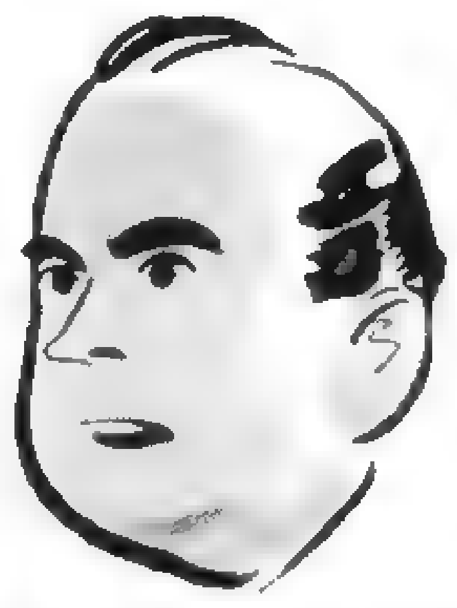
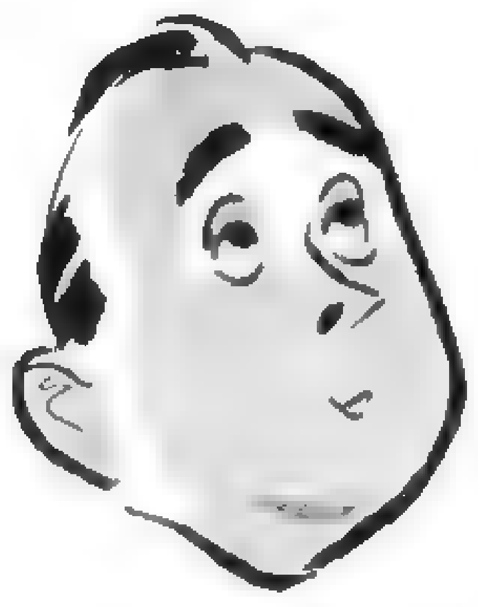
YOUR VAIN SIDE—*You want a pat on the back for being a good picker . . . have your gift hailed as the best in its class. Be sure it's a Royal and you're safe on this point, too. For when you give a Royal you give the best.*



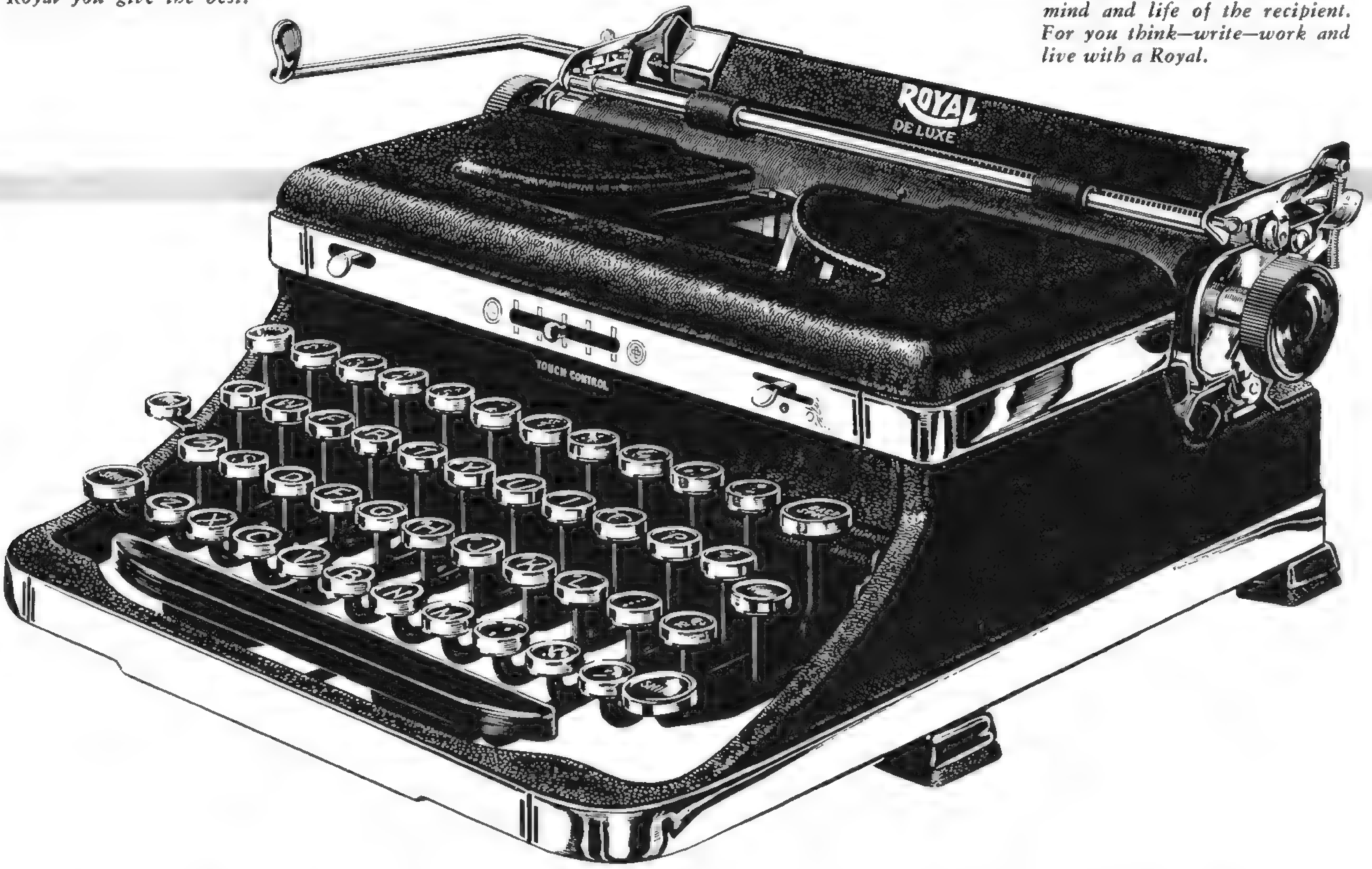
YOUR MONETARY SIDE—*You don't want to splurge . . . but you want your gift to be right. Royal has four models . . . one to fit the amount you want to spend. You can have an easy payment plan, too, if you wish.*



YOUR PRACTICAL SIDE—*Will they like it? Will they use it? Will it be a real utility? Ask any student, any teacher, any ambitious man or woman in any walk of life about a Royal.*



YOUR SENTIMENTAL SIDE—*Softie that you are—be assured a Royal Portable will carry your sentiments intimately into the mind and life of the recipient. For you think—write—work and live with a Royal.*



GIVE A ROYAL . . . AND YOU GIVE THE BEST

ROYAL PORTABLE

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Tell me how I can own — for only a few cents a day — a latest model Royal Portable—with FREE HOME TRIAL.
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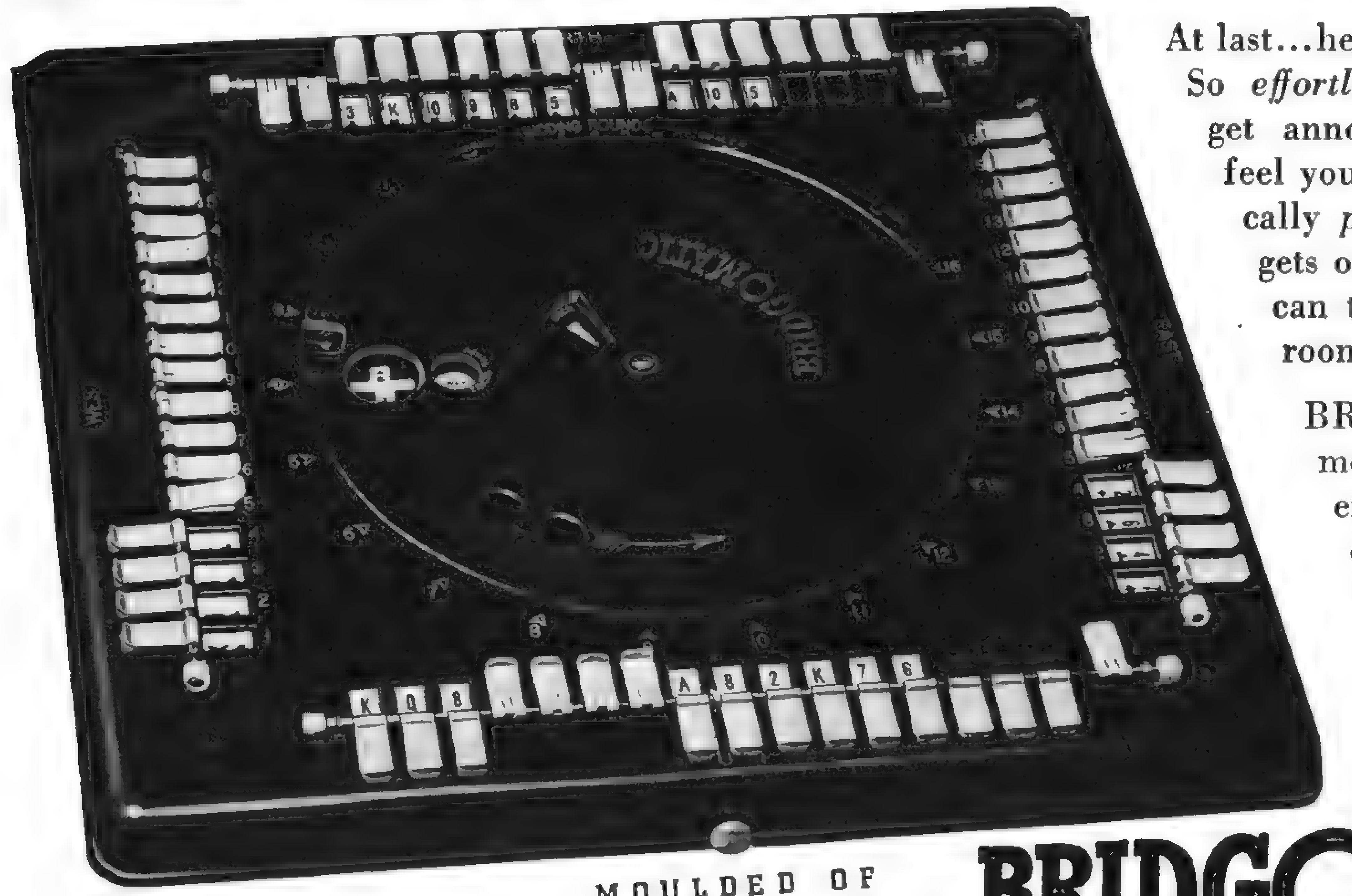
PARDON THE DELAY, FOLKS!

You'll have to wait until I finish this hand on

THE BRIDGE BOARD that has *Everything!*



At last...here's a bridge board that makes sense! So *effortless* in operation that you'll never get annoyed with it. So *logical* that you feel you are in an actual game. So mechanically *perfect* that it never fails . . . never gets out of order. And so *beautiful* that it can take its proud place in the lordliest room . . . and feel at home!

BRIDG-O-MATIC is the product of months of collaboration between bridge experts, mechanical engineers and industrial designers. It represents an investment of many thousands of dollars...by a company whose financial soundness is your guarantee that it is made to *last*...and that new hands will continue to appear monthly!

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EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

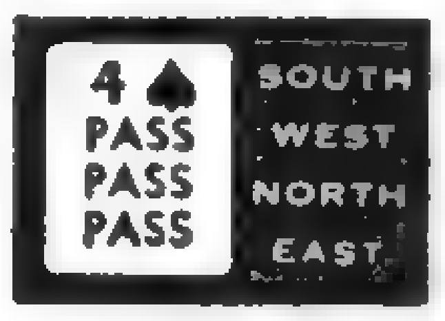
The Unique ROTATING DIAL

BRIDGOMATIC

Spotlights every play for you. From start to finish it's "streamlined" play . . . your attention is focused on a *complete* bid or trick . . . *in one spot!* And it's so easy to turn back to a *complete* trick for a check-up; with BRIDG-O-MATIC you just

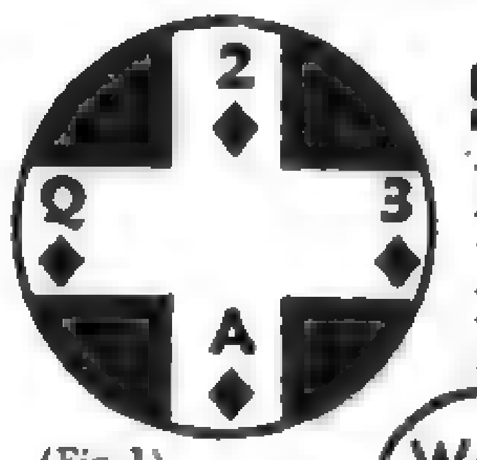
TURN and LEARN

STRAIGHT-LINE BIDDING



First position shows dealer and vulnerability; each turn of the dial is a complete round-the-table bid; nothing to be pushed . . . nothing else to be moved. Takes a second to turn back the dial and check on previous bids.

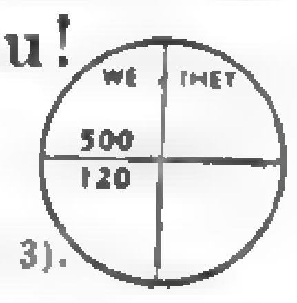
SPOTLIGHT PLAYING



(Fig. 1)

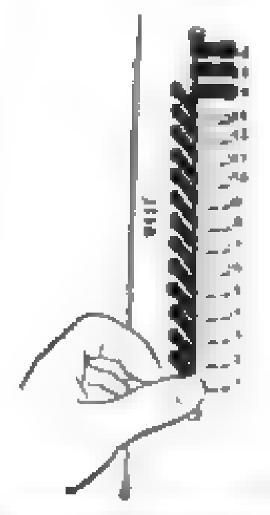
Each play of four cards is spot lighted in the Trick frame. (Fig. 1) If you have played a wrong card, it isn't necessary to push aimlessly until you find the right play . . . the Dial tells you! Trick-count with each play (Fig. 2) and proper scoring shown at end of the hand. (Fig. 3).

(Fig. 2)



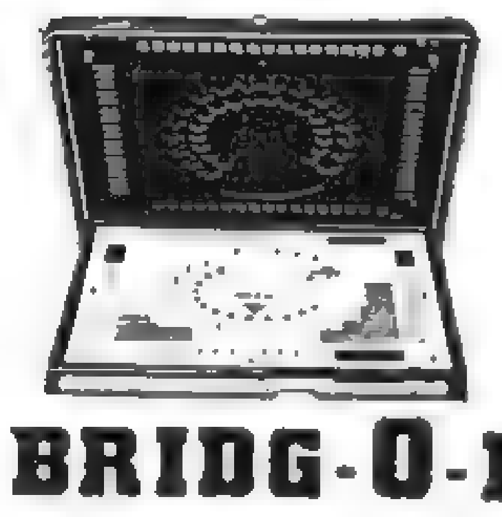
(Fig. 3)

PATENTED TENSION SHUTTERS



Shutters can be flipped singly with perfect ease, yet after hand is finished a simple turn of a knob flips ALL shutters back into place . . . at one time. Eliminates laborious manipulation. Shutters can not stick or come loose.

STORAGE CABINET



Touch of the finger opens the board, with storage space for 200 deals; no need for them to be scattered, lost or soiled. This construction adds to the strength and impressiveness of the board.

BRIDG-O-MATIC HANDS are edited by PHIL ABRAMSOHN, (Twice winner of Vanderbilt Cup and many other championships) assisted by A. Lewis Gotthelf. Hands are devised and played by the nation's current champions, such as Sherman Stearns and Morrie Elis (Current Master's Champions.) B. Jay Becker, Helen Bonwit, Henry Chanin, Mary Clement, Harry Fishbein, Sam Fry, Jr., Charles Goren, Edward Hymes, Jr., Fred D. Kaplan, George Kennedy, Theodore Lightner, Charles Lochridge, Helen Sobel, Charles Vogelhofer, Sally Young, Waldemar Von Zedtwitz.

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I'd like the Elephant Bar in (check finish)
☐ English Bronze (as illustrated) ☐ Modern Chrome
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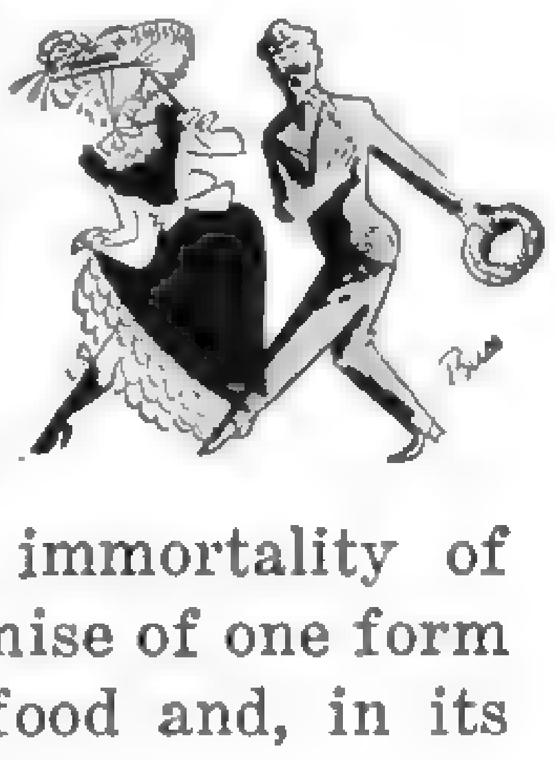
The Raleigh Room seems in line to be one of the rescuers of vaudeville. We found there recently as fresh a list of new talent as we have encountered since the days of the old Palace. If Dell O'Dell, the lady magician, is still around, don't miss her. She is better than a Legion convention.

Where one person might like to contemplate the intangible architecture and delights of the house of tomorrow, a dozen would prefer to dwell in the certain nostalgia of yesterday's palace. So found Billy Rose, and his Casa Manana with old-time vaudeville favorites, packed 'em in. Of course, there being no competition in this theatrical graveyard, such entertainers as Al Trahan, Cardini, James Barton and Robert Wildhack have an immortality of genius that persists through the mere demise of one form of their art. Casa Manana still serves food and, in its simpler form, is as much fun as formerly.



There is a whole generation, trained on speak-easies, that will never be as comfortable in any place as they are in the shells of their old haunts. A la Fourchette, 342 West Forty Sixth Street, has that charm of the old days, even unto the brick-walled garden. And the food is excellent, especially the maison specialties, such as chicken cooked in wine and the frogs' legs.

The Mon Paris goes its gentle way under the two Joes—Fernandez and Chevalier. The inner room has been redecorated, the entertainment veers to the well-bred with now and then a debutante trying out her wings as entertainer. We have always found Mon Paris a good place to go when conversation and enjoyment was the goal and you weren't worrying about getting your picture in the tabloids.

We watched Hildegarde wow them on her opening in the lounge of the Savoy-Plaza and made a few notes on our cuff, anent the progress of the modern diseuse. Several years ago when we first glimpsed her, we knew she had charm and felt that she knew she had talent and that particular poise necessary for intimate entertainment. Now her talents have caught up to her confidence and she is one of the best. The lady defies you to dislike her, and if your tastes are like ours, you will find it almost impossible to do so.

Finn's has moved over from Eighth Avenue to be near his customers, the Lambs. He is now at 140 West Forty-Fourth Street. It is one of those miniature Dinty Moore's with the emphasis on plain men's food and horse racing.

Late openings found The Glass Hat, of the Hotel Belmont-Plaza, returning to last season's popularity. Val Olman and his orchestra supplied the music with Nan Wynn doing some singing of the sort popular on the radio.

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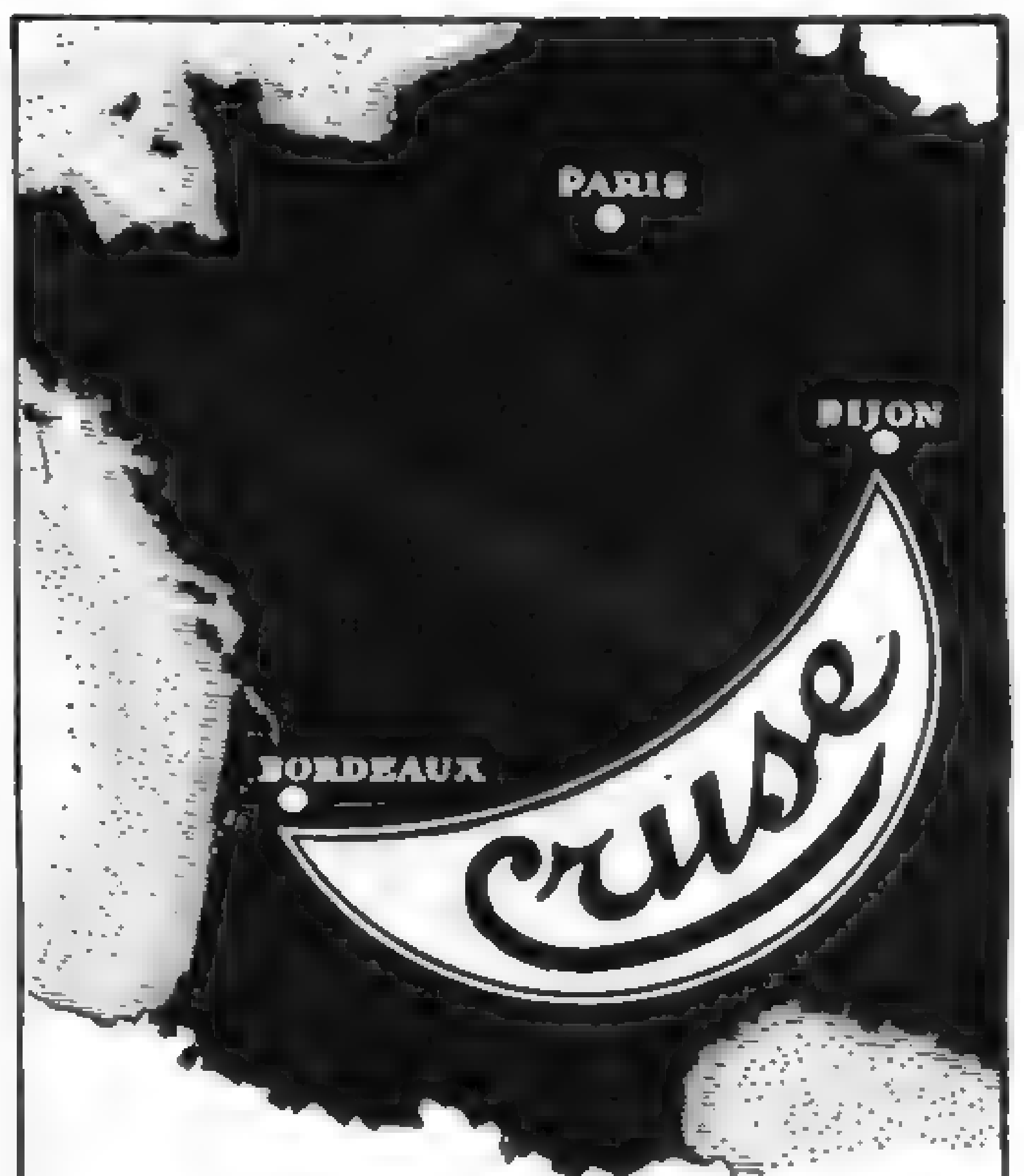

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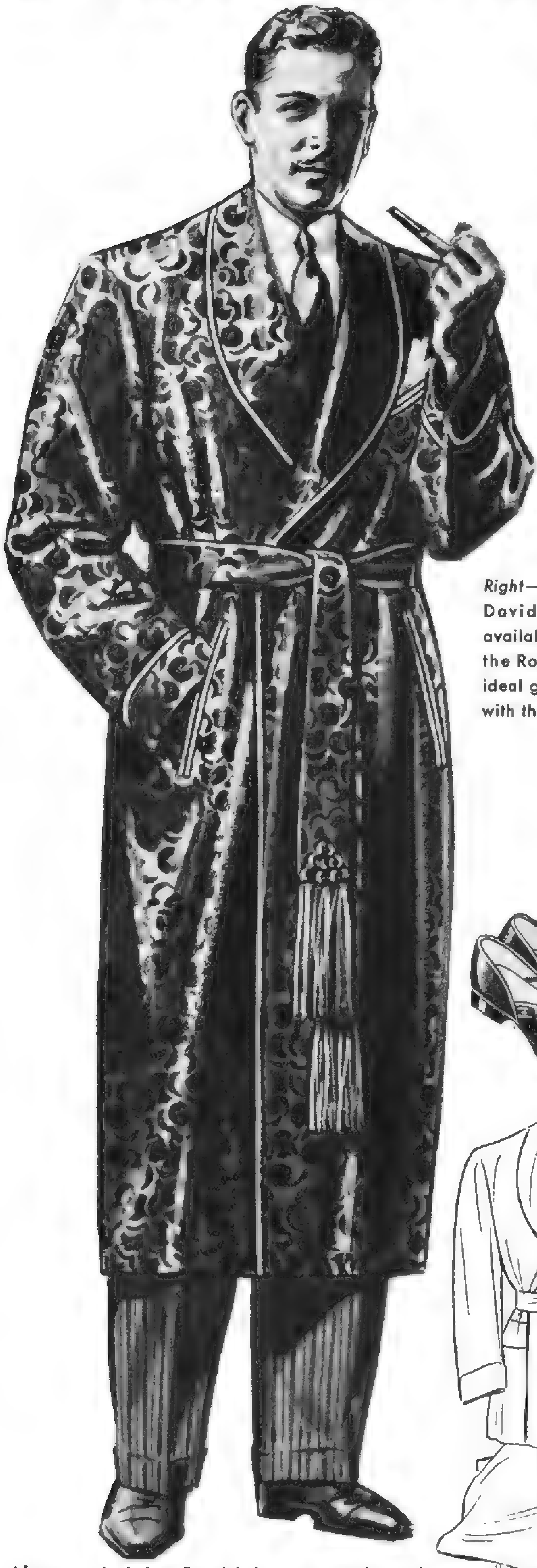
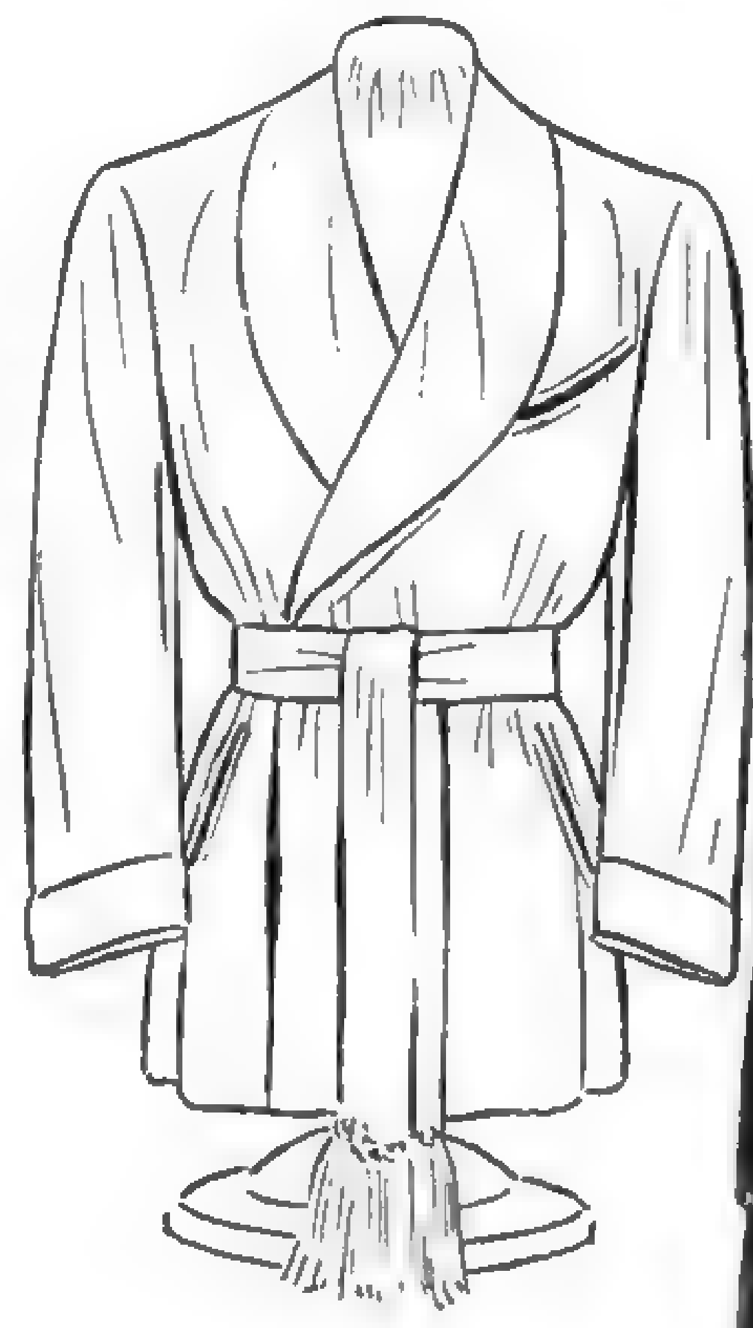
LOUNGE ROBES, JACKETS, SUITS OF LUXURIOUS *CELANESE-RAYON

The finest thing you can give any man is something that will add to his comfort. The smartest thing you can give him is one of these luxurious lounging garments for his leisure moments. The hours of ease and comfort he will get will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness toward him.

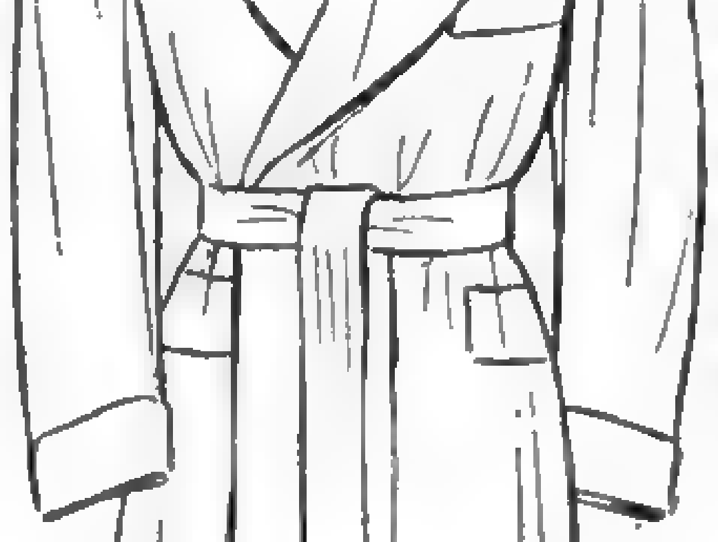


Above—A John David Lounge Robe of super-quality Jacquard Celanese-Rayon, harmonizingly full-lined and smartly piped. Choice of Navy Blue or Maroon.

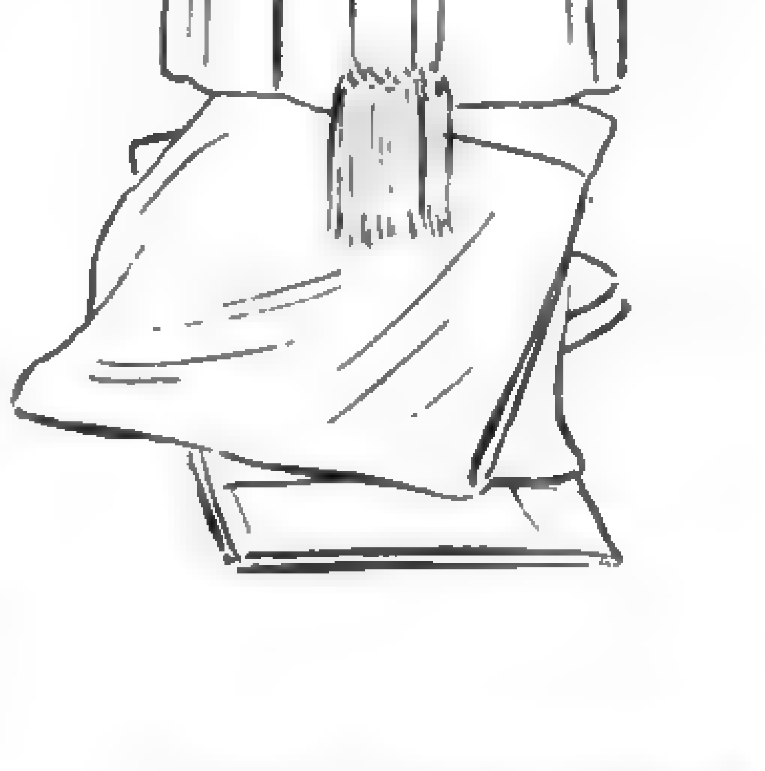
A truly luxurious Robe gift . .	$15.00
Lined Cocktail Jacket to match .	$15.00
Unlined Lounge Suit to match .	$15.00



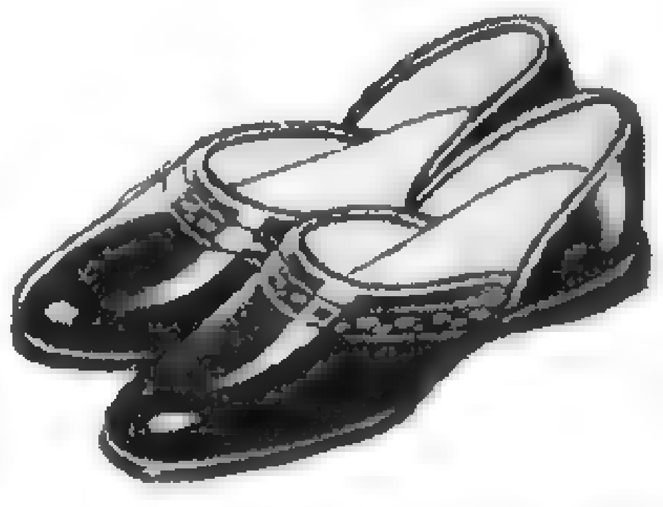
Right—This very smart John David Cocktail Jacket is available to match either of the Robes illustrated. An ideal gift alone or together with the matching Robe.



Left—Smart Leather Slipper with hard leather sole and rubber heel. Navy Blue, Burgundy or Brown . . . **$2.95**

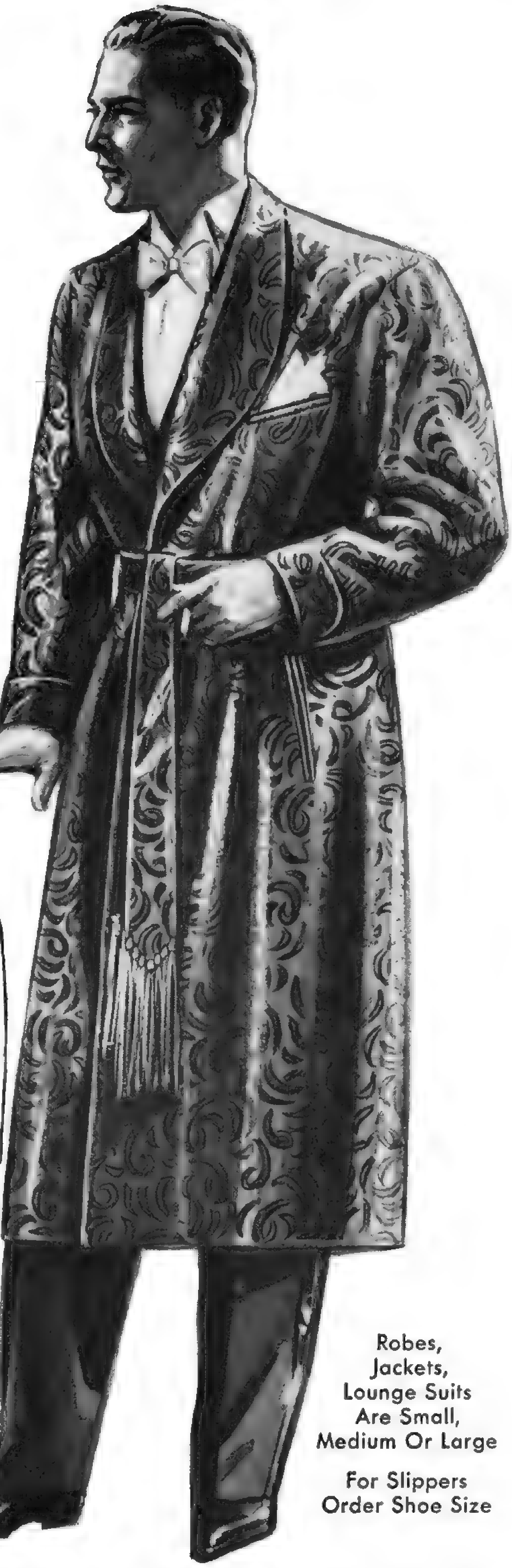


Left—A John David Lounge Suit (Coat and Trousers) to match the super-quality *Celanese Lounge Robe illustrated alongside. Men will like it alone or with a Robe.



Right—Smart Leather Slipper with soft leather sole and heel. Navy Blue, Burgundy or Brown . **$2.15**

★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Robes,
Jackets,
Lounge Suits
Are Small,
Medium Or Large

For Slippers
Order Shoe Size

Above—A John David Lounge Robe of luxurious ★Celanese-Rayon with self-color Jacquard design and harmonizingly full-lined. Available in shades of Navy Blue or Maroon.

Exceptional value .	$10.00
Lined Cocktail Jacket to match	$10.00

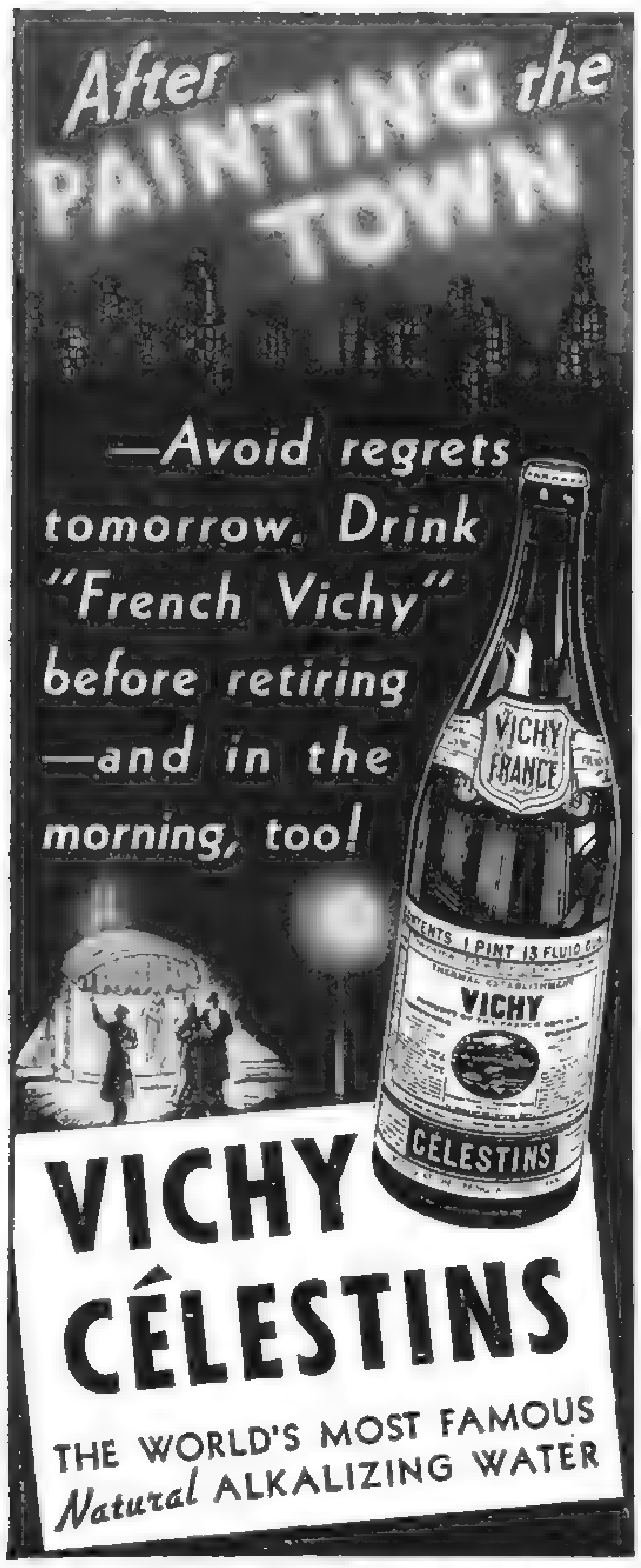
12-38

John David, Inc., Mail Service Dept., 1271 Broadway, New York
Kindly send the following merchandise as advertised in "Esquire"
Charge My Account ☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐

ARTICLE	COLOR	SIZE	AMOUNT	

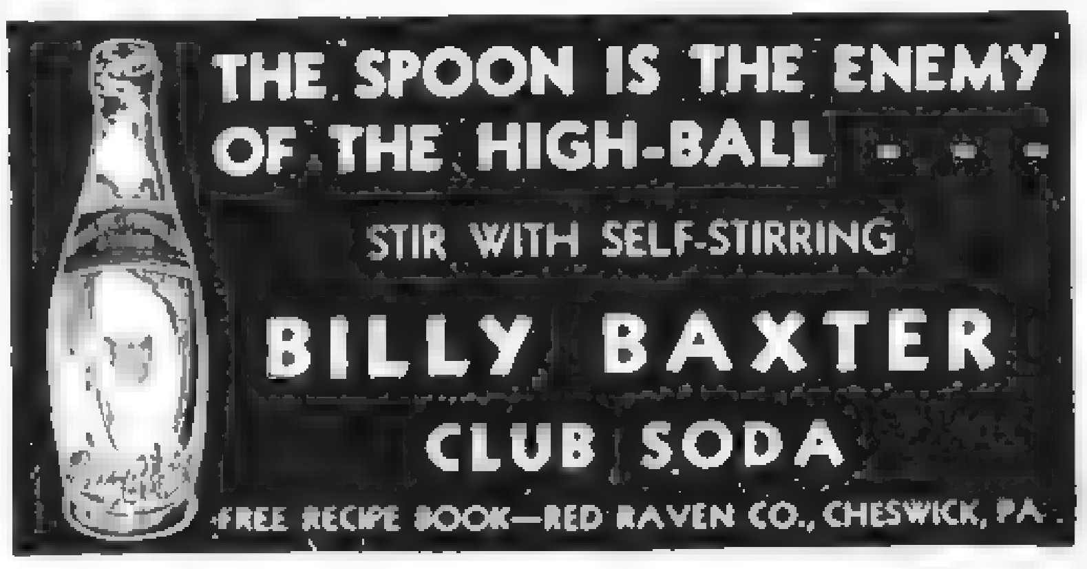
Name__________
Address__________

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE


After PAINTING the TOWN
—Avoid regrets tomorrow. Drink "French Vichy" before retiring —and in the morning, too!
VICHY CÉLESTINS
THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS *Natural* ALKALIZING WATER

NATIONAL
PREMIUM
A Pale Dry BEER
--- a soothing ointment for the emotional bruise. Rather costly, but well worth it.
In the "snooty" places all over the country
Brewed by
THE NATIONAL BREWING CO.
of Baltimore, Md.
WE HAVE SOME GOOD MARYLAND FOOD RECIPES. IF YOU WANT A SET, A POSTAL WILL BRING IT.
DISTRIBUTORS EVERYWHERE

Famous for FOOD *and* SHOW
MIKE FRITZEL AND JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
Chicago


THE SPOON IS THE ENEMY OF THE HIGH-BALL . . .
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

Of the many places that are lenient to the Lambeth Walk, we suppose its sponsors, the St. Regis, give it the most swank. Belonging to the old school ourselves, where dancing was held one of the graceful arts, we become pretty weary of these things inspired by press agents of mass dancing teachers. The Lambeth Walk, however, is a step above the last season madness—the various juvenile fruit dances. At least the Lambeth Walk permits you to be just as undignified and still be your age. The handsome Iridium Room is still one of the town's strongholds of accepted elite. The wine list is perhaps the most extensive on this continent. For dancing there is Charles Baum and his orchestra.

Kay Kyser, who was the first to bring intelligent fun to the playing of contemporary music (we're disregarding seal imitations and old vaudeville tricks), is the magnet at the Madhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania. We suppose it is inevitable that a popular band leader becomes slightly obnoxious with the years, and so it is always a relief to watch Kyser. The Pennsylvania also makes the laudable attempt to keep their food from being standardized.

The Hampshire House rose so Phoenix-like from its ashes that most of the town has been unaware of its splendid recrudescence. Long abandoned as a seven-year monument to the Depression, it comes to life as one of the swankier, sedate residences of the non-publicized rich. But if you want to pretend you are of the Sixty Families, walk in and have a drink at the cocktail lounge, decorated handsomely by the versatile Jimmy Reynolds, he who used to do most of the stage settings of the town. And although we have always liked the Regency Period least (next to the General Grant and early McKinley), we find it a welcomed change in a hotel. At least it is handsome and noble and not just Grand Rapids. But we'd send up a prayer to Dorothy Draper, the Regency gal, a few less red roses, *please.* The dining rooms, most of them for small parties, are extraordinary. The kitchen is excellent, the wine-list can be improved, and doubtless will be under the able direction of Vincent Coyle.

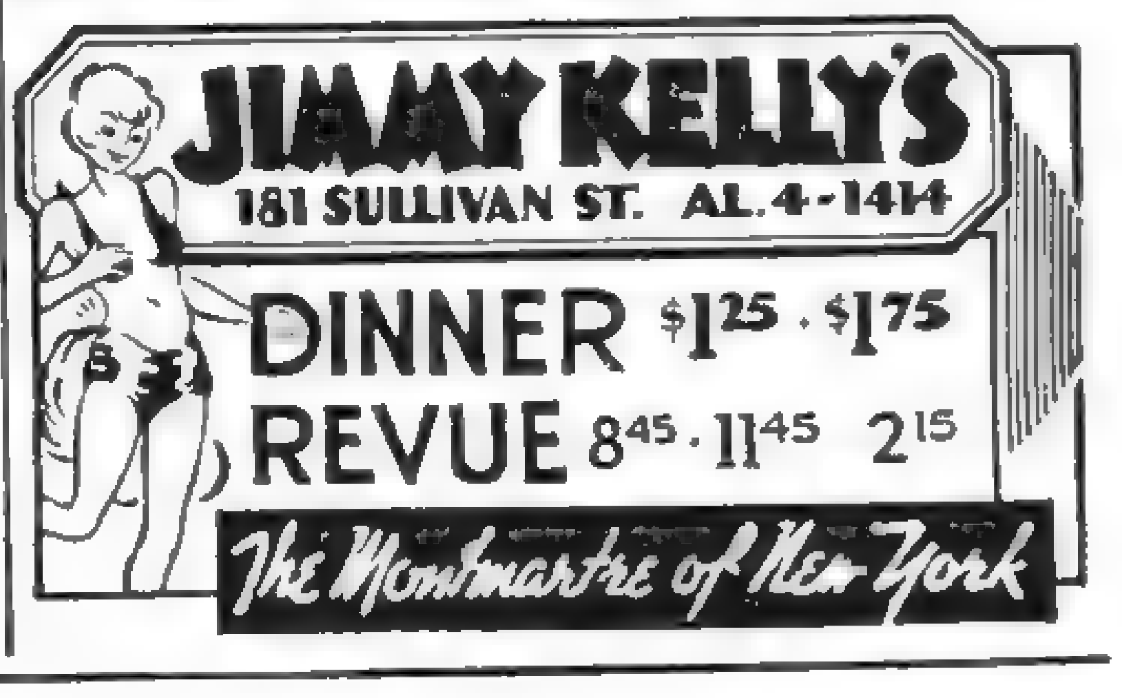
It has taken the Rainbow Room some time to become sophisticated. For a time the staid gents that ran the place thought the best band and evening dress on the customers would do the trick. Little by little they have come to the conclusion that fun is almost important to the genus Americanus. As discoverers of ball room entertainment, the Rainbow Room now ranks at the top.

We believe that Signor Dadone was right in giving up the West Side location of the famous Caviar and taking it to the parental roof—the Vendome, 18 East Forty-ninth Street. Most of those who dine on dollar caviar feel more at home on the other side of the Avenue. Under the expert Fred, the restaurant has lost none of its magic, and it still ranks up with the top six. As witness the governors (we saw two at one sitting recently) and railroad presidents that dine there constantly. Dadone has evolved a new cocktail, which takes some doing these days. It is a Byrrh Manhattan—two-thirds of the former and one-third rye, or fifty-fifty, if you prefer. Makes a nice change from sherry for the gourmet meal. Their peerless caviar, of course, should start your dinner. After that we can highly recommend guinea hen Vendome—i.e., a wild rice and mushroom sauce that is something. Let Fred suggest a dessert Maison, such as a jubilee with whatever fruits are in season. We found a Beaujolais—A Noirot-Carriere, '33, a suitable accompaniment to the meal.

A TROPICAL TREAT
FROM
Puerto Rico
86 Proof
Here is the very spirit of the tropics —delicate, fragrant Don Q Rum. Delightful in a Daiquiri and other rum cocktails.
WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*
Product of Destileria Serralles, Inc. Ponce, Puerto Rico
Your Guide to Good Liquors
Don Q Rum PUERTO RICAN
© 1938, National Distillers Prod. Corp., Import Div., N. Y. C.

DINE·DANCE ROMANCE
Hawaiian Room
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Avenue and 48th Street
NEW YORK
Charles E. Rochester, Managing Director

★
Swing to
TOMMY DORSEY
In The Redecorated
TERRACE RESTAURANT
★
HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th Street at Eighth Avenue
New York
★


JIMMY KELLY'S
181 SULLIVAN ST. AL. 4-1414
DINNER $\$1^{25}$ · $\$1^{75}$
REVUE 8^{45} · 11^{45} 2^{15}
The Montmartre of New York

For the gentleman spectator

BRITISH BROGUES

LEFT—*No. 1134, The Regent*... A British Brogue in Jarman's Gunstock Brown—a deep leather tone with essentially masculine appeal. This style has a definite place in your wardrobe. A Jarman Friendly Shoe.

CENTER—*No. 2712, The Regent*... This full British Brogue will win admiration at outdoor gatherings this Fall. The leather is light tan in a new tone that is practical for all-weather tramping. A Jarman Airflator shoe with the special cushion innersole.

RIGHT—*No. 4149, The Newmarket*...Every line of this British Brogue carries the authentic traditions of Bond Street's boot makers. Crafted in mellow imported Moor Calf in a rich, brown shade...a finishing touch of expert Jarman styling. A Jarman Custom Grade.

A HUNTING you might go...but you'll never find a more desirable winter style than these British Brogues by Jarman. Jarman leather buyers took special pride in selecting only the finest leathers to make these brogues . . . and Jarman designers worked painstakingly to see that every stitch, every perforation, came up to the same high standard you'll find in Bond Street's finest. This season's brogue colors are offered in an unusually wide range of tones to satisfy the most particular buyer. From lighter to darker browns, straight on through to black, Jarman's British Brogues are correct . . . and comfortable for in-town or countryside wear. Add a pair to your wardrobe now. $5 to $7.50. JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tenn.

GIFT PROBLEM ANSWERED!

A SMART new pair of Jarman Shoes will make an excellent Christmas gift. Why not stop by a Jarman store today? The salesman will supply you with this gay little gift certificate (in a miniature shoe box). The Gift Certificate entitles the receiver to choose any Jarman style he wishes. It's this season's wisest gift...Jarmans will please any man for many months to come.

Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

$5.00 TO $7.50 MOST STYLES

Let's make it an

– with Realsilk's Shop-at-Home

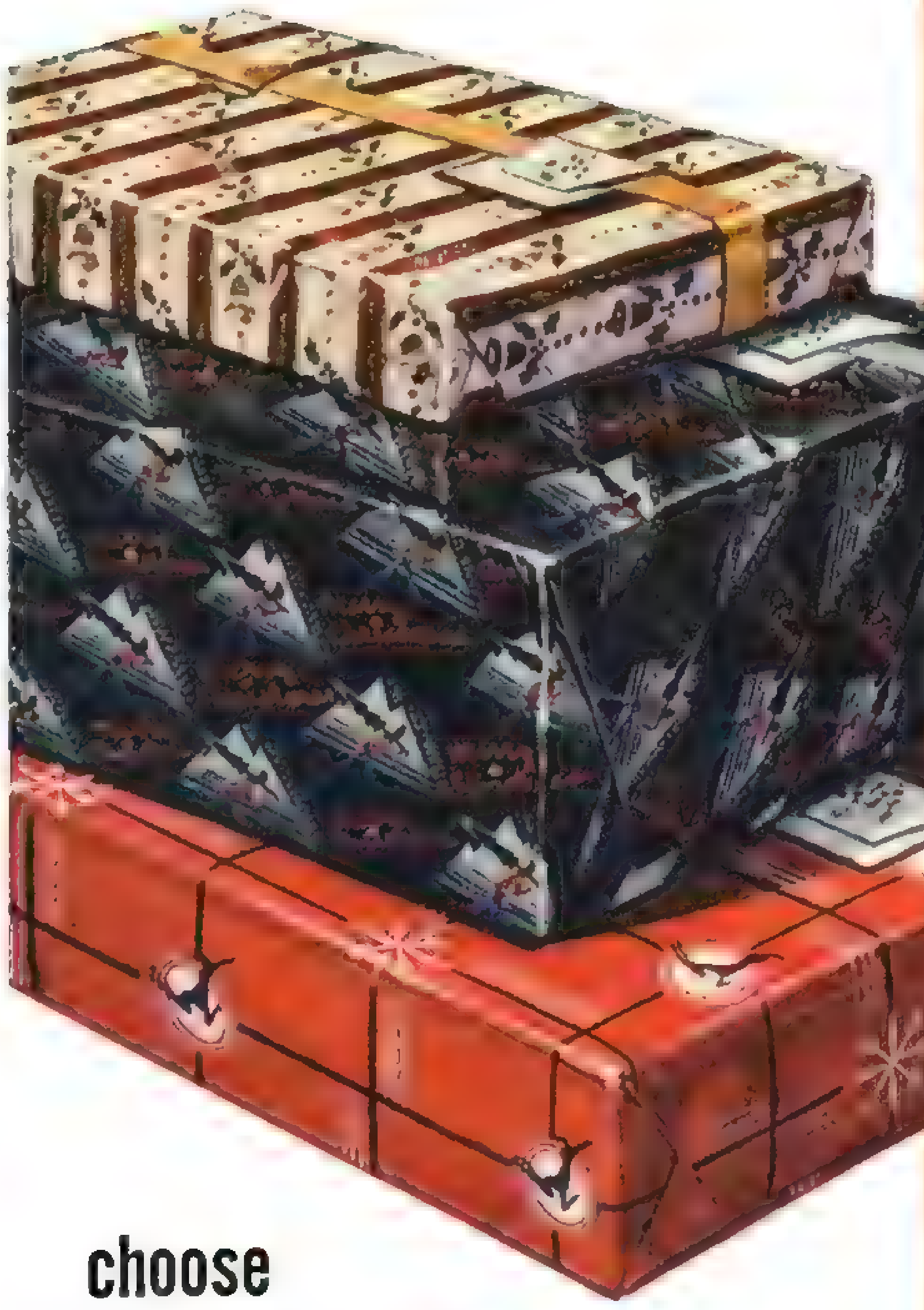
Select at home

Phone local Realsilk office. Our representative comes to you. Serenely you sit and select.

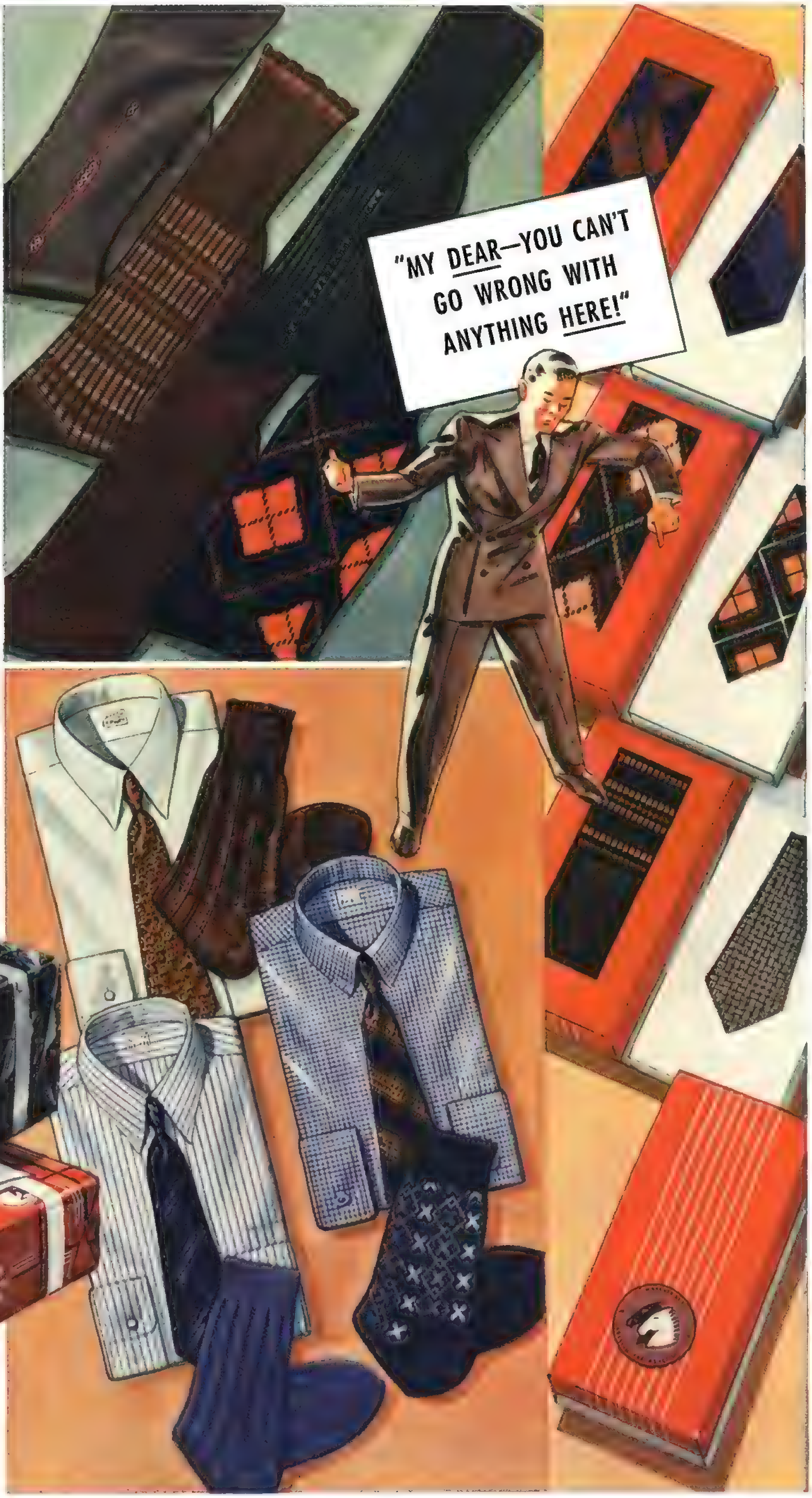
Mailed for you

If you wish, we'll mail for you, direct to recipients.

In stunning packages



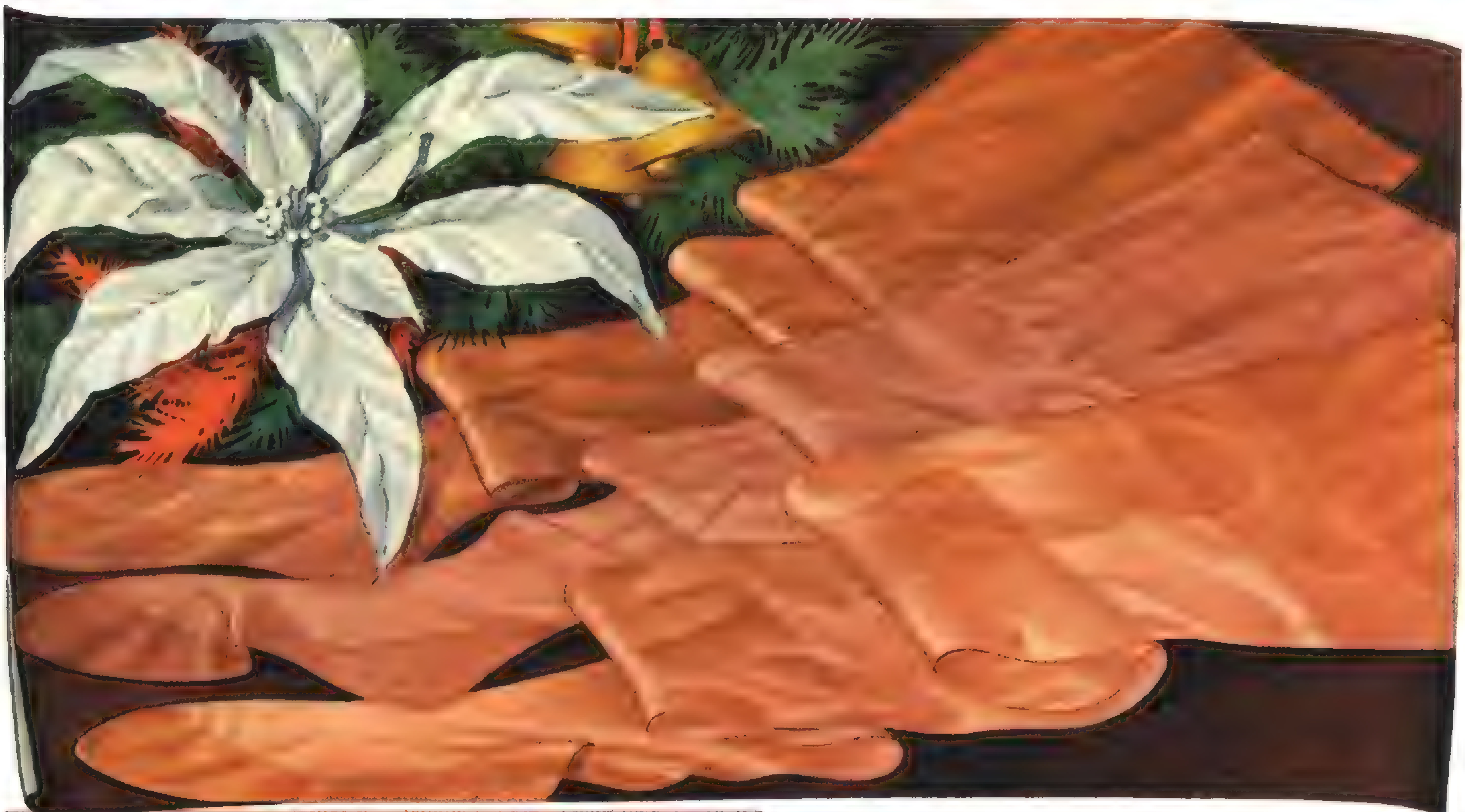
choose your wrapping—Sparkling with cellophane, set off with ribbon, Christmas-y with stickers. Choice of wrappings for any size package.

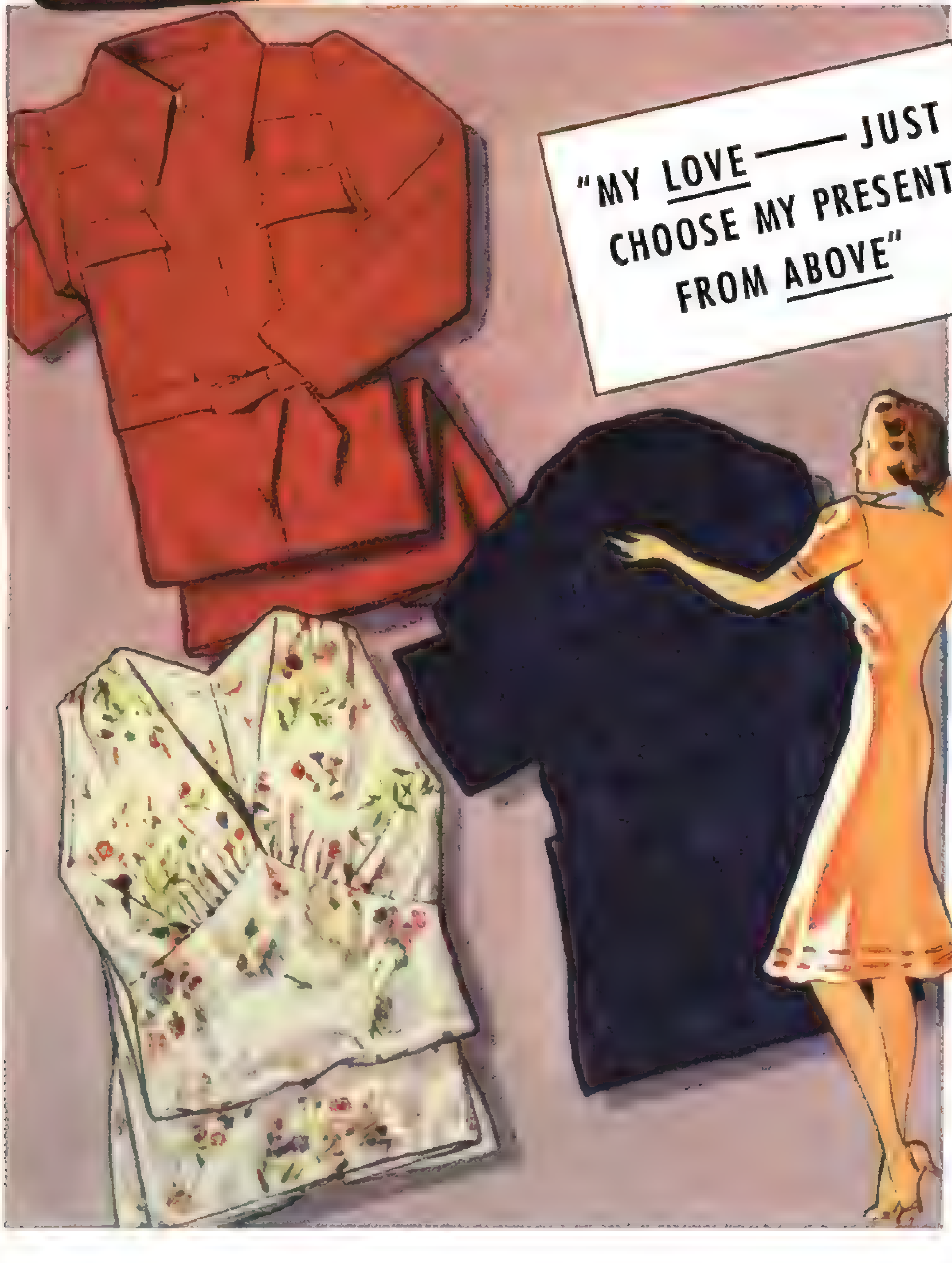


"MY DEAR—YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH ANYTHING HERE!"

Easy Christmas

Service – *Gifts for Everyone*




"MY LOVE — JUST CHOOSE MY PRESENT FROM ABOVE"

Every Male Needs Socks—and plenty! Choose all-wool "Maines," knitted especially for Realsilk in Shirley, Maine—or lisle, silks, ribs and fancy patterns.

Sure-Fire Hits—these three-way sets, perfectly harmonious in authentic color-correct combinations. A shirt to go with a tie, both to go with socks, and in all kinds of fabrics and colors.

A Good Christmas Tie-up—these new "Matched Sets" in special gift boxes; silk tie with socks to harmonize or match in silk, wool or lisle. Plenty of choices to flatter the personality of any man.

Way to a Woman's Heart—a hosiery wardrobe! Six to twelve pairs of Realsilk stockings. Sheer, sheerer and sheerest for her "occasions." Shown—Realsilk Styles 104, 200 and 251 in Praline Beige, Charmbeige, Suntone.

Intimate Gift for a Lovely Lady—this floral print rayon and satin nightgown. Tea rose or opal background. One of Realsilk's many lovely gowns.

What Woman Doesn't Want One?—house coat that zips to a smooth fit. Bright strawberry shade in washable pre-shrunk rayon. Very popular this season.

For Your List's No. 1—a smartly tailored lounging robe in heavy Jacquard Rayon Crepe. Choice of navy, wine or rose in classically simple lines.

Ties and Shirts Shown—created especially for Realsilk by famous makers.

☆ Why make Christmas *hard* for yourself? You have to give presents and you want to give right ones. Your question is, "How can I do my giving more appropriately—yet less nerve-wrackingly?" The answer is, "Ring up Realsilk! Have a Representative come right over with an entire Bag of Gifts." It's Christmas Shopping to the nth degree of ease. You sit, select, and order. At slight extra cost Realsilk handles all the other details—wrapping, enclosing cards, even mailing direct to receivers on any date you set. REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. *Branches in 200 cities.*

REAL SILK

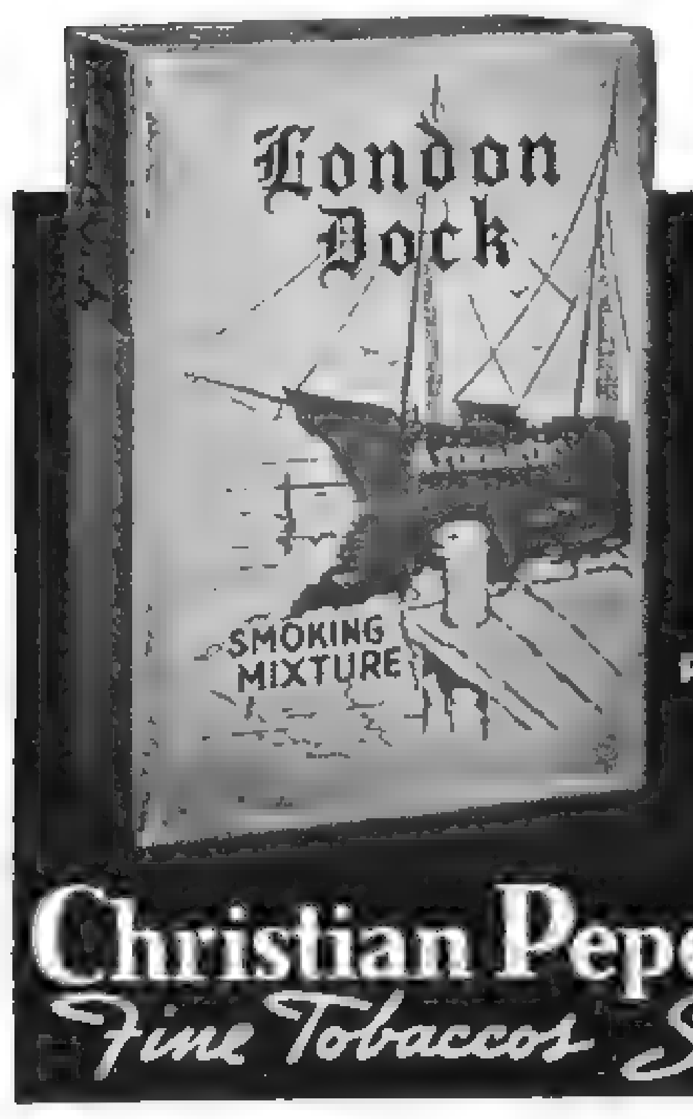
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

***Have You Tried* America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco?**

CONFIDENTIALLY — well, you can tell an appreciative friend — this town is going *aromatic* in a very large way — with tobacco, we mean. And the name London Dock keeps popping up.

Seems that among men who make pipe smoking a rite, America's finest aromatic tobacco is *the thing*—a new experience in pipe enjoyment. Slightly on the expensive side, true; but when tobacco connoisseurs give London Dock the unanimous nod of approval, you can't very well trail the pack, can you? You'll recognize London Dock by its handsome gold package—or you may want to try a sample first. 18

Send 10¢ to
128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.



Export Foil Package 40¢
POUND PACKAGE $3.00

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

The Glass Hat

Dine and dance, something doing every minute. Circular Bar. Two smooth orchestras

HOTEL
Belmont Plaza
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, New York
John H. Stember, Manager
National Hotel Management Co., Inc. • Ralph Hitz, President

WHEN THEY TALK OF famous taverns, of mutton chops and clay pipes — this is the place they mean — the one and only — the "old reliable!"

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
36th Near 6th

Ocean-Clear Lobsters
World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

That amazing city within Manhattan, known as the Waldorf-Astoria, has acres of chairs and tables walled off to suit all possible manner of tastes. It would take a city directory to list them all and our advice is, if you don't know, just go in and pick your spot. The formal Sert Room, where dress is required, has Emil Coleman and his suave musicians for the late dancers. The sleek Paul Draper will appear there now and then on his rounds of the swank supper clubs. The handsome Empire Room has been turned over to Benny Goodman and his myriad followers. The Empire Room is informal now, jitterbugs, as a rule, being lucky to have an extra turtleneck sweater. The 'Men Only' Bar is a haven for those of us who like to drink for sound reasons. Recently we dared the chef to bring something on and he obliged with crab meat, duck with orange, a marvelous egg plant au gratin and a souffle. A bottle of Chambertin '28 was an excellent accompaniment. We were surprised, though, to find such a magnificent hotel with such a meagre wine list.

We were almost ready to accept winter because it brought us the re-opening of Theodore's, 4 East 56th Street. Among the top six of this, or any other man's town, Theodore's maintains a rigid regard for the best in dining. And now blessed with a superior place on the second floor for after-theatre entertainment, it is becoming less of a specialized institution.

The Sherry-Netherland has gone in for dietetic luncheons, prepared by Doctor Estelle Hawley and graced by the personable Miss Mary Cooper. We found, on our trial, that the sponsors were much more delightful than the spinach and longed to join two irate royalists who stormed from their accustomed luncheon nook. But we must say the women go for it in a serious way: the sort, we are afraid, who got the idea too late. You may still order what you want and the mezzanine still affords our favorite view of this magic city.

Challenged by the director of the Roger-Smith, in Stamford, for mentioning only their smart cocktail lounge and not their dining room, we hasten to amend our report. They serve excellent food there, in the higher brackets. Other inns of this chain might do well if they sent some exchange professors up to the Stamford kitchen.

Your correspondent's laboratory, which is located somewhere back of the tongue, is in receipt of several things that should be reported upon. At the excellent Gripsholm Restaurant, we found a new drink popular in the northern countries—Kijafa, a variant of cherry brandy. It is on the sweet side, makes an excellent cocktail in several combinations and is a suitable cordial. . . . We have come across a National Premium Beer, which retails at a good figure. It is found in men's clubs mainly and the higher bracket places. National Premium approaches the imported Pilsener in that coveted dryness. . . . And the tea industry are rousing themselves to the possibilities of trade. Now that Sir Thomas has passed on and his yachts no longer carry the torch, something had to be done to remind the folks that tea drinking is wholesome and manly. An old city editor of ours, from Cambridge, when kidded about his tea, would reply, "British battles were won on tea." Our snappy reply was, "Except Bunker Hill." Anyway, at the many tastings and luncheons where we have met tea, cup to face, we have been pleased with Darjeeling, a superior brew. . . . Folks in quest of real back country Virginia ham might get in touch with Mrs. G. C. Golladay at the Traveller's Rest Hotel, Scottsville, Virginia. The superb hams are sent you already cooked, upon order. Her sweet watermelon pickles are also something to eat and admire.

THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO
AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

EMILE PETTI
and his Cosmopolitans
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVE., 58th to 59th Sts., NEW YORK

2 DIFFERENT REVUES NIGHTLY
"PLAISIRS DE PARIS" AT DINNER
Directed by Clifford C. Fischer
AT SUPPER "MONTMARTRE A MINUIT"
INTERNATIONAL Casino
TIMES SQUARE AT 45TH
TEL CHICKERING 4-2344

LUNCHEON
DINNER
SUPPER
•
GEORGE STERNEY'S ORCHESTRA
TISDALE'S TRIO
LE COQ ROUGE 65 EAST 56th ST.
PLAZA 3-8887

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN" AND SPECIAL SALAD
Finest vintage wines and liqueurs.
17 EAST 45 ST. VAnderbilt 3-9011

100 PROOF
OLD
Mr. BOSTON
OLD
Mr.BOSTON
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
"as smooth as old brandy"
Old MR·BOSTON
BRAND
ROCKING CHAIR
Blended Whiskey
As smooth and as comforting as an old rocking chair

"I add my 3 Cheers to the Happy Holidays!"

SAYS OLD MR. BOSTON

"Now that the holidays are just around the corner...now that the bewhiskered gentleman from the North is impatiently marking the days off his calendar...it's high time to think about gifts!

"Let's see...there's Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's—the brightest days of the year—when festivity and warm hospitality glow in every home throughout the land. So may I suggest, gentlemen, something universally cheering and in perfect keeping with the holiday spirit...*these three fine Old Mr. Boston liquors.*

A TYPICAL HOLIDAY PARTY IN OLD BOSTON, YEAR 1783

"There's my *robust, rich* 100-proof Bourbon Whiskey with the aristocratic flavor that delights the heart of a connoisseur... my delicately-flavored Dry Gin, truly a masterpiece of *aroma* and *taste*...and last, but not least, my Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey, with all the *true homespun smoothness* you probably thought was lost forever."

Take Mr. Boston to the Party

"You can be truly proud to serve or to give anything that bears the name Old Mr. Boston —for I am known everywhere as a purveyor of good cheer and friendly hospitality. You show good taste, *excellent taste,* when you 'Take Mr. Boston to the Party'—for my liquors reveal the unseen touch of perfect skill, perfect care. So heed my timely advice and check your holiday gift list against these three superb liquors, *now!* A Merry Christmas, gentlemen, and the happiest of New Years to you, one and all!"

(*Left*) **MR. BOSTON STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY** A true aristocrat with the authority of a full 100-proof whiskey. Its "round" taste will captivate you. Also *Mr. Boston Straight Rye Whiskey*—a full 100-proof Rye, of incomparable smoothness.

(*Center*) **OLD MR. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN**—Not 1 or 2, but 17 rare flavors give this Dry Gin its superb bouquet and flavor. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits, 90-proof. Also *Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin,* 70-proof; and *Orange* and *Mint Flavored Gins,* 80-proof.

(*Right*) **ROCKING CHAIR BLENDED WHISKEY**—Named after the skippers who "rocked" their whiskeys to perfection—each sip of Mr. Boston's Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey reveals a forgotten taste and smoothness. Contains 66⅔% grain neutral spirits, 90-proof.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors

BEN-BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Reader Confidence

IS THE FOUNDATION OF ADVERTISING VALUES

The foundry of The Chicago Daily News, where the curved stereotype plates are cast and sent to the presses to be locked into their places for printing.

IT has been the distinction of The Chicago Daily News, in its sixty-two years of life, to have earned both the sustained attention and the confidence of its large audience of readers . . . and earned them with nothing more spectacular than Character.

Newspapers are as human as the men and women they serve. And those that really serve have more than personality . . . they have the characteristics that weather well. To them, the law of service is the law of success. News columns that are accurate, editorials fair and sincere, features that are wholesome, and advertising standards that are high are prime requisites for the winning of enduring reader confidence. And reader confidence alone is the true foundation of all advertising values.

"It is the law of human progress that the person who values the decencies of life, who loves truth and detests false pretenses and demoralizing sensationalism is one who is making or has made a place for himself in the world of action through industry applied in the light of sound judgment. Consequently his buying power is considerable, and so he—and others like him—attract the advertiser to the newspaper that enters his well-ordered home."*

Significantly, The Chicago Daily News has *greater* Home Coverage and reaches *more* Able-to-Buy families than any other daily newspaper in Chicago. Its Home Coverage circulation parallels Chicago's buying power. Advertisers, as a result, have placed *more* Total Display and *more* Retail linage in The Chicago Daily News than in any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday, *as far back as the records go.*†

**From "You and Your Newspaper," by Charles H. Dennis in The Chicago Daily News, September 2, 1938.*

† Sources: Advertising Record Co., Media Records, Inc.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

■

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street,* CHICAGO
NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* • DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building* • SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

Topflight DOBBS Gamebird

MASTERY of the fine art of hatmaking meets the eye in every detail of DOBBS Gamebird mixtures. There is handsome, wholesome ruggedness in the texture—attractive glints of woodsy plumage in the colorings. Note particularly how the new Panel Edge, a smart new style feature in its own right, also serves a highly practical purpose. It holds the brim in shape, regardless of the contour of the head that wears it.

With Panel Edge $7.50 and $8.50
With Famous Cavanagh Edge—$10.00

Dobbs

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS

Representatives in Fine Stores Everywhere

711 FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

● *Meet* FRANK G ——, *veteran needler. He started as an apprentice 46 years ago—has been with Hart Schaffner & Marx for 32 years. He says:—The new Fall Bench Made Fifty suits are tailored of some of . . .*

THE FINEST FABRICS THESE OLD HANDS HAVE FELT IN 46 YEARS

"In my time, I've handled a good many thousands of yards of cloth, but I've never worked with any fabrics superior to the ones in our group of Bench Made Fifty suits this year."

When an expert like this makes such a statement, you can be dead sure he's right! For these truly fine materials have real body to them, real character; and most important they "take" fine needling—show the results of careful tailoring. You, yourself, will be able to tell the second you feel these fabrics, that they've been loomed from some of the finest wools in the world.

The Fall, 1938, Bench Made Fifty suits are ready for you, today, at the Hart Schaffner & Marx store in your town. Stop in and inspect them. Finger their superb fabrics. Slip into one of the coats—you'll agree that these finer materials give you more of what you want in a suit—smarter style, better fit, trimmer appearance and longer wear.

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

Bench Made Fifty is a feature of the Hart Schaffner & Marx Parade of the WOOLEN Soldiers

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

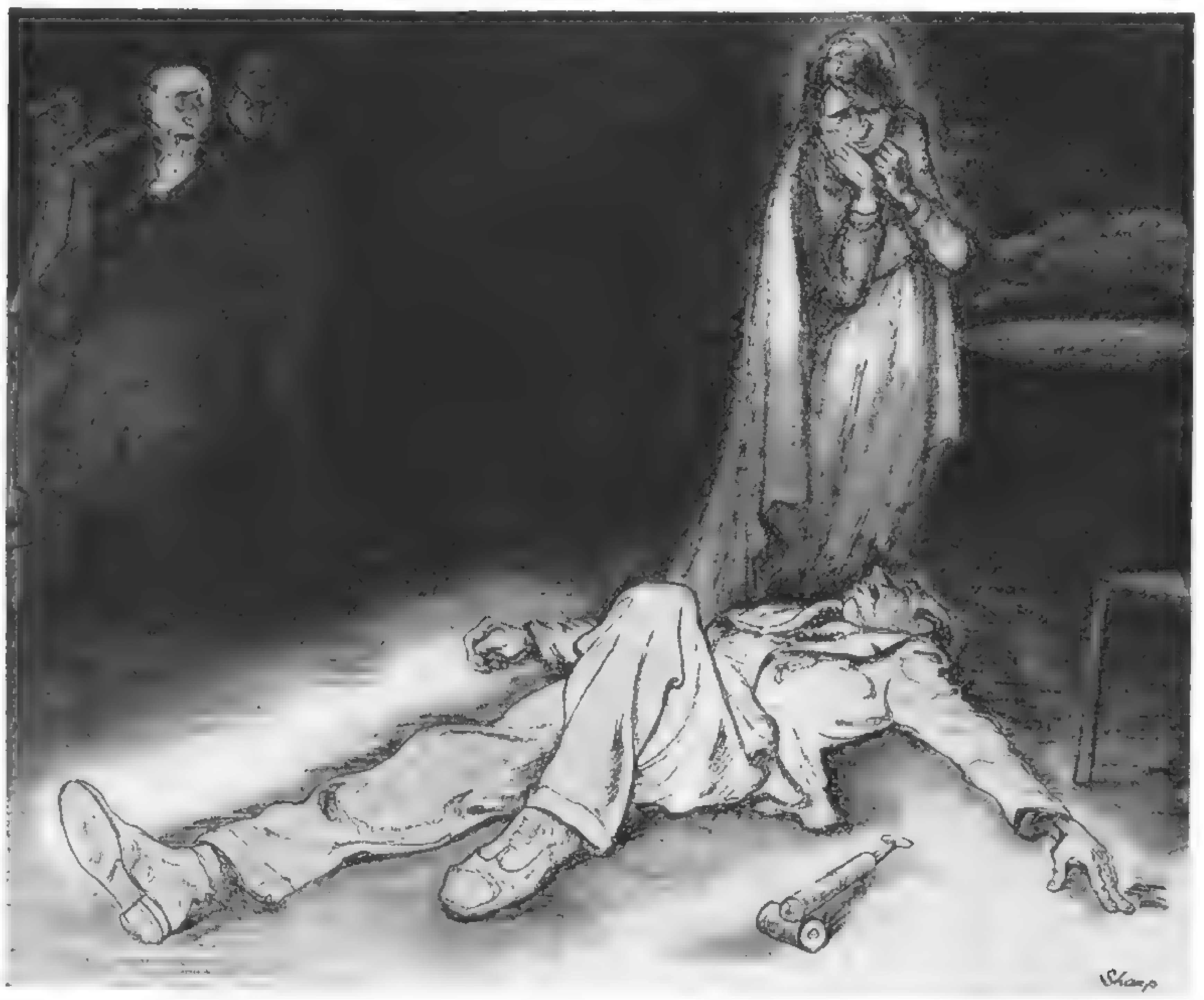
The Butterfly and the Tank

The flit gun man seemed to forget it was wartime, that people were under a strain and it was no time for joking

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

▪ FICTION ▪

On this evening I was walking home from the censorship office to the Florida Hotel and it was raining. So about halfway home I got sick of the rain and stopped into Chicote's for a quick one. It was the second winter of shelling in the siege of Madrid and everything was short including tobacco and people's tempers and you were a little hungry all the time and would become suddenly and unreasonably irritated at things you could do nothing about such as the weather. I should have gone on home. It was only five blocks more, but when I saw Chicote's doorway I thought I would get a quick one and then do those six blocks up the Gran Via through the mud and rubble of the streets broken by the bombardment.



The place was crowded. You couldn't get near the bar and all the tables were full. It was full of smoke, singing, men in uniform, and the smell of wet leather coats, and they were handing drinks over a crowd that was three deep at the bar.

A waiter I knew found a chair from another table and I sat down with a thin, white-faced, Adam's-appled German I knew who was working at the censorship and two other people I did not know. The table was in the middle of the room a little on your right as you go in.

You couldn't hear yourself talk for the singing and I ordered a gin and angostura and put it down against the rain. The place was really packed and everybody was very jolly; maybe getting just a little bit too jolly from the newly made Catalan liquor most of them were drinking. A couple of people I did not know slapped me on the back and when the girl at our table said something to me, I couldn't hear it and said, "Sure."

She was pretty terrible looking now I had stopped looking around and was looking at our table; really pretty terrible. But it turned out, when the waiter came, that what she had asked me was to have a drink. The fellow with her was not very forceful looking but she was forceful enough for both of them. She had one of those strong, semi-classical faces and was built like a lion tamer; and the boy with her looked as though he ought to be wearing an old school tie. He wasn't though. He was wearing a leather coat just like all the rest of us. Only it wasn't wet because they had been there since before the rain started. She had on a leather coat too and it was becoming to the sort of face she had.

By this time I was wishing I had not stopped into Chicote's but had gone straight on home where you could change your clothes and be dry and have a drink in comfort on the bed with your feet up, and I was tired of looking at both of these young people. Life is very short and ugly women are very long and sitting there at the table I decided that even though I was a writer and supposed to have an insatiable curiosity about all sorts of people, I did not really care to know whether these two were married, or what they saw in each other, or what their politics were, or whether he had a little money, or she had a little money, or anything about them. I decided they must be in the radio. Any time you saw really strange looking civilians in Madrid they were always in the radio. So to say something I raised my voice above the noise and asked, "You in the radio?"

"We are," the girl said. So that was that. They were in the radio.

"How are you comrade?" I said to the German.

"Fine. And you?"

"Wet," I said, and he laughed with his head on one side.

"You haven't got a cigarette?" he asked. I handed him my next to the last pack of cigarettes and he took two. The forceful girl took two and the young man with the old school tie face took one.

"Take another," I shouted.

"No thanks," he answered and the German took it instead.

"Do you mind?" he smiled.

"Of course not," I said. I really minded and he knew it. But he wanted the cigarettes so badly that it did not matter. The singing had died down momentarily, or there was a break in it as there is sometimes in a storm, and we could all hear what we said.

"You been here long?" the forceful girl asked me. She pronounced it bean as in bean soup.

"Off and on," I said.

"We must have a serious talk," the German said. "I want to have a talk with you. When can we have it?"

"I'll call you up," I said. This German was a very strange German indeed and none of the good Germans liked him. He lived under the delusion that he could play the piano, but if you kept him away from pianos he was all right unless he was exposed to liquor, or the opportunity to gossip, and nobody had even been able to keep him away from those two things yet.

Gossip was the best thing he did and he always knew something new and highly discreditable about anyone you could mention in Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, and other political centers.

Just then the singing really started in again, and you cannot gossip very well shouting, so it looked like a dull afternoon at Chicote's and I decided to leave as soon as I should have bought a round myself.

Just then it started. A civilian in a brown suit, a white shirt, black tie, his hair brushed straight back from a rather high forehead, who had been clowning around from table to table, squirted one of the waiters with a flit gun. Everybody laughed except the waiter who was carrying a tray full of drinks at the time. He was indignant.

"*No hay derecho*," the waiter said. This means, "You have no right to do that," and is the simplest and the strongest protest in Spain.

The flit gun man, delighted with his success, and not seeming to give any importance to the fact that it was well into the second year of the war, that he was in a city under siege where everyone was under a strain, and that he was one of only four men in

Continued in center of page 186

An Adventurer Retires

Outside the movies, a soldier of fortune is a military prostitute, without honor, security or friends

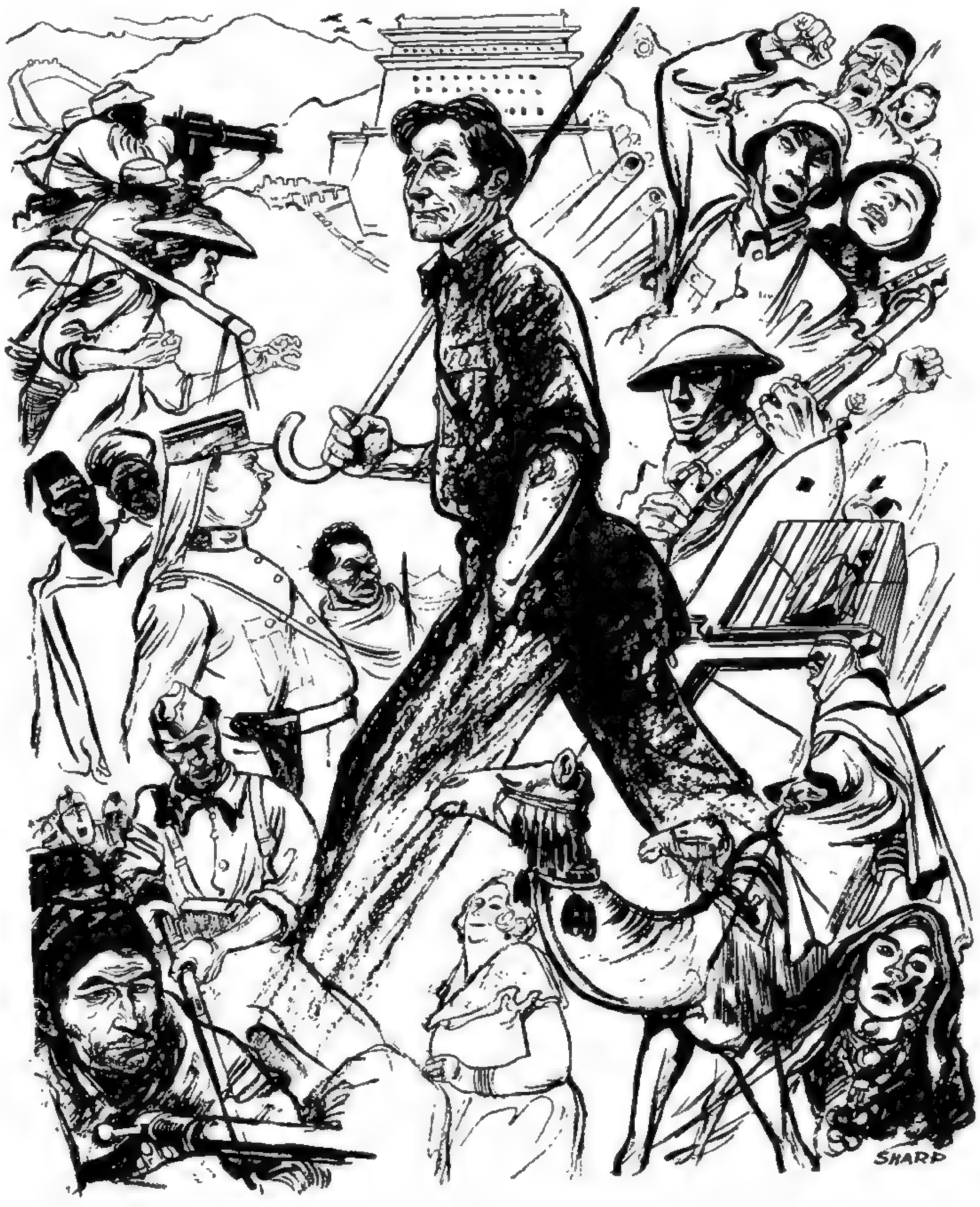
by HILAIRE DU BERRIER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The people who publish *Adventure Magazine* and write the scenarios for Gary Cooper's films, may Allah spit on their upturned faces as they pray.

To you who sigh while Ronald Colman leads a cavalry charge across some foreign plain or swaggers, uniformed, through a market place where the camels wear bells and a muezzin comes out on a minaret calling true believers to their prayers, I'll tell you something:

Ronald and Gary get paid for acting that stuff but adventurers get in trouble for doing it.



Messrs. Cooper and Colman and Gable show you the end as it isn't, and when his day's work is over Mr. Colman leaves the "papier-mâché" setting that represents the bombed town we were in or the port where we had fever.

He washes his make-up off and goes back to a fine home in Beverly Hills and wonders whether to toss off a cocktail alone or spend another buck and invite someone to have one with him.

That's adventure as it ought to be, but I'll tell you something about it as it is; it's learning to speak ten languages but to say: "I am happy," in none of them.

It's having every meal come as a pleasant surprise. It's loneliness and worry and a lousy life. It's ending up in cursed little ports of heat with a fever and beard and ragged shoes and no money.

When you had money you threw it away on anyone that would have a drink with you, and when you haven't there's no one around to say: "Come on, old horse, and sit down."

The end of most every adventure is in some port that you can't get out of, in a room that you can't pay the rent on, looking at a book of pictures and a couple of medals, and using Black Flag for talcum powder.

I used to think adventure was being a dashing young man with a grin on his face who rode through life, figuratively speaking, singing a song and throwing a sword in the air. I thought it was following armies into a captured town and looking on workaday men as crusaders looked on a peasant.

Also I thought it was whispers and moonlight and green palm trees and blue seas and dark places and promises and one woman whose eyes would sparkle like the flash of sunlight on bayonets, but it wasn't.

Adventure is waiting in some God-awful land for a Negro or a Chinaman or a Rumanian to get ready to see you and then waiting for your pay or your contract or a battle or a chance to get out.

The one thing in a war you never learn is the joy of sacking a captured town, or marching in with the drums rolling and tanks roaring up and down the streets, because if there's a chance of capturing any towns it's a certainty they won't be hiring you.

Your only experience along that line will be taking a last look at some place you've become attached to and smashing everything you can't take with you before you pull out.

Every town you leave that way you'll look back at and remark that it never looked beautiful before and you'll never get a chance to look at it again. In a few days the retreat will become a rout and when the show is over you'll never dare come back.

Aside from a few men like himself a soldier of fortune has no friends. When they leave a war the group scatters to live as best they can till they meet at the next one, maybe on the same side and maybe not.

Other men talk "shop" when they get together, and a soldier of fortune can't talk their shop; he's a rank outsider.

American consuls and respectable workaday citizens despise him. Never tell them you knew Wehib Pasha when he was pushing Graziani back down along the Webbi-Shebelli or that you have seen all those ports on the posters of where ships go.

They think you haven't any right to have been there and will hate you for having cheated them, or else they'll call you a bloody liar and say "Adventurer" in a different tone than they reserve for Ronald Colman and Errol Flynn.

There is a story about an American who was captured and condemned to be shot in South America, so he sent for his consul and said: "For God's sake do something; telephone Washington, cable the President—do something for me!" And the consul said: "Now, see here, old chap; what do you want to bother the State Department about this for?"

Don't let anyone tell you women are romantic and will be won by the stories you bring back from the far places. Security is the only State adventurers never know and that's the only one women want to live in.

When I close my eyes I think of that sweltering cargo boat plowing through heat and the Red Sea on the way to Abyssinia.

Frenchmen, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, a Pole, some Swiss, a couple of Negroes, and God only knows what else were off with high spirits to where the papers said a war was going to be. They were the merriest bunch of fighting, spitting, swearing, drinking, bottle-smashing cutthroats a man could meet.

A bearded French colonial spit contemptuously at a fish and said: "A whole shipload going to Abyssinia and not a lifeboat full will come back," but no one gave a damn. Every man thought he was going to be in the lifeboat and what might happen to the others didn't matter.

Two men died on the way—*mais tant pis;* —someone has to die.

In Abyssinia we ate eggs that smelled and drank milk from a cow that was sick. Our cook boy had syphilis and when we lifted

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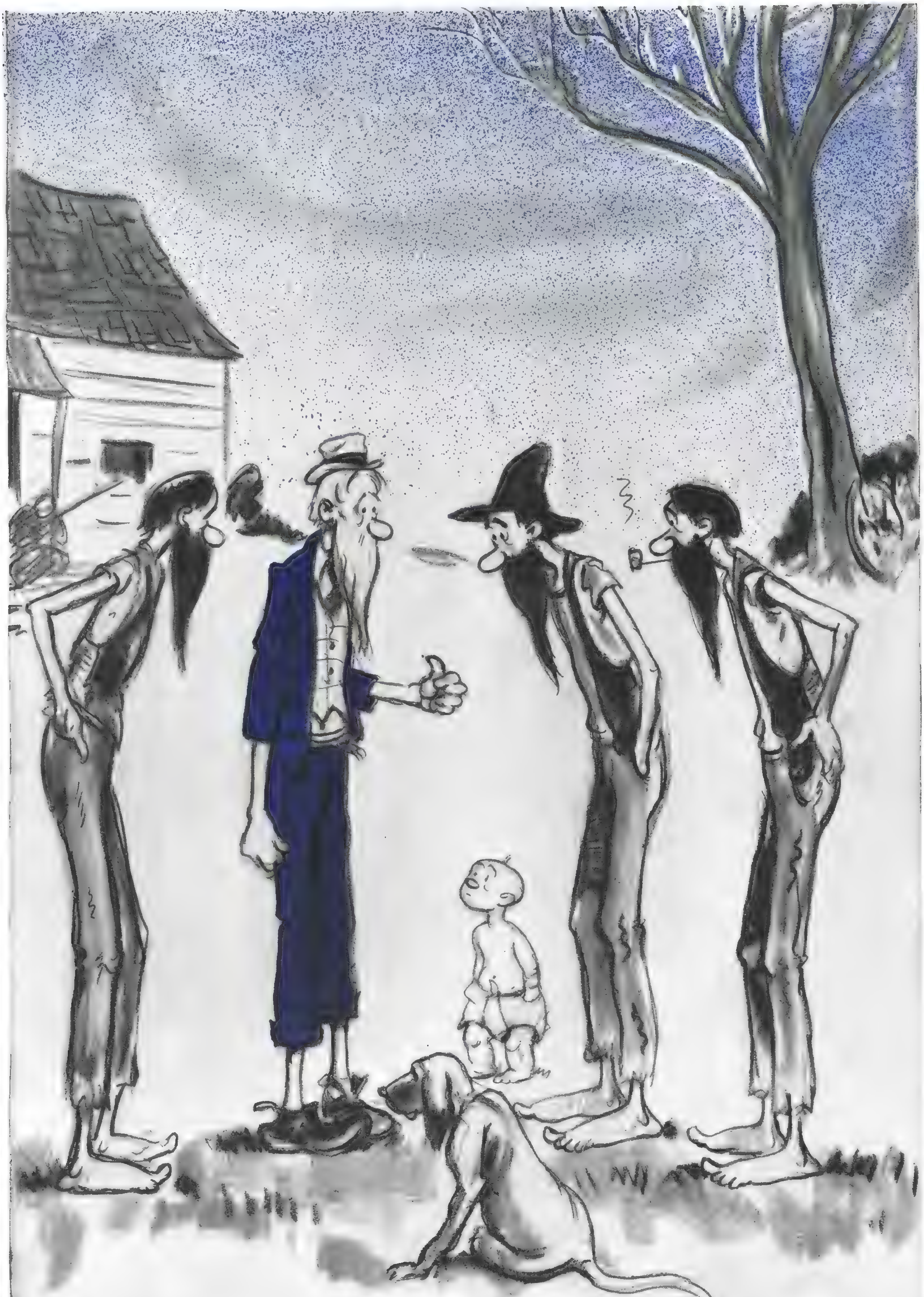

*"Gran'maw ketched another revenuer snoopin' 'round the still this mornin'—
Dammit Ah wish she'd ketch one mah size sometime"*

It Was Easy In Those Days

Of an Alger hero who went berserk, gambled on the horses, and didn't give a care if he drank all night

by COL. CLIFFORD HARMON

• ARTICLE •

TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

A FORTNIGHT after my father died, I knocked at the door of the top floor of a boarding house in Cincinnati.

"Come in," my brother Elmer answered sulkily in answer to my knock.

I turned the handle and went in. Elmer was lying in bed. He sat up and stared when he saw his young brother, complete with a valise in his hand, and evidently prepared to stay a while.

"You can stay overnight," he said, "but you can't eat here. I can't pay my bill and that darned landlady has decided I won't eat until I do."

The outlook was not very encouraging.

"It's a hopeless town," Elmer continued. "You can starve to death, as far as they care."

As I had to scare up my own breakfast, I was up early. Elmer continued his lamentations as I dressed.

"I haven't been able to scare up any kind of job."

I walked to the window to think over my first move. Next door I noticed that there was a dead tree standing in front of the house.

"I'll be back later," I said and went out.

"Would you like to have a nice maple tree to replace your dead one?" I was asking the lady of the house a few minutes later.

"How much?" she asked me.

"Two dollars and a half," I replied with assurance, not having any idea of the value of trees.

"All right," she replied.

"Could I have something on account?" I asked.

"You look like an honest boy," she replied and gave me the whole two dollars and half.

I went right down the street, all around the neighborhood, on the watch for bare corners or dead trees, with the same success. Two hours later I re-entered my brother's room, threw twenty-five dollars on the bed and showed him a hundred dollars' worth of orders.

"You're crazy," Elmer exclaimed, "you can't buy those trees for $2.50 apiece. I've tried my hand as nursery salesman and I know."

Where was I to get the trees, I asked myself. Maple trees I must have if I was not to pay back all the money I had collected, but evidently Elmer knew what he was talking about.

The only possibility of raising money in a hurry that occurred to me was my father's Aunt Hannah who lived in Bethel, Ohio, about thirty miles away. I decided to go up to see her.

I told my great-aunt my dilemma.

"We have hundreds of maple trees of second growth out on the farm near town. You can have as many as you wish and glad to get rid of them."

I went to the farm and sure enough, there were hundreds of maple trees of second growth. So I went back to Cincinnati, kept on selling trees for two months and had several hundred dollars' worth sold. Then I went back to Bethel, to the farm, selected the trees. Then arose the question of how I was going to dig and transport them.

There were farms scattered all about and plenty of young fellows of my age. So I sent them word that there was going to be a tree digging contest, with a barn dance and free cider.

When they came, and their girls too, a fiddler was scraping away and the cider was flowing. The spades were soon furiously at work, and by the next night we had loaded a freight car with young maples. I paid the expenses of all of them to Cincinnati next day, we planted the trees and I collected the rest of the money.

Elmer and I were now once more in good standing in the boarding house and our young imaginations saw fortunes in everything.

We decided that the game best suited to our talents was real estate booming. I told Elmer how I had seen the game worked in Birmingham and Knoxville.

We hired a little office in the Johnson Building and bought a small piece of land at Branch Hill, twenty miles up the Miami River. We made the first payment with the tree money, and with the aid of a small boy I staked off two hundred eleven lots, each with twenty-five-foot frontage and one hundred twenty-five feet deep.

Near-by was the Loveland Negro camp meeting so I went to it and lured a small group over to see the new town-site.

"Two dollars down and twenty-five cents a week, and you have a twenty-five-dollar lot right away, on the main street," I exhorted them.

I worked hard at selling those lots and sold them all. One day I heard an old Negress saying to another, "Mrs. Johnson, I lives on First Street. Where youse going live?"

With the first payments we bought another and bigger piece of land seventeen miles from Cincinnati, on the road to Lebanon, and named it Hazelwood. There were three hundred three lots. By personal soliciting we sold it off, and within the next few weeks we had laid out and sold off an addition.

By this time our money was tied up in future installment payments and we had no patience to wait for it. We cogitated on how we could raise some capital and finally decided to offer a partnership in the firm to an

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Silver King

by KENNETH C. KAUFMAN

DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

The outlaw's guns were at his feet,
His hands were lifted high,
The sheriff's posse hemmed his camp,
The sheriff was standing by.

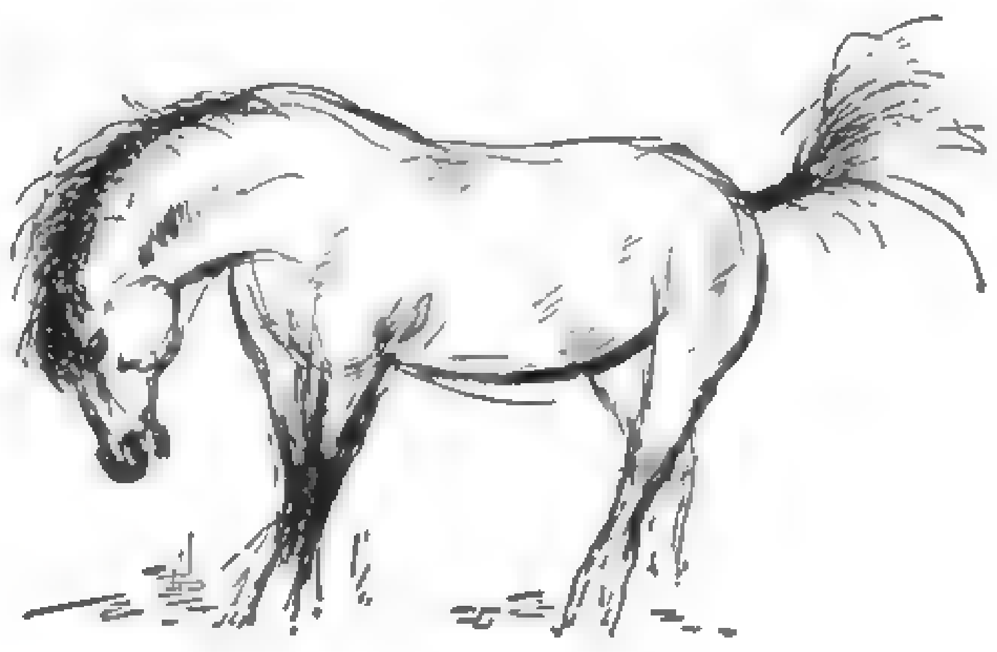
"We have caught the bird, but without his hoss,
He's a bird without a wing.
Where is your gray hoss, Salty?
Where is your Silver King?"

The outlaw looked him in the eye,
Then he whistled loud and clear;
And a chuckling neigh made answer,
"Silver King is here."

The sunrise painted the stallion
White fire on the canyon rim;
There was never a heart of the sheriff's men
But ached with the love of him.

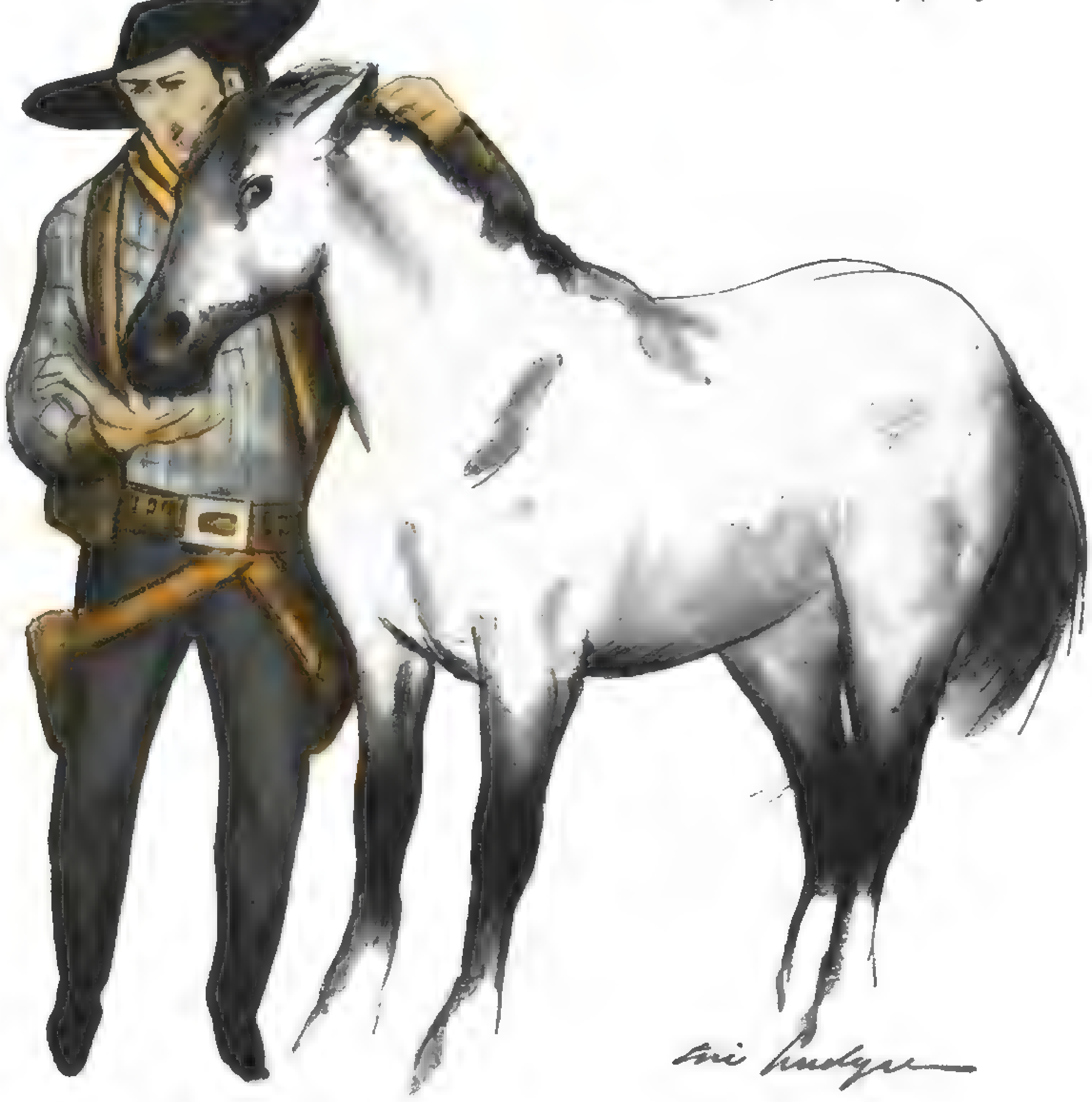
Many a time in the foothills
Over boulders and logs
He had played with the horses of the law
As a gray fox plays the dogs.

Many a time when the trap was laid
He had wheeled as a gray hawk wheels,
And the furious deputies, spurring hard,
Had eaten the dust of his heels.



He swung from the cliff like a panther—
It was the outlaw's boast
That Silver King could run at need
As silent as a ghost.

He laid his velvet muzzle
Against his master's breast,
He felt the hand he loved so well
Twined in his silver crest.

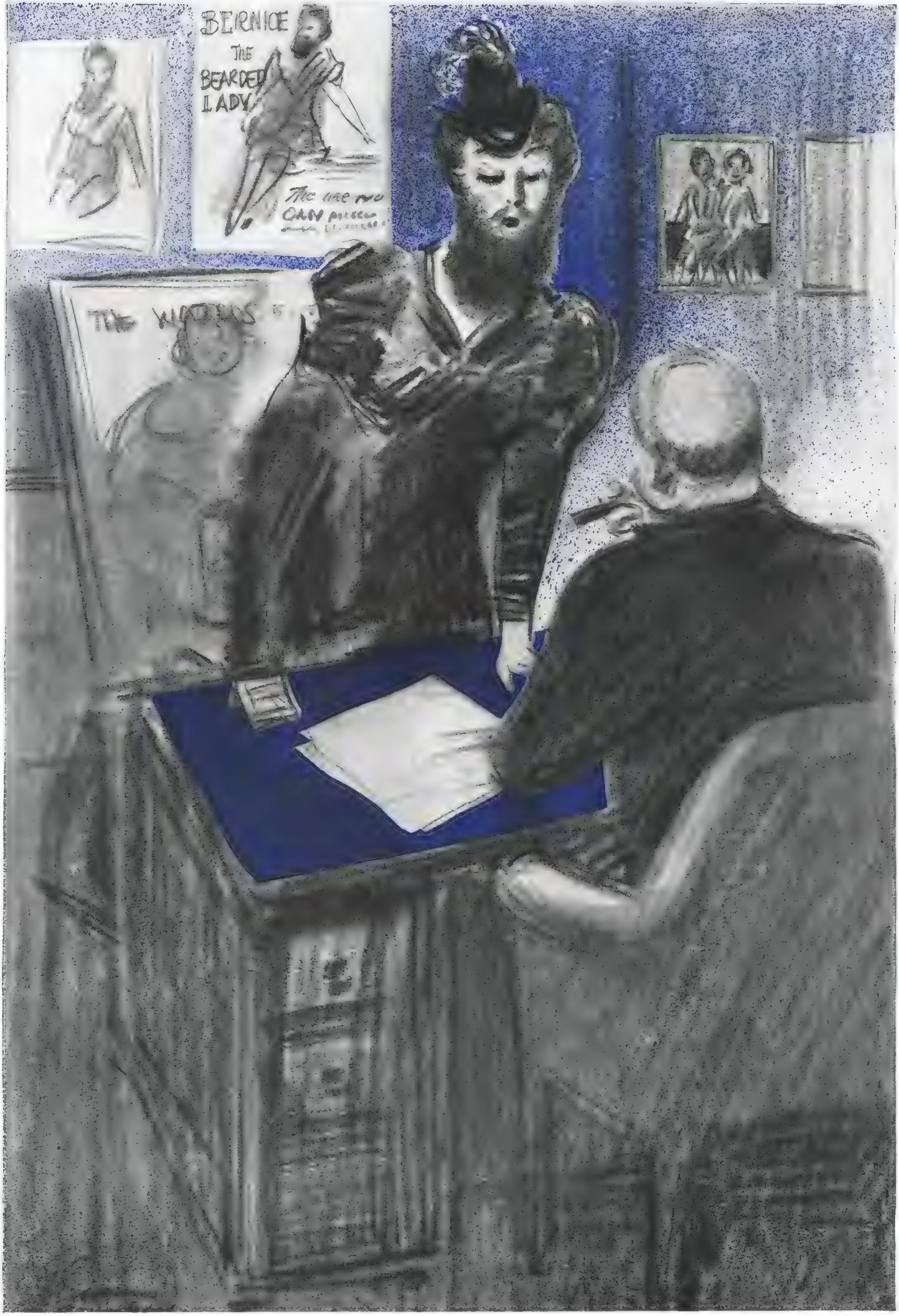


The outlaw saw the gloating look
In the sheriff's fishy eye.
He drew a derringer from his boot:
"Goodby, ole hoss, goodby."

His aim was true, the great horse fell
Without a shudder.
The sheriff gritted his teeth and swore,
"By God, men, that's murder."

But before the stallion struck the ground,
Before the sheriff spoke,
The ready guns of the possemen
Bloomed into a wreath of smoke.

They shot the outlaw half in two
But before he died:
"We're breakin' a trail, my hoss and me,
There's none of ye dares to ride."


BERNICE
THE
BEARDED
LADY

"I'm quitting. I just received an offer to play football with the House of David"

The Dark Wanderer

His face was strangely revolting, yet when you looked at his weary eyes you could not turn him away

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

Tonight, tonight so many hearts will throb so gaily and so many memories will unfold and show again a sparkling luster almost forgotten. And the memories of those we have known and spoken to, those whose lips have touched wine in our presence and issued words of cheer, the good wishes, hearty toasts, whose hands we have pressed warmly on this day . . . Always on this day—when light falls, tonight again. And yesterday seemed only last Christmas and there was one before that and each year one, one, one, only one; pulsing, beating, tapping one, one, only one, throbbing, beating gaily, hearts filled to overflowing, as today in a few hours all will smile and call: "Merry Christmas."

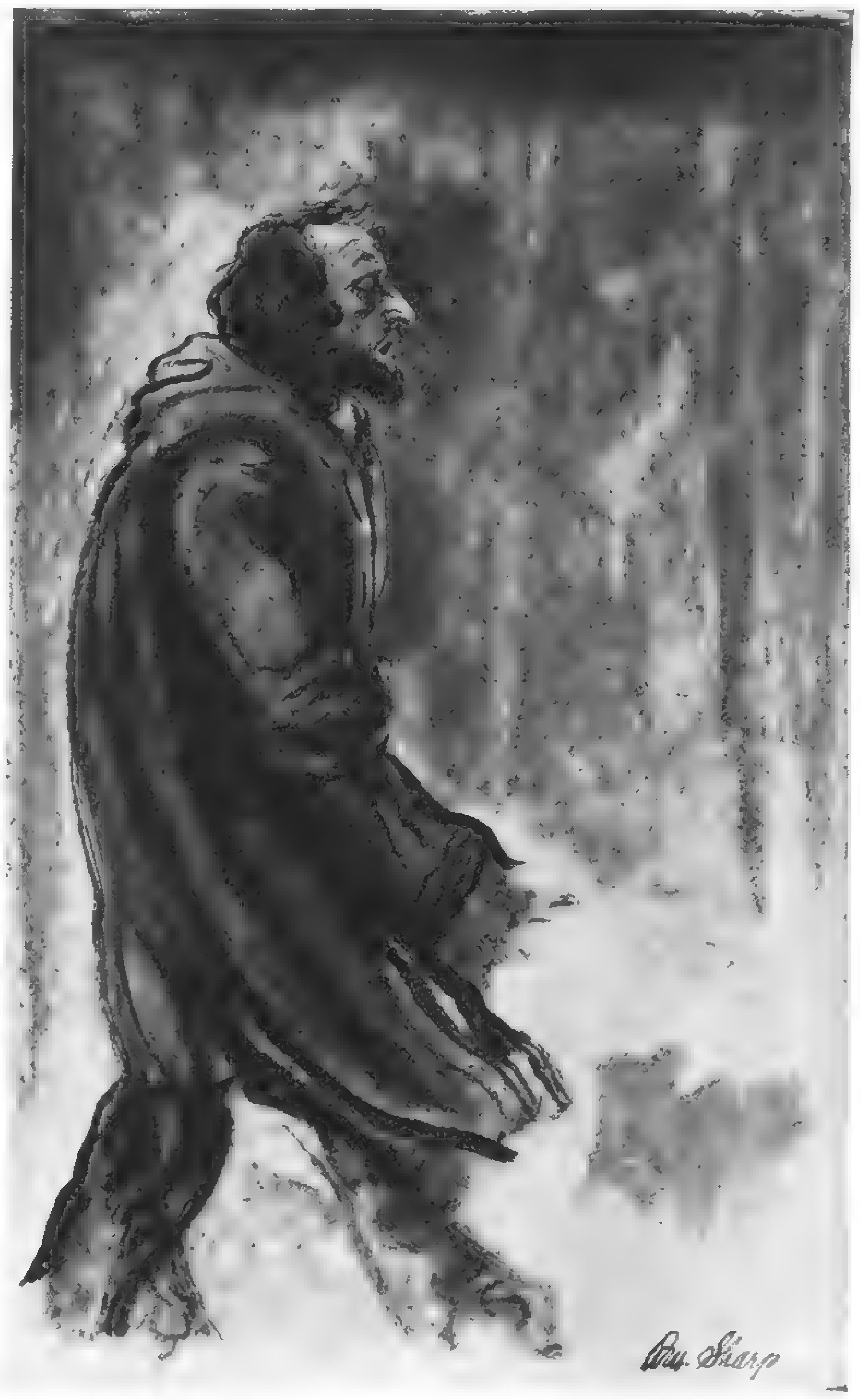
And how many who have toasted us with their eyes and lips are now cold in their graves? Their lips are sealed and can never open again to call out that word of cheer. Only in spirit will they be with us and we must pause for a moment to give that silent toast for all the departed, for all who are unable to be with us on this one time—the eve. A secret toast for those smiling faces and sparkling eyes that no longer shine; for those we have known so dearly and also those we have not known at all except through legend, by words spoken and passed down from lips to lips from generation to generation. These too are memories that unfold their silken legendary webs in the soft light of this—the eve.

How many at this moment are hurrying to reach a place where they will join loved ones, to reach that place where each year once . . . Travelers on the roads of the world in so many lands of the Western Hemisphere and many many in countries East under clear starry skies, travelers all going in different directions to the same place, the warm fireside of a home, where warm hearts and those whom they love are smiling. And the children too, with high chirping voices, gay with excitement, they also are here. Yes here, even here in this humble place, my own, held together by a few rusty nails, by my own hands, by the affection and love of my sweet wife and our little boy. Yes, even here, where so long things have been dreary, hard, difficult and existence a struggle against dark moving forces, even here our voices are taking on a soft feminine list and soon will be smiling even though there is nothing—almost nothing. We are poor.

Do you know what it is to have a boy of seven, a good boy just leaving his childish talk behind him and taking on from his father the bristling things of man? Man today, the same man yesterday and the same in ancient times. Death is for you and for those like myself; but man remains.

Do you know the bitterness of sitting by a kitchen fire on the day before Christmas and not having a single thing to place by the bedside of your boy? And in the morning you will be sitting beside him and waiting for him to awake. And you will see the slow glance about of his eager eyes and the slow curl of a disappointed smile.

And grimly, with teeth clenched, you must say: "You are a big boy now. And you must know—we are poor. There is no Christmas!"



But it's a lie! It's a device to say something else, to say . . . My heart beats hard, pounding away with a bang, bang, one, one, one, a throbbing, full swelling, one, one, only one, knock, again and again bang, one, one . . .

"There is someone at the door," called my wife.

"I heard nothing."

"He's been knocking. See what he wants."

"Come in!" I called.

The door opened and he stood before me, black, old and bent, with eyes that seemed so weary, so tired, not only tired from today or yesterday or all the years of his long life but weary from something long long ago, a thousand years perhaps, or even more.

"Come in," I repeated. "Come in and warm yourself."

"Bless you," he said softly. He lowered the bundle from his back and came to the stove.

"Sit down and rest. You must be tired."

His clothes were in rags and there was a queer foreign stamp in their cut. He had a heavy black beard and strong full nose. When you looked at his face you had a feeling of something strange and revolting; you wanted to take up the poker and cry out, "Go away! Don't come near me!" But the eyes, the eyes prevented you. The red edge of the lids, softened through tears, weary, oh so weary, these prevented you.

"Such eyes as those," I thought as he seated himself, "could move heaven and earth, and here they are wasted on a common peddler, a black bearded tramp in rags, a homeless wanderer far far from the land of his birth." But the truth I did not know.

"You are a long way from home," I said, "and tonight each one wants to be at home because tonight is the one night in the year when . . ."

I could not finish the words that were flowing a bit too glibly from my lips because he turned his head and I could see by his eyes, deep and earnest, that my words were useless chatter and pity—homeless pity—poured a full flood of silence between us.

In silence there is no beginning and no end. It is circular and eternity is unbounded. And there is a return, for the end is only the beginning.

He read the thought in my mind, or was it only an odd chance that prompted his reply?

"There was a beginning but for me there can be no end."

The word "death" was on my lips but his eyes prevented me from giving it utterance.

He shook his head slowly. No. No. Did he know what I was thinking? Was there no release even in death? What are the cords that bind the soul of man to this everlasting step by step without end eternity? Chains of iron flake away and crumble with red rust and cables of steel unravel in time. But these ties are stronger than everything. Stronger than death. They bind the soul to something everlasting. Everlasting as a star in the sky.

We sat in silence. He warmed himself by the stove. No words between us seemed necessary. He could see that he had come into a place of poverty and he did not offer to open his bundle and display his wares. And I could see the long weariness of a wanderer upon

Continued on page 231

The Perfect Secretary

Miss Jewel was one of those efficient souls who really love their work, and nothing short of death could stop her

by E. R. BAYER

• SATIRE •

AFTER the first twenty years people stopped kidding George Pennybacon about his secretary. He never seemed to mind it enough to give them much fun anyway. She was the first girl he had hired when he got out of Yale Law School and opened up an office and she had completely run his life ever since. I gathered there had been times when it looked as if George would marry and her supremacy be threatened, but somehow she always outlasted possible competitors. George was a flighty fellow when it came to affairs of the heart and could never make up his mind. On the other hand, Miss Jewel (that was really her name) had evidently been born with her mind made up—to take charge of George. It was pretty obvious, of course, that he would never marry her. She was thin and gawky and about as attractive as a hatrack—and George adored beautiful women. As time went on things worked out nicely. Miss Jewel kept track of the size of his collar, the license number of his automobile, the age of his dog, and the birthdays of his nephews and nieces. She knew how much money he had in the bank, whose invitations he should accept, and in the bottom of one of her steel filing cabinets she hoarded X-ray pictures of his stomach. This left George free to adore beautiful women, without making it necessary, lucky fellow, for him to marry a plain, efficient one.

This spring when George offered to turn his office force and secretary over to me for six weeks, I was delighted. He was going on a Panama cruise or something the very time I had planned to come to Chicago to get material for a research project in big city housing. I had heard of the marvelously competent Miss Jewel and I saw myself taking a sort of spring vacation at the University's expense.

RODNEY DESARRO

I got to Chicago just in time to put George on one of those fast trains to New York.

"Just put yourself entirely in Miss Jewel's hands," he told me. "She'll be terribly unhappy unless she has someone to take care of," he had added, a little enviously, I thought, and stood there holding an envelope neatly marked "train reservations" until the conductor yelled all aboard and that was that.

It was apparent from the beginning that Miss Jewel wasn't satisfied with my gaudy population charts, my mussy stacks of papers, and my two dozen pipes. Every time I called her in, the first day I was there, she looked more and more doleful. Evidently she regarded the procedure as a personal affront and by late afternoon had retired to a peak of cold hostility behind her white collars and cuffs.

As the week went on, however, she got a little used to me. I always said good morning and good evening in a sprightly tone and wanted her to feel that I was only borrowing the office and that it was as much her domain as ever. Liking, as I did, to select my own shirts, and having no dog, no automobile, no stomach ulcer, I felt inadequate. But I figured she'd be grateful for not having to bother with me.

Just as she was coming around to liking me a bit I ruined my chances. She approached me one afternoon with controlled fury in her voice.

"I hope you will understand," she said, "if I ask you to refer to our typists by their last names. Mr. Pennybacon has always requested a certain amount of office formality and I shouldn't want him to think we could not be trusted to carry on as usual even in his absence." I felt one of those caught-stealing-jam-blushes spreading over my face, as one hadn't spread for thirty years. And all because I had thought "Miss Wigglesworth" was undeserved punishment of the cherry-mouthed blonde that did my typing. Miss Jewel never even said "*Mr.* Pennybacon" except in a tone of awed respect. She called me *Professor* Redfield, and over the phone *Professor Ellis Whelan Redfield.* "I want long distance," I would hear her tell the operator, and then, in a declamatory tone, "Professor Ellis Whelan Redfield calling New York City—" It put a lot of responsibility on me.

One morning I arrived at the usual time to find her standing in my office—our relationship had been on a level of frigid courtesy for quite a while, and now she eyed me with grim reproach.

"We *never*," she said, her mouth rigid with indignation, "we *never* go home without turning out *all* the lights." Then she walked into her own office, bitterness in every step.

After that she never went home before me. The day was normally over at five but if I stayed until six or six-thirty, she stayed with me and, after I left, put out the lights herself.

Twice I remained until seven and so did she. I understood then, that I was not to get away with even a spoonful of jam.

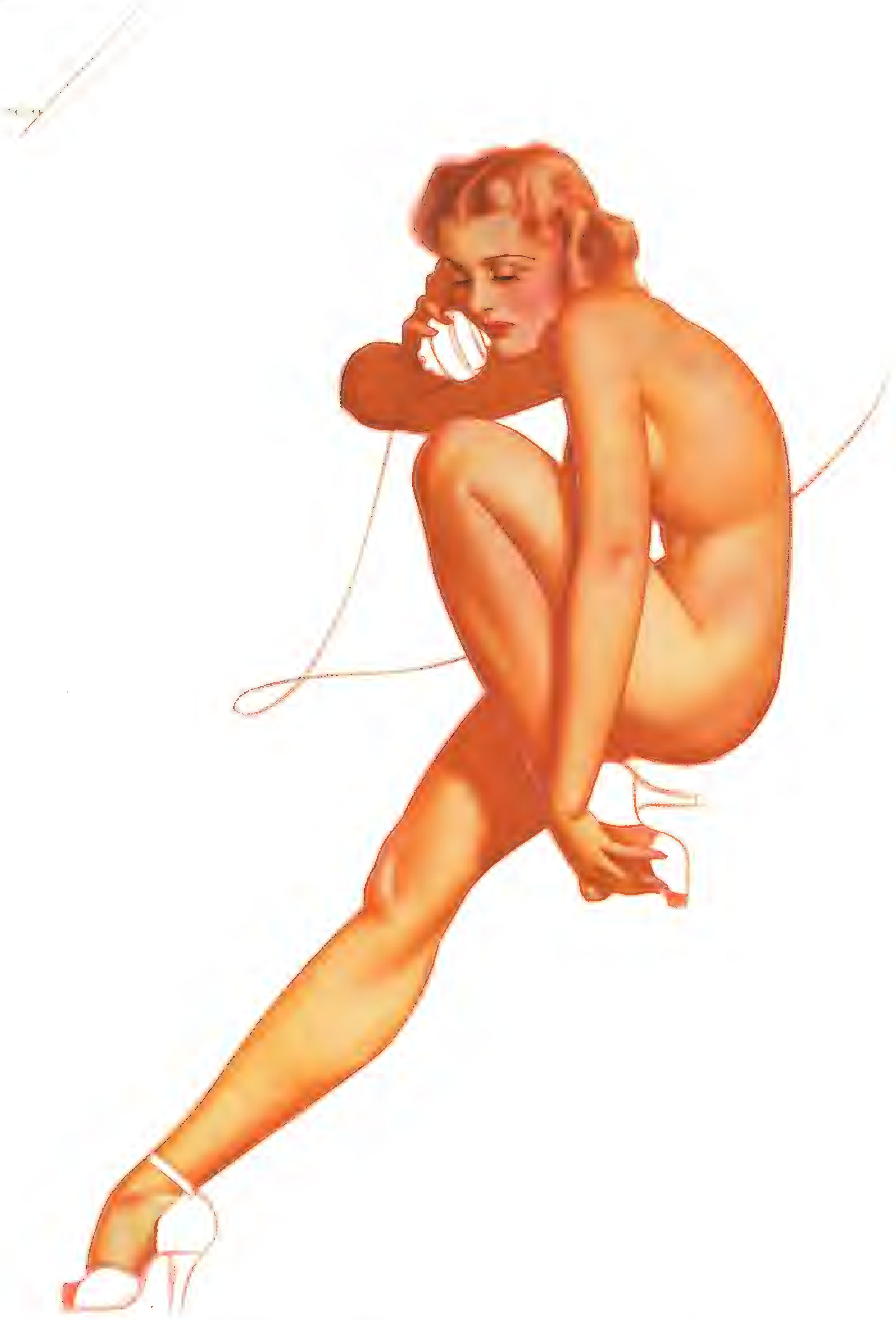
One day I didn't go out for lunch until three and had cocktails instead. I had a lot of cocktails. When I staggered back to the office it was almost five and I saw Miss Jewel had her hat on ready to leave. But as soon as she saw me, she took it off again. That burned me up. I grinned dizzily at her, maneuvered myself into George's office, and slammed the door.

At six o'clock I didn't go home. Neither did Miss Jewel. At seven o'clock the cleaning men came in and I went right on working. At eight I was getting tired and hungry but I could hear her typewriter. She was still going strong at eight-thirty and at nine. At ten I was so hungry I thought to hell with her and got ready to leave, but the thought of her stuck out there having to wait until I got good and ready to go, the stubborn old maid, was more pleasant than food. I took off my coat, stretched out on George's couch, and napped. When I looked at my watch again it was eleven and nothing had changed. I could see her moving back and forth in front of the lighted door, hear her opening and closing drawers.

By this time I was getting savage. I dropped some ashes on George's Oriental rug right where they would be seen. Then I went back to my desk ready to stay the whole night if necessary. It must have been about five to twelve when I heard a knock on the door. I swung my feet triumphantly up on George's desk and set my jaw. The door opened and in came Miss Jewel smiling a soft, motherly smile at me.

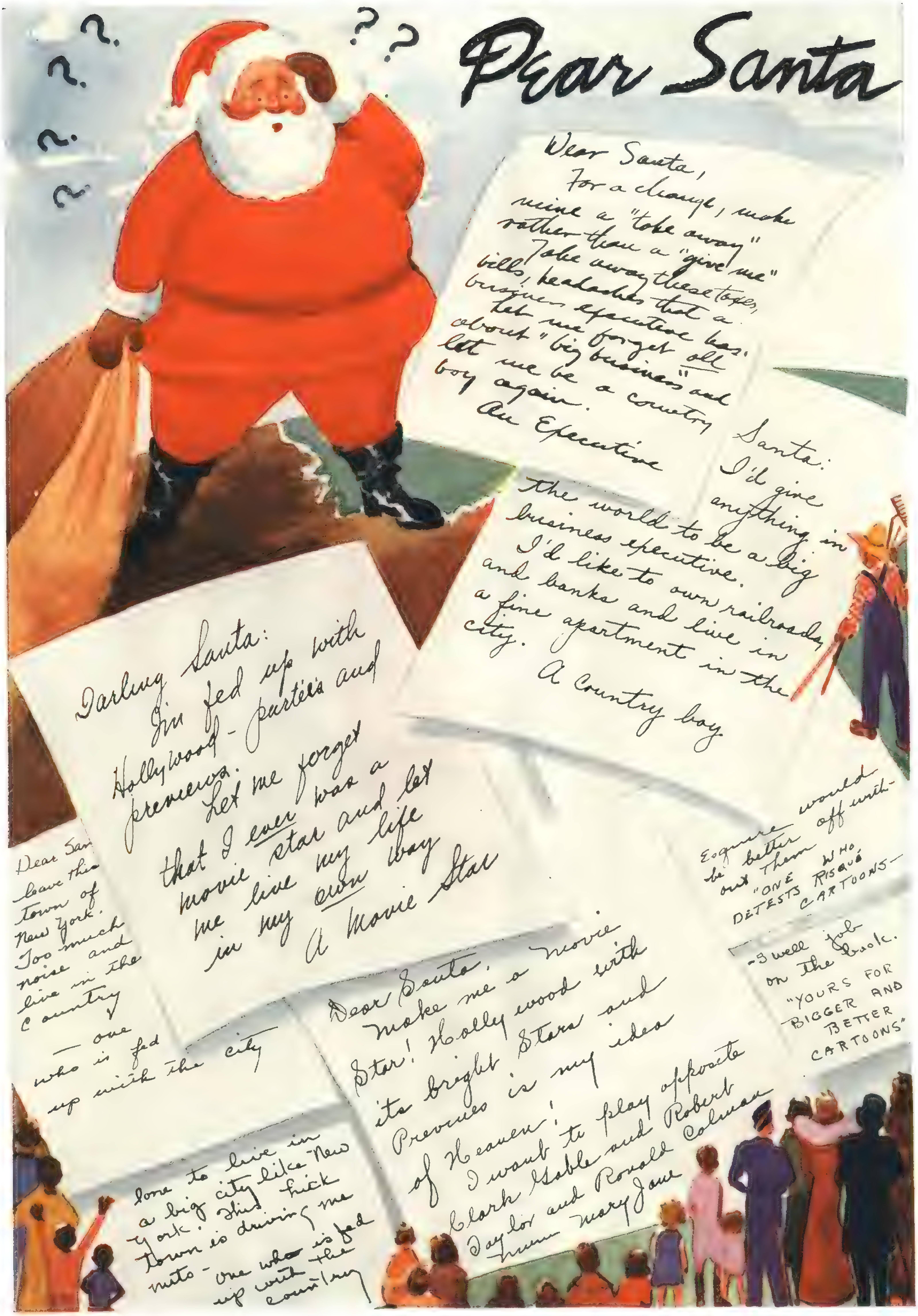
"I slipped down to the drug store and got these for you," she explained. "I thought you might get hungry working so late." She put a brown paper bag of sandwiches on the desk and a bottle of milk on the blotter so it wouldn't leave a ring.

She went out closing the door carefully behind her and a moment later I heard the carriage of her typewriter snap into place and then the keys began to click. #



"I'm not posing for that account any longer. It seems I took the consumer's mind entirely off the product"

Dear Santa



Dear Santa,
For a change, make
mine a "take away"
rather than a "give me"
Take away these taxes,
bills, headaches that a
business executive has.
Let me forget all
about "big business" and
let me be a country
boy again.
An Executive

Santa:
I'd give
anything in
the world to be a big
business executive.
I'd like to own railroads
and banks and live in
a fine apartment in the
city.
A Country boy

Darling Santa:
I'm fed up with
Hollywood - parties and
previews.
Let me forget
that I ever was a
movie star and let
me live my life
in my own way
A Movie Star

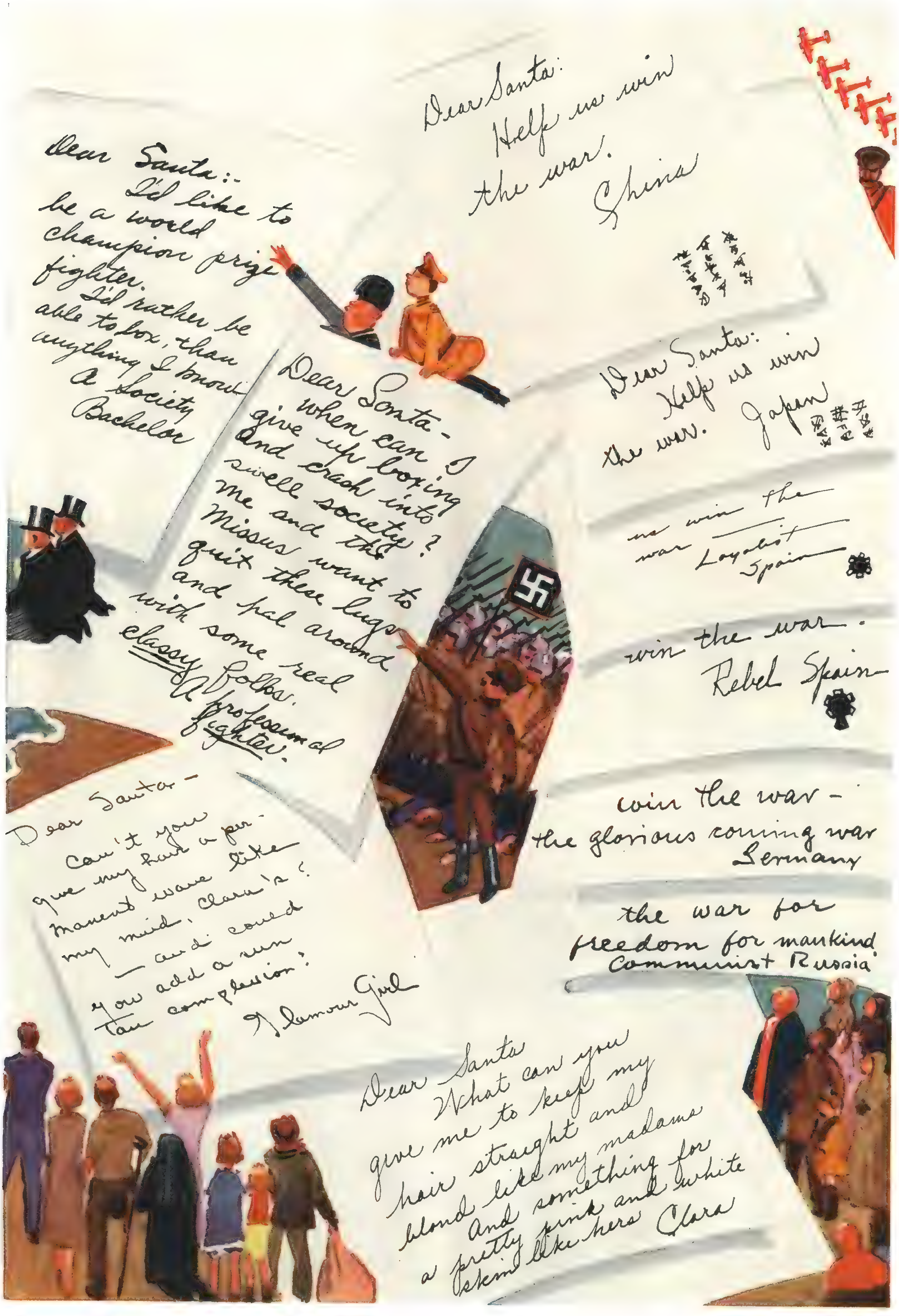
Dear San
leave thi
town of
New York.
Too much
noise and
live in the
Country
— one
who is fed
up with the city

Dear Santa,
Make me a movie
Star! Hollywood with
its bright Stars and
Prevues is my idea
of Heaven!
I want to play opposite
Clark Gable and Robert
Taylor and Ronald Colman
from Mary Jane

love to live in
a big city like New
York! This hick
town is driving me
nuts - One who is fed
up with the
country

Esquire would
be better off with-
out them
"ONE WHO
DETESTS RISQUÉ
CARTOONS—

-Swell job
on the book.
"YOURS FOR
BIGGER AND
BETTER
CARTOONS"



Dear Santa:
Help us win
the war.
China

Dear Santa:–
I'd like to
be a world
champion prize
fighter.
I'd rather be
able to box, than
anything I know
A Society
Bachelor

Dear Santa–
when can I
give up boxing
and crash into
swell society?
Me and the
Missus want to
quit these lugs
and pal around
with some real
classy folks.
A professional
fighter.

Dear Santa:
Help us win
the war. Japan

us win the
war Loyalist
Spain

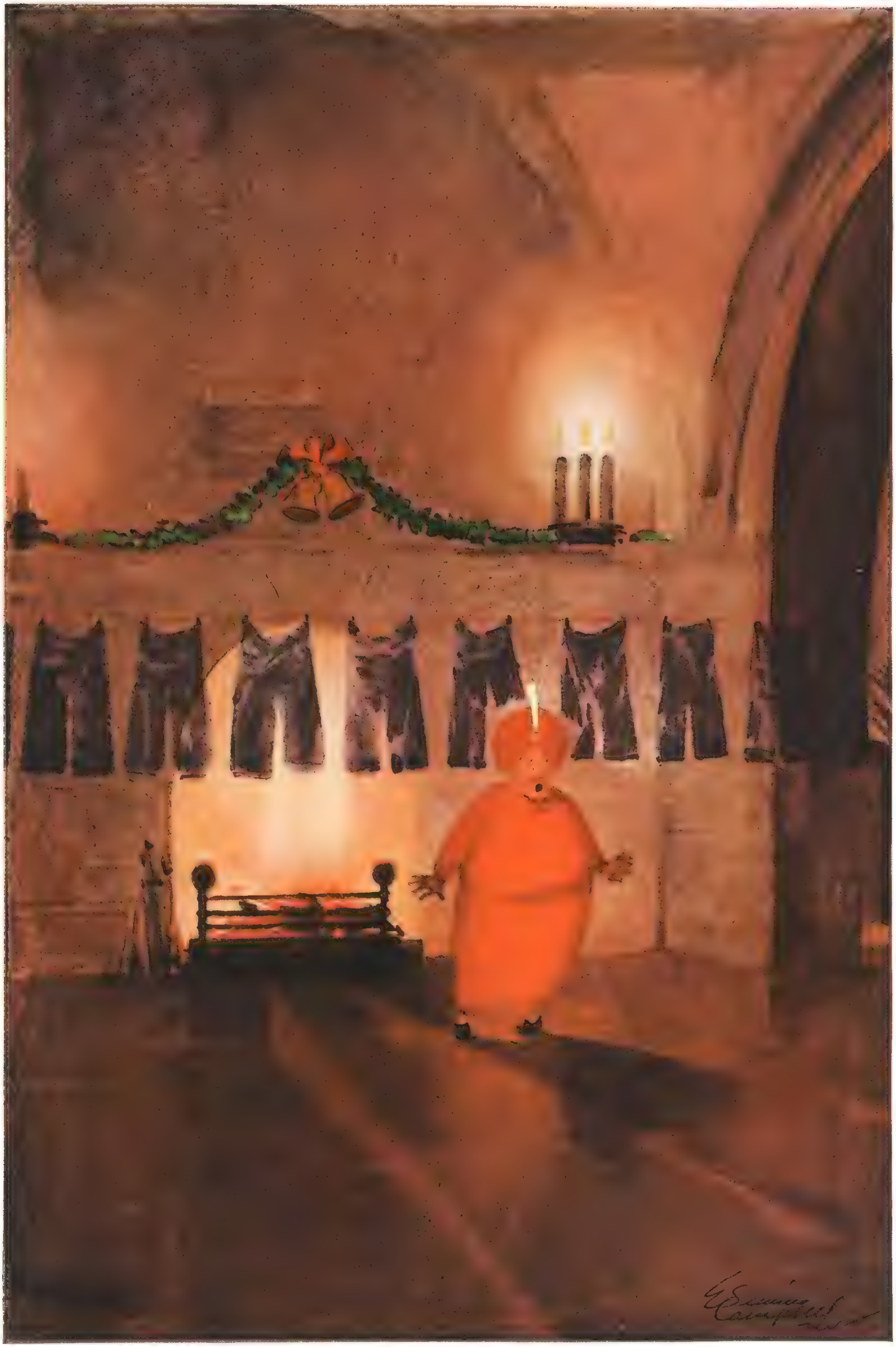
win the war.
Rebel Spain

win the war–
the glorious coming war
Germany

the war for
freedom for mankind
Communist Russia

Dear Santa–
Can't you
give my hair a per-
manent wave like
my maid, Clara's?
—and could
you add a sun
tan complexion!
Glamour Girl

Dear Santa
What can you
give me to keep my
hair straight and
blond like my madame
And something for
a pretty pink and white
skin like hers Clara



"—But we haven't any stockings to hang up!"

If They Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin

It's too bad you didn't start sooner, but if you're able-bodied and willing to practice, you, too, can figure skate

by PARKE CUMMINGS

▪ SPORTS ▪

AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY France there was a writer who, of all the scriveners of his time, was considered to be the most spontaneous. Judging from the sparkling witticisms, the flowing metaphors, the brilliant flights of imagination that poured in a never-ending torrent from his pen, here was a man who was inspired by divine genius, a man to whom turning out masterpieces on the spur of the moment came with as little effort as walking or eating his dinner or putting on his shoes. So indeed it seemed to most people, but there was one critic, more curious than the rest, who cornered this genius one day, and inquired: "What is the secret of your spontaneity? Or is the question too occult for mere man—even you—to answer?"

The reply was: "The question is not too occult. The spontaneity that stands out so unmistakably in my writings is due to the fact that every piece—every paragraph and sentence of it—that I submit for publication has been rewritten sixteen times."

I am certain that this writer would have made a good figure skater. Champion skaters, too, when you see them executing their breath-taking maneuvers on the ice of St. Moritz or Lake Placid or Madison Square Garden, look spontaneous, and the reason—the chief one—that they do, is that, like the scribe under discussion, they have practiced and practiced, and polished and polished their art. The only difference is that a mere sixteen strivings toward perfection would hardly seem sufficient to a Sonja Henie, a Karl Schaefer, or a Maribel Vinson.

One of the quickest ways to irritate a figure skater—and there are quite a few—is to label him or her a "fancy" skater, and I am certain that the perseverance and patience which figure skating demands are the reason for that irritation. Somehow "fancy" doesn't do justice to the training, the purposeful planning, that has gone into the making of a good skater. It conveys the idea too much of mere whimsicality, of meaningless flourishes. Figure skaters have been trained from the start to be very definite in what they set out to do and how they do it, and when they achieve spontaneity—which admittedly they do in the best sense of the word—it is because their technical skill has reached the point where their art flows easily and gracefully. Moreover, if you think this resentment of the word "fancy" is unreasonable, do you think that Fred Astaire would be pleased to be called a "fancy" dancer, Iturbi a "fancy" pianist, or Flagstad a "fancy" singer?

It goes without saying that figure skaters resent having their sport termed a sissy one even more bitterly than they do the term "fancy." This accusation used to be leveled at lawn tennis, but the claim is rarely made today. Too many people have seen or read of the effects of a grueling five-set tennis match, and are acquainted with what constant competition has done to such athletes as McLaughlin, Johnston, and—at one point in his career—Ellsworth Vines. Figure skaters can get run down too, as anyone can attest who is familiar with the depletion that Sonja Henie experienced after her long barnstorming trip last winter.

The sport calls for agility, balance, stamina, and, where competition is concerned, poise—the ability to come through with your best performance when it is most important to do so. This last is extremely important. Tennis players, or ball players or football players can coast against inferior opponents and still win. But figure skaters in competition perform one at a time, and the only way they can insure themselves of defeating the competitors who will follow them on the ice is to give their best every single moment. And with professionals who give exhibitions, their livelihood naturally depends on the consistent quality of entertainment that they give their audiences.

Perhaps it is because skating is such a beautiful graceful sport that the "sissy" conception has arisen in some minds. The expert skaters, smiling and unruffled, make it look so easy—just as dancers and singers give the same impression in spite of the long hard years of drilling and training they have put into their art. Intelligent people are aware of the fact that the finesse of the Radio City Rockettes and the suavity and assurance of a Grace Moore are due to lots of hard work, and are not misled by the pleasant carefree smiles on their countenances. Increasingly they are becoming aware that the same thing holds good with skating.

It is men skaters who have to bear most of the brunt of the "sissy" jibes. When a man swishes his arms or uses them too prominently while he is walking down the street there is, perhaps, some reason to suspect that he isn't entirely normal. But when a man makes use of his arms in skating there is absolutely no justification in drawing a similar conclusion—as anybody familiar with the first rudiments of the sport will tell you in a minute—and try and stop him. Skaters use their arms for the simple reason that it enables them to skate better—not only more gracefully but more surely and accurately.

And here again we may draw a parallel between skating and tennis, a parallel with a paradox—if you can cope with such a thing. Tennis is a game that is played with the arm, and yet footwork is all-important. Figure skating is done with the feet—primarily at least—and yet without armwork you can expect to get nowhere. In this sport you skate practically entirely in curves, and, just as in running or bicycling, it is necessary to adjust your body weight properly when taking a curve. Use of the arms in skating is indispensable for making these weight adjustments. If you are good enough to spin on skates—even on two feet—try this experiment. Start your spin with your arms fully outstretched at your sides, and then suddenly draw them in, hugging your body—and look out! You'll spin twice as fast, and probably take a tumble if you haven't tried it before. This is only one of many illustrations of what the use of the arms, or the lack of it, can do when you get on skates.

But granting that men figure skaters even deliberately try to achieve grace, is that something to be looked on as a disgrace? The

Continued on page 166

Hungary: Horseman's Heaven

A rider adjusts the stirrups while moving, never rides on Sunday, nor looks a horse straight in the eye

by ILIA BRODY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The horsiest country in the world today, is little, dissected Hungary. For while according to statistics, every fifth individual in America owns an automobile; in romantic Hungary there are only ten thousand cars for the eight million inhabitants—but there are over a million horses!

Towards the end of the Ninth Century, Mongolian nomads riding all the way from Asia and across Eastern Europe, reached the plains of Hungary. The vast meadowland and fat grass appealed to these wild riders, and turning loose their horses they decided to stay put. In celebration they got roaring drunk on "kumisz," a sort of intoxicating horse milk, and gorged themselves on the flesh of white stallions. Twenty-five thousand people they were—but they had three times that many horses. . . .

These ancient meadow horses, as they were called, were not at all pretty, being small and pot-bellied, not unlike an overgrown Shetland pony of today. However, they were exceedingly hardy and fast, could exist on remarkably little food and never complained of their masters literally living on their backs. The ancient Hungarians seldom dismounted; they ate and slept and almost loved on horseback. Perhaps they were aware of the fact that they looked somewhat ridiculous and undignified off the horse as they were a tiny people, not much over five feet tall, and markedly bowlegged. Often physical defects and vanity dictate the *bon ton* of a country, and for a few hundred years it was considered bad manners in Hungary to go about on two legs.

For five centuries the little, ugly meadow horses galloped over the immense Hungarian pastures, happy and pure. But around 1400, mass rape was committed upon them by large Eastern horses introduced by the Turks, who had conquered the country temporarily. The meadow horses lost their virtue—but a wonderful new breed was developed. The Arab, Turkish and Persian blood blended splendidly with the Hungarian, and the offspring of the morganatic equine union turned out to be strong and beautiful. They were taller than their parents, and had even more stamina and speed.

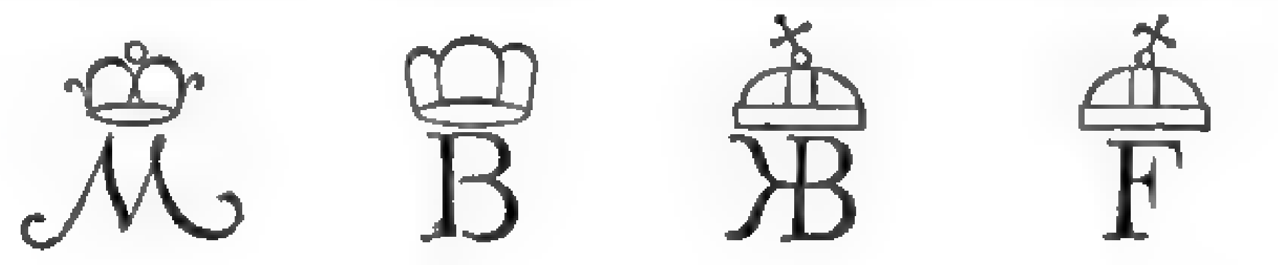
At this time there were still more horses than people in Hungary. Bertrandon de la Broquière, French tourist, wrote home to his family: "Hungary is full of horses, and they are the best in the world. They are sold only by the string; a string is ten horses, and the price 200 florins. One alone is worth that money."

Under King Mathias Hunyady, in 1515, horseracing was already an accomplished affair. There were foreign participants, particularly Poles and Italians, but the prizes were generally carried off by the quick-galloping Hungarian racers. And they became even speedier and more beautiful when around 1600, the Spanish horse was introduced and bred with the native animals. People literally lived only for the horse in Hungary then, and they played horse all day long—when they were not playing war. Every Sunday horse ballets were shown in the capital and principal cities, and young men of fashion played "Jeu de bagues," "Jeu de barre," "Jet de javelot," "Carrousel," and other sports of the period. There was plenty of pigsticking too, because wild boar always abounded in Hungary, and hunting on horseback with greyhounds had long been a favorite sport of Hungarian noblemen.

Towards the end of the 18th century the final breeding touch was added by the introduction of the thoroughbred English animal. Now the Hungarian horse was really perfect what with Arab, Turkish, Persian, Spanish, Berber, African and English blood in him.

Four State studs were established; the last in 1785, and each tried to develop a different breed. The Mezőhegyes stud bred the usually bay-colored Gidrans, a large, extremely sensitive, but very hardy animal, with light and slender ankles. The Bábolna stud bred not only the famous Nonius, very similar to Gidran, but also about nine different types of small but pure Arab horses. Kisbér stud produced Kladrubs, large Spanish horses (not unlike Irish hunters), as well as a jet-black species of Arab, and a strain of English half-breeds. But Fogaras stud gave us the *pièce de résistance,* the world famous Lippiza; these horses are generally pure white, and whether you find them drawing the coronation carriages of kings, carrying conquerors on their backs, or even serving purely as show horses, the sheer beauty of the animals will delight you. . . . Here are the markings of the various Hungarian State studs, stamped on the neck or hind of all colts conceived by State-stud stallions:

Mezőhegyes: Bábolna: Kisbér: Fogaras:



Each spring, at horse-breeding time, the State studs follow a democratic and practical procedure: they send their stallions to the principal village of every county to foal the mares of the peasantry for a very nominal charge. This is a good system—not only because the slow-moving peasant wouldn't take his mare all the way to the studs, but because different stallions go to different districts or villages each year, and in this way assure a constant admixture of blood, and a constant supply of excellent stock.

The stallions arrive at the villages under the expert care of soldiers of a "Stud Cavalry Regiment." They are taken to the stables of the town hall, where everything has already been prepared for the equine honeymoon—even to the extent of building a chest-high wooden partition to protect the valuable stallion from injury in the event a recalcitrant peasant mare should kick at her intended mate. Two stud men lead the stallion to the mare, and a third one busies himself with certain technicalities which assure a good mating, and which cannot be described here.

But to return to the Lippizas—as who wouldn't? Once we sat in the Circus Medrano in Paris and breathlessly watched thirty spotless white horses gallop around the ring in a performance as accurate as the best Schaffhausen watch. We were thrilled, knowing that the beautiful white horses were Lippizas. There existed, we felt, a sort of solidarity between them and ourselves, for we were born in the same country. In the entr'acte we went to the stables and read the horses' names over their boxes. They were typical odd Lippiza names: "Conversano Presciana," "Maestoso Africa," "Favory Brezovica."

Yet what was the Paris circus performance compared to the great spectacle of the Viennese *Spanische Hoche Schule!* Last year we saw this grand show—the last splendor retained by Old Vienna. Everything else had been forgotten; only the Lippiza Riding Academy remained. Probably today there are swastikas over the horses' heads in the Hofburg stables, and the white wonder-horses are being trained to pull the heavy cannon of the Germans.

The "Spanish High School" for horses started in the 16th century and up to the time of the Nazi *Anschluss* the conservatism and stiff etiquette of this Viennese Riding School remained unchanged. We do not know the situation under the new regime. The riders wore flat Napoleon hats, powdered wigs, frock coats, white chamois leather breeches and patent leather boots, reaching high above the knee. The horses were also made up according to the fashion of the 16th century; saddles were of white chamois leather; manes and tails were braided. Only stallions could join the Academy because stallions were the most difficult to train. Incidentally, Lippizas also had an Austrian home, Piber Stud, in Steuermark, and from here as well as from Hungary, horses came to Vienna at the age of four to learn their beautiful dancing at the famous school.

During a period of three months, the young stallions were only allowed to work on the "longe," a long rein, or cord, attached to their mouth or to a belt, where the saddle would be. When the quarter-year period was up, they would start to learn under the saddle. For a whole year a horse would be watched to ascertain for which Spanish step he had special talent. If he displayed talent for the "Levade," then the trainer would emphasize this particular step; if he showed ability for the "Capriola," he would be taught this gait. But these proud stallions were not taught tricks; the Viennese Spanish Academy was not a circus and the Spanish steps were not stunts. They were nearly natural gaits of the horses, strongly accentuated by expert training and strenuous work. The various steps were: Levade, Mezair, Capriola, Courbette, Croupade, Ballotade. The most difficult step was the Capriola; the horse jumping up about four feet in the air—not up and forward, the way they do if there is an obstacle—but simply straight up. All four feet left the ground at the same instant, and the horse kicked his hind legs backward as far as they would reach. He seemed to be flying or to hang in mid-air for a second. It was a truly wonderful spectacle.

Horseback riding was always taken very seriously in Hungary; especially before the World War when there were still sixty cavalry regiments in the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, and a score of cavalry officer's schools. Beginners, who joined the cavalry or one of the schools, had to go on "longe" for a period of four months without stirrups or reins, in order to attain a sure and proper seat. When a pupil was not in the saddle, he was learning the theory of breeding, riding and caring for the horse, and a cavalry officer was usually an expert veterinary as well.

The notorious success of cavalry officers with women in Hungary is perhaps derived from the popular belief that a man who knows all about horses, knows all about women too, and when to be gentle or firm with them. The success of cavalry officers in Hungary, and in all Eastern Europe for that matter, was proverbial. There was a period of at least a hundred years when bourgeois husbands' nightmares centered around dashing Hussar officers; militarism was at its peak, and an officer of cavalry could get away with murder—literally!

In the Rules and Regulations of the Austro-Hungarian army textbooks, not only the proper riding methods were described, but a considerable part was reserved for: "Officer versus Civilian." The real meaning of this heading was "Cavalry Officer versus Husband." It may sound unbelievable, but if a civilian accosted an officer and dared to ask him not to run around with his wife, the officer not only had a right to draw his saber, but was compelled by Rules and Regulations to protect his "honor" by using his sword—never his hands—on the insolent civilian.

Shortly before the World War started, a Count Esterházy, a young captain of Hussars, went one morning to a Turkish bath. He was reclining near the warm basin, stretched out at his ease, and dozing peacefully. Suddenly someone stepped on his bare foot. The count looked up. The offender was the husband of a pretty woman with whom the count was carrying on an affair. He knew at once that the provocation was intentional, for the simple reason that one does not carry one's saber into the warm basin of the Turkish bath. He took another look at the muscular husband and trying to ease matters, he looked the other way. Another step on his foot followed. This was too much for the count and the two men fought their battle right then and there. The count lost and had to be carried in a semi-conscious condition to the Esterházy palace. When he recovered he was court-martialed and found guilty. In vain did he emphasize to his superiors that he could not take revenge; that he did not have his saber; that the husband was stronger. The general of the court only said it was unfortunate that the thing happened in a Turkish bath, but there were the Rules and Regulations. And the count, scion of the greatest family in Hungary, was sentenced to degradation.

It was a somewhat similar case when a general was horsewhipped by a young woman whom he had seduced. The beating took place in a public square of a Hungarian town, and the general suffered the blows silently and without resistance. After all she was a woman, what could he do? But to the military court she wasn't a woman; she was an entity, and an officer of His Majesty's army had been publicly beaten. The judges said that it was unfortunate that the entity happened to be a woman; the general should have taken his revenge on the spot, as is laid down in the Army Rules. The general was forced into retirement, and was only reinstated when the World War started, at a time when even "dishonored" officers were needed.

But riding and horses did, after all, play a more important part in the lives of the gallant officers than quarrels and love affairs. A good example was set them by their queen, Elizabeth, the tragic empress, who would rather ride than rule. Elizabeth introduced the English foxhounds to Hungary and until the debacle in 1918, practically every cavalry regiment possessed a pack of hounds. Fences were pretty high, but Hungarian cavalry officers hoped to follow in the footsteps of a brother officer who once, long ago, had won the Grand National at Aintree.

Fifty-five years ago, in 1883, this happened, but it is still talked about in the Cavalry Officers' Mess. Count Charles Kinsky, Captain of Hussars, rode from Budapest to Liverpool, and two days after his arrival he purchased a six-year-old hunter named Zoedone. The day after the captain came into possession of the little horse of dubious parentage, he entered the mare in the Grand National as a result of a friend's challenge. To the amazement of the British, the captain rode his new horse to Aintree, and without once having seen the famous neck-breaking track, he took the field.

After having been weighed in and before mounting for the start, the count turned to a veteran trainer and casually inquired: "And what do I do? What is the trick of winning this race?"

The trainer answered: "Ride just as if you were out hunting until you are halfway through the course. Only after the first time around should you start to look about you

Continued in center of page 210

The New Coat

When his mother came swinging in with her fine store coat, suddenly the room brightened

by MORLEY CALLAGHAN

• FICTION •

In the light from Molsen's grocery store young Packy Powers, the paperhanger's son, was showing a few of the fellows how he thought you should land a right cross to the jaw. "Lead at me with the left, only don't do it too fast," he invited Bill Stevens, who was three inches taller than he was. The light shone on Packy's earnest face as he tilted his head back, getting set. "Come on, what's the matter?" he said, and then he heard his mother calling from the other side of the street: "Packy, come here a minute," she called.

"Does your mother know you're out?" Bill Stevens mocked him as they all looked over at the neat large-boned woman who was standing near the street light. "What do you want?" Packy called to her. But when he saw how serious she looked he crossed over.

"What is it, ma?" he asked.

"Come on to the store with me, son."

She couldn't get used to the notion that he had just about grown up: he was her eldest child and year after year she had been asking him to walk to the store with her, especially in the evenings when his father was out on a job. "Look," Packy said, "I was just showing the guys something. Do you really want me to go?"

"Come on along, son," she coaxed him. "I'm buying something I want you to look at with me."

"What?"

"I'm getting a new coat for myself."

"Wouldn't pop go along with you, ma?"

"He wouldn't look at it, you know he wouldn't," she said as she took his arm.

It was the feel of her hand on his arm, urgent and eager, that compelled him to go with her. As they went along the street, saying nothing more, she looked straight ahead, almost grimly. At first he thought she was watching the slippery places on the sidewalk where a light fall of snow hadn't yet had a chance to melt. But when they got as far as the corner and still she didn't speak he knew she was uneasy. She seemed to have a secret she was sharing with him.

She strode up the avenue as if she knew exactly the store she was going to. They passed three or four coat and dress shops. They went on a block further till they came to Herrmant's Coat and Fur Salon, a small bright store with a window display of coats, all tagged with red and white special sale cards. When they went in the baldheaded Jewish proprietor bowed to them with a familiar and cajoling smile.

"Well, here we are," he said.

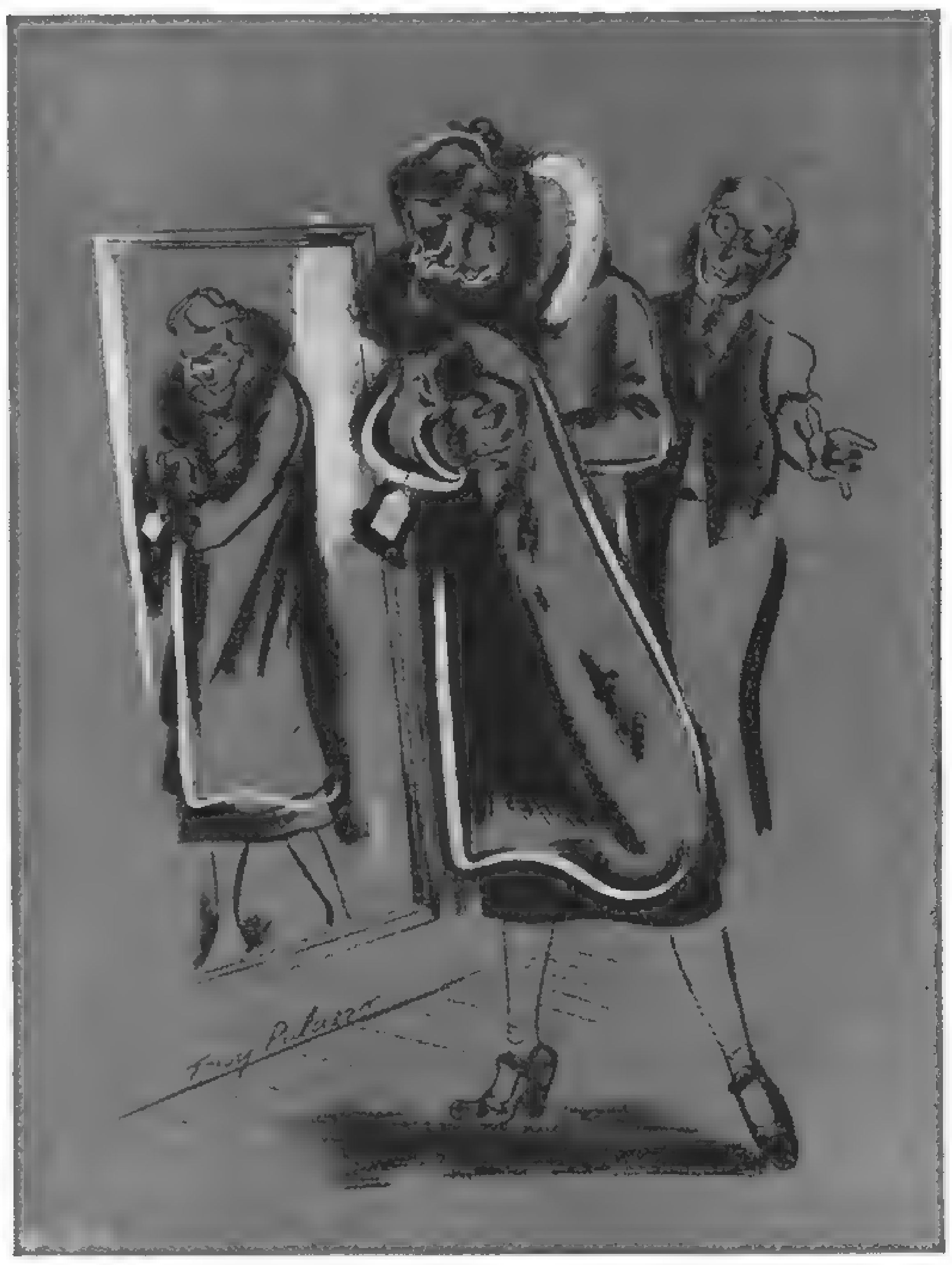
"I'm Mrs. Powers. Do you remember?" she answered rather jerkily.

"Of course, of course," he said. "Is this your boy?"

He led them to a gray wicker seat, and when they sat together solemnly, watching the proprietor heading for a showcase at the back of the store, Packy grew uneasy because he could see that his mother was nervous. Her hands clutched her purse; her body was held stiff: as the man came toward them carrying the coat, she got up with a cracked, artificial smile. "I just wanted to take another look at it," she said. Packy wanted to nudge her, to beg her to be like herself. When his mother was shopping in the neighborhood stores, or even uptown at the sales in the big stores she was brisk, confident and dominating: no salesman ever had a chance to patronize her. But you could see now that she felt insecure and humble. The smiling, soothing, baldheaded man, holding the coat out to her, knew it, too. And Packy glared at him sullenly.

"Isn't it beautiful! I knew you'd admit it," the proprietor said. The coat was of dark brown cloth with light brown fur at the cuffs and it had a thick fur collar. But it was the way he spread it out over his arm with a gorgeous sweep that made it look so beautiful to them.

Then he helped Mrs. Powers take off her plain blue coat and tossed it over the back of the chair. In her best dress, her arms stiff at her sides, she waited, deadly serious. The new coat was slipped over her shoulders. The proprietor made a few lovely fancy motions with his hands around the collar, then stepped back suddenly and beamed. "There, now there," he said.



As she turned to Packy, fingering the coat as if she couldn't get used to the hang of it on her shoulders, she had that cracked artificial smile, but there was wonderful eagerness in her eyes. "How do you like it, son?" she asked.

She began to walk up and down in front of the mirrors, swinging her body like a girl and holding the fur collar high up over one side of her face like a swell looking woman in a magazine picture; and as Packy watched her, wondering and puzzled, he suddenly realized that this was the first time he had ever seen his mother in a fine store coat. He had known that she made her own winter coats. Many a night in the fall when he had come in from playing on the streets he had seen her sitting at the table in the living room stitching on a coat and sometimes taking her glasses off and rubbing the tips of her fingers over her eyelids. She had often asked him how a coat was going to look. But now he saw that those things she had made compared with this beautiful brown coat were hardly more than strips of cloth to wrap around her and keep her warm.

"Why, gee, mom, it's swell," he whispered.

"Do you really like it son? I want you to take a good look at it." Again she walked up and down in front of those mirrors, pretending to be just looking at herself, but Packy knew she was trying to settle some problem for herself. Turning, she said, "Will I take it, Packy?" She was looking right into his eyes, wanting very much that he should urge her to take it. "Sure, take it," he said. They kept on looking at each other till he smiled suddenly.

"All right, I'll take it," she said.

"Why, there's nothing else to do, lady," the proprietor said, his arms wide.

"Now where's my purse?" she said, though she had been holding it tight in her hand all the time. Opening the purse she took out a very old and shiny billfold. She counted out thirty-two dollars slowly as if she didn't know accurately how much was in the roll, although she, herself, Packy, and the smiling salesman knew there wouldn't be a dollar more than the thirty-two there. "Is that right?" she said.

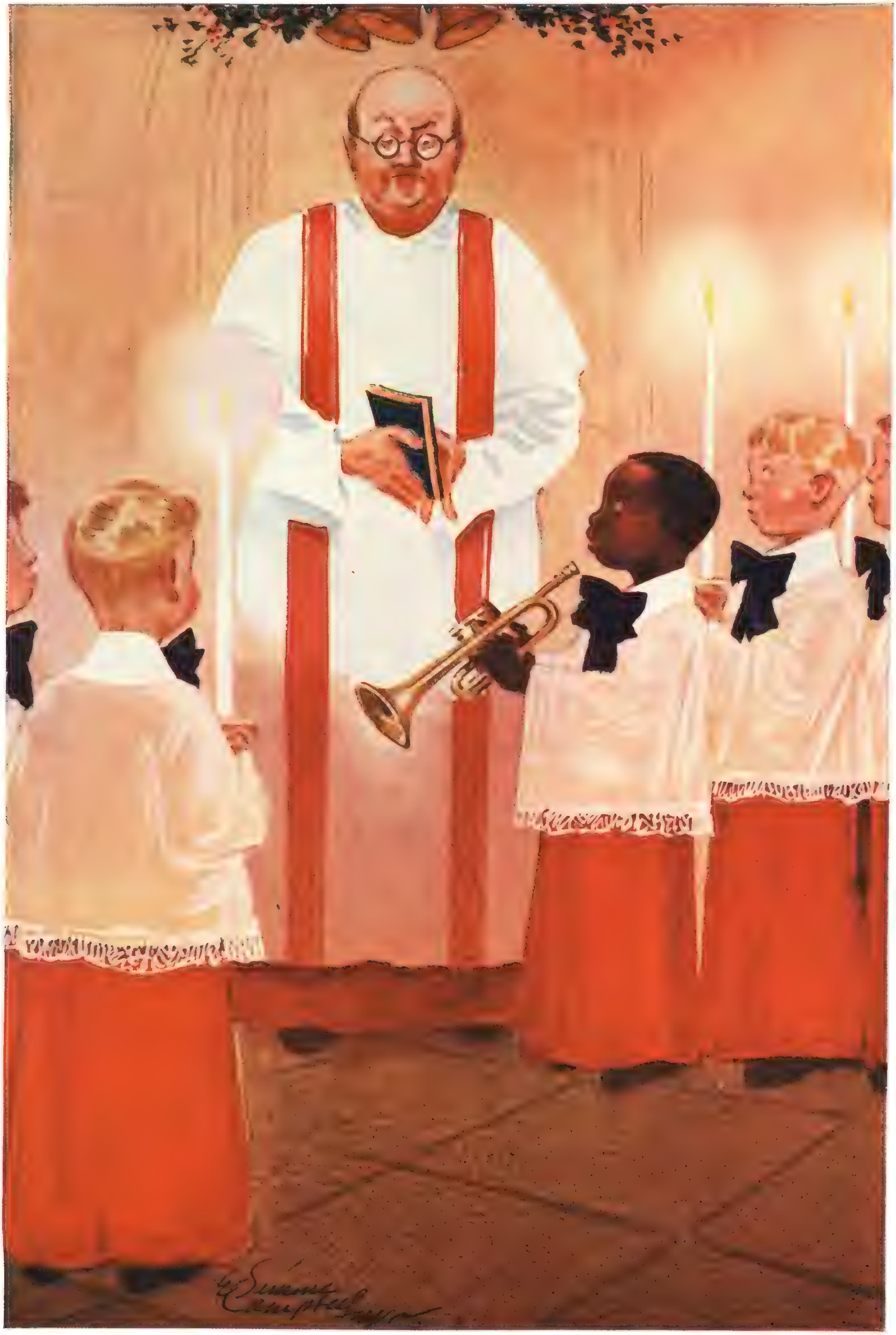
"Exactly. Are you going to wear the coat?"

"Well—" she said, startled and holding the coat open "If it started snowing again—"

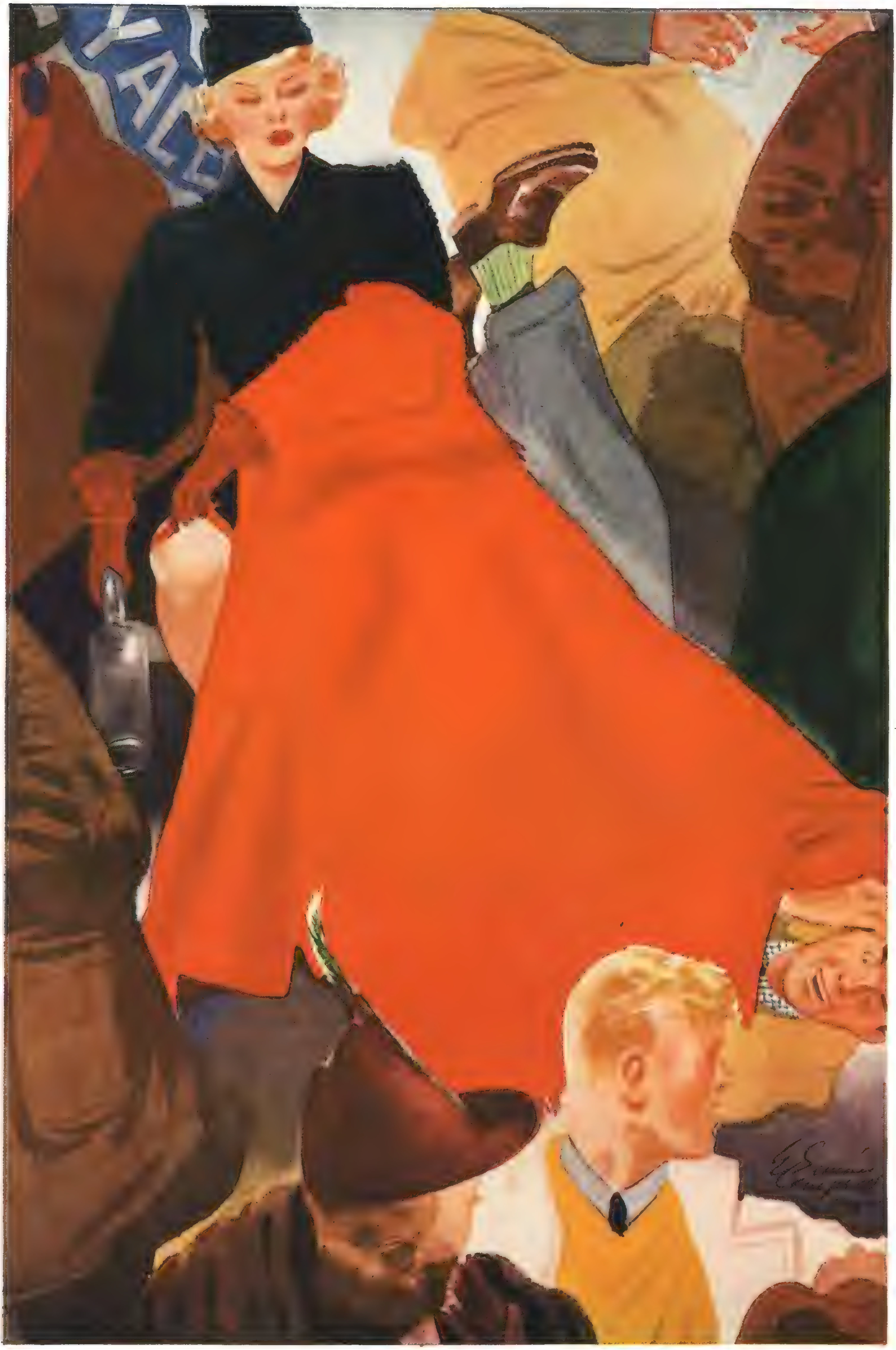
"Not tonight, lady. Look out at that light on the street."

The three of them went to the window

Continued on page 208



"Just ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra and not so much wah-wah!"



"Princeton was penalized on that play—and so was I!"

Dangerous Curves

Seasoned bachelor outlines several feminine ruses that have lured the unguarded male smack to the altar

ANONYMOUS

•ARTICLE •

The important thing for the man who wants to stay happily unmarried is to get to know the various danger signals that indicate the lady means matrimonial business, and isn't just out to tickle her own vanity or dig up a gold cigarette case and leave you flat, (but at any rate still a bachelor).

As a matter of fact it's just when the idea of cigarette cases, champagne suppers and orchids every two hours seems to leave them cold, and even slightly shocked, that the hardened bachelor realizes that an attack is probably being planned; for when a lady starts being considerate about your budget it's more than likely she means it to become hers . . . A remark such as "Now darling, we *don't* always have to go to the Ritz—" with indications that she'd be just as happy in some "little Bohemian Restaurant"—or a tendency to prefer midnight gaieties down in the Village "because it's silly always to think you have to take me to the Rainbow Room or El Morocco" is a pretty definite warning. And the night she suggests going to Childs after the theatre your best bet is the *Normandie* next morning and business that's going to keep you in London for at least six months.

Actually of course it isn't necessary to get to the "Childs" stage if you are experienced enough to diagnose the early symptoms of her intentions.

For instance—"liking what you like"! When she likes her steak "rare," Jimmy Durante, the *Post* and the Marx Brothers—when she wants to cut out Atlantic City, likes a quiet holiday up in Maine, hates to dawdle on Fifth Avenue and doesn't care about the movies unless there's a good picture—stop thinking about her as a woman as quick as you can! Same with "knowing what *you* like"—which is equally dangerous; and a stage nearer her final objective . . . Look out once you hear her say to friends "Charlie always prefers rye . . . or Swiss . . . or French dressing"; or when she begins to agree with everything you say about anything, politics, art, automobiles—except, of course, other women . . . Because so long as she doesn't mean to do anything worse than entice you or spend your money she won't worry overmuch about other women—or at least she won't show *you* she does; and when she's set for a wreath and tulle veil and orange blossoms and Bride-cake, she'll start—not being *jealous* (that'll come naturally—afterwards) but being kind of pathetic and ready to learn from what you admire in other girls. For instance "Charlie, didn't you think she was awfully pretty?"

"Who?" (You haven't an idea, for ever since you got in the theatre you've been wondering just what she meant by saying at dinner that she wondered "if she was the kind of woman that could 'belong' to any man.")

"Why, that blonde girl that's just passed us, plump—rather plump, with a short neck?"

You turn around and have a look at the blonde who looks all right to you. "She's certainly pretty."

"Yes . . . " A silence, one hand laid on your sleeve (But not on your bare wrist any more; because one of the things about their meaning to make an honest man of you is that they don't start getting affectionate until you're before their front door, and you don't get a kiss until their latchkey is out of their bag—this is worth remembering too!). Then she goes on about the blonde girl. "Would you like me any better if I was to dye my hair the way she has?"

There is only the one answer to this and you have to say it—"that you couldn't like her better than the way she is." But this doesn't prevent her indulging in a sort of "piano" mood—and having to be coaxed out of it—giving way with a series of little sad—and then brighter—smiles to your *charm:* and making you feel that you know just how to handle her. There are other, just as effective, varieties of this "getting you to manage her." For instance, throwing a little temper, and letting herself be calmed practically at *once;* or being afraid about something—and you reassure her, so she says it's always all right when she's with you. Some girls pick special movies for this, where they know there's going to be horrors. All of these methods belong to her business of building up a picture in your mind of *yourself in a protective role!*

On the other hand don't for an instant suppose when she starts keeping her kisses until 1 a.m. at her mother's door that this is an indication of inherent algidity; but the only evidences to the contrary will now be vouchsafed in indirect ways and by a dual-method (guaranteed to provoke matrimony in ninety per cent of the cases)—which consists of appealing to your higher nature and stimulating your lower thoughts at the same time. The actual practice of this method is so universal and has so many variations that it is difficult to warn any young man by giving him enough instances. But what he must learn to do is to detect the early reactions *in himself* to the method employed. For instance: sitting very close beside you in a bathing suit and talking about her love of children; riding with you in a taxi home from a party and while she keeps well in the other corner telling about her last visit to the doctor; or slumping more and more relaxed on your divan and telling you how she's always wanted to have a religion; talking to other women in your presence, but as if she weren't aware of you, about: (1) her new diet and her figure, or (2) her sunburn, or (3) the bargain underwear (described in detail with gestures) that she picked up last week. This last method is only one of the ways of using somewhat disturbing gestures without seeming to. Others are describing another woman's shape, or clothes; or indicating—in process of describing a thrilling play—rapid heartbeats. Or admitting to a stomach ache can be done with fairly upsetting effect—And, used with delicacy, there is always the business of showing other girls their latest "exercises."

About the old gags it isn't worth saying anything, chiefly because they aren't used any more. We mean like losing a lady's reputation for her—and having to set that right. Ladies now don't want a reputation for innocence anyway and are busy enough boasting among themselves to try to get well known—and admired, for opposite reasons—!

Incidentally, an up-to-date method a young lady tried to put over on me not long ago was like this. She was one of those hard dancing, hard-whiskey, awfully pretty, wild, twenty-seven-year-olds (of the *Butterfield 8* variety only a bit tougher still)—that talk like thirty-seven, and look like seventeen. I suppose it came over her all of a sudden that drink or dope or the Oxford Movement would get her pretty soon if *she* didn't get some-

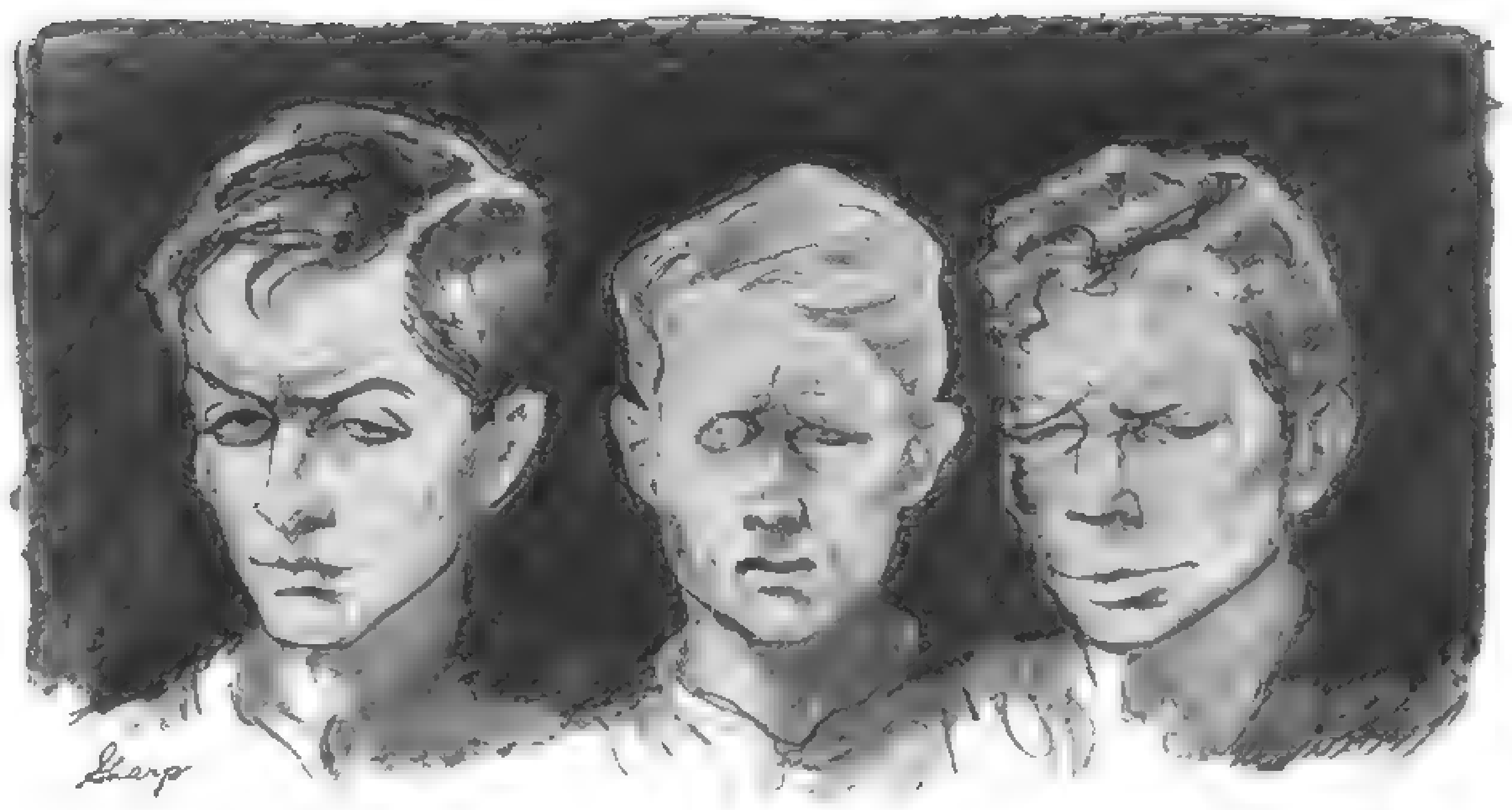
Continued in center of page 218

A Lot of Money

Joe could sure use that five hundred bucks and he kept saying over and over that the chair didn't scare him none

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪



THERE was a picture of Lincoln stuck up on the pale blue plaster of Joe's room. Goofy, with his fat dumb face, stared away at nothing. He was cracked in the head.

"You ain't gettin' yeller, huh?" said Red.

"Me?" Joe laughed. "I got a gun here, ain't I? If some damn cop goes to stop me I'll blow his goddam head off."

"Trouble is," said Red thoughtfully, "plenty of guys talks hard but they turns out yeller all the same."

"Just let some guy get in my way," said Joe.

"Well, we got about an hour more to wait. You better go easy on blowin' some guy's head off, see. You blow some guy's head off and they ketch you they'll stew you to hell in that electric chair. You don't wanna stew in no electric chair at seventeen years old, Joe. Huh?"

"Nuts," said Joe. A nerve was hurting his stomach. "What the hell. The chair don't scare me."

"No, it don't scare you. You ain't sittin' in it," said Red.

"I'll shoot my way out," said Joe.

Red shook his head. "I'm sorry I went and got that there gun for you."

Goofy said, "Why didn't you get no gun for me?"

"You don't need no gun," Red told him. "You ony gotta watch. You ony gotta watch for cops comin' and make that noise like you make—"

"Like this?" Goofy grinned. He made an animal-like cry in his throat.

"Yeah, like that. You guys remember everything the way I told you?"

"Sure. We ain't no dummies," said Joe.

The three young men sat in silence. Joe picked up his gun and examined the clip of bullets that fitted in the butt. He glanced at the bare blue-walled room, at the picture of Lincoln, then at Red and Goofy. "The chair don't scare me," he whispered to himself.

The silence lasted so long nobody wanted to break it.

"What time is it?" asked Joe at last. He thought his voice sounded like someone else's.

"It's plenty of time yet," Red said. "You guys remember how we got everything planned?"

"Cripes, why the hell you keep askin' all the time!" Joe exclaimed. "How long we got to go, huh?" he demanded hoarsely.

Red stared with beady eyes at Joe for a moment. "You gettin' yeller in the guts?" he repeated.

Joe looked up, and he was frightened. "I got a gun, ain't I?" he said. "I . . . I guess—"

Red banged the back of his open hand against Joe's mouth. Joe sat back, somewhat stunned. He spat up a stream of red saliva. "Who you hittin'?" he mumbled.

"You ain't gonna go yeller on me at this late date," said Red.

Joe didn't feel the bleeding bruise on his mouth. All he could feel was the nerve quivering in his stomach.

"I remember what I gotta do," said Goofy.

Red stood up and turned his back contemptuously on Joe. "I bet the first thing this yeller puppy does he shoots somebody. Lissen. You keep that thing on your chest. I'll do any shootin' there is."

"Sure," said Joe. "I ain't yeller," he added. The blood in his mouth tasted queer. He pressed a dirty handkerchief against his lips.

"Don't hit me," said Goofy. "I didn't do nothin'."

"You're all right," Red grunted. "You ain't got sense enough to be yeller. It's this guy."

"No," Joe swallowed. "I'm okay."

"You better be. If you gets yeller and loses your head I'll pump some lead into you."

"Don't worry," said Joe. His breath was coming in quick gasps. When he attempted to stop the telltale respiration the nerve in his stomach tightened into a frantic ache. It pulled tight, trying to jerk his brain down inside him. He began to shiver.

Red slapped him again, this time squarely across the face, and Joe sprawled on the floor. He sat up, dazed, and Red hit him again. He glared down. "Don't try to kid me," he said. "You feel any better? Or do I got to whack you some more?"

"I feel better," said Joe.

He did. He felt much better. He got up and went over and sat on the bed.

"There's plenty of time yet," said Red. "They ain't nothin' gonna slip up. This dummy closes his store up at 2 a. m. sharp like we watched him every night. He counts the jack and puts it in the safe about five minutes before closin'. We'll get there ten to. All we gotta worry about is that cop and somebody passin' by. There'll be two thousand in that kitty, the least. Five hundred bucks apiece for you birds, see. You want them five hundred bucks, huh, Joe?"

"Sure," said Joe.

"That's a lot o' money, huh?"

"Sure," said Joe. "That's plenty. I can buy everything with five hundred bucks."

"You got the idea," Red nodded. "Then don't get yeller and make no slip-up. It's as easy as rollin' off a log, see."

Joe pressed the automatic against his side. I can buy things with that dough, he thought. I can buy everything with them five hundred bucks. That's a lot o' money. Clothes and things, and go out with a classy dame. Maybe I'll buy a two-dollar suitcase and go in one of them hotels and write my name and get a room and have a bell boy come up with ice water and order some good chow, steak and onions. Maybe I can take a ride on a boat. I'll get me some hot clothes and guys'll see I'm plenty heeled. I'll take a ride to San Francisco and back, he thought. Yeah. There's beautiful things a guy can do with a lot o' money. I'll pull off a job by myself and keep it all, thousands, maybe. I'll be a big shot and go to ball games and fights and run around with classy women. Yeah.

He noticed the picture of Lincoln stuck up on the pale blue wall. That's all right, thought Joe. His lips began to hurt.

"Will they electrify me?" said Goofy.

"You're sittin' pretty," said Red. "You're too damn crazy, you could kill a hundred guys and all they'd do is lock you up in the nuthouse. Ony they ain't gonna be no shootin', see. Not, anyway, unless I do it."

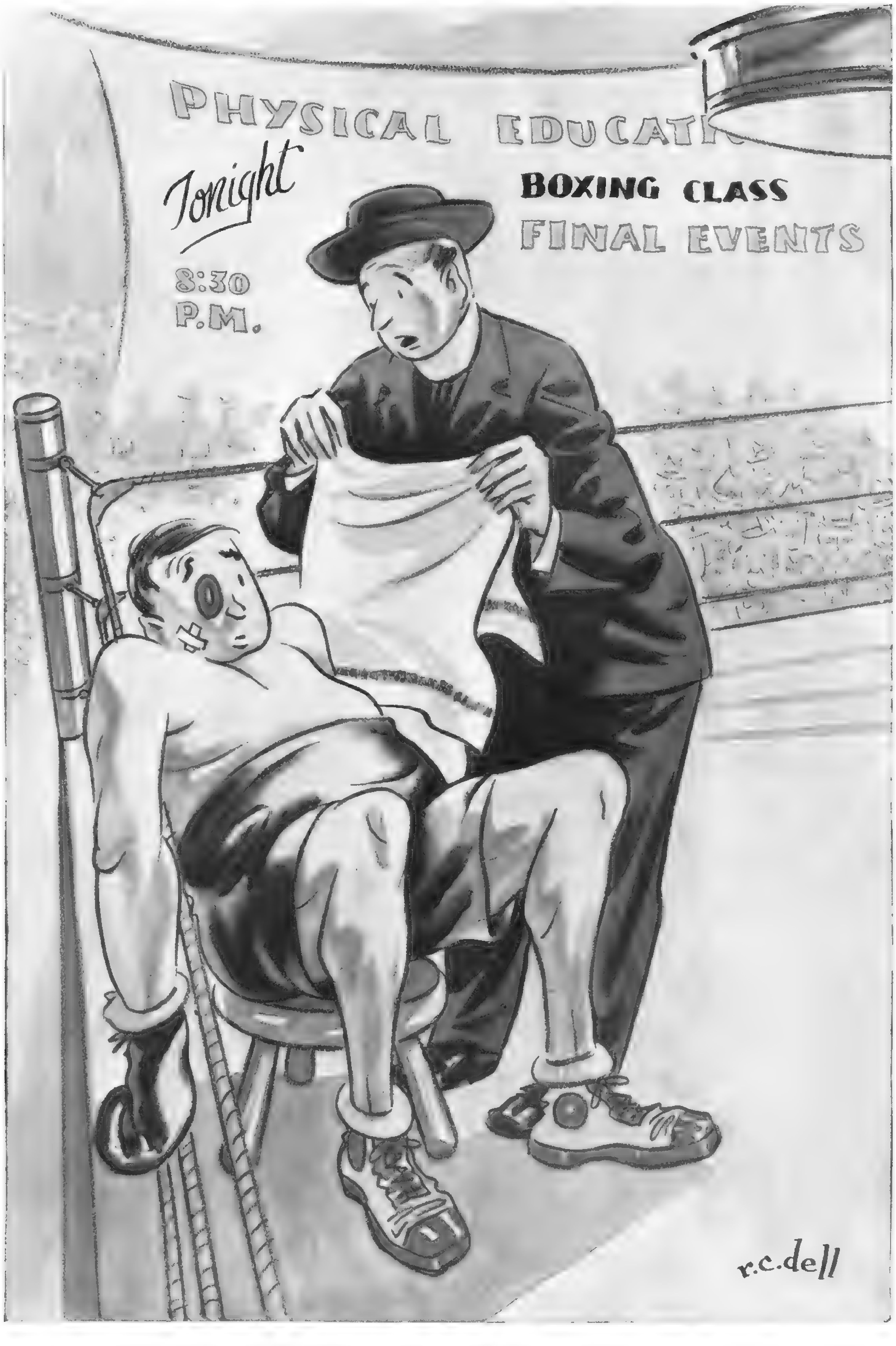
Joe wanted to ask how long it was to go. He didn't dare. Red might hit him, and now his senses seemed to be acutely aware of pain. He began to think about the cop on the beat. Suppose he came along and Joe got plugged. How would the bullet feel as it tore through his flesh and burned a hole in him? Cripes! How would it feel to be layin' crumpled up, dead, on the sidewalk? The nerve inside him tightened around his entrails.

Red looked at his watch. Joe thought maybe now it would be all right to ask. "How long we got, huh, Red?" He tried to make it sound casual. He felt the line of a sickly grin stiffen on his bruised lips.

"Oh, not so long," said Red noncommittally.

An eerie silence settled over the room. It was late and everyone in the house was asleep. Joe listened to the jumping heartbeats coming from underneath his ribs. The picture of Lincoln seemed to add to the

Continued in center of page 130


PHYSICAL EDUCATI
Tonight
8:30
P.M.
BOXING CLASS
FINAL EVENTS
r.c.dell

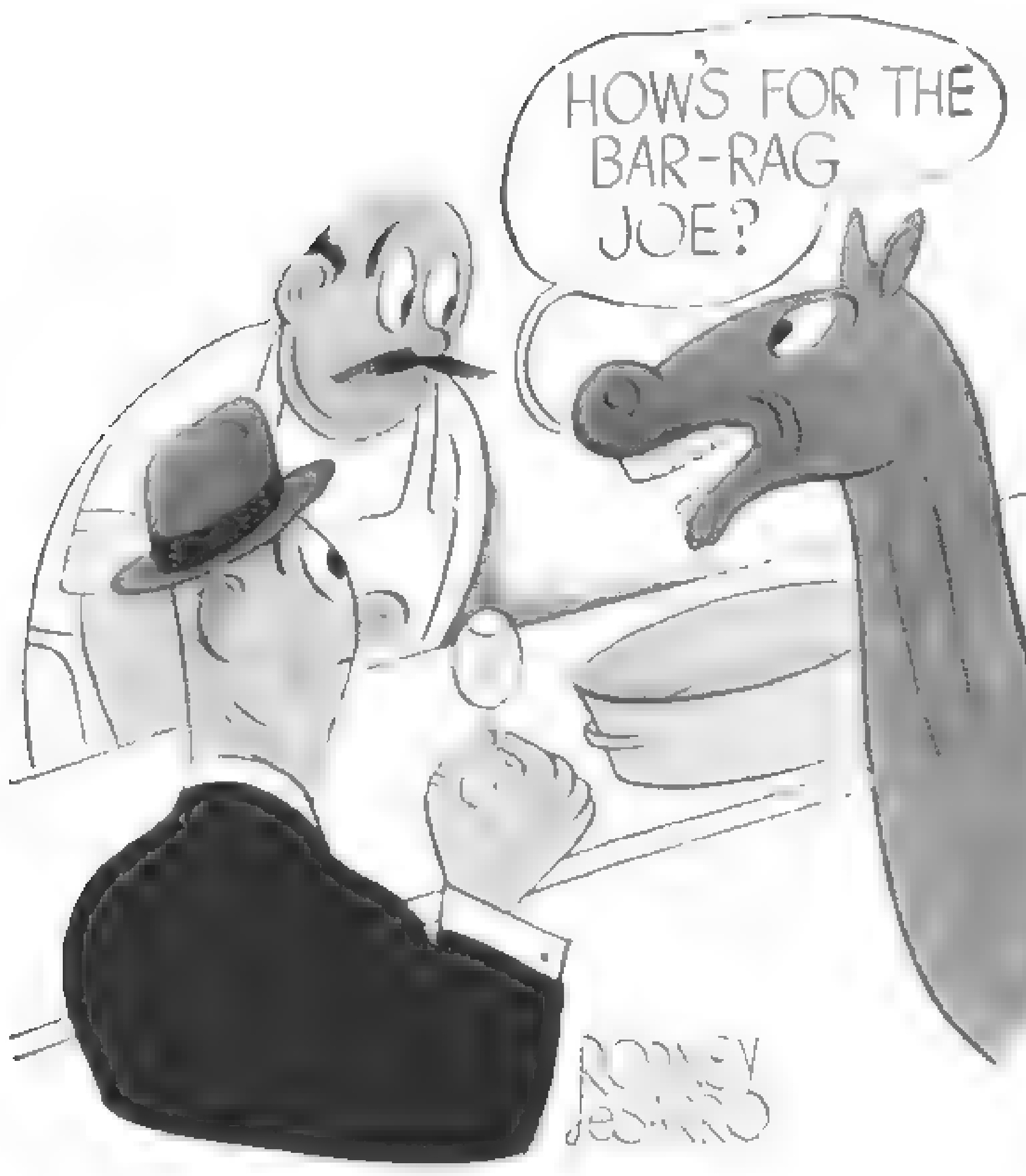
"Don't forget, Brother Amos—it is far more blessed to give than to receive!"

It Might Happen to Anybody

Joe and the horse agreed Harry Trout was a louse to take their money and leave Joe's wife in such a condition

by BEN HAMILTON

▪ SATIRE ▪


HOW'S FOR THE BAR-RAG JOE?

THE bar reflected a low orange glow from a lamp near the low ceiling. Above his spread hands the bartender's face looked at me:

"Yessir?"

I said, "Lemon juice, pernod, and whiskey."

He nodded and slid one hand off the bar, making ready to go and mix the pick-up. Then he stopped moving. He was listening to the sound of hooves on the sidewalk. The sound came closer, and slowed, stopped. In through the door projected the long brown head of a horse.

"Any flowers today?" the horse asked.

"No." The bartender shook his head, then added, "No thanks."

"Thanks," the horse said. For an instant his hooves shuffled, then his head began to recede.

"Hey," the bartender called, "don't go way mad. Better come in and have a refresher."

The horse's head stopped receding. "Well, Joe, I don't know. You know business, it's kind of slow."

"Oh come on in. This one's on the house."

The horse hesitated a moment, then said "Well . . ." and slowly came in and up to the bar.

"Be right with you," the bartender said. "I just got to take care of this gentleman." He jerked his head my way. The horse looked at me, nodded slightly, and looked away.

The bartender mixed my drink, took my quarter and rang it up, then turned again to the horse.

"And what'll it be this time?"

"Same thing I guess," the horse said.

The bartender went down to the other end of the bar, got a dishpan, ran it half-full of draught beer, and set it in front of the horse. The horse said, "Well, here's looking at you," and buried his muzzle in the beer. When he had finished he said, "How's for the bar rag, Joe?"

The bartender said "Sure," slid the dishpan to one side, and spread the bar rag flat on the counter. The horse wiped his mouth on the rag, then nudged it away.

"That helped," he said.

"Sure. Another one?"

"No, Joe, no."

"I'll have another," I said. "Easy on the pernod."

"Comin' right up, mister," the bartender told me. First he drew another beer for the horse, then he mixed my drink. As he set it in front of me, he motioned toward the horse.

"Quite a story there. Fallon. First horse to walk a tightrope across Niagara Falls."

The horse said "Now Joe," and took a drink of his beer.

The bartender paid no attention. "He was a sensation, it put him in headlines all over the country. And right away then the movies got after him, and he could have been a star. Fallon had a chance to be one of the biggest shots in pictures."

"What kind of parts did he play?" I asked.

The horse looked up. "Athletic parts, mostly," he said. "I had the build for it."

"Christ, he could have been lousy rich," the bartender said. "And look at him today. Peddling flowers door to door. That's what that louse done for him."

"That's all right, Joe," the horse said. "It might happen to anybody."

"Yeah?" the bartender answered. Then he continued talking to me. "That's what that slicker done to him. Harry Trout, that louse. And look what he did to my wife."

"It's kind of a tragedy all around," the horse said. "How is your wife?"

"What do you think? Just the same." The bartender turned to me again. "I'll show you."

He went back to the other end of the bar, where he had got the dishpan, stooped down and began hauling something out from underneath. Heaving with both arms, he picked it up and set it on top of the bar. It was a young woman in a blue and green print silk dress. Her chemically bright blonde hair hung in disorderly masses, under her closed eyes were soft violet patches. She looked neither dead nor alive. One hand on her shoulder, the other on her hip, the bartender slid her down the bar on the silk seat of her dress, stopped her about a foot away from me. She was quite limber. When he took his hands away she folded in the middle with her face hanging over the edge of her lap, and her hands hanging down. I could smell the perfume from her.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"She's in a coma," the bartender said. "Her ideals got shattered."

"It's too bad," the horse said.

"Yes and whose fault is it? Harry Trout's. That louse got her in the condition like this. And look what he done to you."

"And how do you think I feel?" The bartender turned back to me. "We all got tragedies in our life, and this is my tragedy."

He lifted up the woman's hair to look at her cheek, then let it fall again.

"And it started like nothing out of the way at all. This kind of a slick dark-headed fellow that was Harry Trout, somebody nobody ever seen before. You know Mexican beans, them live ones, the kind that jump? Well one day out of a clear sky, in this Trout comes with a couple squads of them beans popping ahead of him, and he was yelling Squads right, Squads left, Squads right oblique, Right front into line, like he was a general, and the beans did it. And of course my wife had to be here and see the whole thing."

"It impressed her?" I asked.

"Too damn much," the bartender said. "It got her ideas all out of line. Right away she started saying that he must have an angle on culture, especially music."

"What did he say?"

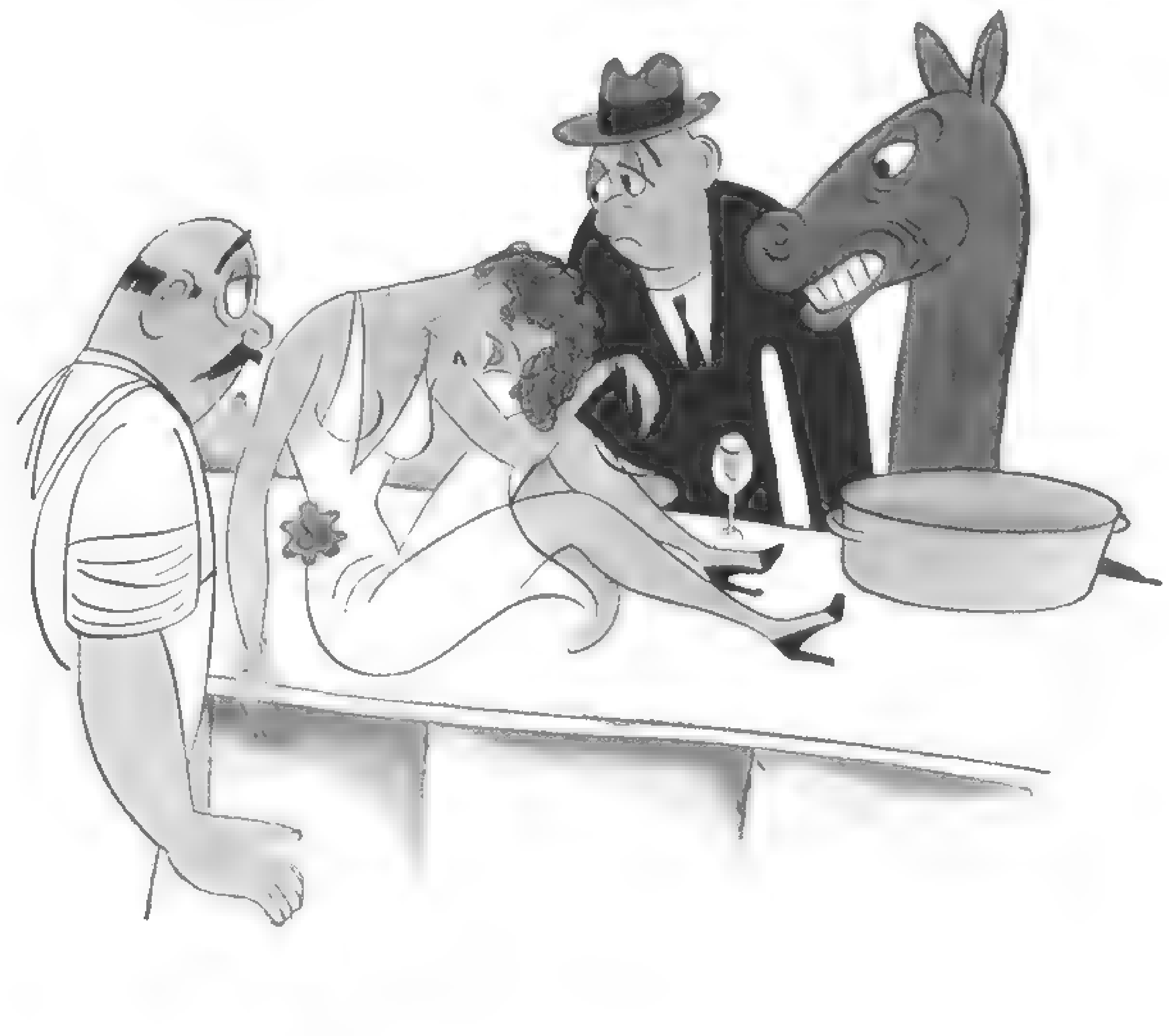
"What do you think? Naturally he said O.K. yes sure. He told her he had a house in Des Moines that had eighteen drums in it that he could play tunes on. And she built up a picture of herself sitting there in his high-class place and getting orey-eyed listening to him go to town on them drums."

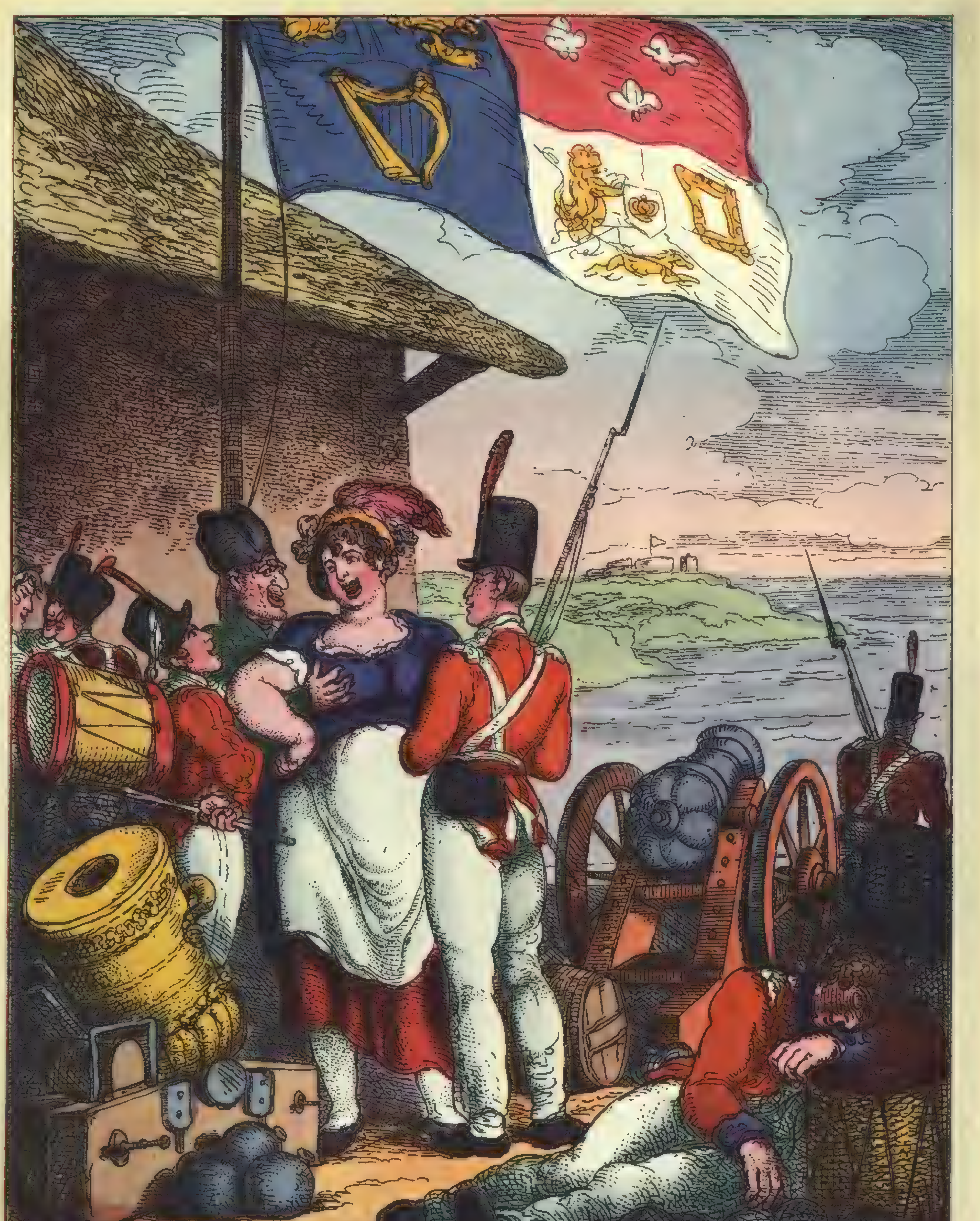
"It seemed awfully real to her," the horse said.

"So damned real she started breaking all the dirty glasses in the sink. She said they took the fine edge off all that educated stuff."

"It was the sound of the glass breaking that attracted me to come in here that night," the horse said. "Although I had made the acquaintance of the lady slightly some time

Continued on page 128





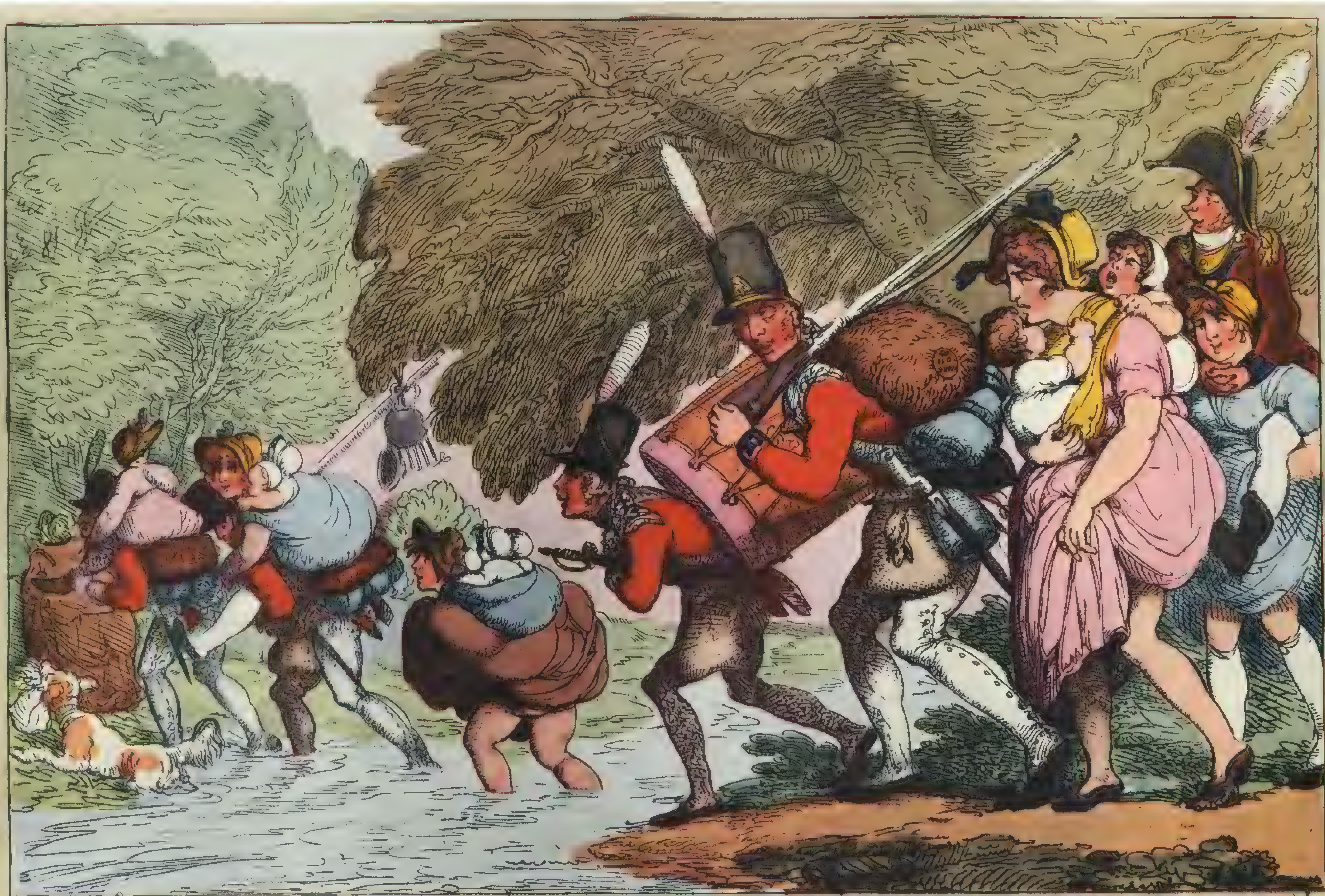
Pubd May 8th 1814 by Thos Tegg No 111 Cheapside

Rowlandson fecit

PEACE AND PLENTY.

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY

A portfolio of eight original prints by Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) —English draughtsman and engraver, rated the most popular illustrator of his day and one of the liveliest, if most brutally direct, satirists of all time.

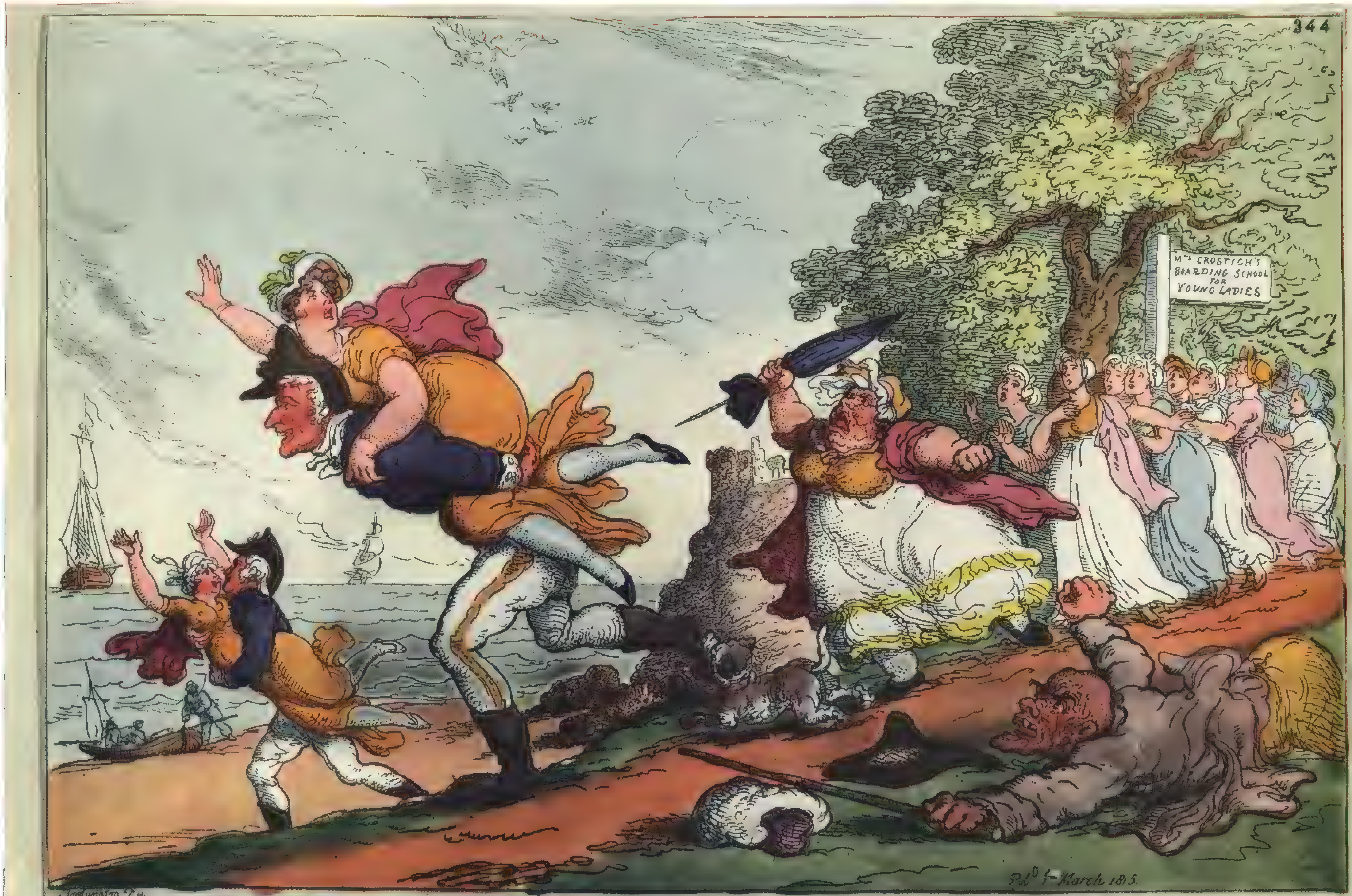


Inv^d and Pub^d by T. Rowlandson April 1, 1811
No 1 James St. Adelphi

SOLDIERS ON A MARCH.

"To pick up her tatters and follow the Drum."

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY


344
Mrs CROSTICH'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
Rowlandson Fe
Pubd 1st March 1815

DEFRAUDING THE CUSTOMS, OR SHIPPING OF GOODS NOT FAIRLY ENTERED.

Grego. 2·289-90

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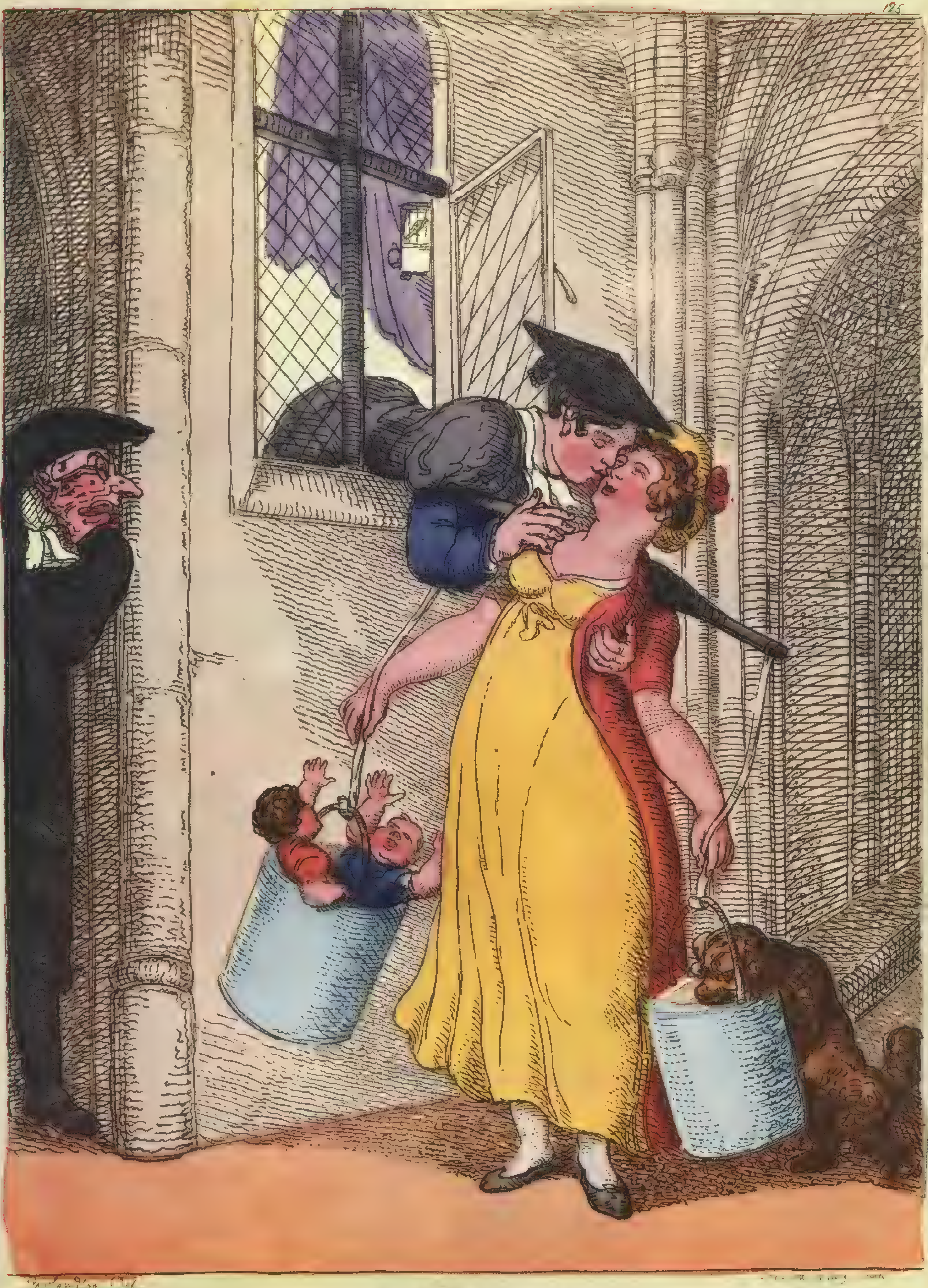
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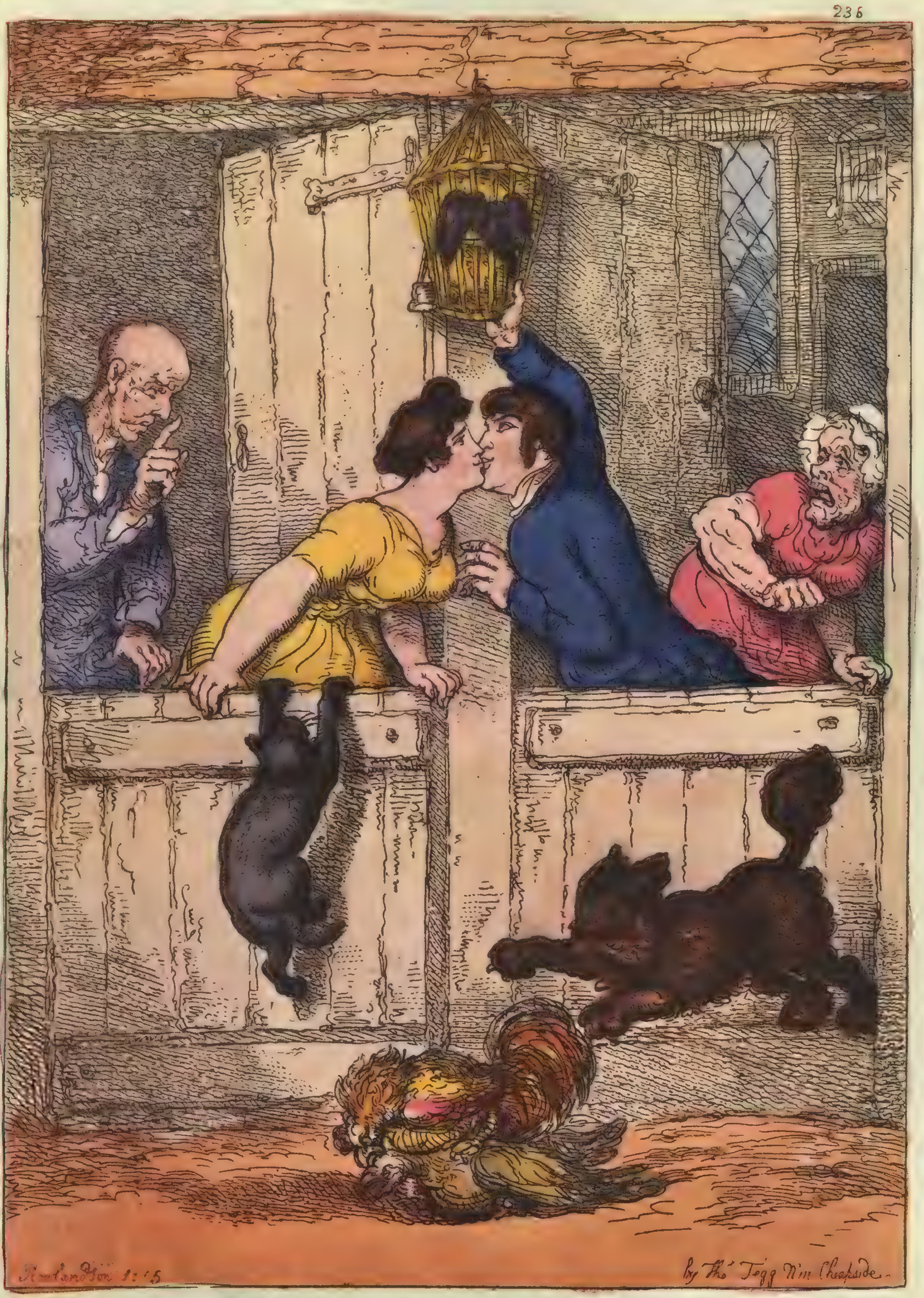
Rowlandson Del

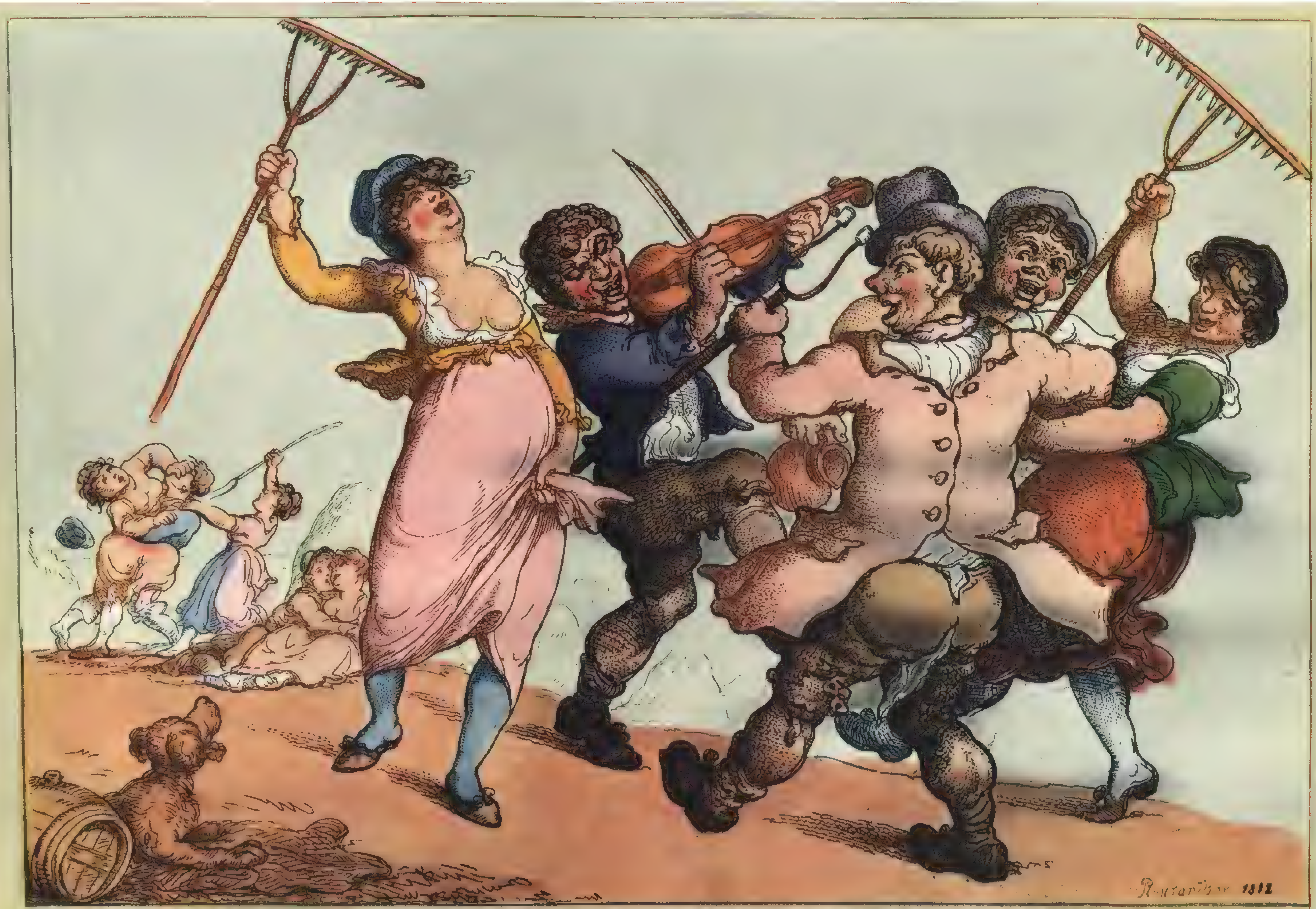
A MILK SOP.

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY


236
Rowlandson 1815
by Thos Tegg 111 Cheapside

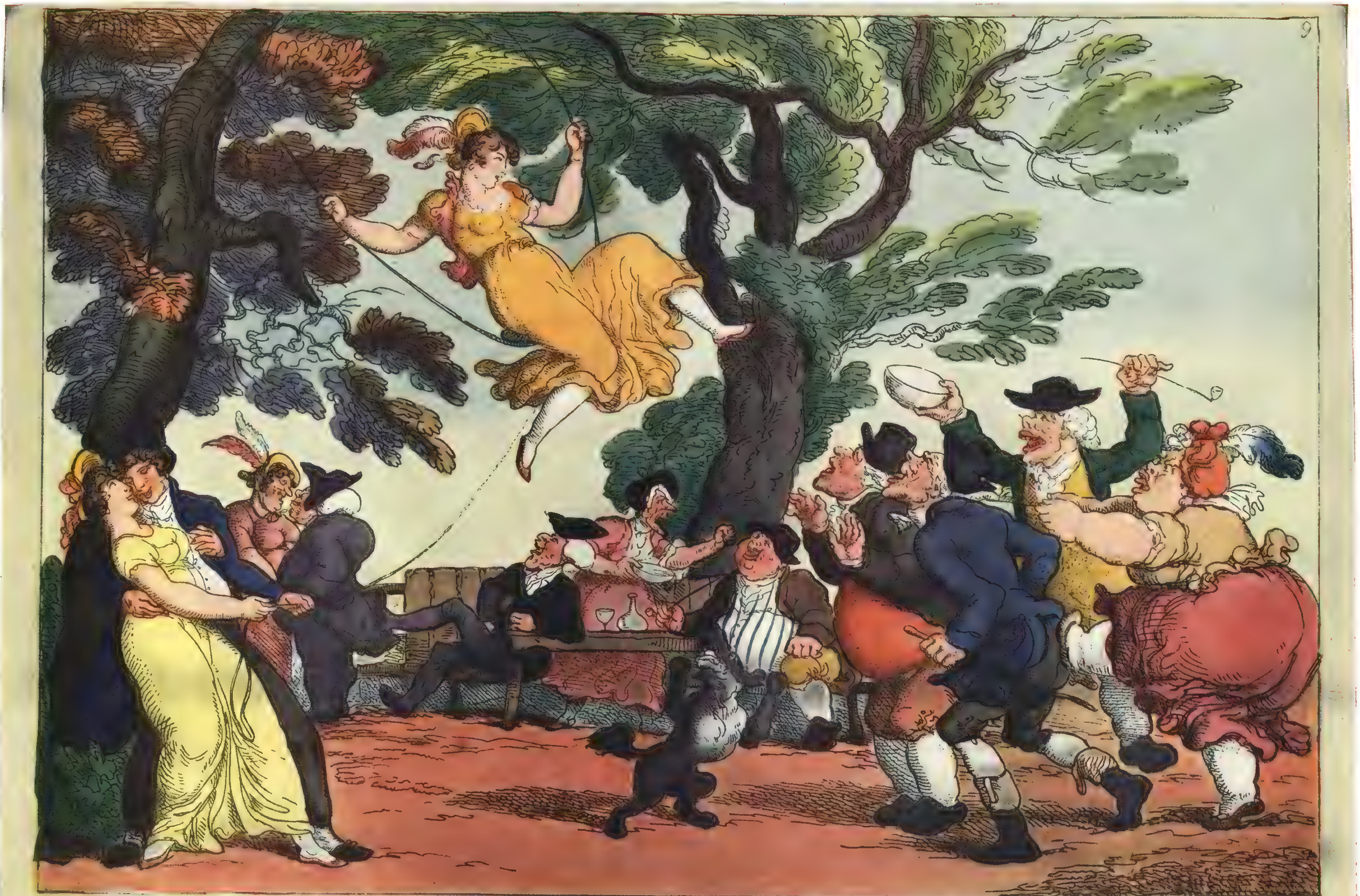
NEIGHBOURLY REFRESHMENT.

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY


Rowlandson 1812

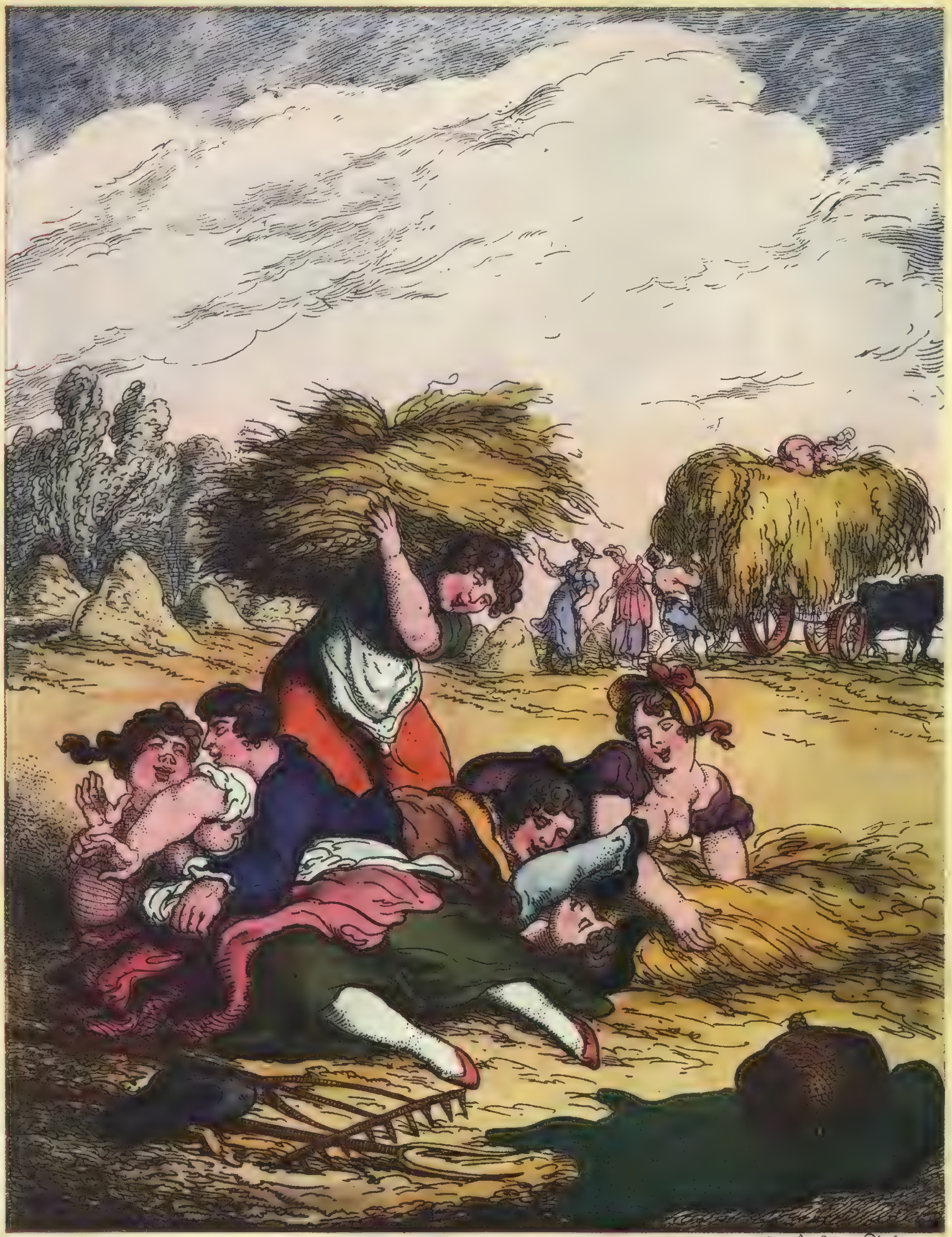
WILD IRISH OR PADDY FROM CORK, WITH HIS COAT BUTTONED BEHIND.

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY



RURAL SPORTS. OR HOW TO SHOW OFF A WELL SHAPED LEG.

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY


Rowlandson Del

RURAL SPORTS.
OR A PLEASANT WAY OF MAKING HAY.

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Man of Nature

You're his bread and butter and you travel with your guide like an old pal—just the same he dislikes you

by DONALD HOUGH

• SPORTS •

I WAS sitting on the upper bunk of a cabin near the Minnesota-Canada boundary. A young man with Indian blood in him and a vast blue-eyed Swede were sitting below me, knitting. The Indian youth was making his socks all white but the heels, which he made orange. The Swede was putting green toes in his. They could tell them apart that way. The slim hands of the Indian and the heavy muscular fingers of the other worked with surprising dexterity. Outside the temperature was below zero. The cabin was warm.

"I tell you," the Swede was saying, "the average fellow's idea of a vacation is to come up here from the city and see how damned uncomfortable he can make himself for a couple weeks. It's a fact."

The Indian lad agreed. He said, "If they get a good night's sleep they think they're being cheated. They got to be tough for their money."

"It gives a fellow," said the Swede, picking up a dropped stitch, "a pain."

They were guides. Guides at home, putting in their winter.

AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

They were in their cabin, snug and comfortable and warm—as snug as only a cabin can be, as comfortable as they could make themselves with the means at their disposal, a bit too warm for the upper bunk—and I knew that when they traveled together, come spring, they would do everything possible to avoid the discomforts which the customer from the city insists upon suffering in order to convince himself he is camping out.

For the northwoods guide, when not on parade before his client, is several steps removed from the "silent man of the forests" who rolls up in a blanket and sleeps on the bare ground, carries a week's supply of grub in his pants pockets, and paddles endless hours with tireless nonchalance. On pay trips he does for money what his customer does for fun; when the ordeal is finished both return to normalcy.

Although he can and will get along on scant rations and basic equipment when traveling professionally or when on long, hard trips on his own account, he never errs on the side of discomfort when there is any choice. He is willing to make two trips over the usual run of portages instead of one, or three instead of two, for the additional luxuries this makes it possible for him to carry.

The guide renounces the comforts of civilization only to the extent that it is impossible for him to take them with him; his client, on the other hand, is on determined vacation from the niceties of life. The vacationist is interested primarily in the means of travel—he likes to paddle for the paddling, cook for the cooking, camp for the camping—whereas the guide regards the means as necessary to the end he has in view, which is movement through the woods.

He does not like to cut boughs for a bed; he prefers an air mattress and always carries one if he has it and has room for it. He would carry around a room with bath if he could. He likes a pillow better than a rolled up jacket beneath his head at night, and when traveling alone he likes to carry a couple, for use not only in sleeping but during the daytime in the canoe. He leans toward sleeping bags rather than toward blankets. His menu—when possible—consists largely of such store purchases as canned fruit, fresh oranges, baker's bread, canned meats, jam, beefsteaks, and other items which the vacationist, determined to be hard-boiled or perish trying, would look upon with dismay.

While selecting the most romantic spots for the camps of his retainers, the woodsman when alone will travel far, hard, and after dark to reach a cabin for the night. He does not like to pitch a tent unless he has to, any more than he enjoys the fragrant torture of the bough bed. He will not travel in the rain; when confronted by headwinds he sits and waits for finer weather. He usually will portage rapids rather than run them; he thinks a folding camp stove is worth a dozen open fires for cooking.

In a word, he lives in the woods, the outdoor life is his whole life, and he makes himself at home with as little inconvenience and as many comforts as he can, just as we all do in our own environments.

Such is his attitude toward himself. What is his attitude toward you?

His basic attitude in this respect is easily summed up: He does not like you.

The reasons for this are a bit involved, and there are variations, but broadly speaking you can put it down as No. 1 consideration in your study of the guide as viewed against the background of his customers. True, you are paying him, you are his summer bread and butter—which in many cases he must stretch over the winter as well—and he is glad to see you when you appear and writes to you when you have left. You travel together in the woods like two old pals, with the much advertised comradeship of the wilds between you. Just the same, he does not like you.

Let's look at you, from his point of view.

You make much more money than he does. You are better educated; by the usual standards you are superior. You make your money sitting comfortably in an office—and sitting comfortably any place, eating good food, being warm in cold weather, living under shelter, is to him the object of life, not merely its background. For doing this you get paid more money in a month then he makes in a year.

To the guide, as to farmers and others who live on the land, money has a higher value than it has to the man in the city. The guide receives much of his payment, not in cash, but in kind. That is to say, he is

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The Voice of Cain

Folks know their etiquette in this Kentucky town, and tell a man they don't like him before they shoot

by THOMAS NEWMAN

• ARTICLE •

NOT so long ago, I wrote an article on the people of the Kentucky hills. It appeared in these pages which was certainly incentive enough for me to attempt an encore. In fact, I had just raised my voice, my wife accompanying me on the typewriter, when . . . I was shotgunned off the stage. I was kicked out of Bloody Mountain, the place about which I had written and was writing. And that is a tale in itself. And where I went and what I found is another tale.

This is what happened. One night I gave a party at my house. I invited some moonshiners, several well-thought-of murderers, and the schoolmarm. Please do not be surprised at my list of guests, for what are criminals in the polite life of a city are average self-respecting citizens among the mountain folk. They all brought their pistols to the party but that was not strange since they carried them always inside their shirts, ready for the attack of a rattlesnake or a neighbor. Everybody at my party became quickly drunk and I became foolish, yea, exceedingly foolish. I gave the boys a short lecture on evolution and it was evident from their silence that they had already given the theory some consideration and were not altogether in agreement with it. I should have known better. I should have realized that mountain folk will hate an evolutionist even worse than a Democrat, and to them a Democrat is a sub-human with a case of mental hookworm.

The next day the two manly preachers of Bloody Mountain called on me with the intention of either arguing or beating the devil out of my soul. How could I believe that man "who is but little lower than the angels" descended from a long line of monkeys? Not only was it a slur on their English ancestry but it also cast an aspersion on the angels. The more the preachers argued, the more anxious they were to beat me up. But we compromised on my immediate exodus from Bloody Mountain.

I had no wish to leave the hills of Kentucky. There is no place in the United States where a man can live so cheaply, so leisurely, and so well.

The world's loveliest country and most hospitable people, if you are not a stranger and do not rub them the wrong way. Families older than those of Back Bay Boston and speech that retains much of Chaucer. No radios, no automobiles, no tourists. Yes, I did not want to leave Kentucky. And I had heard of country some forty miles south of Bloody Mountain, where there was still virgin forest, where the gentry would shoot a man just to see him fall, where there was double-strength Kentucky. I decided to visit it.

Therefore I saddled my mule, packed a few shirts and socks in the saddlebags, sent Nan (wife) back to New York and its peace, and set out for the country where there was still virgin timber.

As I traveled south the land became more mountainous and wild. Gradually the soft-grassed meadows changed into fields of fierce bushes and bright insolent flowers and the scrubbiness grew and grew until there were only trees. People did not occur often. Finally I came to the timber tracts, pine, walnut, spruce, and maple where axe had never sounded. It is difficult to describe the thrill of such a sight, the knowledge that many of these magnificent trees had been standing since the days of George Washington's monkeyshines with the cherry tree. Not less awesome was the probability of wildcats and rattlesnakes, the possibility of wolves in this forest.

It was dusk when I came to a tiny settlement. A few log cabins, not even a general store or a church. It was the only place never blighted by a billboard. There was a tall man standing in front of one of the cabins and I greeted him.

"What's the name of this settlement?" I asked.

"Cain," he answered, spitting about a cupful of tobacco juice. "Whar ye come from, or haint it none of my business?"

"From Bloody Mountain," I answered. "I thought I'd like to settle here."

He nodded. "Hit's a good place. Taint like Bloody Mountain whar ye caint whup a dawg without everyone wantin' t'know why."

The notion appealed to me after my recent experience with evolution. "That's good," I said.

"Hit's right smart country," he said. "Folk hyar won't treat ye good but they'll treat ye clever. Ef ye kin shoot an' ye don't mind raisin' a lil corn, ye kin eat without much trubble. Ye oughta mind yore own business but ef ye kin shoot right well, I reckon ye kin meddle much as ye keer to. Ye oughtn't fool with nobuddy's woman but ye probubbly will 'cause there haint no wimmin to spare."

It took him about five minutes to say all this, what with robust spitting and deep reflection and general interest in the remnants of the sunset.

I said, "It suits me. Where can I stay? Is there a cabin I can rent or someone with whom I can board?"

He answered, "No, thar haint no landlords hyar an' thar haint nobuddy whut likes a stranger to live in the house whar his woman is. But I reckon the boys'll bilt ye a shack an' ye kin live with me till hit's done. My woman she's so old an' ugly I haint got nuthin to be afeard of." And that was that.

By this time, as you can imagine if you have ever lived in any really rural district, the total population of Cain had made its appearance and was engaged in dissolving me with their stares. There were about fifty men, women and children—tall, handsome people. I introduced myself and they in turn told me their names, beautifully quaint and Old English names: Lucius Loveless, Idle Whistle, Elic Dunce, Dovey Bee Bean, Murdie More, Coomb Farmer, and Veda Holyday. The man to whom I had spoken first—his name was Cecil Everyman—told the other men that I was going to settle in Cain and that I wanted them to build me a cabin. They said they'd start the next morning. I was a little apprehensive as to what it would cost me but I knew better than to ask. Mountain folk are peculiar about money, they consider themselves insulted if you ask them their price before the job is done.

Well, the next morning I was awakened at five o'clock by a bustle of men outside the door. I put on my boots and breeches and went out. And there were the men of Cain and with them was a miniature forest. Trees were piled on sledges or dragged along the ground by ropes. One husky carried a good-sized pine on his shoulder. They must have worked half the night!

"Whar do ye want yore shack bilt?" I was asked.

I pointed to a clearing about fifty yards away. "Over there," I said.

Then the men got to work. They must have made their plans beforehand because each one started to saw or plane or hammer and no one consulted another. I was amazed at the speed and dexterity with which they worked. Each man seemed an expert carpenter. But to make a long day short, that shack was completed by sundown. A one-room cabin made of logs, chinked with mud, equipped with a stone fireplace and chimney. Built in one day!

Lucius Loveless said, "Wal, I reckon ye kin bilt yoreself some cheers an' a table. My woman's a-makin' ye a quilt."

I thanked him and said that I could build my furniture. I thanked the men and said, "How much do you reckon this job is worth?" (The mountain way to ask price.)

They answered, "Nary a thing." (The usual mountain answer.)

"You men did a whole day's work here. You ought to take something." (The standard objection.)

"Nope. Hit's jest being neighborly. Hit's jest as we're fellowshippin' yer." (Which astonished me but I knew the discussion was at an end.)

"Much obliged," I said, for there was

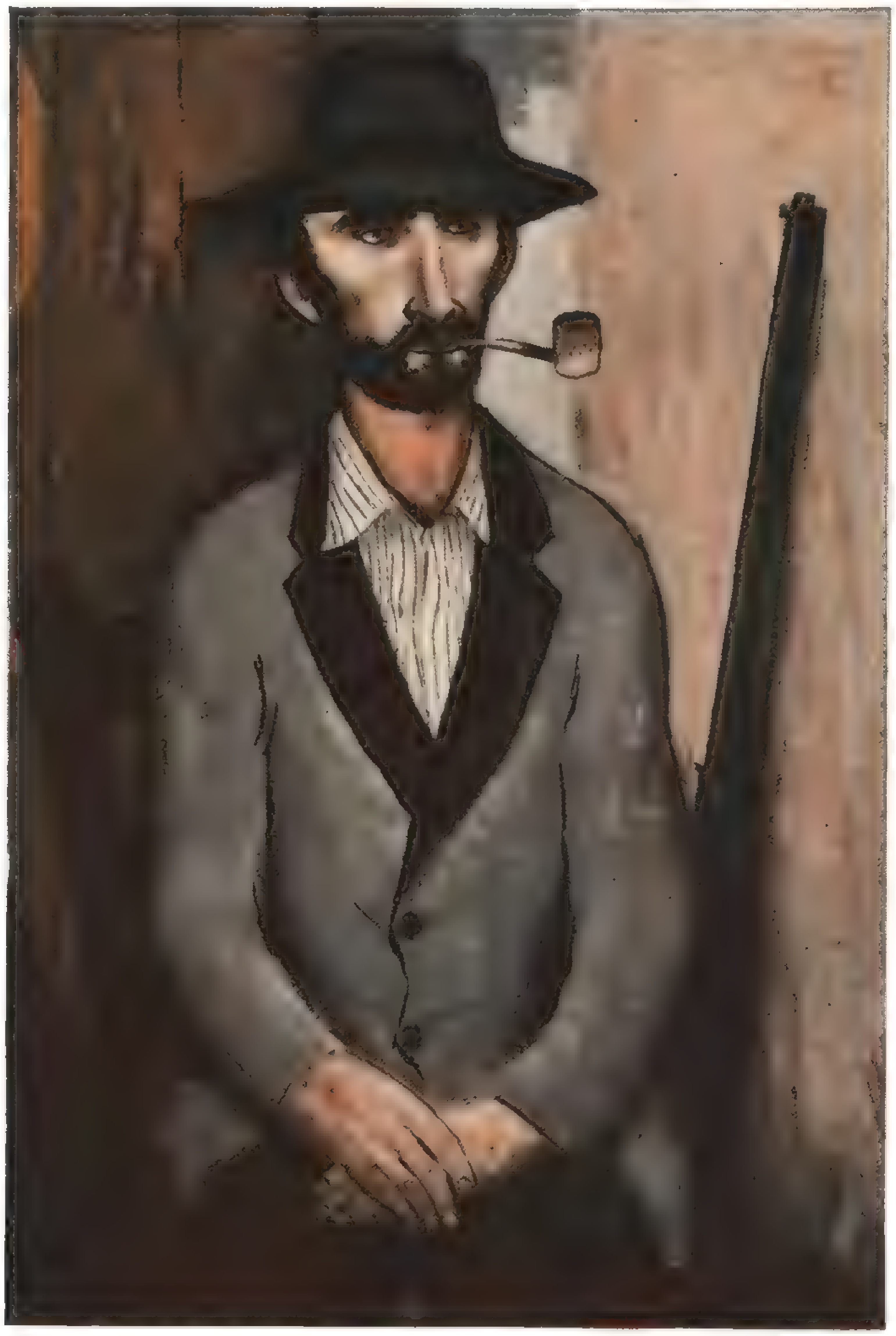
nothing else to say. Thus, my introduction to the community of Cain.

Before I describe their habits and customs, I must tell who these people are and what they stand for. There are hundreds of such settlements in the United States. They exist in the north woods of Maine, in the Florida scrub, in the Mississippi swamps, in northern California, Idaho, and Washington. The people who inhabit them are usually of one stock, such as the Cainites who are mountain folk or "briar-hoppers," but no matter what their stock, they all have the same ideology. They cannot live in a developed community. They are stifled by progress. They are pioneers just as sincerely as were Rogers, Boone, and Jackson. They won't dwell in a mechanized house or take advantage of the shiny, electric crutches of civilization. They don't want the PWA to fix their roads and build them outhouses. They don't want to fish in stocked streams or hunt in stocked forests. They like the small personal miracles of shooting deer with a homemade rifle and keeping out the rain by a homemade roof and clothing their bodies with homemade clothes. They like to deal with each other as human beings competing in unison, competing against one another and yet working together.

The Cainites came originally from good-sized Kentucky towns. From their early youth they had hated the strictures of town life but when they had been forced to clerk in a grocery store or bank, they had no longer been able to endure it. They wandered over the state until they finally happened upon Cain. The first settler was Cain Wilder, now ninety-six years old, and in this year of grace the population numbered fifty-three. If it continued to expand, the young men would undoubtedly leave and found a settlement of their own.

Let me tell you their customs. First, remember that the Cainites were mountain folk and were, therefore, like their village brethren, gracious and charming. They were well-bred in the true sense of the word. The minute you entered a yard, the children ran inside to fetch you a chair, the man offered you his tobacco, and the woman brought you something to eat. You constantly heard, "I reckon ye better come home with us," and when you accepted the invitation: "I spect ye'll hev to stay the night." (Hospitality is unlimited as long as the man is in the house, not so at any time when the woman is alone.) There is an amusing tale about a rejected suitor who attended the marriage of his sweetheart. After the festivities were over the bridegroom said conventionally, "I reckon y'all hev to stay the night with us." The suitor astonished everyone by replying, "Thankee, I reckon I will." It was probably the first insincere amenity ever uttered by the bridegroom and hill manners decree that an invitation cannot be retracted. Therefore, the newlyweds spent their nuptial night in bed with the unrequited suitor—who stayed awake all night and chuckled. Of course he was "shot 'n' kilt" the next day, but it happened after breakfast, so that no one could reproach the bridegroom with inhospitality.

I have said that the gentry built me a cabin, but that does not mean they accepted me. On the contrary they mistrusted me, even as they mistrusted one another, even as the men were watchful of their wives and the children evaluated their parents. This seems intelligent, because no person can really be sure of another; probably a slight mutual mistrust is an excellent basis for friendship. I don't mean that Cain was a community of jealous, doubting people, I mean merely that implicit faith was never placed in anyone. Most people would rather have it that way. Anyway, most pioneers would. Before you entered on a man's land, you hollered and waited for an answer. You never came visiting after dark. You never, as I have said, entered his house when his wife was home alone. When you disliked a man you told him, then shot him. You carried your pistol with you always.



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

There was this paradox of graciousness and suspicion.

Never have I seen a place where it was so easy to obtain food. There were trees with twenty or thirty squirrels in them. There were thousands of groundhogs and rabbits, quail and partridges. You celebrated Thanksgiving with a brace of wild turkeys and for Christmas you had venison. The forest was full of berry bushes and there was a plenitude of wild fruit trees. You learned that there were edible greens on the forest floor and that many roots were delicious after they had been boiled a little. You planted a few potatoes and some corn—and thus was the food problem settled.

There was also a communal tobacco field in Cain and a communal still. Therefore we smoked Kentucky white burley and drank very superior moonshine. 'Shine is a good drink when made conscientiously and mountain folk are amusing drunkards. When intoxicated their singing is at its best and their language is even more Old English and poetic. But at a certain point in the festivities the mirth turns to irascibility and it is wise to withdraw before the rough stuff begins. The average is about one dead man to every three parties.

Medicine was obtained as easily as food. There was a root or bark for every illness. If you were constipated, you made a tea of white oak bark. If you had diarrhea, you boiled the bark of a lobstick pine. When mosquitoes annoyed you, crushed pennyroyal could be rubbed on your arms and legs; it is far more effective than citronella or oil of lavender. I had long suffered from a ringworm which bloomed once a year and lasted for several weeks, despite the magic powders and salves of the skin doctors. I was in Cain at the time of its '37 appearance and Idle Whistle suggested that I apply the juice that is found in balsalm stalks. I did—and by god the ringworm disappeared in a few days.

As for clothes, the Cainites wore homespuns in summer and in winter added coonskin caps and deerskin breeches, just like their ancestors. And like the people of that bearded past, no one used toilet paper and the youngest child could distinguish between oak and poison oak leaves.

The routine of our days was simple. We arose at five o'clock, spent the day at hunting, fishing, and talking, and went to bed at nine. The evening hours were given to singing and an occasional square dance. I must say something of the singing. Everyone with the exception of myself and the children under five years old knew how to pick a guitar and everyone with the sole exception of myself could sing in harmony. I don't mean barber shop stuff, I mean natural harmony. It is a gift of all mountain people, a particularly delightful gift. Also, they are never able to leave a song alone but must always change and embellish the tune. Consequently, no one in Cain sang *Sweet Fern* to the same melody.

The men often went into the forest and did not reappear for several days. Now, I had never been much alone in the woods, and the fact of virgin timber was an additional inducement, therefore my decision to take a three-day hunting trip. I was hunting bear and the first day passed without my even seeing tracks. But a more thrilling sight than

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Give Hollywood a Chance

The picture was good, okay it had charm, but what's the difference it stunk, because it was Grade B

by DANIEL FUCHS

• SATIRE •

You come to Hollywood, all right. You're a young writer, write highbrow, honest stuff, I don't know what because, to be perfectly frank, I have never read a line you wrote. I don't know you socially or professionally, makes no difference anyhow, me not reading your books, I wouldn't understand it anyway, I can't read, okay.

You are a sincere writer, *ars gratia artis*, like it says on the MGM product, means art for the sake of art. They hand you this stuff, boy meets girl, springboards, premises and menaces, and you say what the hell do you call this? Naturally. It's another world. So like the other boys from Fourteenth Street—you're from New York? Union Square?—so like all these other smart radicals, they know everything, they're the only ones—you say the movie business stinks, nobody knows nothing about making pictures, only you. Didn't I guess right? Didn't I analyze the situation perfectly? I can read minds almost. Anybody walk into my office here, just by looking at him I can tell everything about him, what he does for a living, his mental attitudes, his character, et cetera. Intuition. Every good writer—I was a writer before I became a producer, never want to produce in the first place. I wanted to write. Brosse, they said, never mind, we need you producing, so what the hell, I'm a producer. Yes, but every good writer, what he needs, he needs intuition, what was I saying?

No, don't get me wrong, I ain't got nothing against radicals. See, I'm no radical myself but it's okay with me. Take my son Red—funny, his name is really Tyrone but he don't like it, we call him Red. What's funny, I mean, is that he takes after his old man. See, I don't like my first name neither, Joseph, I call myself J. Edmund Brosse, so what was I saying? Oh, yes, take my son Red, he's a radical, a regular *New Masses* radical. I don't say nothing, it's okay with me. The way I see it, everybody's got a right to say what he thinks, this is a free country, okay.

So you come to Hollywood, you're a young writer, and pretty soon you get disgusted with the whole business. You wait for your thirteen weeks to be all over and then you go home and you tell all kinds of stories about Hollywood, it's nuts. I know, I know all about it. Well, kid, let me give you a for instance. You can take it if you like it and if you don't, it's okay with me, no harm's done. Take me. Yes, me. How do you think I got where I am today? By defeatist tactics? See, that's the whole secret, defeatism, you should not get it, I mean. Take certain guys. They're morbid and depressed, they always see the other side of life, they go around with a perpetual grouch, okay, what was I saying? Now I'm in a cul de sac, means at the end of—oh, yes, take me. I'm not going to give you my life story but you can learn. How do you think I got along when I first got here? Did I get disgusted with everything and run back home?

Listen, when I came out here, I was flat on my can for two years, more, couldn't get a day's work. It was perfectly terrible but in a way it was a good thing. It's a wise saying, I know it's trite but it's true all the same, nothing bad happens without something good being connected with it. I mean my wife. See, it took those years of adversity to prove to me that I had a wonderful wife no matter how black my future was. And I found out about it for which I am truly grateful to the Lord, okay.

So there I was in Hollywood without a job, what could I do? I figured I might as well start praying, not that I'm religious, but what the hell, I wasn't doing nothing anyway. So I went to services. I still go whenever I can get the opportunity. See, soon after I started, I get a job and knock wood thank the Lord I haven't been out of work a day since. So I keep on going now because I figure, hell, how would it look if I stop now?

All right, I get a job, a hundred fifty a week, beans, nothing, writing for Maury Dooly on the Gibraltar lot. That was under the Larry McCoy regime, not the Gibraltar you know now. Hell, no, Gibraltar today wouldn't stand for that sort of thing, the sort of thing Larry stood for. Matter of fact, that was why they fired him. A genius, this Larry McCoy, never saw a better workman when it came to one of those smart Continental comedies, light touch, you know, Adolphe Menjou, sheshey la fam, je sui tray fateegay, I'm tired, oh, yes, I speak the language. A bit. Larry couldn't be licked on a production like that but what do they do? See, movie business, they take a first-class producer and make an executive out of him. They put him in charge of the B producers, take care of the cheap pictures, quickies like. Well, the trouble was, he's nuts. It makes me laugh right now to think of it. See, he was a practical joker. See, I don't have to tell you, this town, Hollywood, it's perfectly insane with practical jokes all the time. I can't stand it personally, lot of kiddish junk in my opinion, but this Larry McCoy, he was a great one for a joke. Why, he had a system of signals. When he called a certain number on a phone and gave the high sign, a friend of his would come tearing down the street with a siren blowing on his car, dressed up like the cops, to fake a raid. You know, just for a joke. This Larry, he would stop at nothing. All the same, a great producer.

Okay, where do I come in, okay, I'm writing a little cockroach business for this Maury Dooly, my supervisor. One thing about me, I got no conceit. Those stories about producers, you know, they're no bunk. I'm not like that at all.

After all, tell me, who the hell am I? Just because I get twenty-seven hundred a week and my name's J. Edmund Brosse, that don't make me no better than the next man and vice versa. Okay. So I did this script, a program picture, *Marry The Girl*, nice title, you like it? It wasn't bad for a program picture. See, it had a situation, we got a girl, she's a nice little sweet broad and she walks in to see the boy, one of those shy handsome mugs, great on looks, got all the business, but tongue-tied, bashful. And they have a little scene together when they first meet. Then the broad's old lady, a sweet elderly type, good for emotional appeal, she walks in and sees the necking going on, and the old lady, the old battle-axe gets hot as hell and says, look here, young man, I will not permit my daughter to talk to strange young men. So on. It was good, it had charm, but what's the difference, it stunk, it was a B picture. I turned in the script to Maury Dooly, he don't know from his neck up or down, he says okay and goes to see Larry McCoy for the actors for the piece. So he goes, all right, I'm due for a screen credit, a B picture, it don't make a

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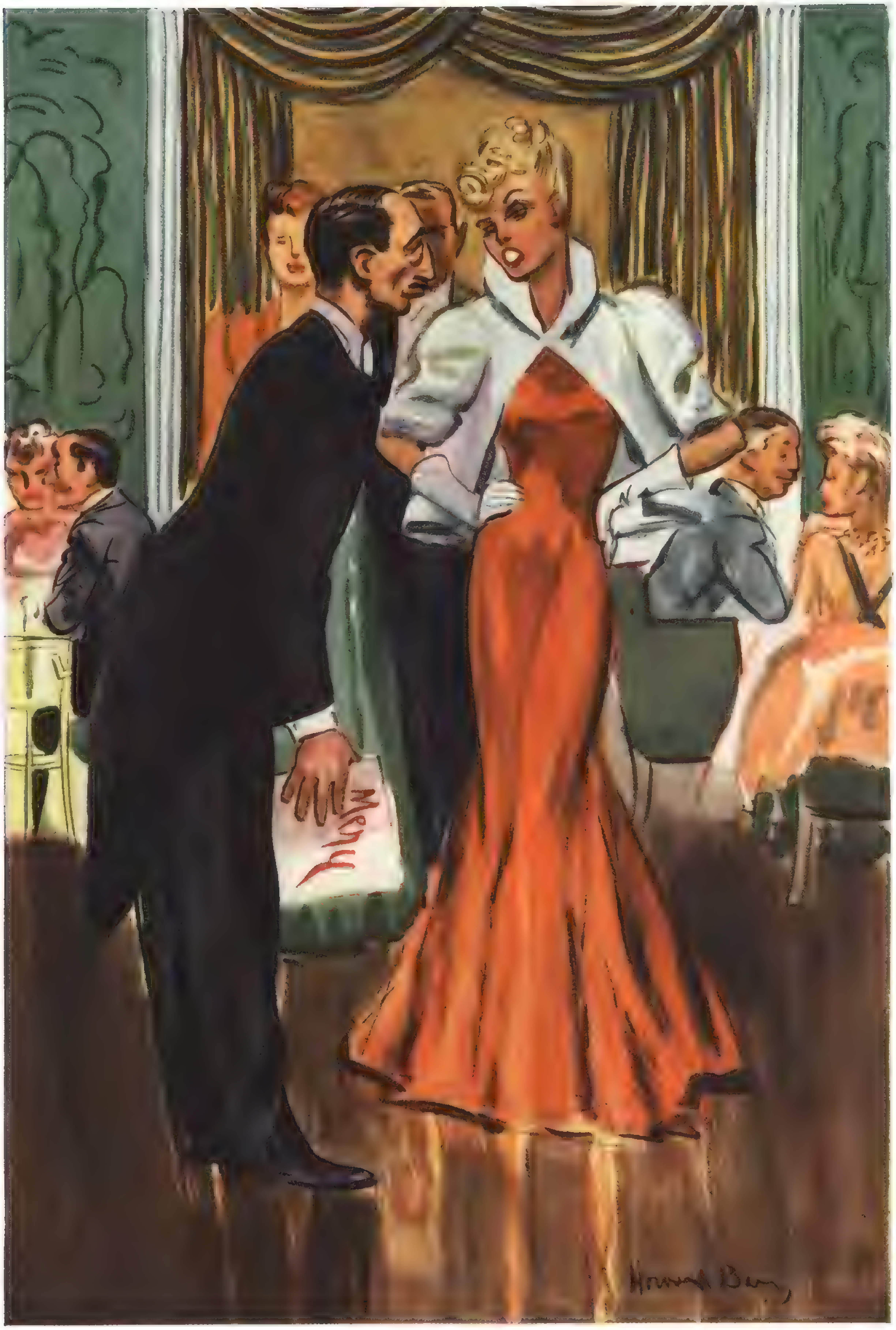
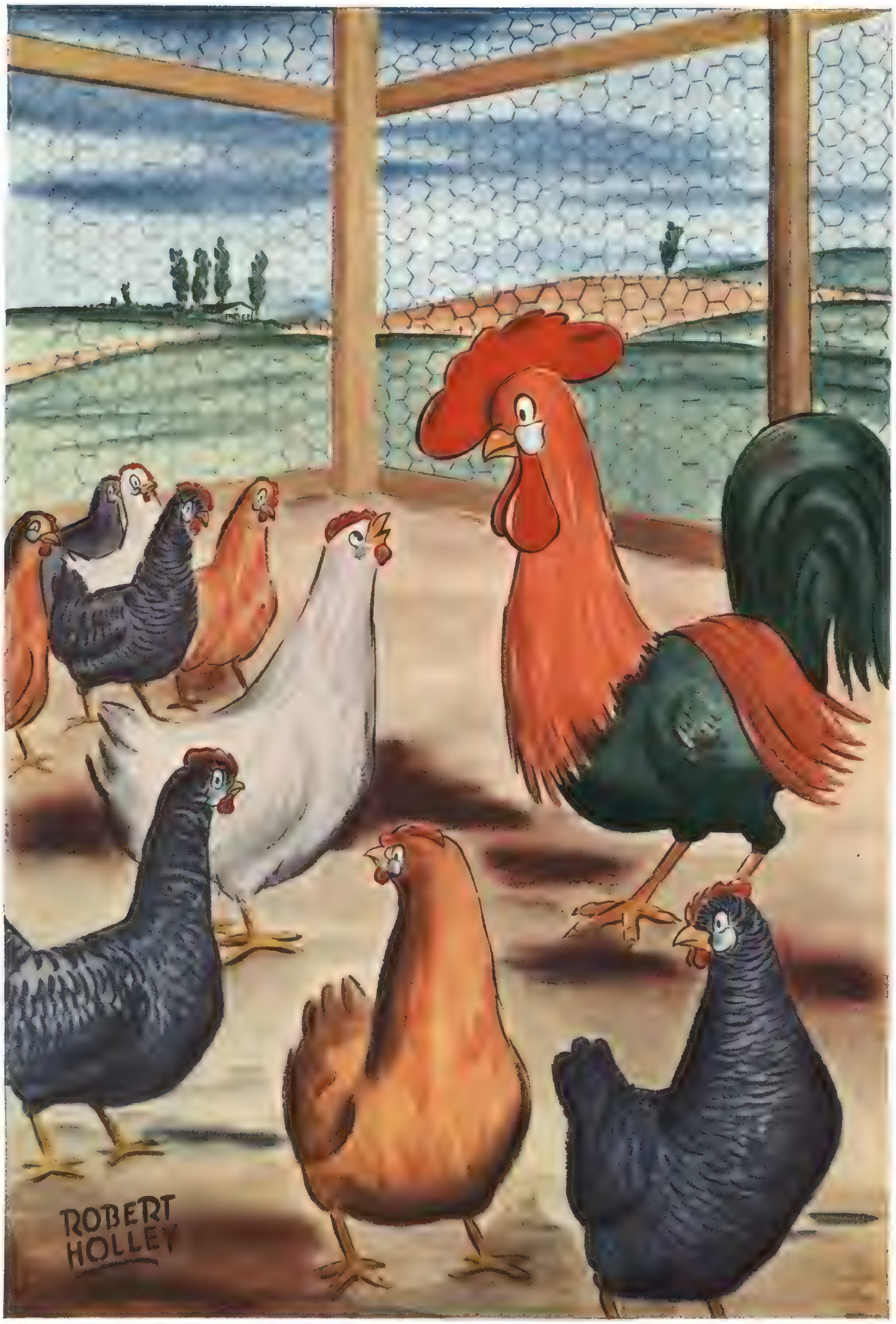


"Was there anyone in here looking for a gorgeous blonde?"


ROBERT HOLLEY

"I'm new here—can you tell me what I'm supposed to do?"

The Hero of Sussemilken

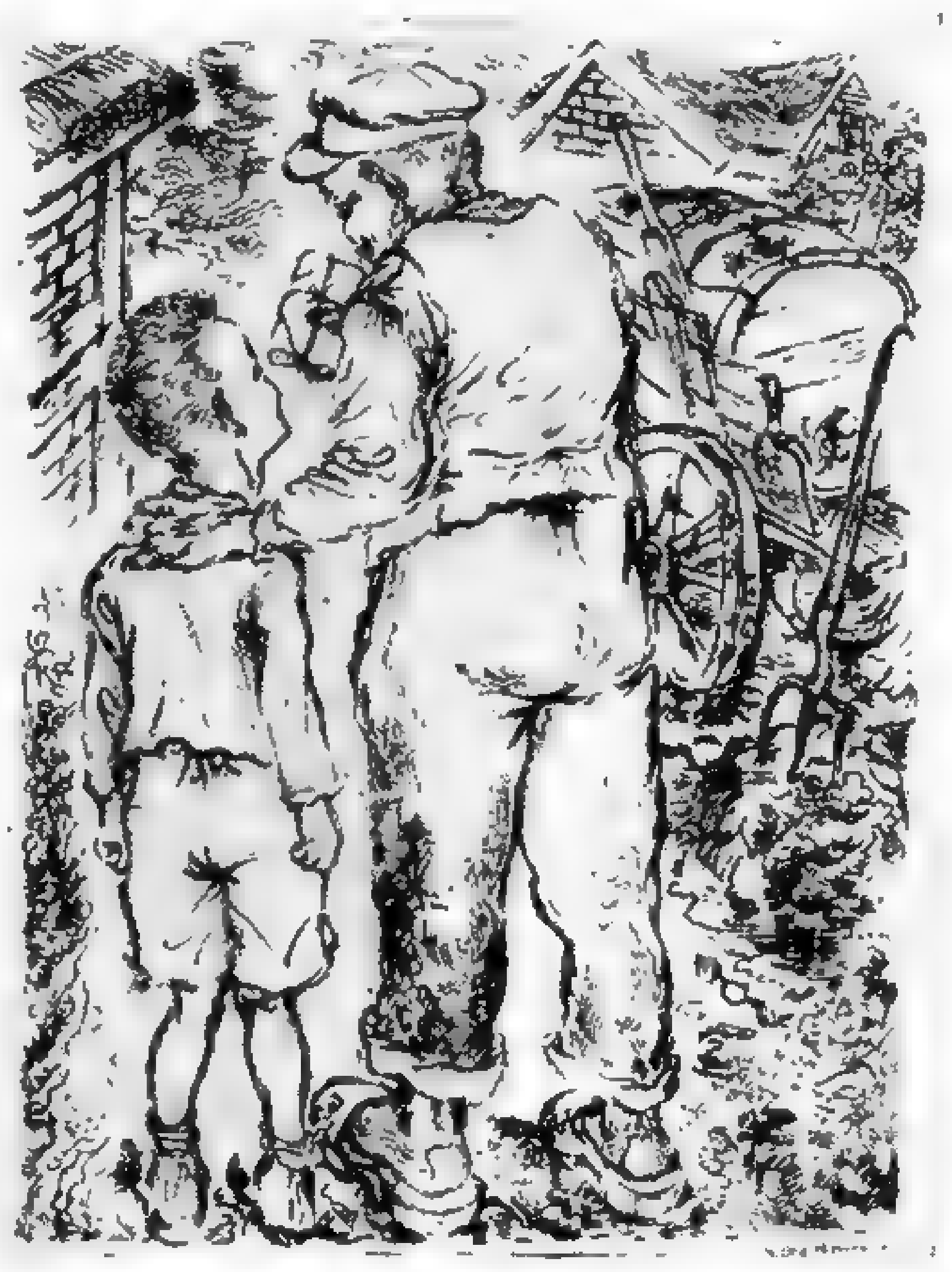
He had often helped his uncle, the blacksmith, and in days of battle, the boy becomes a man

by WALTER SCHOENSTEDT

• FICTION •

WHEN the boy had reached the house, he looked for the dog. But there was neither doghouse nor chain, and the usual wooden feeding trough of rough logs was missing. He knocked at the door of the house, his eyes still searching the deserted yard. Our Nelly, he thought, our bitch would be hanging on your trouser leg already. In the open stable, the wheels sunk in deeply, stood a cart of manure for the fall tilling.

A grumpy old man opened the door. His brown velveteen trousers were sprinkled with cowdung up to the knees. He was wearing wooden clogs; his brittle, short boots stood upon the stone step. He wore a snow-white, homespun linen shirt. That struck the boy.



His father and the other peasants he knew never wore white shirts during the week.

"Oh, excuse me, can I take some water?"

"Water? Yes, certainly, of course, just go to the well."

The well stood underneath an old apple tree. The apples were yellow. The boy drew the pail high. This well was much deeper than the one at home. The water smelled fresher and tasted colder. He swallowed slowly, closing his eyes. Then he spilled the water out and let the pail down. Now his face was wet and his lips took on a darkred color.

The man had stayed in the doorway. He took a few steps into the yard and examined the boy. Then he clasped his hands behind him and said slowly:

"When you come up to people, why don't you greet them with 'Heil Hitler, our Savior'?"

"My father says our salvation cannot come from a man."

"Where are you from? What's your name?"

"My name is Friedrich Augstein. We live in Sussemilken."

"Sussemilken? Why, that's almost two hours' walk. Where are you coming from now?"

"I brought eggs to the city. Mother always drives in on Friday, but today father needed both horses for manuring."

"Have you two horses?"

"Yes, two horses and two cows."

"Is your father the blacksmith, Augstein?"

"No, that's my uncle."

"And you never say Heil Hitler?"

"No. Only in school do we mention him."

"Why?" queried the old man, interested.

"In school we have to say it."

"And your uncle, the blacksmith, what about him? Doesn't he ever say Heil Hitler either?"

"In Sussemilken the only one who says it is the teacher. Haven't you got a dog?"

"Of course, he's inside. Wait a minute, I'll show him to you. Sit down for a while. . . ."

The peasant went into the room. At the big table sat three men who had waited for him nervously. All three smoked home-grown tobacco. The sharp, green smoke hovered above them. The peasant squinted, laid his hands on the table, lowered his head a bit and said:

"It's nothing. Listen: there's a boy outside from Sussemilken. His name is Friedrich Augstein and he never says Heil Hitler."

For a while there was silence. Then an old man stood up. He had a grey beard. His hair was light and parted straight. In his face there were the same number of furrows that he had drawn with the plough through the heavy East Prussian soil.

"What did he want, Kantscheit?"

"Water was all that be wanted."

"Water?" was his short reply.

"Yes. He's coming from the city."

"This boy can bring the things to the blacksmith in Sussemilken."

Now they all smoked vigorously and thought tensely. The pipes crackled because the tobacco was coarse and bad.

"We can't do that," a young man said.

"In these days of battle, a boy becomes a man," said the old man. "The boy is all right, I tell you. The blacksmith told me about him once."

"None of us can let ourselves be seen in Sussemilken," said Kantscheit. "I think the god of conspiracy has sent the boy to us. It's all right, I know it. The materials must be delivered by this evening."

"And suppose the evil god of the Gestapo sent him?" asked the skeptical young peasant.

"Then there would be a different look in his eyes," answered Kantscheit. "If you're agreed, then I'll talk to him."

One after the other nodded. Kantscheit bent down under the table and began to pet a dog.

"Come out, Rolf, come, come . . ."

The dog crawled out. He was big and black. His ears straightened up. Before he began to move, he stretched himself, groaning softly.

Meanwhile, the boy had sat down upon the stone steps. Now he looked tired and impatient. The dog trotted up to him immediately and wagged his bushy tail.

"You see, here he is. At first he didn't want to come at all."

"He's a beautiful dog. We had one like him once."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"No, not at all."

"If you want, I'll go into the kitchen and get you some bread and butter."

"You mean you have butter?"

"Sometimes we have it."

"We have to sell our butter and our eggs, or we wouldn't have any salt. We eat margarine."

"Do you like your uncle?"

"Oh, uncle is my best friend. I often help him."

"Do you want to be a blacksmith some day?"

"I don't know about that yet."

"Do you want to be a soldier?"

"There aren't any soldiers."

"Why, haven't we got enough of them?"

"Yes, but those aren't real soldiers."

"Why, why not?"

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DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Shuttlecock Shots on the Rise

It may seem odd to see a healthy guy swatting a bunch of feathers, but it's no game for panty waists

by DONALD C. VAUGHAN, JR.

▪ SPORTS ▪

BADMINTON? Do there remain those still not conversant with the nation's fastest growing indoor sport; still unfamiliar with the place occupied by badminton in the athletic, competitive and social scheme? Well, they constitute a rapidly declining percentage of the sports-conscious and athletically inclined, and, whatever erroneous reports may have reached you to the contrary, the game Has What It Takes and is decidedly not a fad. To be sure, the expansion of badminton in this country in the past few years has been astounding, but let those who are skeptical, lest such rapid growth indicate a faddish tendency, note that actually it is a mature game whose roots grow deep into the past.

Perhaps you are only vaguely, if at all, aware of badminton's existence, and possibly your sole acquaintance with the game is the memory of the battledore and shuttlecock set you received many Christmas mornings ago, and therefore you only recall it as being a little too lively for the drawing room. But today it is a full-fledged athletic pursuit whose broad appeal is thoroughly democratic and practically universal. Thoroughly democratic because it is played enthusiastically by debutantes, chauffeurs, clergymen and actresses, by stenographers, football players, golfers and acrobats; practically universal because it is played on lawns and on roofs, in barns, YMCA's, country clubs, garages, AC's, schools, dance halls, armories, in churches, theatres, night clubs, parish houses and innumerable similar hangouts throughout the British Isles, India, China, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, Canada, the U. S. and countless other crevices and corners of the globe.

Probably the way for the uninitiated to get the clearest mental picture of badminton, is to visualize lawn tennis, which badminton most nearly approximates in structural set-up and play, the two games employing in common; a court, a net and rackets.

The court itself is 44 feet long. For the two-handed, or singles game, the court is 17 feet wide; for the four-handed, or doubles game, an 18-inch alley is added to each sideline, making the court 20 feet wide. The top of the net, which is stretched across the middle of the court, is 5 feet, 1 inch high at the sidelines, and exactly 5 feet high in the center. Good, bad and indifferent badminton has been, and is, played beneath comparatively low ceilings, but to insure the opportunity of producing the proper variety of shots the game offers, fairly high clearance space is desirable. In most organized competition a minimum height of 20 feet is required, 25 to 35 feet is preferable and unlimited height ideal.

The light-framed rackets used in badminton are strung with a very narrow gauge gut and weigh between 4 and 5 ounces. But here the tennis parallel ends for, in place of the ball traditionally used in racket games, there is substituted the delicate and contentious shuttlecock, or "bird." Usually weighing between 75 and 80 grains, it is composed of a cork base with a kid jacket in which are inserted 16 guiding goosefeathers. The average lifetime of this fairly precious object is not much longer than the duration of one game. Only those Czechoslovakian geese whose livers are so aristocratic that they are ultimately destined to become *pâté de foie gras* have feathers with a sufficiently high content of oil to insure durability, and each goose has only about enough suitable ones to feather one shuttlecock.

The object of the game, then, is to hit the shuttle back and forth across the net, keeping it within the boundaries of the court and not allowing it to touch the floor. A game consists of 15 points during which *only the server scores*, and the serve is surrendered with the loss of a point. A match consists of the best of three games. If, and when, a score of 13-all, or "deuce," is reached, the side scoring the 13th point first has the privilege of allowing the game to run out at 15 points, or the alternative of "setting" the score at 5, thus extending the game to 18 points. If, and when, a score of 14-all, also "deuce," is reached, the side scoring the 14th point first has the privilege of letting the game run out at 15 points, or the alternative of "setting" the score at 3, thus extending the game to 17 points.

In women's competition the customary 15 points are played for in doubles, but the game is reduced to 11 points for singles, thus establishing "deuce" at either 9-all or 10-all. There is no "setting" in handicap play.

And now to consider badminton's previously mentioned "maturity": while there may have been similar methods of athletic expression during the Shang Dynasty, or when Tiglath-pileser was conquering Babylonia, and while it has been definitely established that such a game was played as recently as the 14th and 15th centuries, the strange embryonic stage we are familiar with was passed through during the eighteen seventies, and thereafter badminton experienced a mushroom growth as the English sensed the infinite possibilities it afforded the racket enthusiast.

A legend persists that the game was brought to England from India by British army officers who concocted it following a festive dinner party in the city of Poona, not far from Bombay. Supposedly they inserted feathers in champagne corks and proceeded to hit these about the room with the bottles. While conceding that this may not be all poetry, the most reliable authorities, nevertheless, doubt that this was the origin of the game, and are convinced that the soldiers played in the barracks in England before ever setting out for India.

However, the game was played in India under the name of "poona" prior to its popularity in England, where it became a favorite pastime at Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's estate in Gloucestershire. From Badminton House, the chance nominator and focal point of the modern shuttlecock game, badminton spread throughout the British Isles, and, by the *fin de siècle*, had become so integral a part of English recreational life that the inauguration of the All-England Championships, comprising men's and women's doubles and mixed doubles, took place in 1899. The following year saw the inception of the singles events for men and women, the first men's title going to S. H. Smith, one of the foremost tennis players of his day and one of the severest hitters of all tennis time.

In step with the colonial instincts of the English, the game was flung to the furthest reaches of the Empire and, at the close

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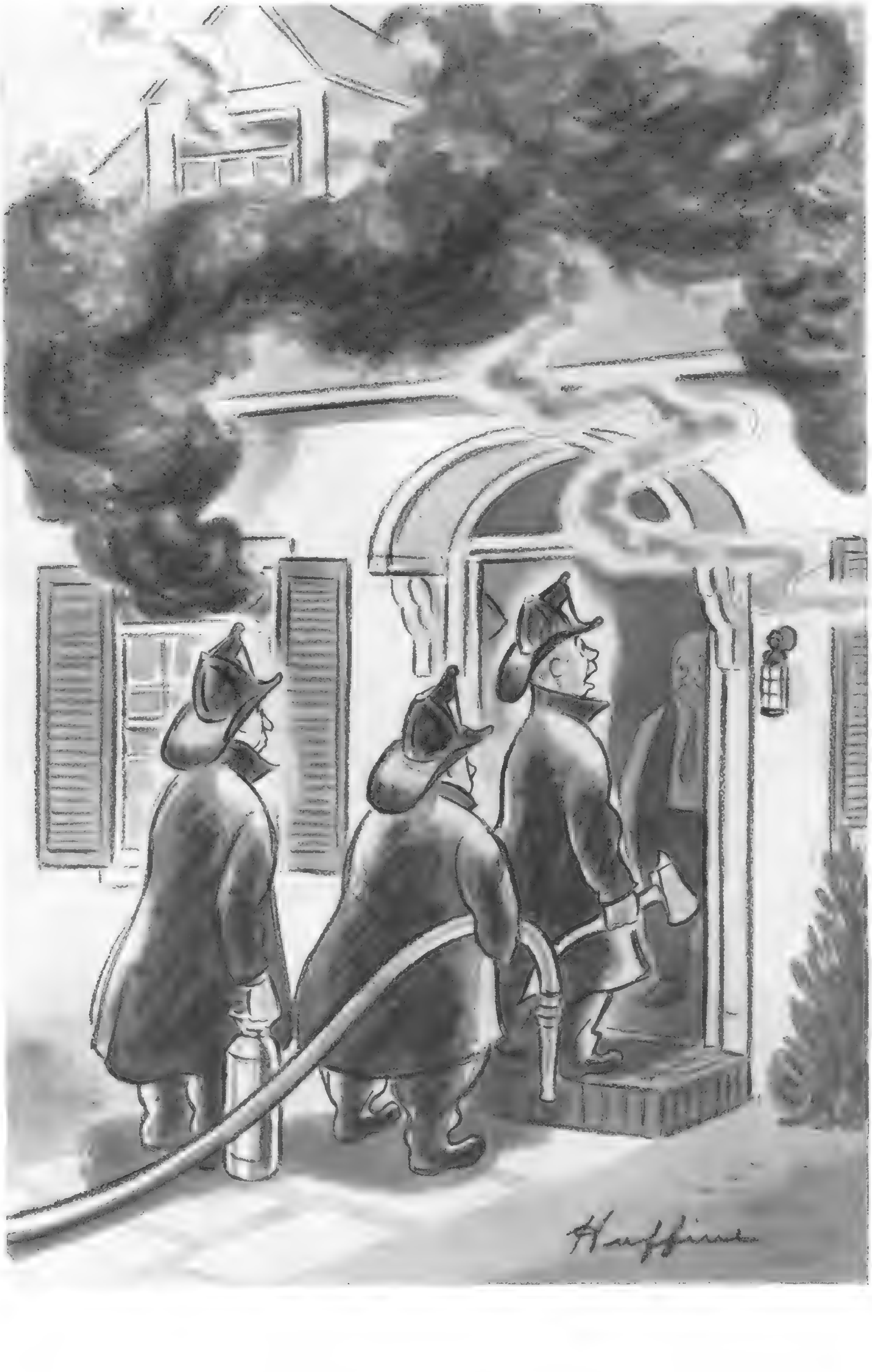

"Is this 236 Wavery Street?"

The Football Story

The manly hero of one of those action stories, finding himself in the wastebasket, carries on

by E. A. DURAND

▪ FICTION ▪

A FINE end I've come to. And through no fault of my own, either. But that doesn't help matters any. If I had had anything to say about it I would have ridden on in a blaze of glory to a happy ending. But did I have anything to say about it? Did I have anything to say about anything? I should say not. My author had the whole say right from the beginning. And that was all right with me. But what did he have to go and let me down for? And so suddenly, too. Right at the peak of my career. I suppose he thinks, in his superior way, that I don't mind it here in the wastebasket! Well, it may be all right for tailor bills and essays on new thought, but not for Jack Weston, All-American quarter! That is, I would have made All-American if my author hadn't given up.

We had gotten to be such good friends, Fred and I, and I had such faith in him. Fred—that's what I called my author—gave me everything: a wonderful physique, a logical and quick-thinking mind, a zest for life, and no inhibitions or complexes except the hero one. His own words—the words with which he started the story of my life—may better describe me.

"Jack Weston, one hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle, the crack quarterback of Lincoln Prep, stood on the thirty-nine-yard line, his alert brain quickly analyzing the situation."

There. Could anyone wish for a better start than that? My own reaction was that the thirty-nine-yard line was a swell place to start one's life, taking into consideration the one hundred and ninety pounds and the alert brain. But what to do? Suppose you suddenly came into being standing on the thirty-nine-yard line, quickly analyzing a situation? What would you do? Well, I'll tell you what I did. Or rather, I'll let Fred tell you.

"The score was six to nothing against Lincoln with one minute to play. Jack hesitated only an instant and then started barking out his signals in his confident staccato. 'Kick formation! 37—42—59.' The coach sat on the bench, aghast. What was Weston thinking of! Why, that play was suicide! It hadn't a chance in the world!"

But the coach figured without Fred. Fred knew what to do. "The ball came rifling back from center. Jack deftly gathered in the pigskin and started out wide around his left end. He gathered momentum quickly, his powerful legs working like pistons. The opposing team was caught flatfooted. Who but a madman would try such a play on fourth down with ten to go? When they snapped out of it, Jack was already around the end, the effortless motion of his lithe body belying the speed with which his cleats were eating up the distance to the goal line. There were only two men who had a chance to stop him!"

Well, Fred, what do I do now? I suppose it depends on the appetite of my cleats.

"He changed direction in a flash. A right-angle pivot top speed! What co-ordination!"

There, you see, Fred didn't desert me. It was things like this that built up my confidence in Fred. That's why I feel so forsaken here in the wastebasket.

"There was one man left in Weston's way—Brandt Bilkes, Jack's arch rival through four years of prep school. Could he stop him?"

Good old Brandt. Always in there trying to stop me and never doing it. Must have been discouraging. He made some nice tries, though. Like this next.

"He set himself for the tackle. Jack was bearing down on him like one of those new, streamline, Diesel engine, railroad trains. Brandt lunged forward, but his arms closed on empty air. Jack stepped over the goal line, once more the hero of Lincoln Prep."

Then I kicked a beautiful drop-kick for the extra, and winning point. Oh, yes, Fred made me versatile. I could punt and pass, too. In short, the ideal football star. A coach's dream. And modest? Why, in one part of the story when someone asks me if I play football, Fred has me say, "Yes, a little." A little, eh? Damn near a one man team!

During the next few months, or paragraphs, Fred did a lot for me. He gave me a background. I was the only son of a fine, American family. My father had died during my early childhood, but I had the sweetest mother in the world whose whole life was lived for her wonderful son. She sent me to Lincoln Prep for my education where I studied diligently and stood highest in my class. I was upright and square, had a fine disposition, and was champion of the underdog. So, you see, it was pretty hard for me to go wrong with Fred arranging matters.

But I did go wrong. And it was O. K. with me. It was Fred's idea anyway. Had to have a plot, he said. And I always let Fred have his way. Couldn't do much else.

It seems that while I was cavorting between the football field and the class room, my poor mother was, unbeknownst to me, having difficulties in a financial way. You know, the old story. Tuition to be paid, graduation expenses, and, of course, the interest on the mortgage due. About this time, Fred started having difficulties, as was evidenced by the parts he X-ed out and the parts he penciled in. There was one little scene between my mother and Old Skrunck, who held the mortgage.

"Oh, Mr. Skrunck," said my mother, "have mercy on an old lady with a fine upstanding son in Lincoln Prep where he stands highest in his class, and, I understand, plays football, if one can believe the papers."

But Old Skrunck was "adamant"—a nice word, Fred—and left my mother in tears, "knowing not which way to turn."

Now, I thought that was a fine, dramatic touch, that scene. It would give the *reader* a few tears. But Fred X-ed it out. Said it was overdrawn. All I could think of was a crack like, so was my mother's bank account, so I let it go.

Well, to get on with the story, there comes a day in June.

"Jack sat in his study, looking out over the greensward that was the Lincoln Campus. He was writing the Valedictory Address which, as highest in his class, he was to deliver at the graduation exercises. To look at his placid countenance one would not guess the emotional turmoil that was going on

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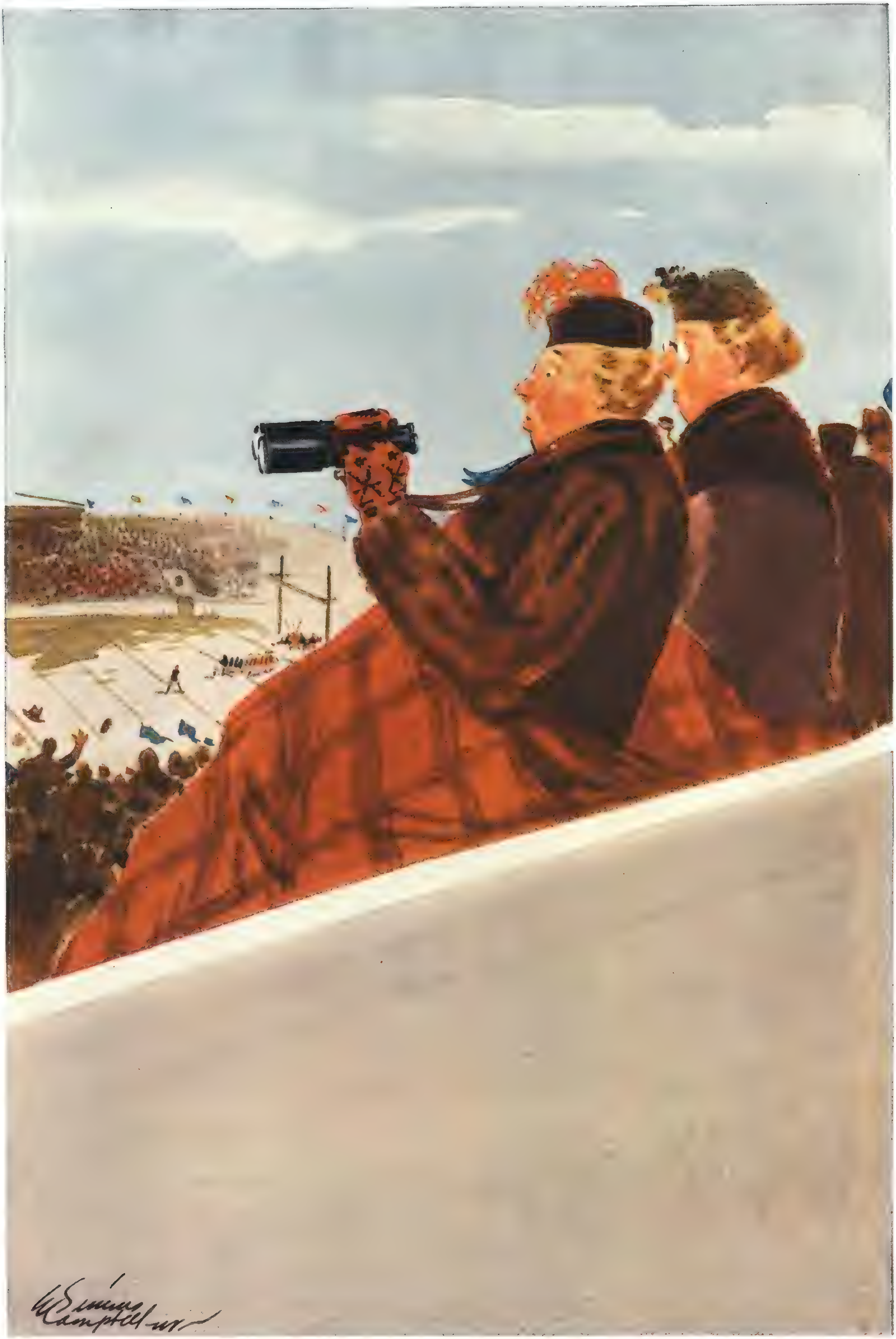
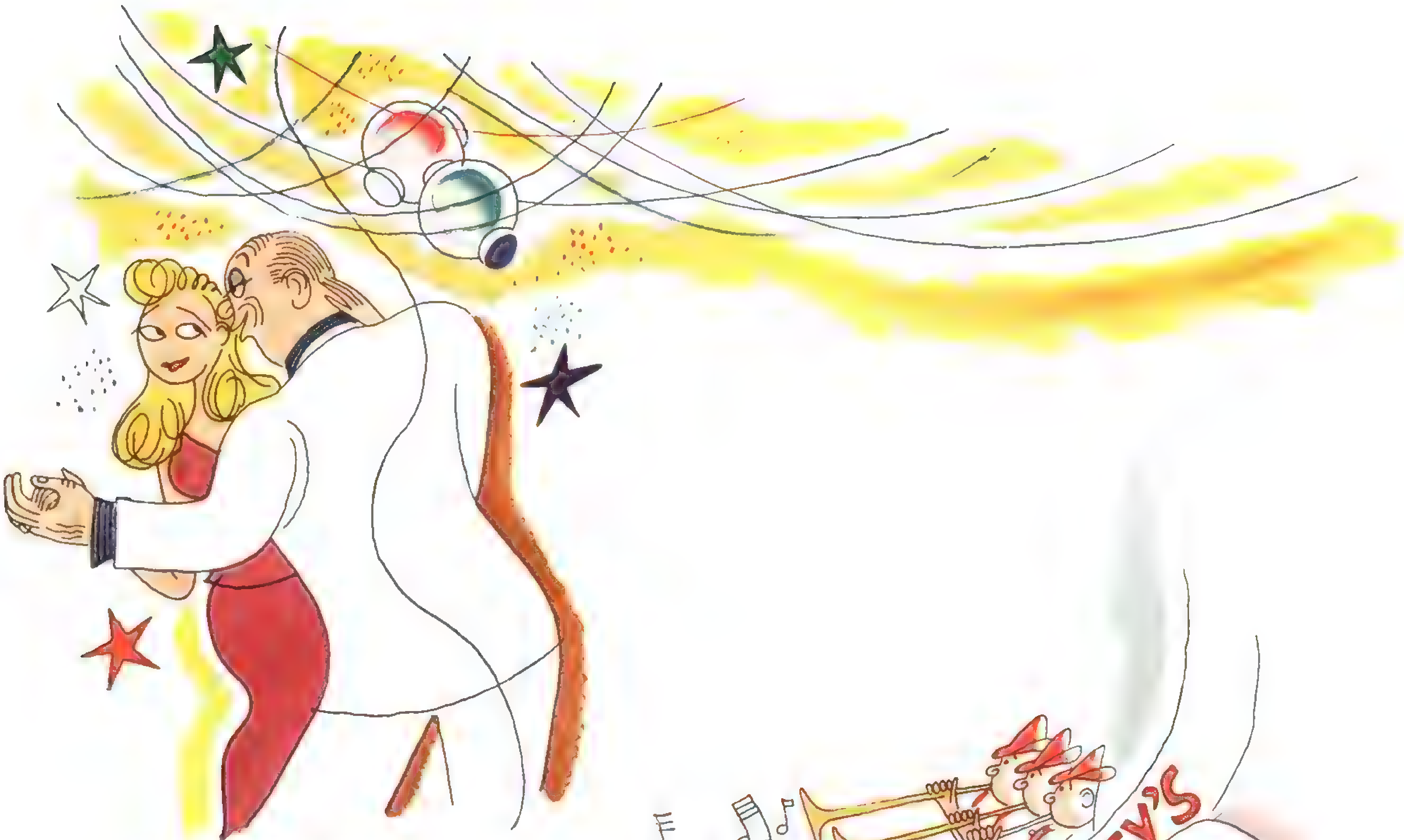
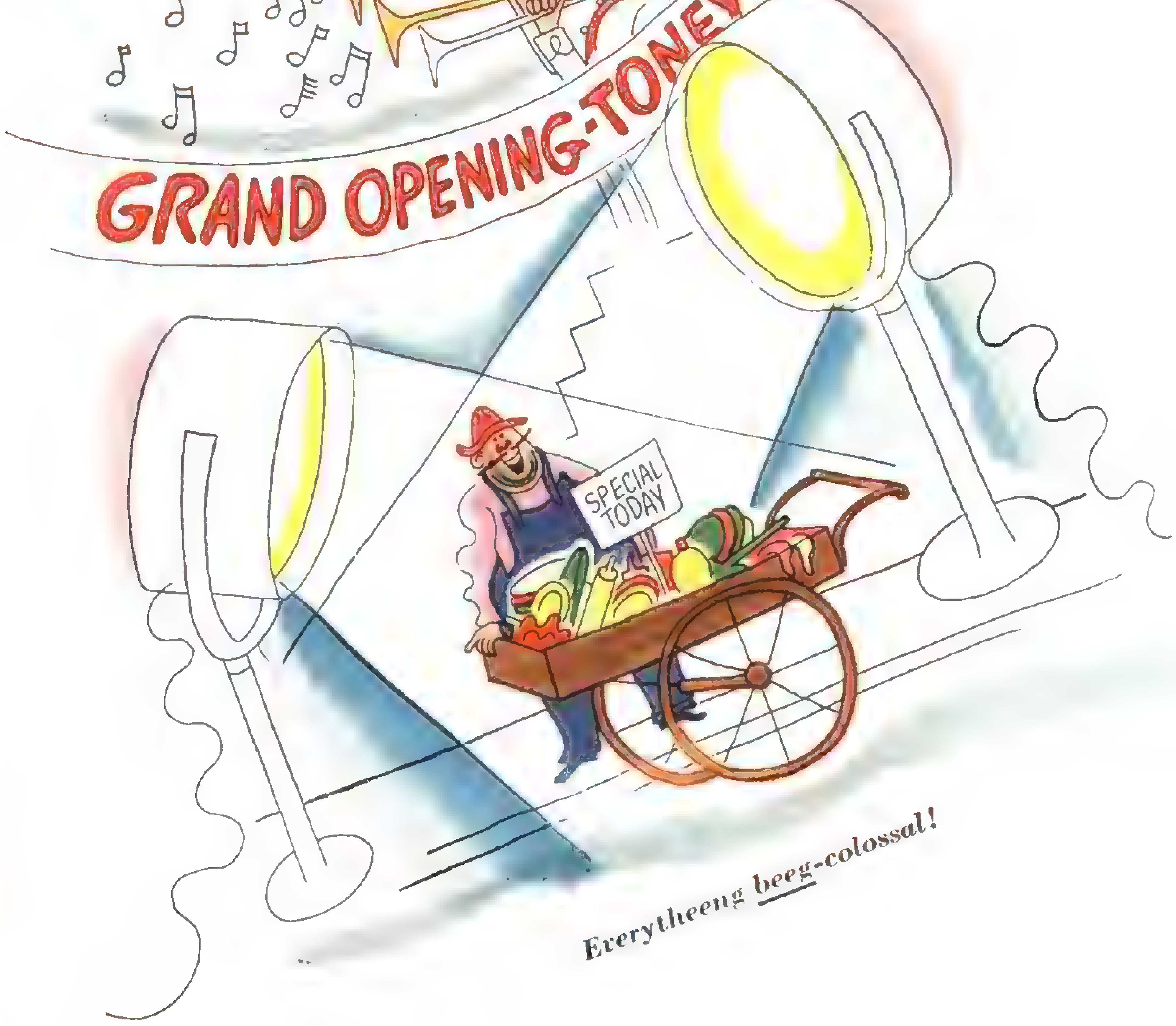

E. Simms Campbell

"I don't know who made the touchdown, but that man in the window over there ought to be ashamed of himself!"



Talent Scout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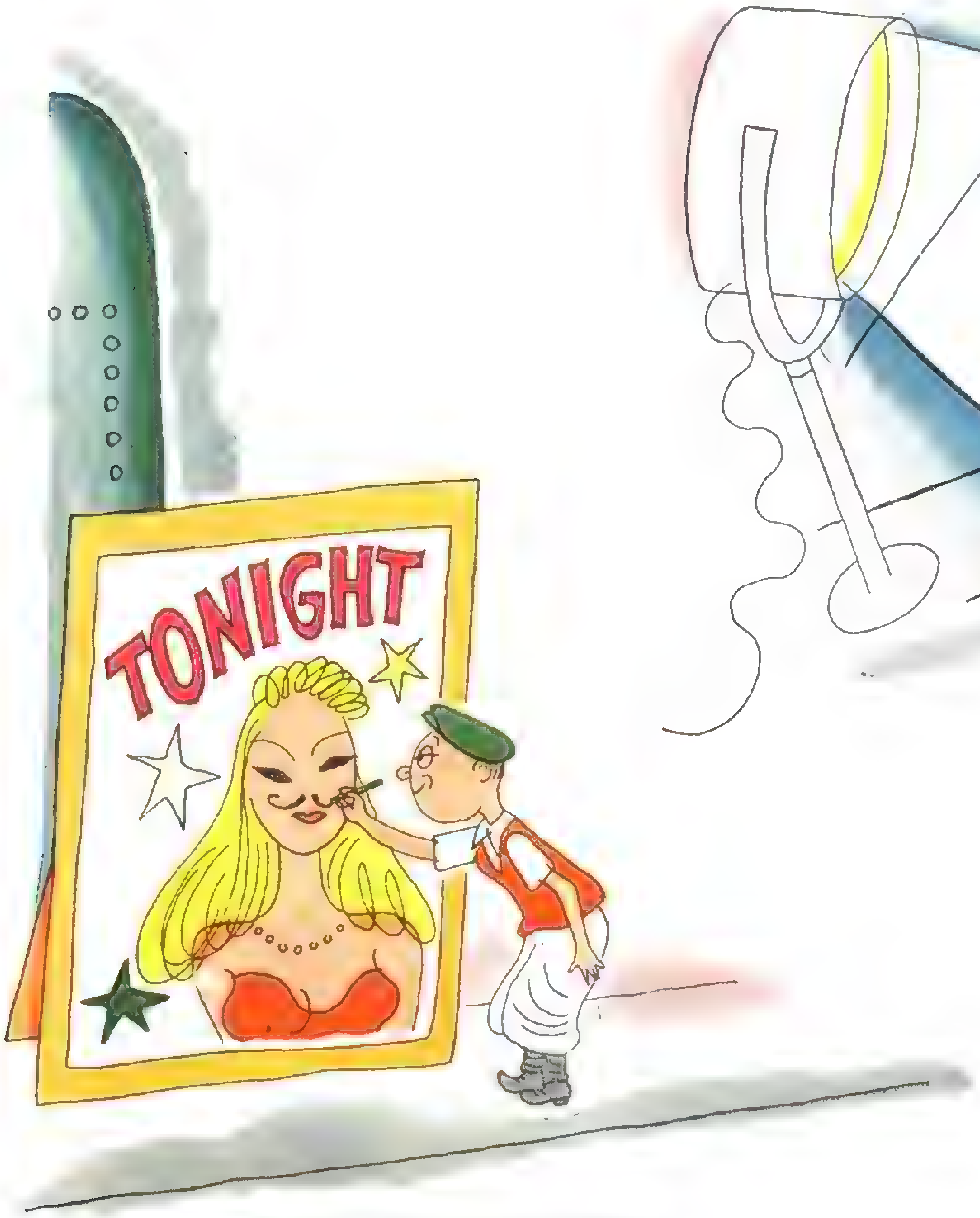
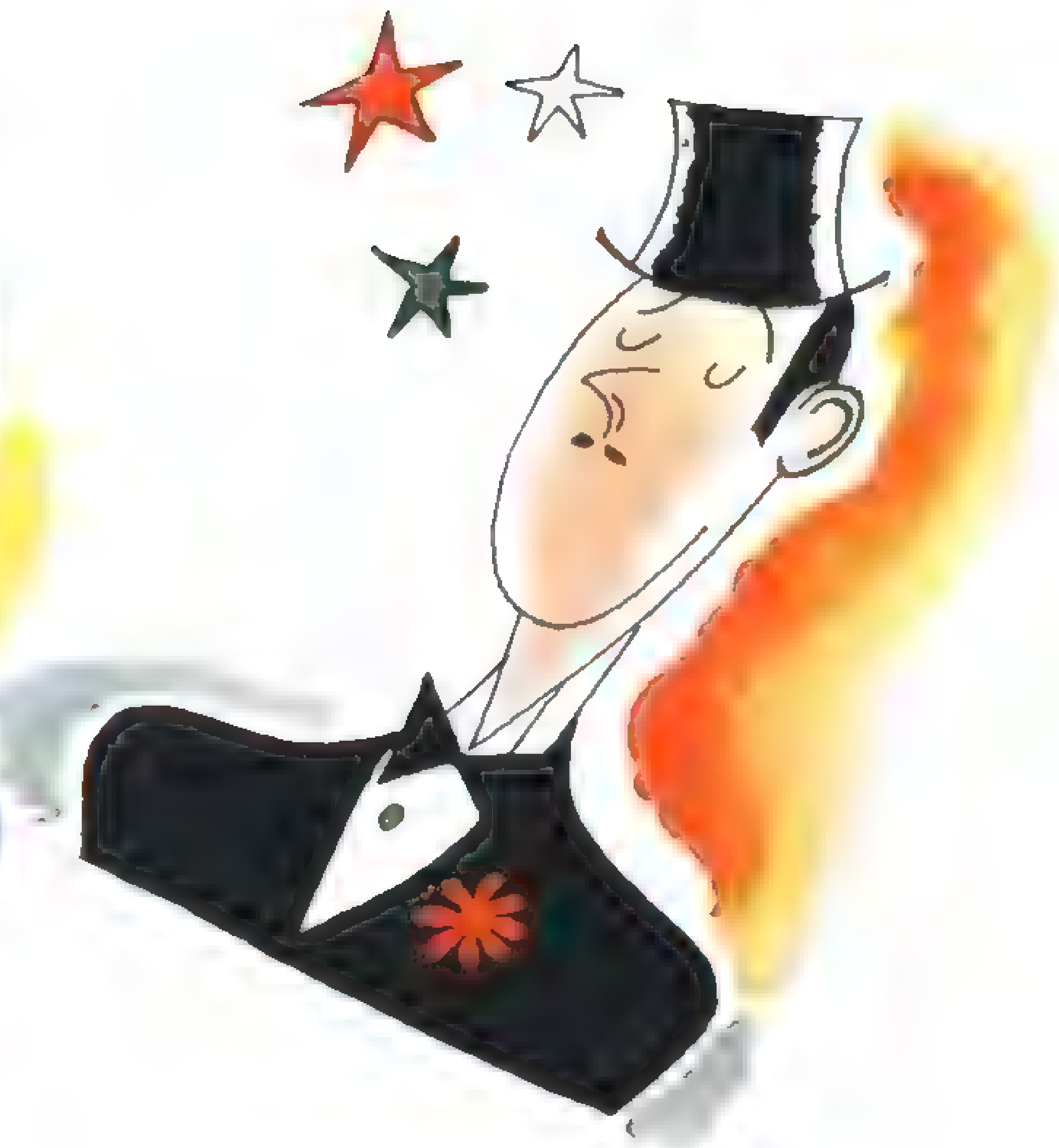


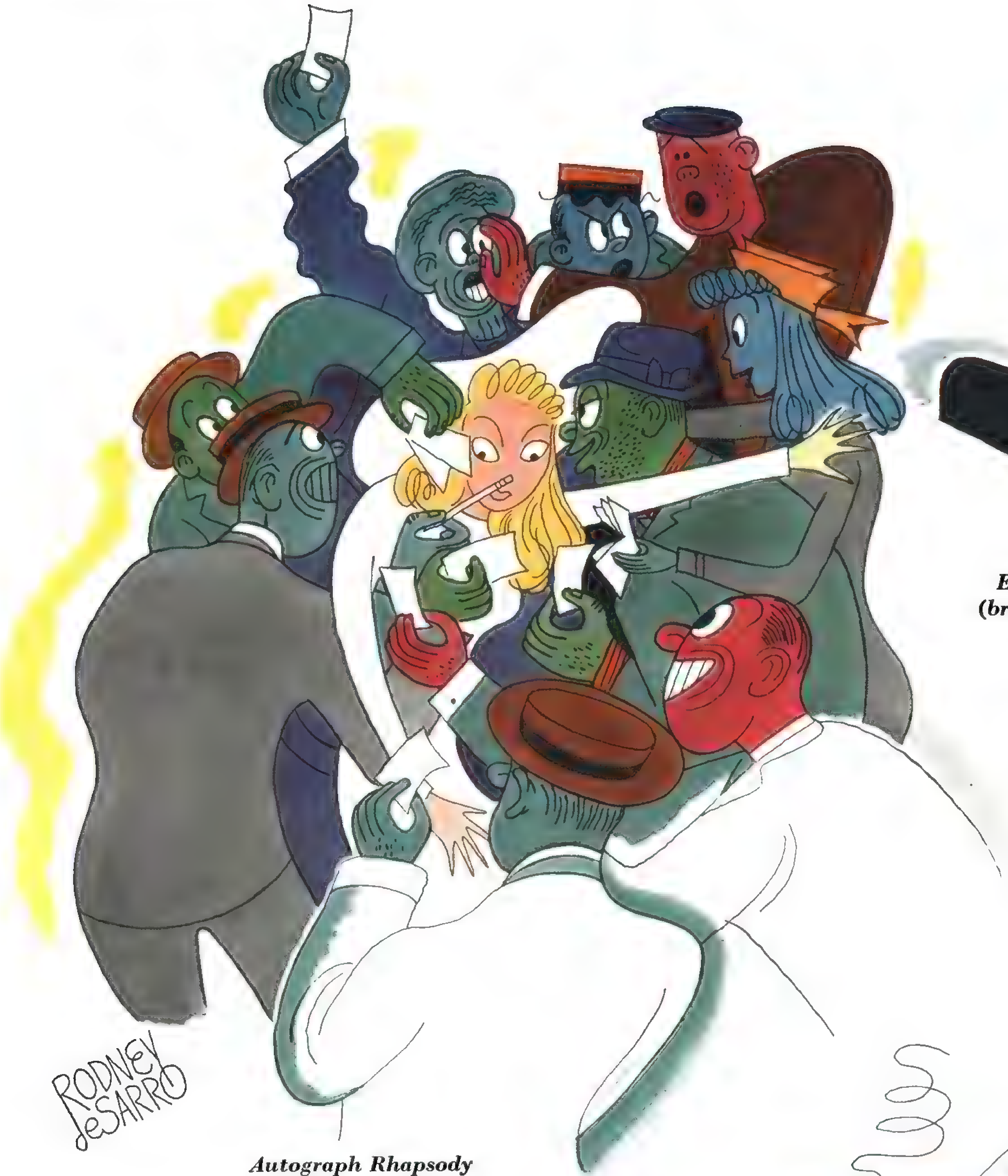
Make-up Man in the Making

Hollywood Sidelines

by RODNEY DE SARRO

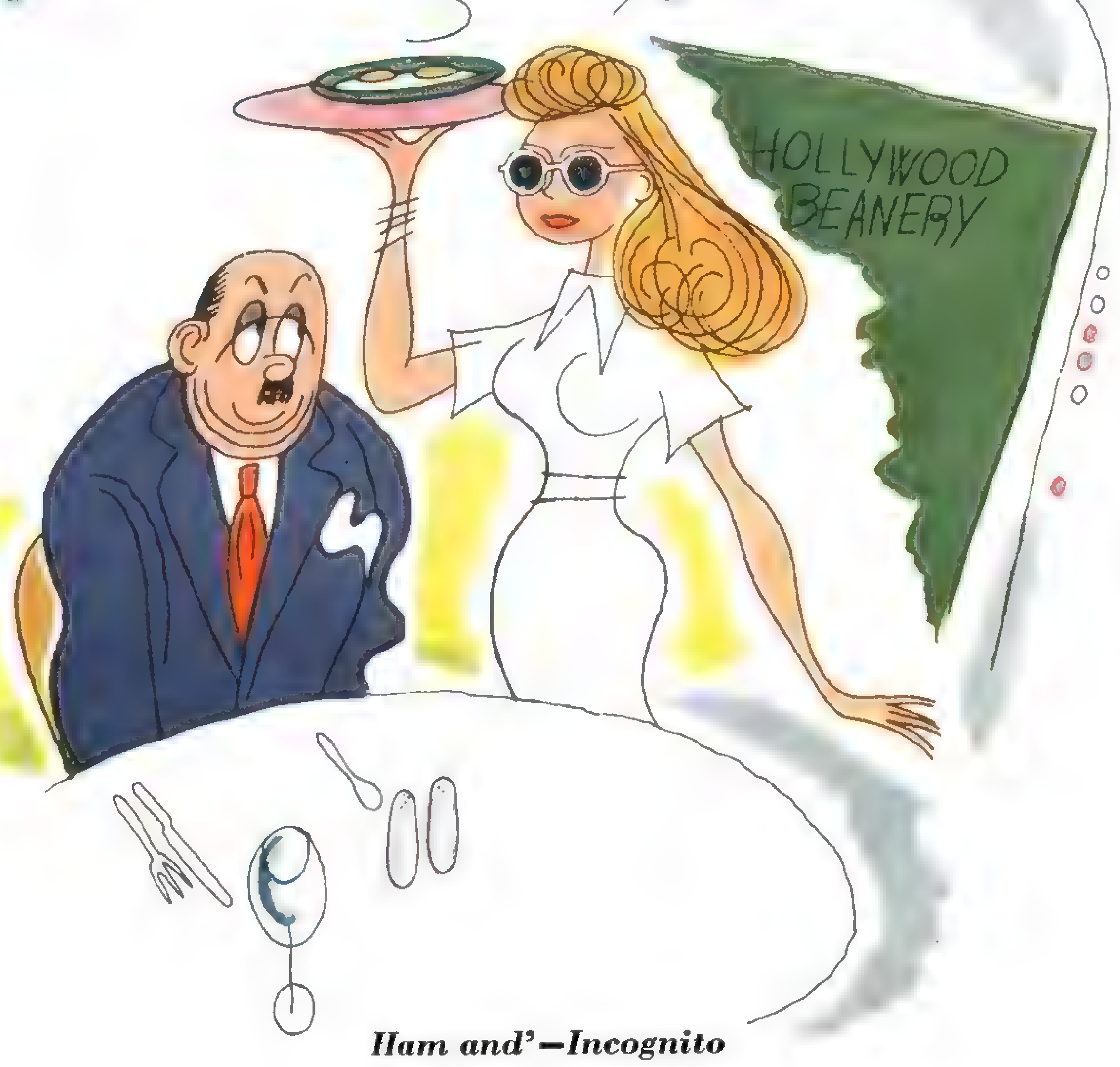


Extra—$7.50 a day (bring your own Tux)

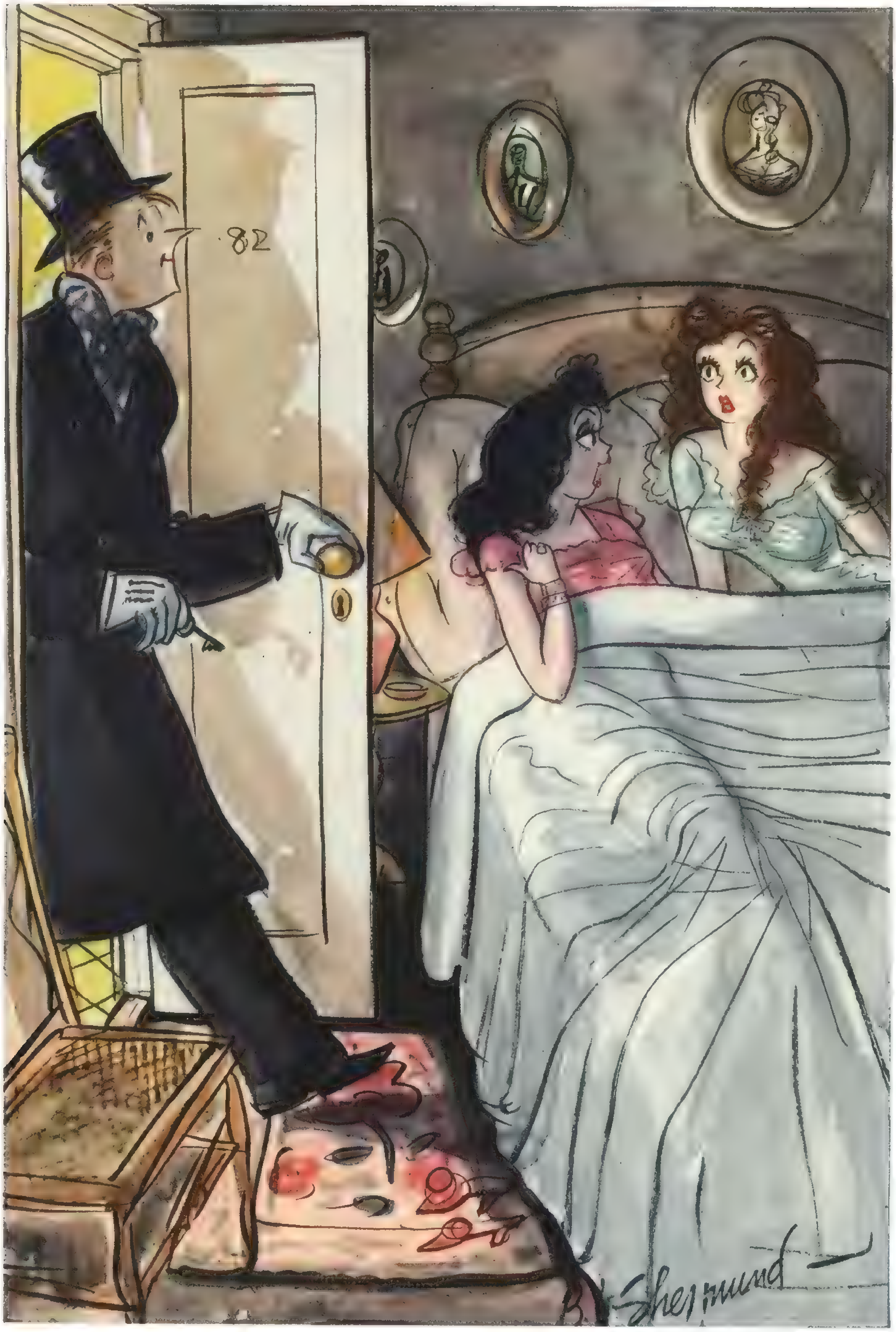


Autograph Rhapsody

Hollywood is the city of wasted beauty. There's glamor to burn in every laundry, chop house, and five-and-ten. The little girl who serves your breakfast has an aura of mystery and quiet courage that shows she was meant for better things. She means to have them, too. You know by her dramatic entrance and the thrilling timbre of her voice when she announces the ham and eggs that somewhere beneath her starched apron she hides a diploma in elocution. Later at the night club, she's right on her toes. The ex-collar-ad model who escorted her there is only an extra, with no very constructive ideas. Then, her chance to be Discovered. One can't be snooty when opportunity comes and it isn't always the handsomest men who have the best connections. After all the suffering, Success! Vulgar autograph collectors surround her, mob her, tear off bits of her clothes to paste in their movie albums. Who could have tipped them off—her publicity agent?



Ham and'—Incognito


82
Shermund

"Him? Oh that's Roger—If you room with me you'll just have to get used to him"

The Young Warrior

The Americans might have been great fighters but scouting them was so easy, the Indians found it a joke

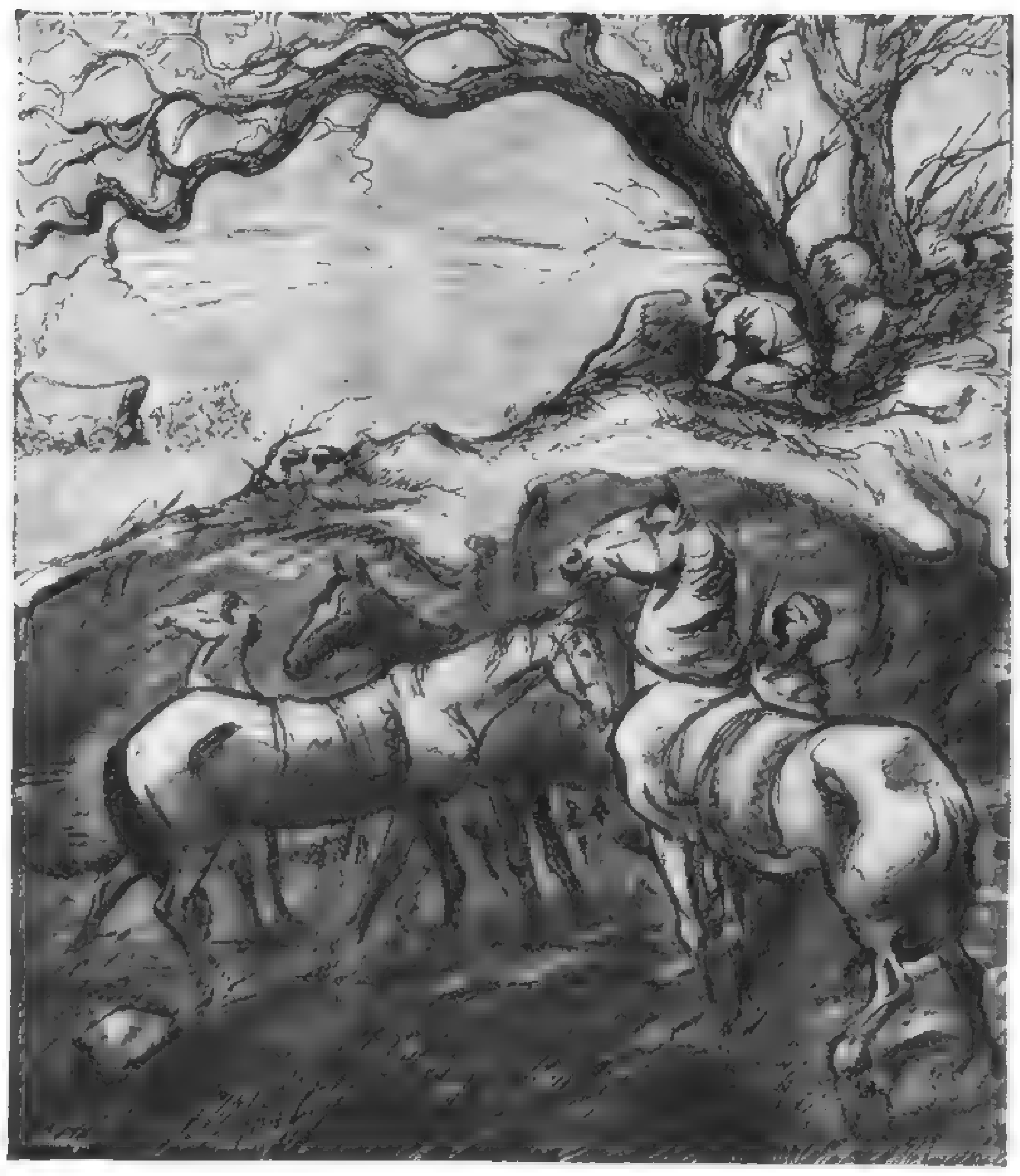
by OLIVER LA FARGE

• FICTION •

"We had good profit and good fun," he said. "Truly, we were much amused, and on the way home we laughed a lot. And I tell you that that Nantai, he is a great leader."

He was about eighteen years old, at the age when young men wish to prove themselves and to recite their exploits in the presence of young women. He sprawled beside the fire in the camp of his cousin's band, aware that he had an audience, men who had proved themselves on the warpath, old men, boys his age who had not yet gone fighting, and girls. The fire burnt generously in front of his cousin's wickeyup, he had an audience, and he had something to tell.

He wore the usual knee-high Apache moccasins, a breech-clout, a white man's coat of very fine green material, much too large for him, and a heavy turban of shining, blue silk covered with a design of small, pink and yellow flowers. Across his lap he nursed one of the new, short rifles that load from the back.



Supper was over. He had been quiet, saying nothing about himself, until at last one of the old men asked him about the war party. He lit a corn-husk cigarette. Seeing that they all waited, listening, he went on with his narrative. Now and again a man grunted approval, from time to time a woman would laugh.

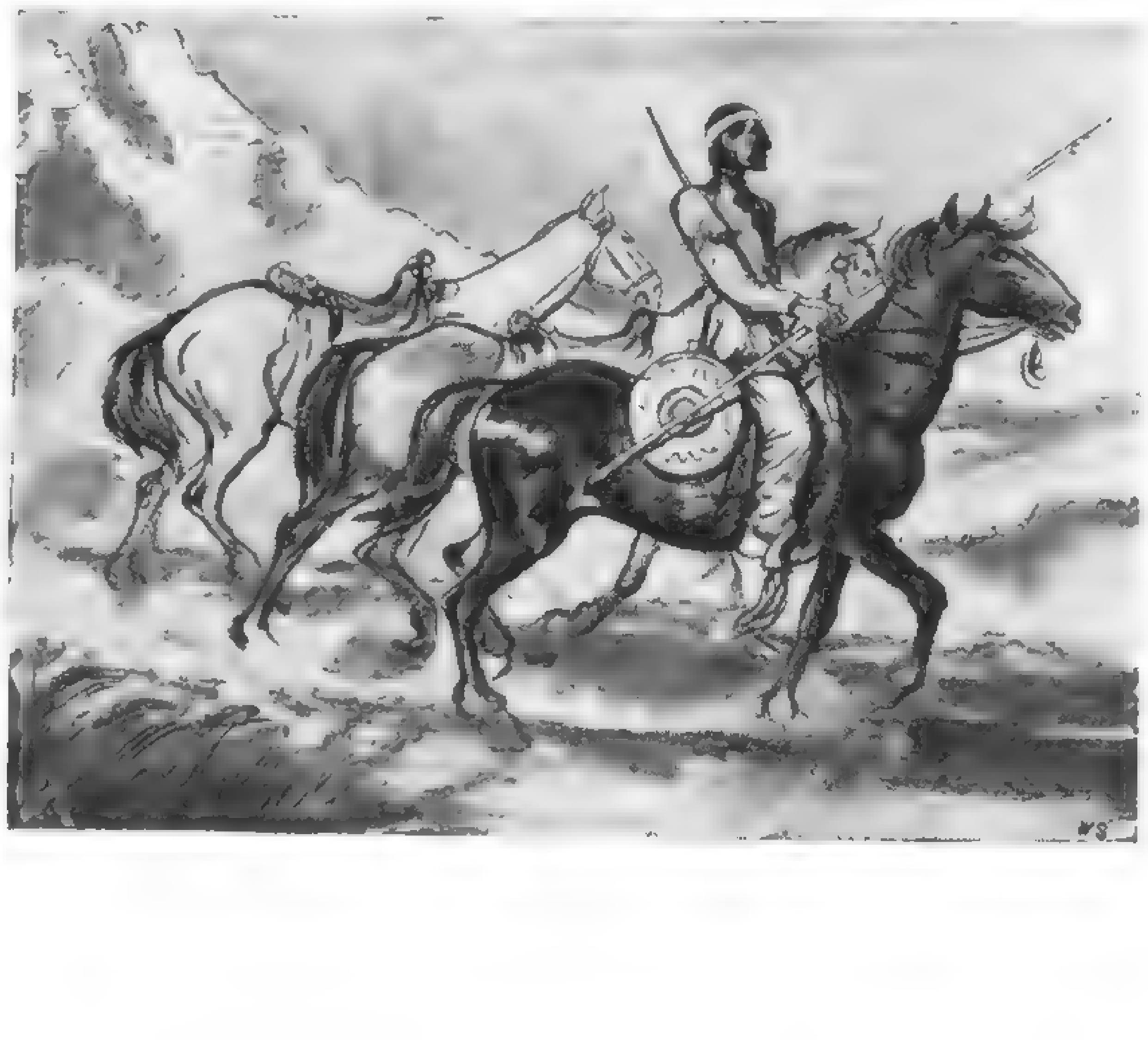
We set out on foot for the Mexican settlement at Cottonwood River. There were five of us young men, and Nantai, who had agreed to come as our leader. The raid there was nothing. Most of the people had gone further east for a fiesta, so we simply took what horses we could find, a small amount of goods, and set the houses on fire. The few who were there ran away, and we did not bother hunting for them. There was really very little there, we each got a horse, that was about all. So Nantai took us to the north, to see what we could find.

The next day we came into sight of the road that runs from the far east to the big settlement at Muddy Flat. We rode to the westward, in sight of it. About noon we came up with a train of four wagons, heading west. Nantai took us around them in a circle, and showed us how to watch them.

These were Americans, and we young men were greatly interested in studying them. There were ten American men, several of their women, and two Mexicans. The wagons were drawn by oxen. We spent that day studying the party, while Nantai sent Comes Fighting to scout the back trail, and Crooked Nose ahead, to make sure that they were traveling alone, and no one would interfere with us. Sometimes we rode or walked just out of sight, watching them. Sometimes we hid in the sagebrush and let them travel by us.

They say that Americans are very great fighters. That may be so, but they are easy to scout. If one sits still and makes himself hard to see, the peaceful Indians may nonetheless see one, the Mexicans do sometimes, but the Americans almost never. It is the color of their eyes, I think. By nightfall we knew them pretty well, and after dark we came in close and enjoyed ourselves watching how they did.

Back when we were at peace with the Americans, before they tied up our chief and flogged him that time, Nantai used to go among them. Now he pointed things out to us. For instance, save for one man, they sat staring into the fire, blinding themselves. They built their fire large, here in enemy country, and they slept close to it. The one man who kept his back to the fire, there were things about his way of dressing that Nantai told us to notice. He said that that man was surely one of the Americans from Taos, the ones who go everywhere trapping beaver. Those men are dangerous, he said. It was because of the trapper that their night guard was well kept up, and it would not be easy to run off their stock. They had good saddle horses, and some mules.



When they had gone to sleep, and we had studied their way of placing their guards, we went back to a place where we could camp. There we talked over what we had seen. We were amused about a young man and woman we had watched. The woman seemed to be the daughter of an elderly man, rather fat, who rode mostly in one of the wagons We thought he was a chief of some kind. The young man wished to court her, but her father did not like it. During the day they dropped back, behind the Mexicans who were herding the spare horses, but then the father mounted a horse, and they separated. In camp at night, they looked towards each other, and yet stayed apart. We joked about the young man's chances, and wondered what the father's objection was. The young man was well dressed, and he rode a good horse.

The next day, some of us wanted to make a quick rush for the spare horses, to see if we could drive some off. Nantai told us to be patient. We were no longer children, he said. It would be many days yet before the train came near to Muddy Flat, let us see what turned up. So we followed them again all that day, amusing ourselves with the courtship and other such matters.

The next night Crooked Nose and I were lying in wait where the young lover stood on guard, when the girl came out to see him. They whispered, hugged each other, and put their mouths together. They pushed their mouths against each other as a form of lovemaking. It seemed to us that here was a chance to take two prisoners. What sort of warrior was this who dealt with a woman while he was on war duty? His power would be destroyed, his eyes dimmed, his medicine would not protect him. It would have been easy to capture them both at those times when their faces were touching. I went off to find Nantai. He called the others, and we all crept back.

Crooked Nose came to meet us. The

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The Good Samaritan and the Law

If a rescuer is injured, can anyone be held accountable for his blinded eye, his broken limb or lost life?

by HARRY HIBSCHMAN

• ARTICLE •

One of the most famous short, short stories in the world, told in one hundred and sixty-two words, is that of the nameless traveler on the road to Jericho and the Good Samaritan who gave him succor. The traveler fell among thieves, was beaten, stripped, and left beside the road half dead.

> And by chance a certain priest was going down that way and when he saw him, passed by on the other side.
>
> And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, passed by on the other side.
>
> But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him he was moved to compassion and came to him, and bound up his wounds . . . and brought him to an inn and took care of him.

Now let us translate that story from its ancient to a modern setting. A weary hiker is trudging along the Lincoln Highway when a speeding automobile hits him, seriously injures him, and knocks him into the ditch beside the road. The driver of a Rolls Royce comes along and sees him lying there but speeds on. The driver of a Cadillac also sees him and drives by. Then you come along in your second-hand Ford. You stop, you look him over, you see that he is badly hurt, you place him in your car, and you take him to a hospital. Conceding, as the preachers would have it, that you have acted worthily and earned a star for your crown in glory, have you, any more than the others who sped by, done an act required of you by the law of the land? In short, is it a man's legal duty to act the Good Samaritan—to go to the aid of persons in danger or distress?

LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

There is another short story, of Greek origin, that has been preserved throughout the centuries. It is that of a wayfarer who, while passing along a pool of water, fell in, and, because of the steepness of the banks, was in danger of being drowned. A shepherd on a hill nearby saw his mishap and hurried to give him help. Hooking his crook in the drowning man's clothes, the shepherd pulled him out and saved him.

Unfortunately, however, in his first efforts to catch his crook in the man's garments the shepherd happened to hit him in one of his eyes. As a result the man lost the sight of that eye and then haled the shepherd into court to make him pay for the injury.

Imagine that story in a modern setting, and the questions it presents are not merely intriguing but definitely practical. Suppose, for example, that you, an expert swimmer, are sauntering along the shore of a lake when a canoe, a few hundred feet away, turns over and throws its occupant into the water. Unable to swim, he clings to the overturned craft and calls for help. Is it your duty, as a matter of law, to heed his call, or may you quietly stroll on, smoking your cigarette, and let him drown? Or, suppose that you go to his assistance and somehow injure him, like the shepherd with his crook, are you liable to him for the resulting damages? Or, suppose that you yourself are injured in attempting to save a person in distress, is anyone liable to you? If, for instance, you see a child on the railroad track and a train approaching, and you try to save the child but in so doing lose a leg, can you sue the railroad company?

The question whether or not the law requires one to be a Good Samaritan was answered by the Supreme Court of Michigan in 1908 in a case in which the owner of an apartment house had required the janitor summarily to put out his mother-in-law because she had come down with a communicable disease while visiting her daughter, and the mother-in-law had sued for damages, claiming to have been seriously injured by her eviction while ill.

"The question here involved," said the court, "is one of moral, and not of legal, obligation. The law imposes no duty upon the individual citizen to care for the sick and the unfortunate. . . . The priest and the Levite violated no law when they passed by on the other side of the wounded man. The Good Samaritan was not acting in obedience to a legal duty when he took compassion on him and had him removed to the inn."

While the Michigan court can hardly be said to have had jurisdiction at this late day to pass upon the legal points involved in the case of the priest and the Levite and the Good Samaritan, what it said is undoubtedly good law here and now.

As to the case of the shepherd, one like it came before the highest court of Massachusetts in 1928. It was one in which a canoe hired from the defendant had overturned and one of the canoeists, after having hung on to it for over half an hour, from time to time calling for help, had been drowned. The defendant had heard his cries but had gone on about his affairs without heeding them. Yet the court said: "The failure of the defendant to respond to the intestate's outcries is immaterial. No legal right of the intestate was infringed." In other words, he could let the man drown without incurring any liability under the law.

Legally, then, there is no compulsion for one to be a Good Samaritan. If one fails to be one, the law neither punishes nor exacts damages for the failure. Benevolence is not a matter of legal coercion. It is left to every man's conscience whether or not he shall be a Good Samaritan.

That does not mean, however, that there is never any legal duty to aid a human being in need of assistance or relief. On the contrary, the law imposes specific obligations in that respect under certain conditions. There is, for instance, an English case in which a woman was convicted of manslaughter for allowing her aunt to die of illness, starvation, and neglect. The niece had lived with the aunt for some years when the aunt, then over seventy years of age, hurt her leg and, because of an attack of gangrene, became unable to walk or to care for herself. Though food, paid for with the aunt's money, was daily delivered at the door of the house in which they lived, which also belonged to the aunt, the niece gave none of it to her aunt; she made no effort to care for her sore leg or

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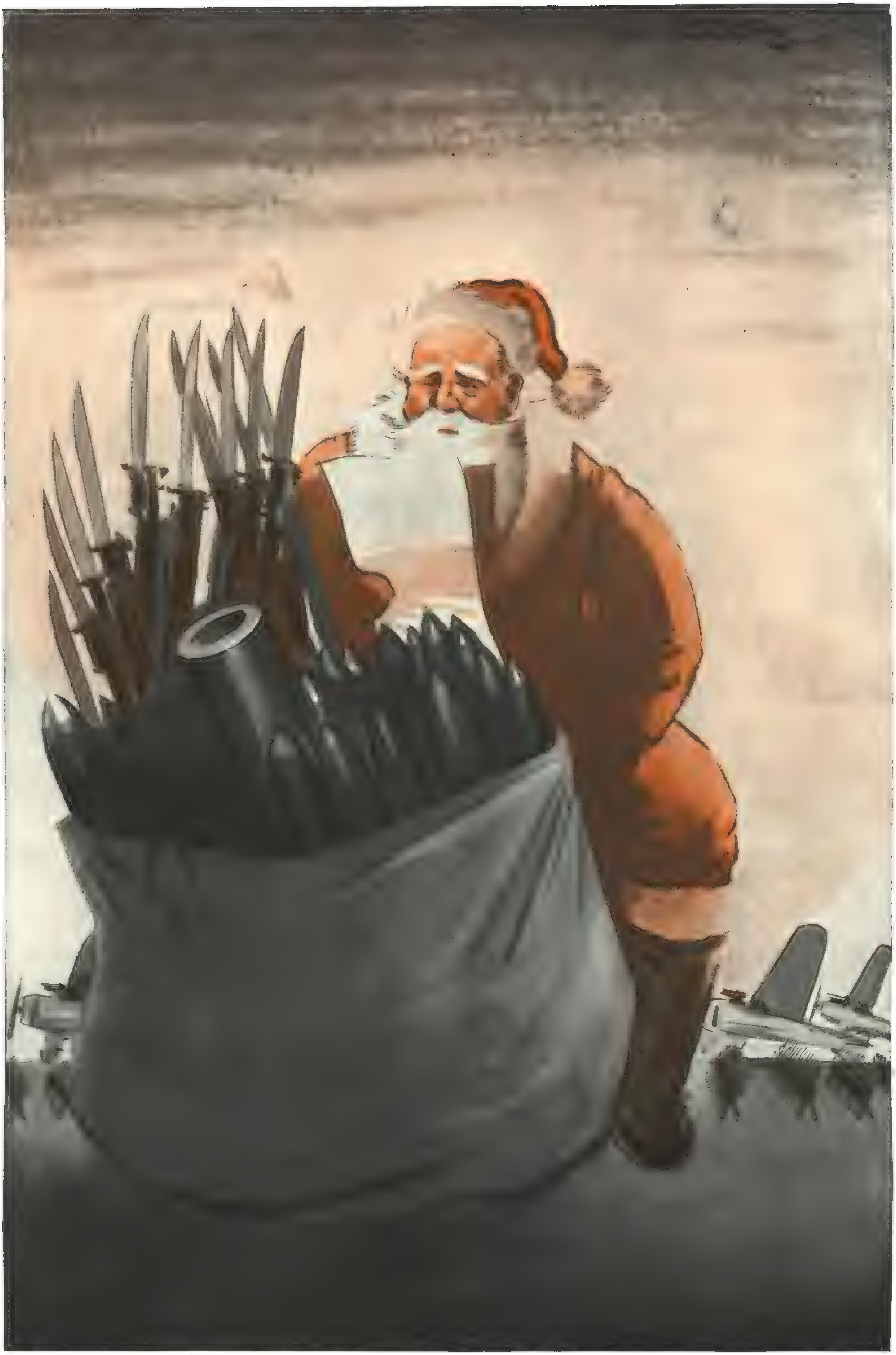

"Seems like they all want the same thing this year"

Leiningen Versus the Ants

He could picture clearly the death of the pampas stag: its bones were quite clean within just six minutes

by CARL STEPHENSON

▪ FICTION ▪

"Unless they alter their course and there's no reason why they should, they'll reach your plantation in two days at the latest."

Leiningen sucked placidly at a cigar about the size of a corn cob and for a few seconds gazed without answering at the agitated District Commissioner. Then he took the cigar from his lips, and leaned slightly forward. With his bristling grey hair, bulky nose, and lucid eyes, he had the look of an aging and shabby eagle.

"Decent of you," he murmured, "paddling all this way just to give me the tip. But you're pulling my leg of course when you say I must do a bunk. Why, even a herd of saurians couldn't drive me from this plantation of mine."

The Brazilian official threw up lean and lanky arms and clawed the air with wildly distended fingers. "Leiningen!" he shouted. "You're insane! They're not creatures you can fight—they're an elemental—an 'act of God!' Ten miles long, two miles wide—ants, nothing but ants! And every single one of them a fiend from hell; before you can spit three times they'll eat a full-grown buffalo to the bones. I tell you if you don't clear out at once there'll be nothing left of you but a skeleton picked as clean as your own plantation."

Leiningen grinned. "Act of God, my eye! Anyway, I'm not an old woman; I'm not going to run for it just because an elemental's on the way. And don't think I'm the kind of fathead who tries to fend off lightning with his fists, either. I use my intelligence, old man. With me, the brain isn't a second blindgut; I know what it's there for. When I began this model farm and plantation three years ago, I took into account all that could conceivably happen to it. And now I'm ready for anything and everything—including your ants."

The Brazilian rose heavily to his feet. "I've done my best," he gasped. "Your obstinacy endangers not only yourself, but the lives of your four hundred workers. You don't know these ants!"

Leiningen accompanied him down to the river, where the Government launch was moored. The vessel cast off. As it moved downstream, the exclamation mark neared the rail and began waving its arms frantically. Long after the launch had disappeared round the bend, Leiningen thought he could still hear that dimming, imploring voice. "You don't know them, I tell you! *You don't know them!*"

But the reported enemy was by no means unfamiliar to the planter. Before he started work on his settlement, he had lived long enough in the country to see for himself the fearful devastations sometimes wrought by these ravenous insects in their campaigns for food. But since then he had planned measures of defence accordingly, and these, he was convinced, were in every way adequate to withstand the approaching peril.

Moreover, during his three years as a planter, Leiningen had met and defeated drought, flood, plague and all other "acts of God" which had come against him—unlike his fellow-settlers in the district, who had made little or no resistance. This unbroken success he attributed solely to the observance of his lifelong motto: *The human brain needs only to become fully aware of its powers to conquer even the elements.* Dullards reeled senselessly and aimlessly into the abyss; cranks, however brilliant, lost their heads when circumstances suddenly altered or accelerated and ran into stone walls, sluggards drifted with the current until they were caught in whirlpools and dragged under. But such disasters, Leiningen contended, merely strengthened his argument that intelligence, directed aright, invariably makes man the master of his fate.

Yes, Leiningen had always known how to grapple with life. Even here, in this Brazilian wilderness, his brain had triumphed over every difficulty and danger it had so far encountered. First he had vanquished primal forces by cunning and organization, then he had enlisted the resources of modern science to increase miraculously the yield of his plantation. And now he was sure he would prove more than a match for the "irresistible" ants.

That same evening, however, Leiningen assembled his workers. He had no intention of waiting till the news reached their ears from other sources. Most of them had been born in the district; the cry "The ants are coming!" was to them an imperative signal for instant, panic-stricken flight, a spring for life itself. But so great was the Indians' trust in Leiningen, in Leiningen's word, and in Leiningen's wisdom, that they received his curt tidings, and his orders for the imminent struggle, with the calmness with which they were given. They waited, unafraid, alert, as if for the beginning of a new game or hunt which he had just described to them. The ants were indeed mighty, but not so mighty as the boss. Let them come!

They came at noon the second day. Their approach was announced by the wild unrest of the horses, scarcely controllable now either in stall or under rider, scenting from afar a vapor instinct with horror.

It was announced by a stampede of animals, timid and savage, hurtling past each other; jaguars and pumas flashing by nimble stags of the pampas, bulky tapirs, no longer hunters, themselves hunted, outpacing fleet kinkajous, maddened herds of cattle, heads lowered, nostrils snorting, rushing through tribes of loping monkeys, chattering in a dementia of terror; then followed the creeping and springing denizens of bush and steppe, big and little rodents, snakes, and lizards.

Pell-mell the rabble swarmed down the hill to the plantation, scattered right and left before the barrier of the water-filled ditch, then sped onwards to the river, where, again hindered, they fled along its bank out of sight.

This water-filled ditch was one of the defence measures which Leiningen had long since prepared against the advent of the ants. It encompassed three sides of the plantation like a huge horseshoe. Twelve feet across, but not very deep, when dry it could hardly be described as an obstacle to either man or beast. But the ends of the "horseshoe" ran into the river which formed the northern boundary, and fourth side, of the plantation. And at the end nearer the house and outbuildings in the middle of the plantation, Leiningen had constructed a dam by means of which water from the river could be diverted into the ditch.

So now, by opening the dam, he was able to fling an imposing girdle of water, a huge quadrilateral with the river as its base, completely around the plantation, like the moat encircling a medieval city. Unless the ants were clever enough to build rafts, they had no hope of reaching the plantation, Leiningen concluded.

The twelve-foot water ditch seemed to afford in itself all the security needed. But while awaiting the arrival of the ants, Leiningen made a further improvement. The western section of the ditch ran along the edge of a tamarind wood, and the branches of some great trees reached over the water. Leiningen now had them lopped so that ants could not descend from them within the "moat."

The women and children, then the herds of cattle, were escorted by peons on rafts over the river, to remain on the other side in absolute safety until the plunderers had departed. Leiningen gave this instruction, not because he believed the non-combatants were in any danger, but in order to avoid hampering the efficiency of the defenders. "Critical situations first become crises," he explained to his men, "when oxen or women get excited."

Finally, he made a careful inspection of the "inner moat"—a smaller ditch lined with concrete, which extended around the hill on which stood the ranch house, barns, stables and other buildings. Into this concrete ditch emptied the inflow pipes from three great petrol tanks. If by some miracle the ants managed to cross the water and reach the plantation, this "rampart of petrol" would be an absolutely impassable protection for the besieged and their dwellings and stock.

LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Such, at least, was Leiningen's opinion.

He stationed his men at irregular distances along the water ditch, the first line of defense. Then he lay down in his hammock and puffed drowsily away at his pipe until a peon came with the report that the ants had been observed far away in the South.

Leiningen mounted his horse, which at the feel of its master seemed to forget its uneasiness, and rode leisurely in the direction of the threatening offensive. The southern stretch of ditch—the upper side of the quadrilateral—was nearly three miles long; from its center one could survey the entire countryside. This was destined to be the scene of the outbreak of war between Leiningen's brain and twenty square miles of life-destroying ants.

It was a sight one could never forget. Over the range of hills, as far as eye could see, crept a darkening hem, ever longer and broader, until the shadow spread across the slope from east to west, then downwards, downwards, uncannily swift, and all the green herbage of that wide vista was being mown as by a giant sickle, leaving only the vast moving shadow, extending, deepening, and moving rapidly nearer.

When Leiningen's men, behind their barrier of water, perceived the approach of the long-expected foe, they gave vent to their suspense in screams and imprecations. But as the distance began to lessen between the "sons of hell" and the water ditch, they relapsed into silence. Before the advance of that awe-inspiring throng, their belief in the powers of the boss began to steadily dwindle.

Even Leiningen himself, who had ridden up just in time to restore their loss of heart by a display of unshakable calm, even he could not free himself from a qualm of malaise. Yonder were thousands of millions of voracious jaws bearing down upon him and only a suddenly insignificant, narrow ditch lay between him and his men and being gnawed to the bones "before you can spit three times."

Hadn't his brain for once taken on more than it could manage? If the blighters decided to rush the ditch, fill it to the brim with their corpses, there'd still be more than enough to destroy every trace of that cranium of his. The planter's chin jutted; they hadn't got him yet, and he'd see to it they never would. While he could think at all, he'd flout both death and the devil.

The hostile army was approaching in perfect formation; no human battalions, however well-drilled, could ever hope to rival the precision of that advance. Along a front that moved forward as uniformly as a straight line, the ants drew nearer and nearer to the water-ditch. Then, when they learned through their scouts the nature of the obstacle, the two outlying wings of the army detached themselves from the main body and marched down the western and eastern sides of the ditch.

This surrounding maneuver took rather more than an hour to accomplish; no doubt the ants expected that at some point they would find a crossing.

During this outflanking movement by the wings, the army on the center and southern front remained still. The besieged were therefore able to contemplate at their leisure the thumb-long, reddish black, long-legged insects; some of the Indians believed they could see, too, intent on them, the brilliant, cold eyes, and the razor-edged mandibles, of this host of infinity.

It is not easy for the average person to imagine that an animal, not to mention an insect, can *think*. But now both the European brain of Leiningen and the primitive brains of the Indians began to stir with the unpleasant foreboding that inside every single one of that deluge of insects dwelt a thought. And that thought was: Ditch or no ditch, we'll get to your flesh!

Not until four o'clock did the wings reach the "horseshoe" ends of the ditch, only to find these ran into the great river. Through some kind of secret telegraphy, the report must then have flashed very swiftly indeed along the entire enemy line. And Leiningen, riding—no longer casually—along his side of the ditch, noticed by energetic and widespread movements of troops that for some unknown reason the news of the check had its greatest effect on the southern front, where the main army was massed. Perhaps the failure to find a way over the ditch was persuading the ants to withdraw from the plantation in search of spoils more easily attainable.

An immense flood of ants, about a hundred yards in width, was pouring in a glimmering-black cataract down the far slope of the

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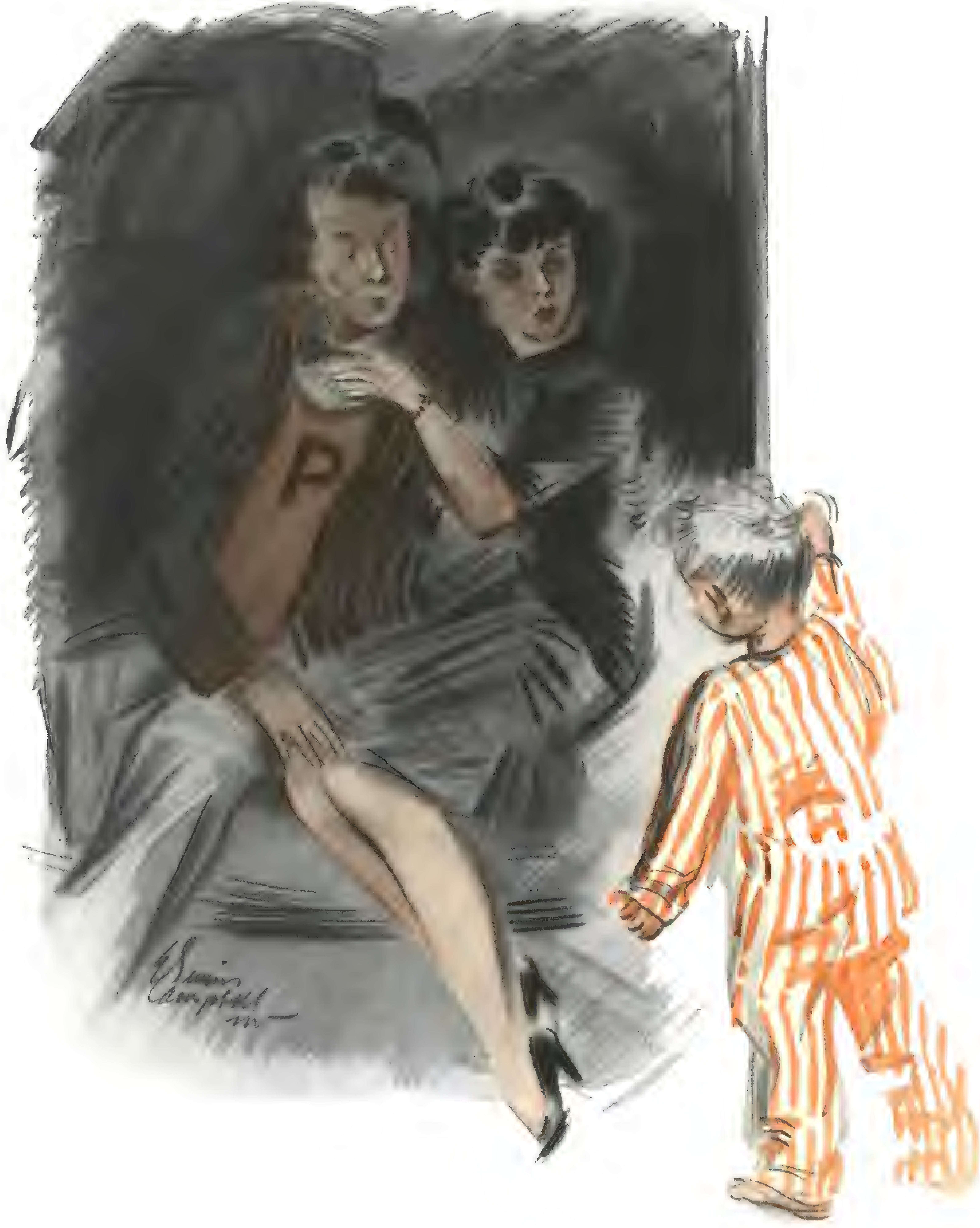


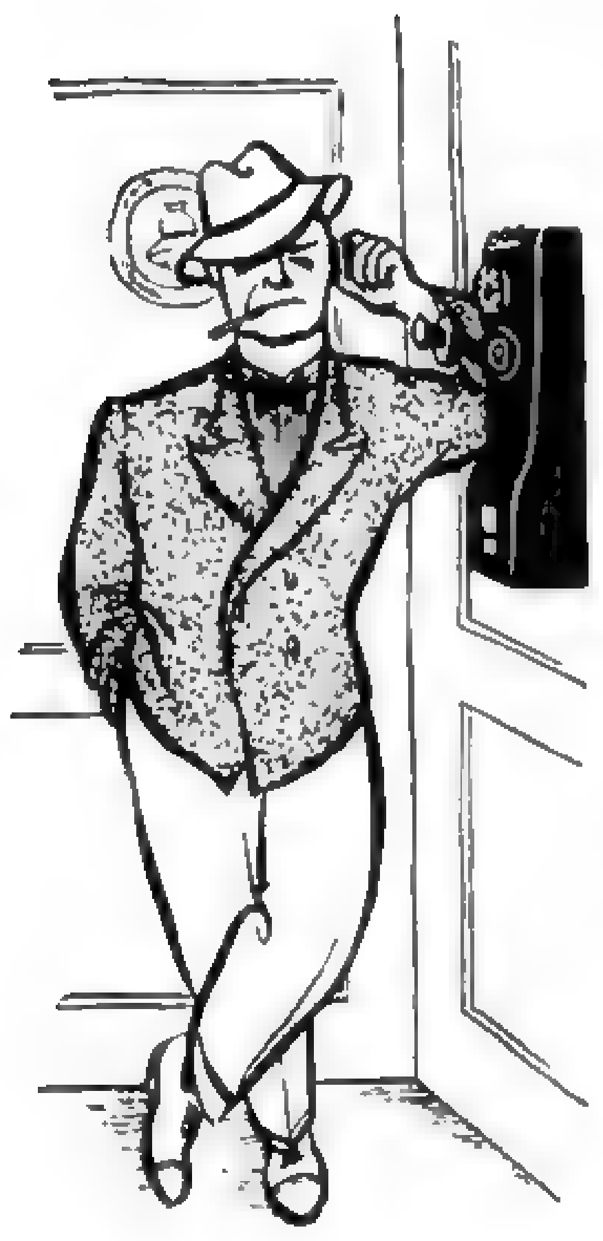
"Remember, Sis. I bet eight cents on Princeton tomorrow"

I Write, If You Please

Ninety-nine days in the life of a general assignment reporter are pretty humdrum, but that hundredth day—hold on to your hat!

by BOB LEVITT

▪ ARTICLE ▪



I am a newspaperman. Don't misunderstand me. I don't know a single maharaja by his first name, I haven't covered even a small war, and I've never called my boss a dirty name—to his face.

I'm just one of the hundreds of reporters who gather the copy to fill in around the truss ads in New York's newspapers.

All that has been written about newspapermen until now has come from the prolific typewriters of the craft's trained seals.

They're the lads who dine with royalty, start wars by rubbing two cablegrams together, and bounce from one superlative newspaper or press association job to another. They write as they please, their ears are bent by the world's sacred cows, and their personal histories are the inside of Europe turned out. Consequently, most people have formed the notion that the newspaper business is a combination round-the-world cruise, international intrigue, and Warner Brothers production.

I thought so, too. I read too many books and saw too many movies. Enchanted by their false promise of a life of glamor and adventure, I became a reporter. After five years, I have a cynical outlook, ninety-seven dollars in the bank, and stomach trouble.

It is high time for someone to prick the romantic bubble of the newspaper business and reveal how the other half lives.

Most of the time, working for a newspaper as an ordinary reporter is sheer boredom. There are occasional bursts of excitement and nerve-tingling interest, but, by contrast, they are highlighted out of all proportion. These are the prizes in a monotonous succession of boxes of soggy popcorn. These are the glittering lures that keep us on our hero-today-bum-tomorrow course. But you can grow awfully tired of popcorn.

Come to work with me on any average day. I'm due to check in at eight o'clock in the morning. At one minute before eight, I roll out of bed and grope for the telephone. As I dial the *Journal-American* number, I clear my throat. The office operator answers, and I say:

"City desk." My voice is still husky with sleep, so I hack some more.

"Hello, this is Levitt," I chirp as the desk answers. I am trying to sound wide-awake and alert.

"Yeah, Bob," says the indifferent voice of an assistant city editor. A long pause, and then, "I don't see anything for you now. Keep in touch."

"Right, Ed," I say, brightly, and go back to bed.

An hour later, I go through the same routine. This time, Ed says:

"Where are you?"

"I'm at Times Square," I reply, without hesitation. This, of course, is dangerous. Once when I said I was phoning from the drugstore at 72nd St. and Broadway, I was told to cover the four-alarm fire across the street.

"There's a story come in from City News about a teacher named Doakes in Smith High School, who smacked a kid with a chair," Ed says. "Hop right over to the Board of Education and get us something for the next run."

"Right away," I respond, cheerily.

If I were really at Times Square, I could be at the Board of Education in ten minutes, but I'm not and I can't. So I call the Board and ask for Howard Shiebler, a former newspaperman who acts as press contact. This is nothing new to Howard. He asks me what I want and says that he will call me back. I give him my home phone number and go back to bed.

In half an hour, Howard calls me with the story. I call the office and turn it in to a bored rewrite man.

HAMBURGER 10¢
POP 5¢

Now I get dressed. I take the subway to City Hall and drop into the press room at Supreme Court. I call the office and find that there is no assignment for me. Someone suggests a game of ten-and-twenty stud. About eight of us sit around a desk and play. Every hour, I call the office.

At about one o'clock, I have lost four dollars and I am hungry. With a reporter from the *World-Telegram*, I go across the street and have a double hamburger and a bottle of cherry soda. I feel like seeing a good movie, but first I must call the office.

"I been looking for you," says Ed. "I want you to do an overnight. There's a guy named Clark at the Commodore Hotel who invented a beer glass that keeps the head on beer. We already got pictures on him. Go up and have a talk with him and come in and write it for tomorrow's paper."

I go to the movies. At four o'clock, I call the office again. Ed has gone and I'm speaking to another assistant city editor.

"Ed gave me the assignment on that beer glass guy, Paul. He's not at the hotel and they don't expect him until late."

"Okay," says Paul. "Pick him up in the morning. I'll leave a note for the early desk."

"How about a good-night?" I ask. That's newspaper talk for "May I quit for the day?"

"Good night," Paul says, and hangs up.

I feel tired and enervated. Listlessly, I debate whether I ought to get a date for tonight or find a card game and try to win back my four dollars.

In the company of an average general assignment reporter, you have been through the dull, humdrum ninety-nine of the average hundred newspaper days. But that Hundredth Day! Hold on to your hat.

First, you must understand the function of the assistant city editors to whom I have been speaking. We on the outside like to think of them as one step above a night watchman. They handle run-of-the-press assignments and mete out the petty abuse.

The man who catapults us into the stirring excitement of the Hundredth Day is the City Editor. To the reporter, that title represents the distillate of Legree, Machiavelli, Rumpelstiltskin, Svengali, and Uncle Don. Driving the city desk and all its capillaries like a span of wild horses, he is the number one boss-man. In my office, sitting at the end of the large city desk, surrounded by telephones, flanked by a secretary who responds mysteriously to his every grimace, is Amster Spiro, by reputation the smartest, maddest City Editor in the country. He is by turns mean, generous, pleading, commanding, furious, sympathetic—accommodating his mood and manner to what he thinks are the needs of each problem at hand.

To Spiro, his reporters are like the paper dancing dolls that street hawkers sell near subway exits. The dolls dance and caper wildly, attached to the hawker's thumb by an unseen black thread. Holding his hand behind his back, their master expertly jiggles them to the mystification of his public. Well, in five years under Spiro's lunatic direction, I have been jiggled until my head spins at the recollection.

When you are told that Spiro wants you, it means either a pitiless bawling out or a special assignment. In either case, you've got your hands full.

I hadn't been working for the *Journal* more than a few months when I fearfully responded to my first summons from the City Editor.

"Pull up a chair," he invited. He stared at me for a moment, calculatingly, chuckled

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Jam in the Nineties

Ballads about roses and happiness were for white people to sing but the blues belonged to the colored

by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

• ARTICLE •

In the late eighties and early nineties, the era of tinsel and gilt, heavy furniture and mustache cups, SWING was born. Where it was born is particularly important, because this may account for its irrelevance and utter rowdyism, its very elemental nature. Memphis, St. Louis and a host of Southern towns claim credit although New Orleans seems logically to have the preference because of the great number of ragtime Negro musicians gathered there.

At this time—New Orleans was steeped in wickedness, bawdy houses running full blast, faro games on most street corners and voluptuous creole beauties soliciting trade among the welter of gamblers, steamboat men and hustlers of every nationality. New Orleans was not unique in this respect, as most American cities had their proscribed redlight district, but New Orleans was more colorful. Spaniards, Italians, Germans, French and French Negro, Swedish, and a great spattering of Portuguese—and all of them speaking creole, the handy bastard French, the patois French which even today has not changed one iota from its original form.

Here in this port of all nationalities, this western hemisphere Marseilles, came a conglomerate group of itinerant musicians—Coon shouters, honky tonks, black butt players (Negro musicians who could not read music)—all of them seeking their pot of gold in this paradise of pleasure. Most of them had little or no training in their respective instruments but they had a rhythm and a timing that appealed to the catholic tastes of this segment of America. The sky was the limit in "hot" ballads and there was no such thing as controlled music. New York was too far away and New Orleans was the mecca of entertainment to these Southern minstrels.

True, respectable New Orleans as well as respectable America sang and played Irish ditties or saccharine sentimental tear jerkers—*Whisper Your Mother's Name*—the Curse of Saloons and the Little Nellie's Gone Astray creations. All America cried in its beer over them, but the gulf was too wide for pleasure-loving America to span, from Stephen Foster's *Old Folks At Home* to the sedate piano music (song and chorus) of the horsehair parlor days.

Barber shop chords were all right too, but New Orleans had gone on a bender—and when a man or a city goes pleasure-mad they want music with "umph"—something that's on the naughty side, that tickles the senses, that starts them bunnyhugging. Ragtime filled this bill perfectly.

Possibly the first ragtime number originated in a bagnio and I know of more than a score that were actually created in them, having traced them back to the musicians who wrote them, tracing others through musicians who had played in bands with the original composer—although I must confess that nothing is harder actually to track down than a musical score. It is stolen from so many sources—the so-called Classics are dipped in and musicians are as jealous and touchy about giving credit to their fellows as prima donnas. A few of the numbers I actually saw created, written all over the backs of envelopes and policy number slips in all-night joints in St. Louis (pardon my misspent youth) and I have heard these same numbers, fifteen years later, presented for the edification of SWING enthusiasts on the concert stage. Without mentioning names, many of our greatest swing artists have played, at some time or another, in these dens of iniquity or halls of learning—according to your esthetic tastes.

One thing, you may be certain they were never created in a classroom where harmony and composition were taught. It is sometimes sad to contemplate, but few lasting contributions to popular music have ever been born in cloistered surroundings.

Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Dee-A was written in the house of Babe Connors, one of the more colorful Negro madams, in 1894. It was essentially ragtime—in 4-4 time, the name rag being given because the playing was ragged—one played between the beats, not on them, just as SWING today is irregular but is played in a faster tempo—a stepped-up version. If you have ever seen Negroes dancing, that is dancing two-steps and one-steps and waltzes, you will notice that they do not dance exactly in time with the music. They dance to the rhythm of the number and are usually in step. It's this "feel" of the dance that's important and once one has the rhythm, there is no need to wonder or worry if you are exactly in time to the music. It was as natural for Negroes to create ragtime as it was for the rest of America to fall in step with them.

But coming back to the madams, these house-mothers of wayward America, they were continually on the lookout for added attractions to their establishments. With the rise of vaudeville, they now hoped to please their patrons with special music as well as other forms of special entertainment.

Every house with any pretentions to class had a beautiful mahogany upright piano, strewn with the usual bric-a-brac, cupid, Daphne and Apollo and ornate throws and the ever-present mandolin attachment. It added tone. A friend of mine who used to play the piano in the famous Everleigh Club of Chicago mentioned that they had a gold piano—where he composed many a piece—and where his tips were the highest he had ever received, then or since.

These madams were ever on the hunt for good musicians, but particularly good piano players, as a piano could be toned down and the less noise in the wee hours of the morning, the better. Possibly a tired Romeo could be coaxed into spending just a little more if the music fitted in with his mood.

The usual procedure would be to invite the chosen entertainer to stay at the house while he was in the city—and musicians at that time were not getting any hundred a week for their playing—and his cakes and coffee were free, with of course all the liquor he wished to hold. He could play any way he wanted to as long as he was good, and he could improvise all he wanted—just so long as he didn't stop. No matter how often he played certain numbers, the audience was continually changing. Here, when liquor, used to fight off exhaustion, had befogged the brain, many of the discordant and eerie chords were born. I have talked with many a swing musician who has admitted that he has improvised these weird minor chords in these houses and one of them used to chew calabash weed to keep him going.

Because of the tremendous amount of energy needed to play four to six shows a day, and then doubling every night to augment their meager wages, many musicians fell into this pernicious habit.

Negro musicians were paid next to nothing, the finer white dance halls barring them, and their greatest revenue came from playing "gigs" (outside jobs—special groups of three or four who were especially hired to play for wealthy white patrons at private house parties) and in playing in the finest sporting houses.

Many of them have played the Redlight Circuit from New Orleans to Seattle.

You must remember at that time that Negroes had no union of their own, were not admitted to white unions, and it was impossible for them to market their songs unless they sold them outright to white publishers—and the top price was fifteen dollars with ten being about the average. These smart publishers would keep the scores of songs stowed away in drawers, much as a man keeps gilt edged bonds, and at a propitious time they would revise here and there—change the title and lo!—a popular hit tune was often launched on the market in New York. It often made a song writer who never would have reached the top, unless he had the ideas of these Negroes to fall back on.

True, many a white musician shared the same fate, but he was not continually relegated to the bottom as were these

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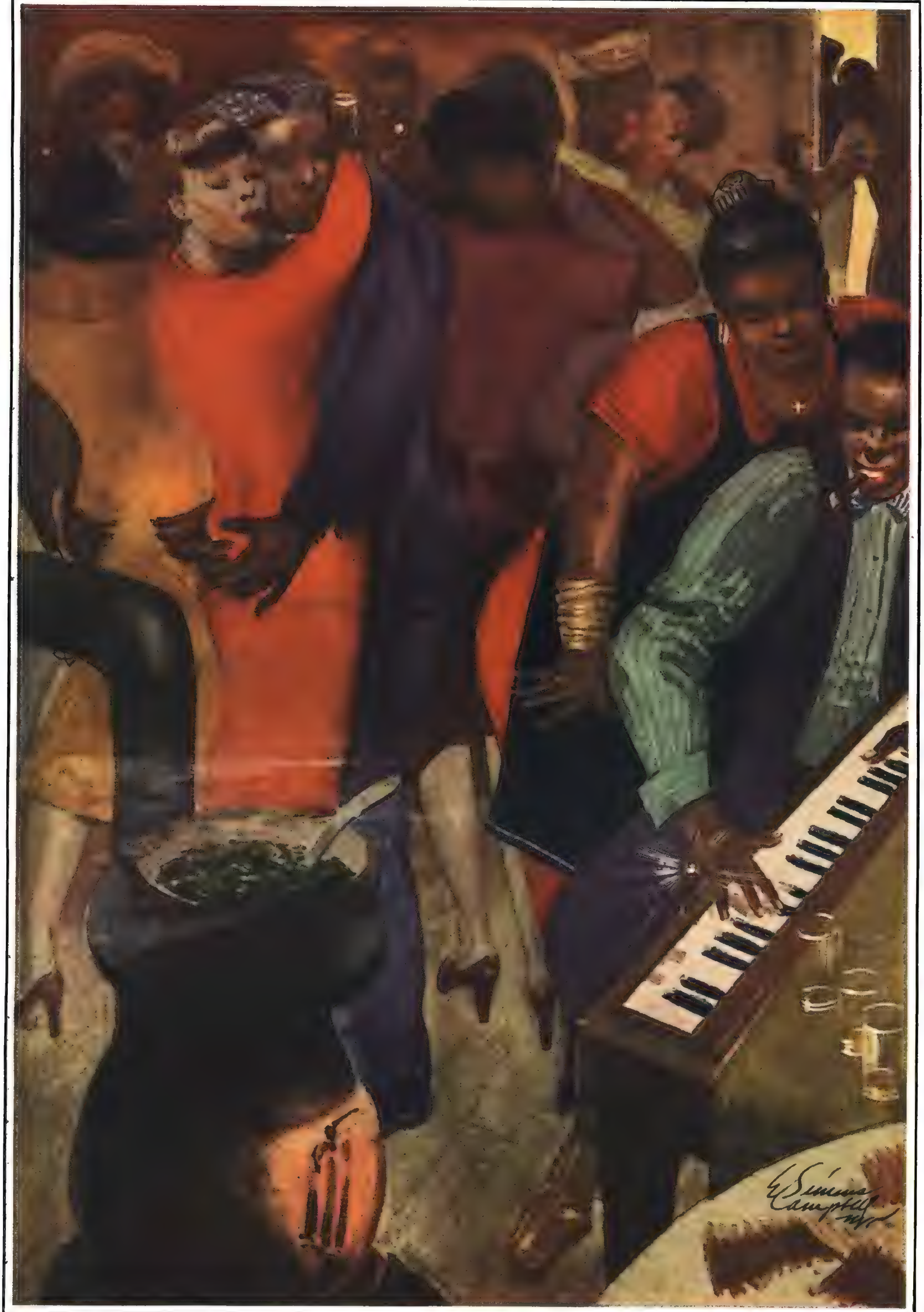

PAINTING BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

LEVEE-FRONT STOMP

these gifts are on the house—A lot of young moderns (or older moderns, too, for that matter) prefer gifts for their home, be it cottage or castle. A waffle iron, perhaps, or something in which to agitate a little Yuletide spirits. You'll be awarded a palm for your originality and good taste if your card is attached to any of the items shown here. 1—Start the morning right, chrome electric coffee maker . . 2—Three-piece chrome and glass Tantalus set —acts as warden for your liquor . . 3—Aluminum server, always reliable . . 4—Let him make his own soda with a chrome and red siphon bottle . . 5—An asset to any table—the chrome and glass coffee maker . . 6—On hand on Sunday mornings, double waffle iron . . 7—Lenci ceramic—if he's fond of figures . . 8—Chrome electric toast and jam set—English style . . 9—Try a "Frisco Freeze" on the electric mixer . . 10—The domestic comes running—sterling silver tea bell . . 11—2-in-1, the jigger-chaser liquor glass . . 12—Wooden bookends for inveterate bettors . . 13-14—Even if he has a book, these are current favorites . . 15—Chrome ice preserver . . 16—Here's looking at you, set of 8 crystal-bottom mugs . . 17—Black and red crystal clock . . 18—Gold plated electric clock—a bright spot in your room . . 19—Chrome electric waffle iron . . 20—Chrome cocktail mixer and server—for the Martini marvelous . . 21—Not for children, the chrome rattle cocktail shaker . . 22—Silver plate cocktail mixer . . 23—Sterling four-pint beverage mixer when the crowd drops in . . 24—Let him stalk his prey on this leather covered cigarette box with a pheasant on the top . . 25—White leather cigarette box with love bird on top—to put him in the mood . . 26—Leather cigarette box with *two* pheasants, if he likes a brace of everything . . 27—Sterling cheese scoop—better than fingers . . 28—Sterling individual cigarette holder . . 29—Sterling salt and pepper shakers . . 30—"Horses, Horses, Horses" in Laguna pottery . . 31—Laguna pottery cowboy . . 32—For first-nighters —theatre map cigarette box . . 33—"It's now 5:32 in Haiti"—walnut "World Time" electric clock . . 34—Mahogany electric clock . . 35—"Shall we join the ladies?"—20-piece blue and gold coffee set . . 36—Eight sterling silver coffee spoons . . 37—Wassail! Sterling egg-nog bowl . . 38—Sterling ladle . . 39—Glass and chrome cigarette box—looks better filled . . 40—Linger over this one—brandy inhaler . . 41-42—Sterling cigarette boxes . . 43—Glass and chrome Martini mixer and glasses . . 44—Crystal candelabra, a sparkling beauty.

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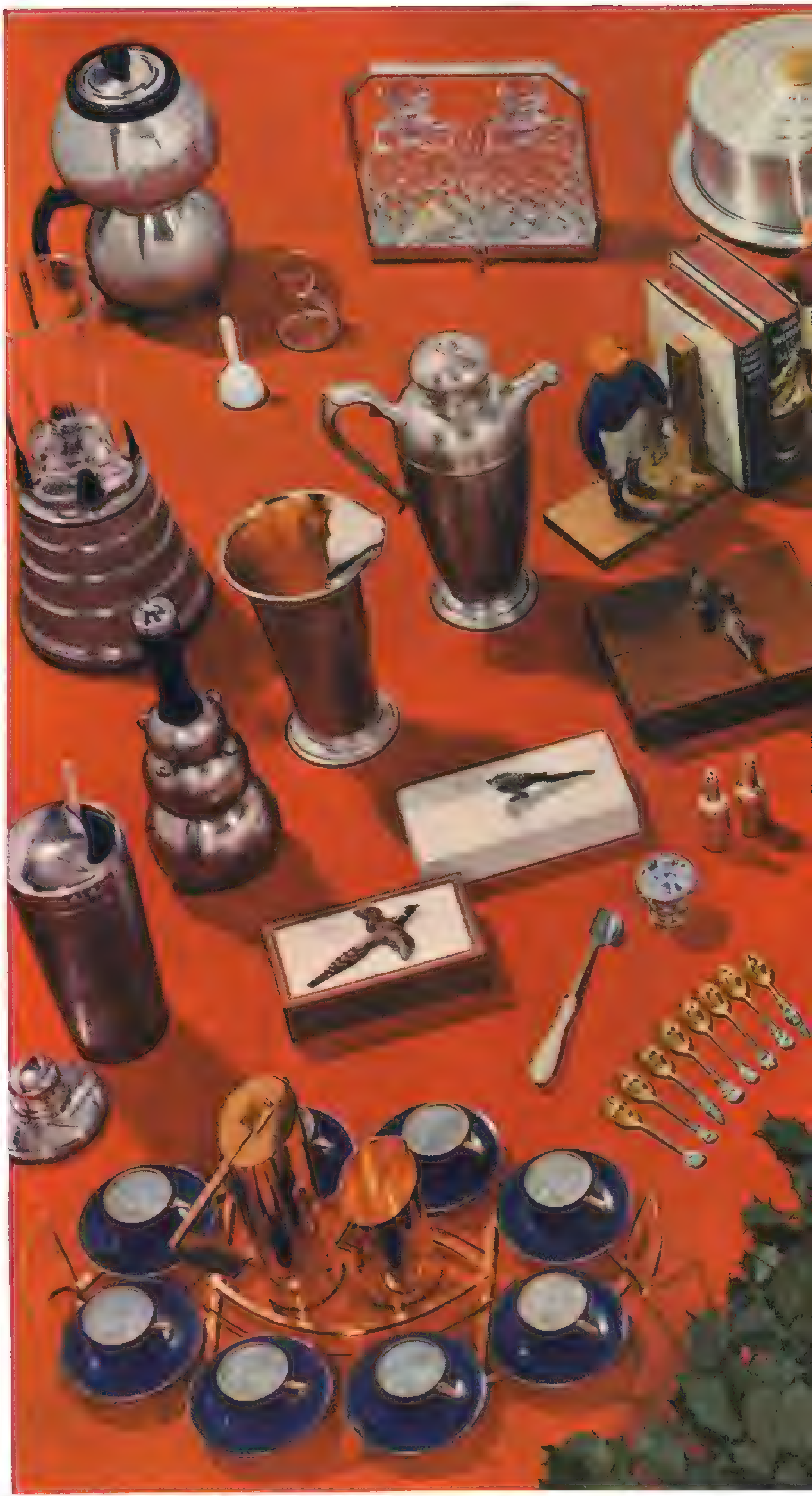

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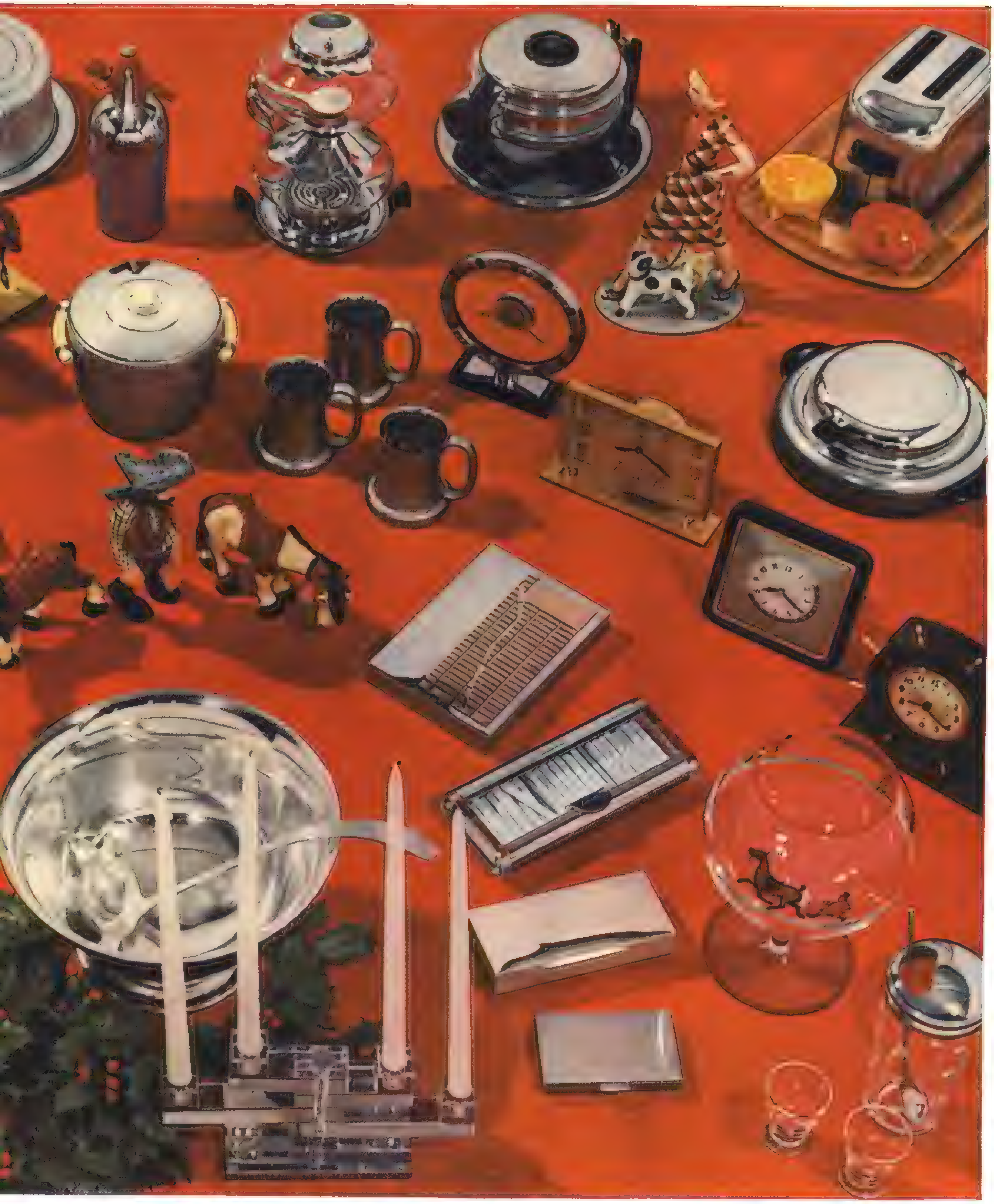

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if his blood runs warm and red—If he is a "sportsman," your task is relatively simple. Such gentlemen can always use another tennis racquet, more golf balls, the newest camera model. And should they be nurturing a boy scout hangover, there's always the picnic kit. 1—When good fellows get together—poker set with pigskin case . . 2—A snack by the roadside—a picnic set . . 3—Picnic kit containing 2 Thermos bottles and a metal container—ideal al fresco outfit . . 4—Leather golf jacket . . 5—Initialed dog blankets . . 6—Green dog lead—keeps him in his place . . 7—Dog tag with lock—"If lost return to" . . 8—Shooting stick—will take him off his feet . . 9—Lambskin driving gloves to warm the digits . . 10—Tooled leather belt with silver buckle . . 11—A stallion—if we're not mistaken . . 12—Every man likes a different face—leather clock with painted dial . . 13—Tubular ice skates . . 14—Tennis racquet . . 15—Hunting knife with reindeer fur sheath . . 16—Hunting knife with sheath . . 17—Tool kit—is a handy thing . . 18—"Yoicks!"—a riding boot shoehorn set . . 19—Skiers will get a kick out of this cocktail ski pole cherry pick set . . 20—Leather riding crop . . 21—A gift like this is no shot in the dark—.22 caliber rifle with telescope sight and range finder . . 22—Fur on the feet—sea leopard slippers . . 23—Fishing reel—and a good one . . 24—Just point it and push it—movie camera . . 25-26—Folding cameras . . 27—Exposure meter . . 28—"All the better to see with, my man"—binoculars . . 29-30—Folding cameras . . 31—Camera . . 32—This one never misses—golf balls . . 33—Don't say we didn't warn you—poker and roulette set.

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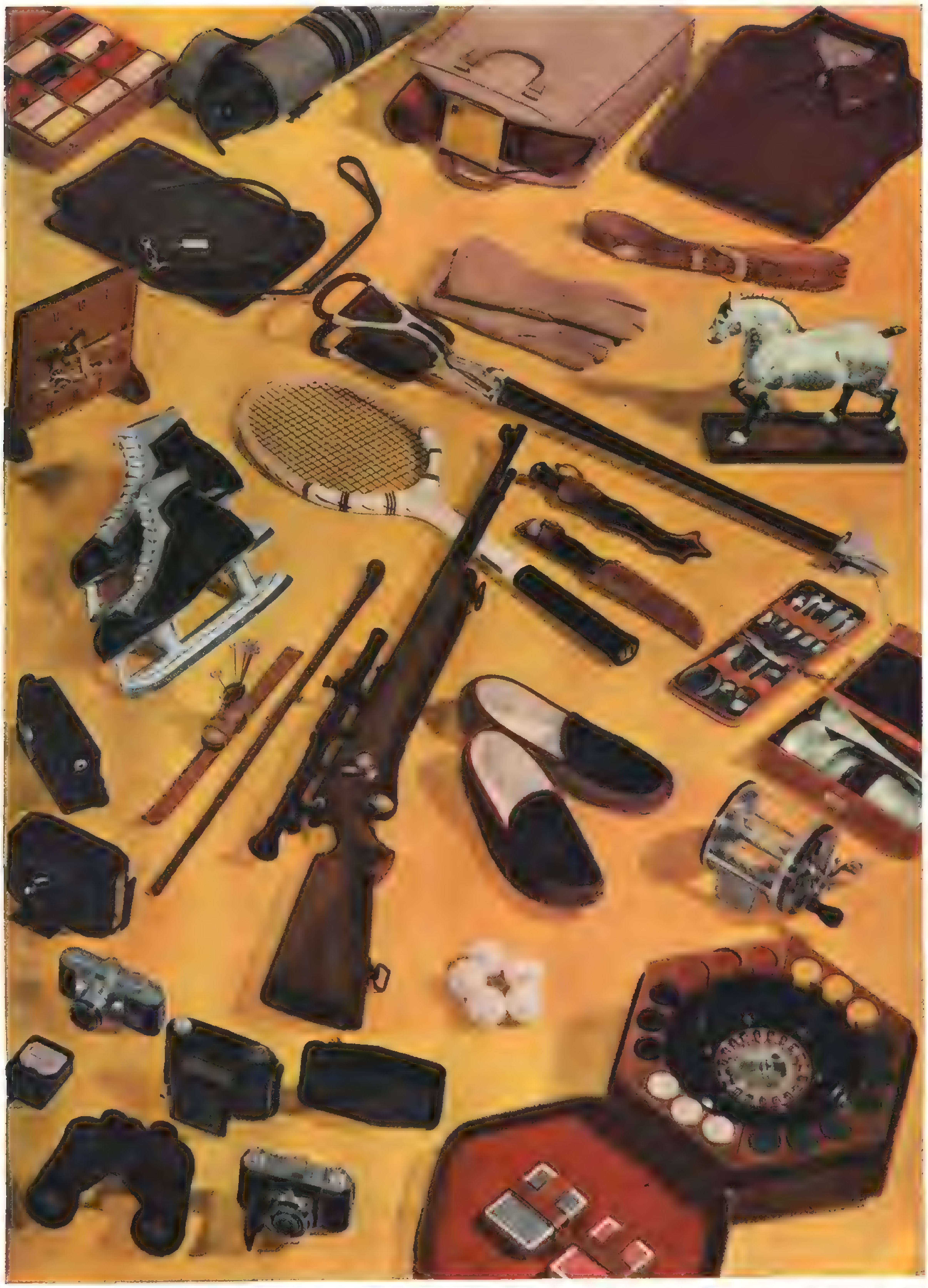

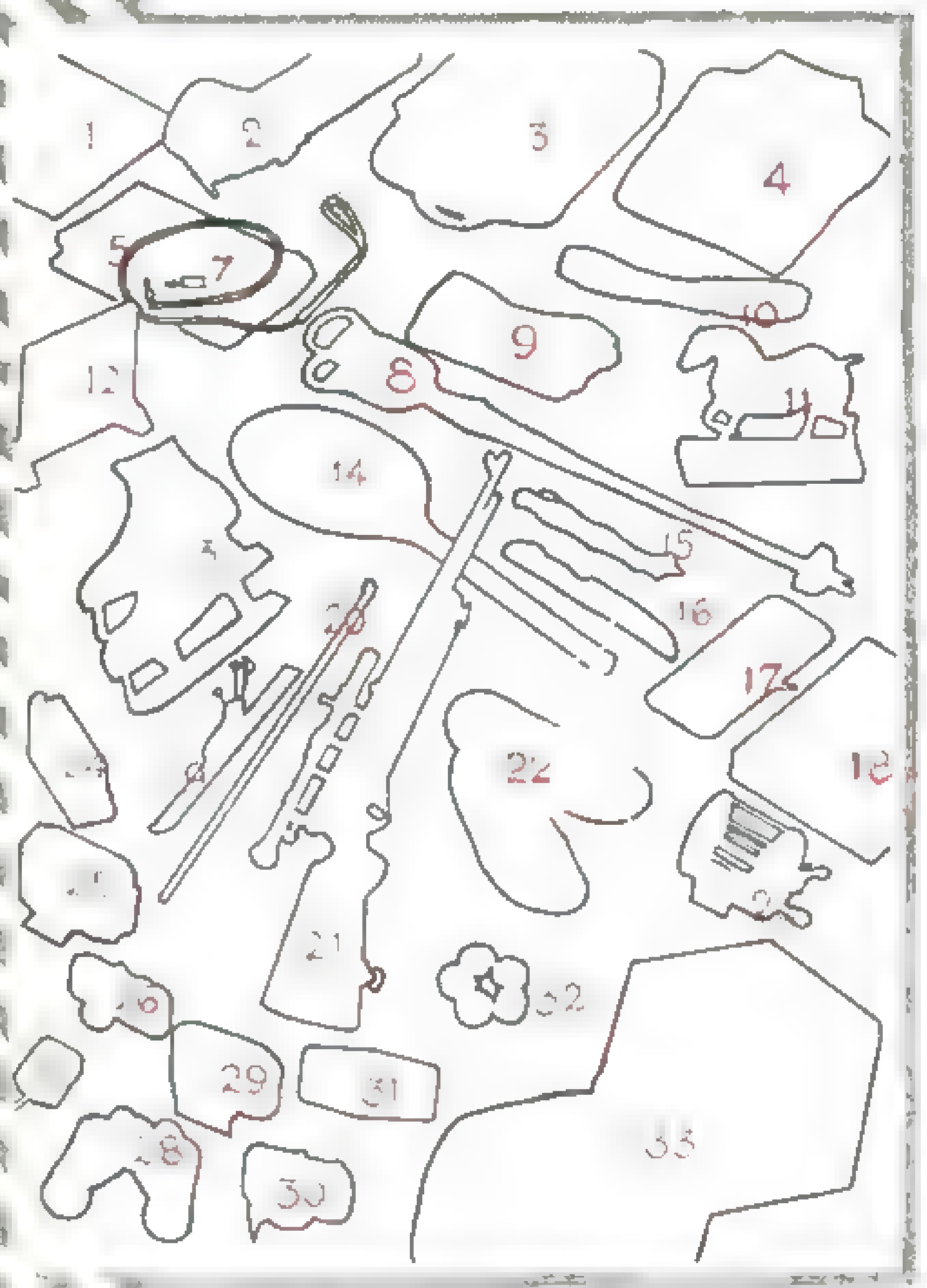

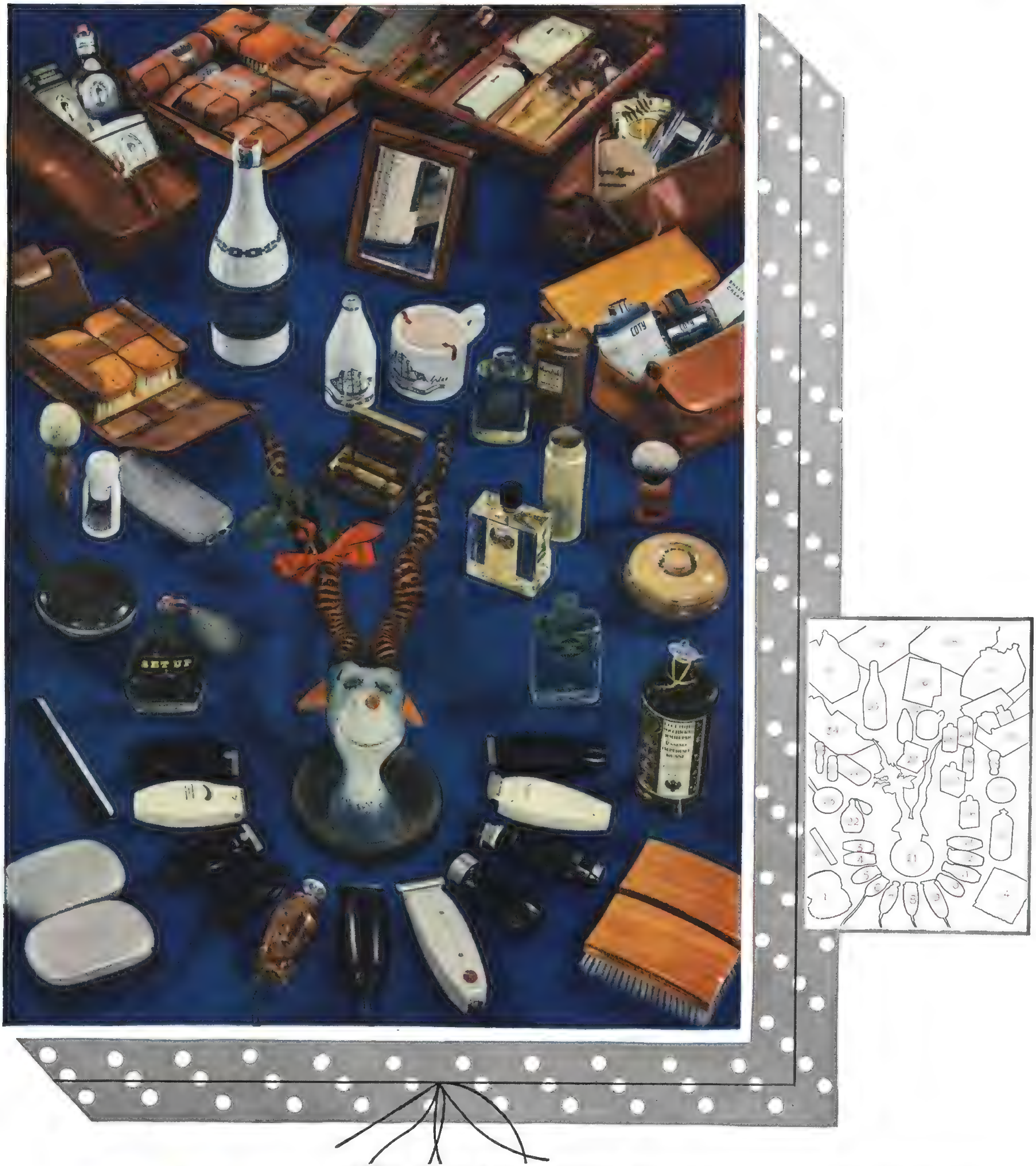

gifts that get next to his skin—Good grooming has become a fetish with most men nowadays. So you might as well choose gifts that help this admirable cause along . . One of those leather kits filled with bottles for him to rub on pan or pate; the very latest . . but the latest . . mind you, razor . . or some of those military brushes. Here are a number of thoroughbreds along that line. 1—Sterling military brushes . . 2—Sterling comb . . 3-13—Good for your epidermis—electric razors . . 14—Military brushes—exercise for the hirsute . . 15—Essence Impériale Russe, means sex appeal . . 16—A skin bracer . . 17—Shaving bowl . . 18—Shaving brush . . 19—Lavender talcum . . 20—After-shave lotion, the finishing touch . . 21—Dr. Suess Abelard, interesting for a man's den, bar, or game-room . . 22—Dry shave lotion with atomizer, spray instead of smear . . 23—Novel handled wood shaving bowl . . 24—Shaving brush made of hairs from pedigreed boars . . 25—Shaving brush with stand . . 26—Safety razor and stropper—always a good bet . . 27—Safety razor . . 28—After-shave lotion . . 29—Talcum powder . . 30—Oilskin lined utility case . . 31—Talcum, after-shave lotion and shaving cream . . 32—Shades of the Gay 90's—antique container of cologne . . 32a—A mug of shaving soap, of all things . . 33—Cologne in wicker covered flask . . 34—Military brush and comb set in pigskin case . . 35—Utility case containing face lotion, shaving cream and talcum—the facial works . . 36—Pigskin traveling mirror . . 37—Oil silk lined utility case, talcum, shave lotion and shaving soap . . 38—Cedar lined cowhide toiletries case . . 39—Pigskin traveling toiletries kit.

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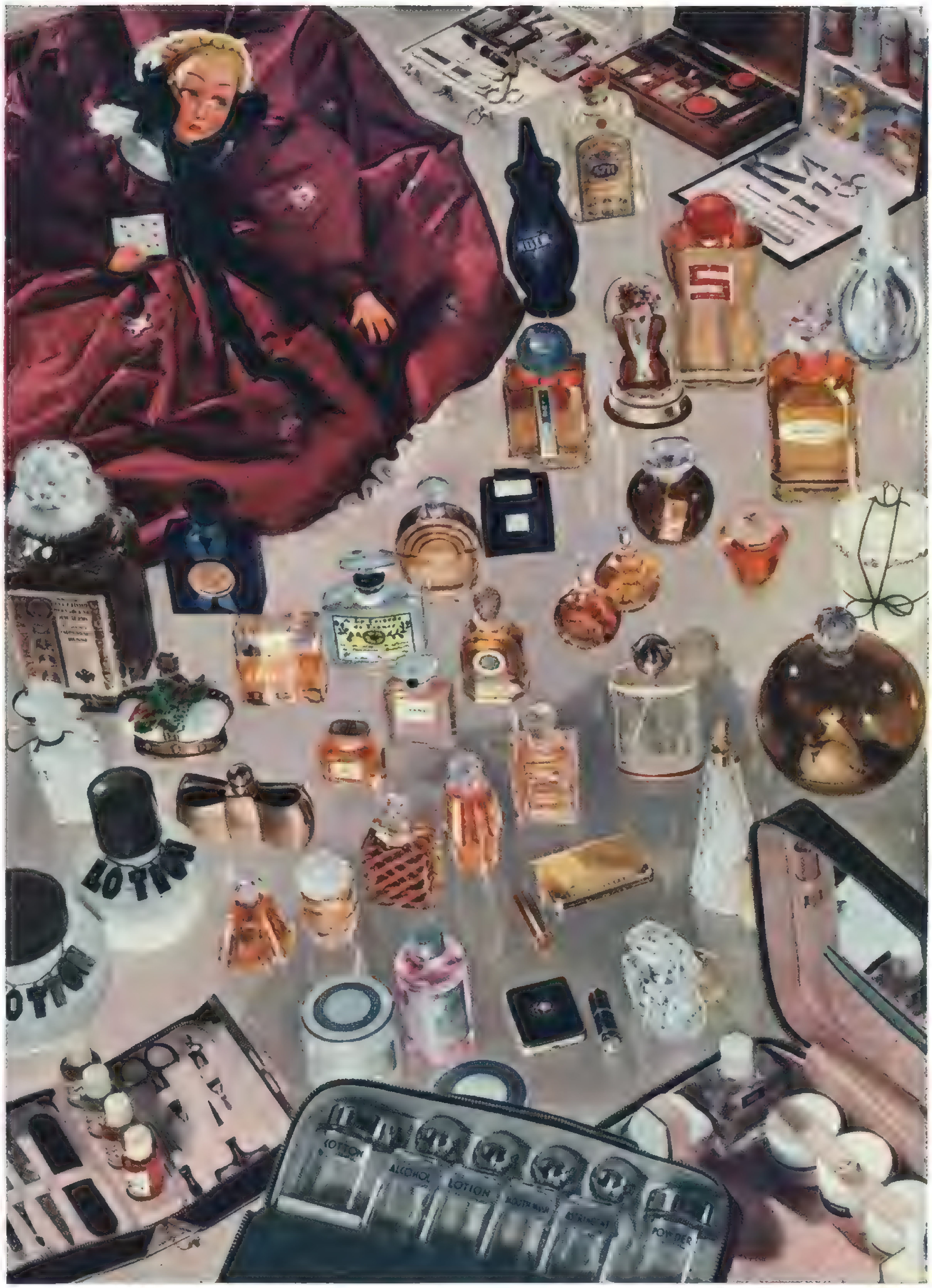

to add an exclamation point to a lady—Punctuate her personality with perfume . . glamour incorporated into costly crystal . . bottled lure that plays havoc with male susceptibilites. Coveted by women of all ages through the ages. Trite but right—to the point. 1—Blue leather manicure set . . 2—Toiletries container kit . . 3—Cosmetic traveling set . . 4—Distinctive pottery toiletry containers with wooden labels . . 5—Skin freshener, cream and powder—all done in Wedgwood blue and white . . 6—Compact and lipstick set—woman's best friend . . 7—Gold compact and lipstick set . . 8—Crystal perfume atomizer . . 9—Crystal cologne atomizer . . 10—*Arpege* perfume . . 11—*Of Thee I Sing* cologne with atomizer . .12—*Le Vertige* perfume . . 13—*Presence* perfume . . 14—*Preface* perfume . . 15—*Can Can* perfume . . 16—*Reflexions* perfume . . 17—*Coque D'Or* perfume . . 18—*Joy* perfume . . 19—*No. 5* perfume . . 20—*Amour Amour* perfume . . 21—*Town & Country* perfume set . . 22—*Impromptu* perfume . . 23—*Beau Pourri* sachet . . 24—*Drumbeat* cologne . . 25—*Carnet de Bal* perfume . . 26—*Evening in Paris* perfume . . 27—*Voyage à Paris* perfume . . 28—*A La Cocarde* cologne . . 29—*A Bientôt* perfume . . 30—*Prince Matchabelli* perfume . . 31—*Belle de Jour* perfume . . 32—*Essence Impériale Russe* perfume . . 33—Lenci *Princess Victoria* doll . . 34—*Blue Grass* perfume . . 35—*Shocking* perfume . . 36—*Shocking* cologne . . 37—*Noir* perfume . . 38—*Noir* cologne . . 39—Venini crystal perfume bottle—beauty in boudoir . . 40—Leather manicure set . . 41—Walnut manicure set . . 42—Manicure set for the fastidious . . 43—*4711* Cologne.

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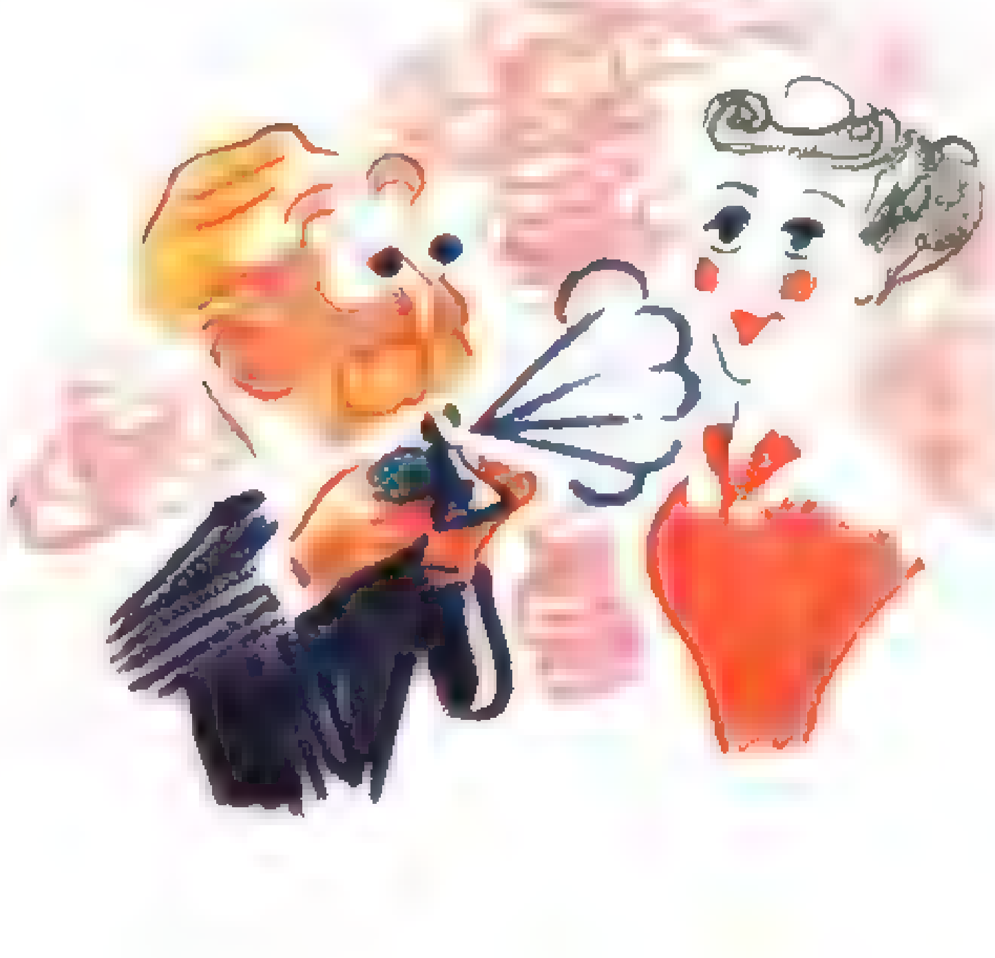

designed to win fond "ohs" and "ahs"—Precious jewels, guaranteed to make the feminine heart grow fonder . . a wisp of a nightie, hose sheer as gossamer, the silver of a handbag or a mule . . female foibles so cunningly selected she'll wonder how you knew.

1—Velvet bed jacket . . 2—Satin and silver mules . . 3—Crocodile traveling bag . . 4—Black suede bag with hand carved crystal-like lucite frame . . 5—Easy to see through this gift—nightie . . 6—Black suede purse . . 7—Silver evening bag . . 8—Black suede gloves with crystal trimming . . 9—Pigskin gloves . . 10—Gloves of kid and suede . . 11—Ditto . . 12—Silk hose . . 13—Umbrella with collapsible case . . 14—Flower clip . . 15—Cigarette holders . . 16—Pocket lighter . . 17—Demure Lenci madonna ceramic . . 18—Leather beauty case . . 19—Gold flower pin . . 20—Antique cigarette box . . 21—Crepe pajamas . . 22—Cigarette case . . 23—Gold cigarette case . . 24—Traveling clock . . 25—Sterling and gold vanity with watch . . 26—Cigarette case combination . . 27—Ditto . . 28—Brooch-watch . . 29—Gold stirrup pin . . 30—Gold bracelet set with sapphires . . 31—Ditto ring . . 32—Ditto clip . . 33—Emerald and diamond ring . . 34—Emerald and diamond bracelet . . 35—Ditto brooch . . 36—Sapphire and diamond set gold bracelet . . 37—Diamond and sapphire set gold clip . . 38—Gold chain bracelet with identification disc . . 39—Gold brooch set with rubies . . 40—Gold brooch set with topaz . . 41—Gold brooch set with sapphires . . 42—Ruby and diamond clips . . 43-47—Gold wrist watches . . 48—Silver wrist watch set with diamonds . . 49-55—More gold wrist watches.

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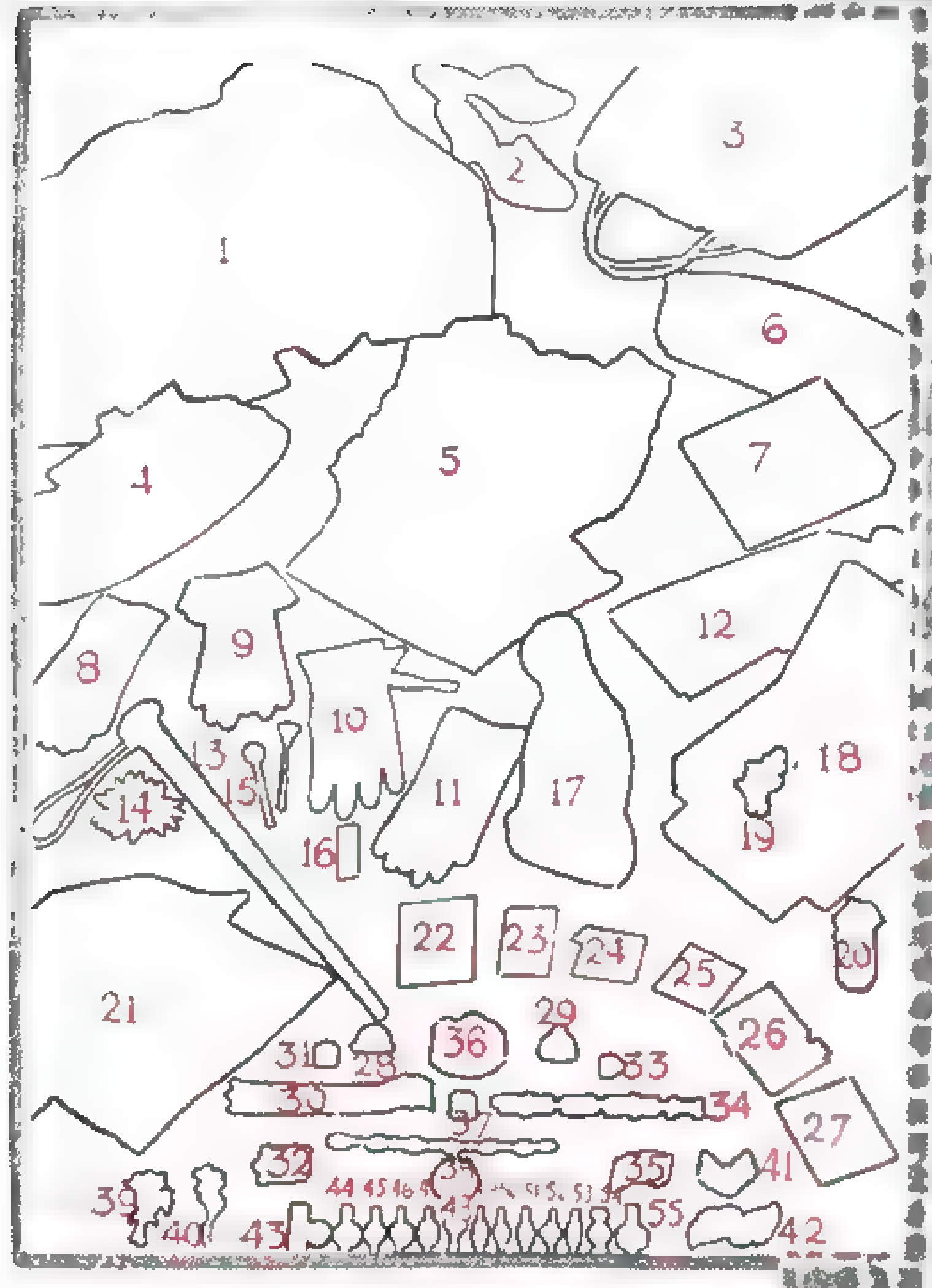

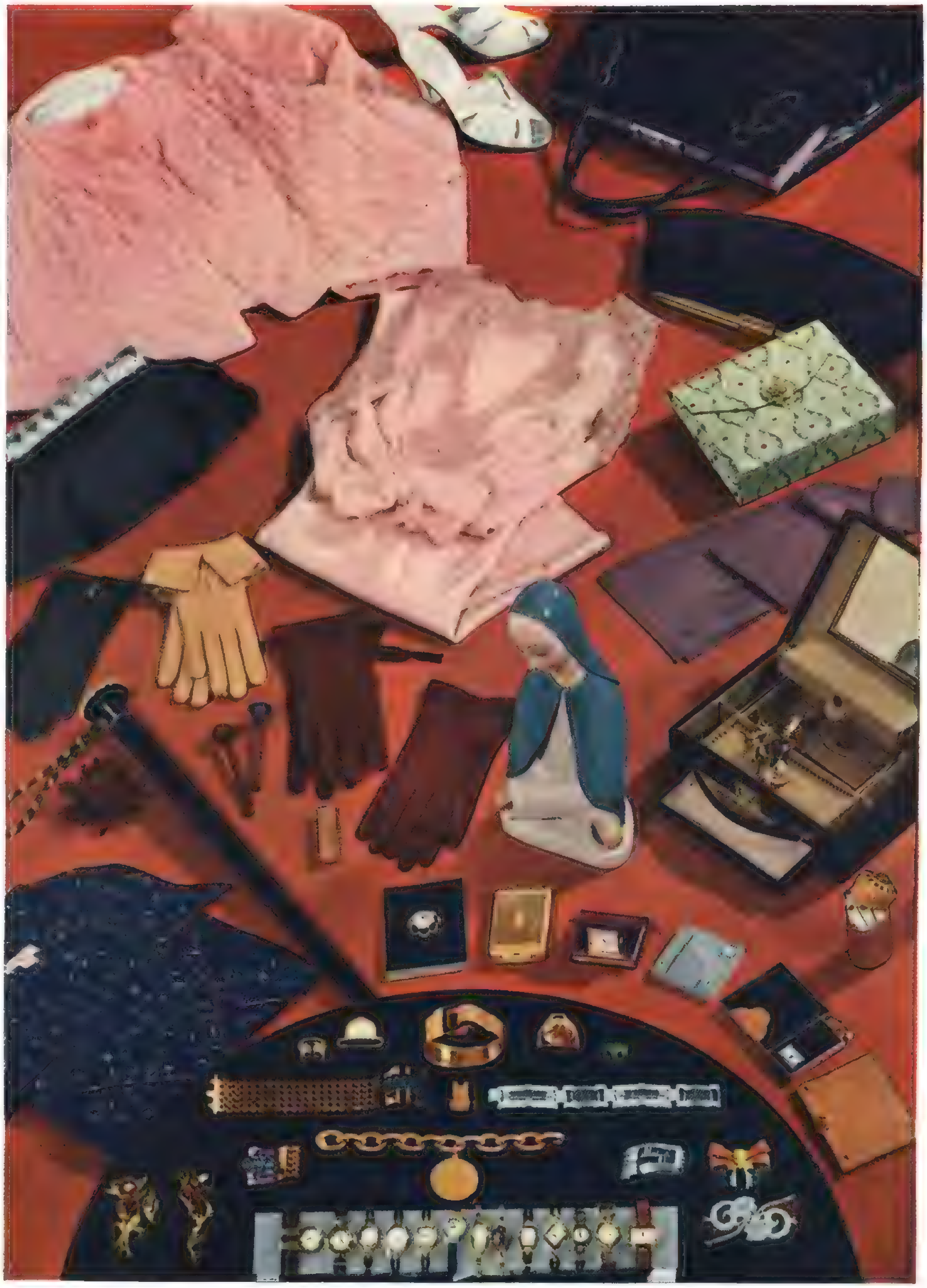

leather speaks a he-man's language—No doubt about it, a man likes leather. The masculine smell of it, the satisfying feel of it, the mellowed endurance of it. Whether it be a small leather key case or a wallet or a large, impressive leather wardrobe suitcase . . a man likes leather. Or did we mention that before?

1—2-suit wardrobe case . . 2—Pigskin hat box . . 3—Wardrobe suitcase . . 4—2-suit wardrobe case, swell for week-ending . . 5—Wardrobe handbag . . 6—Portable typewriter . . 7—Traveling toiletries kit . . 8—Crocodile hat and clothes brush set . . 9—Traveling slippers—for that trip down the aisle—Pullman, we mean . . 10—Oilskin lined utility case . . 11—Pigskin fitted case . . 12—Pigskin case containing novel brushes and all toiletries essentials . . 13—Clothes brush with toiletries in handle . . 14—Traveling clock . . 15—Traveling alarm clock with roll top face protection . . 16—Crushable red leather utility case lined in oilskin . . 17—Playing cards you can wash with soap and water . . 18—Pigskin traveling poker set . . 19—Fitted dressing case . . 20—Black panda key case . . 21—Pig ejector key case . . 22—Nest of drinking cups . . 23—Unusual billfold in wolfskin . . 24—Traveling backgammon set . . 25—Red and white striped leather billfold . . 26—Yellow and navy billfold . . 27—Cowhide billfold . . 28—Crocodile billfold with memo pad . . 29—Red leather billfold . . 30—Pigskin passport case . . 31—Case for passport and all other traveling papers, with red leather lining . . 32—Blue leather diary—for dates! . . 33—Crocodile billfold and card case . . 34—Morocco letter case . . 35—Pocket wallet and memo pad.

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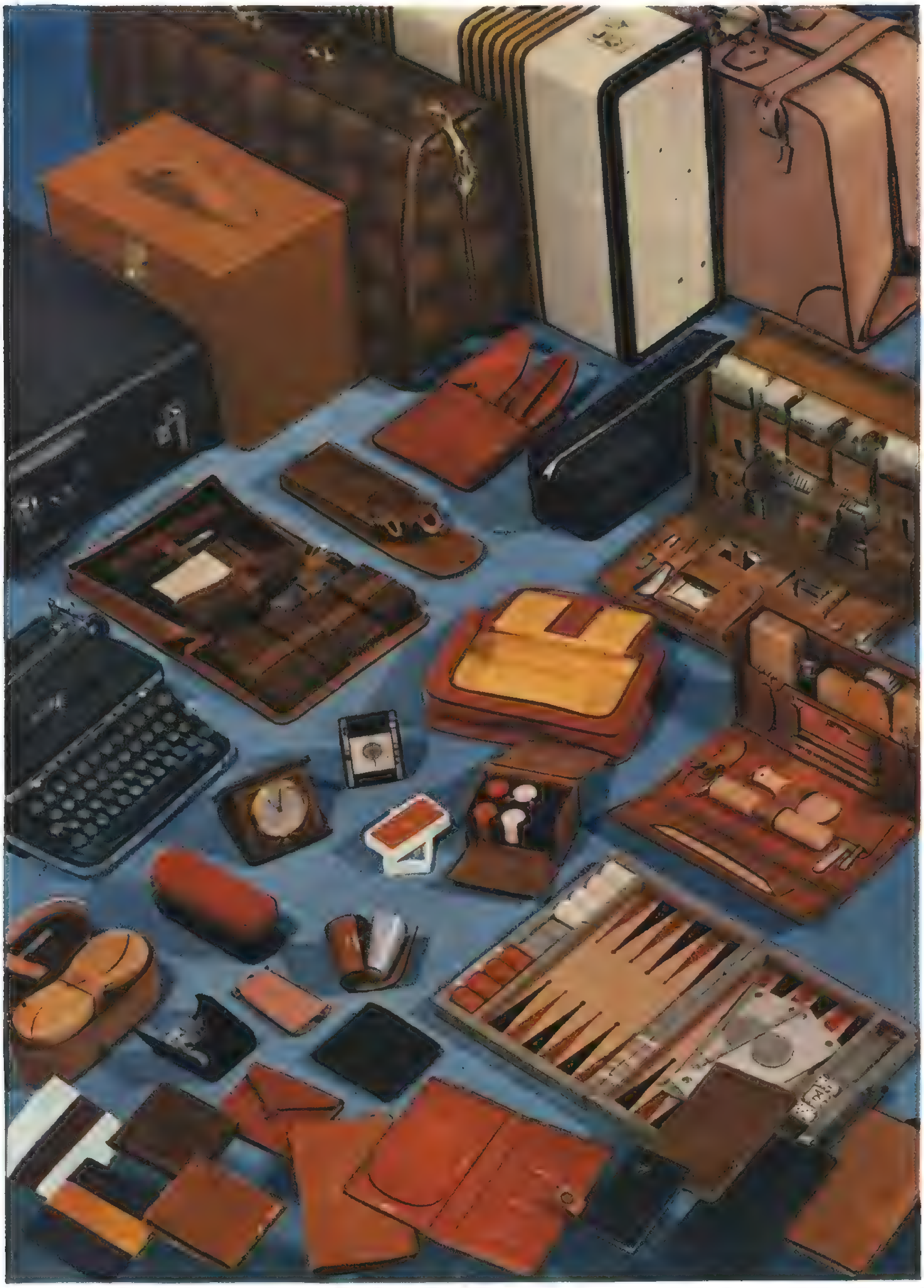

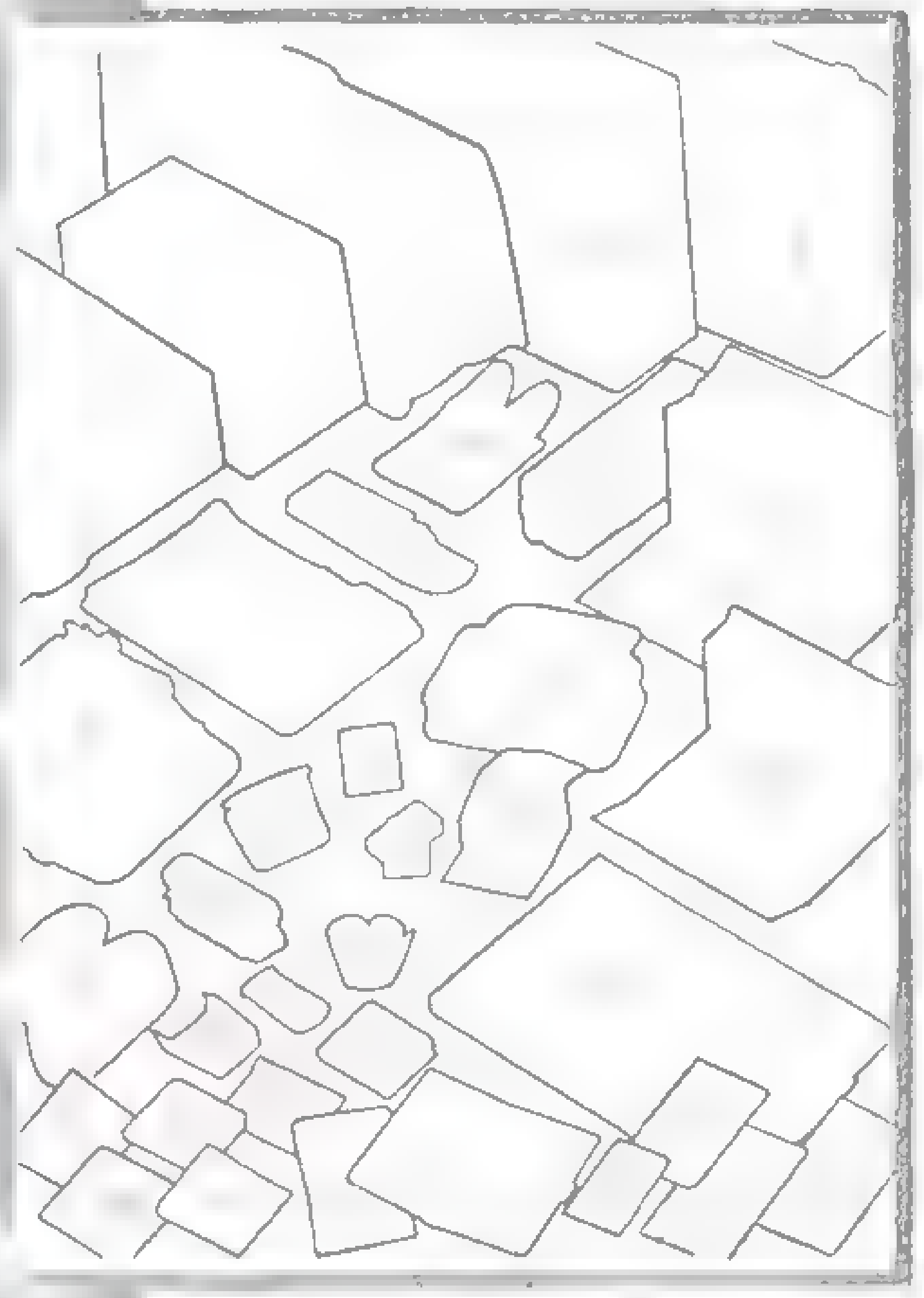

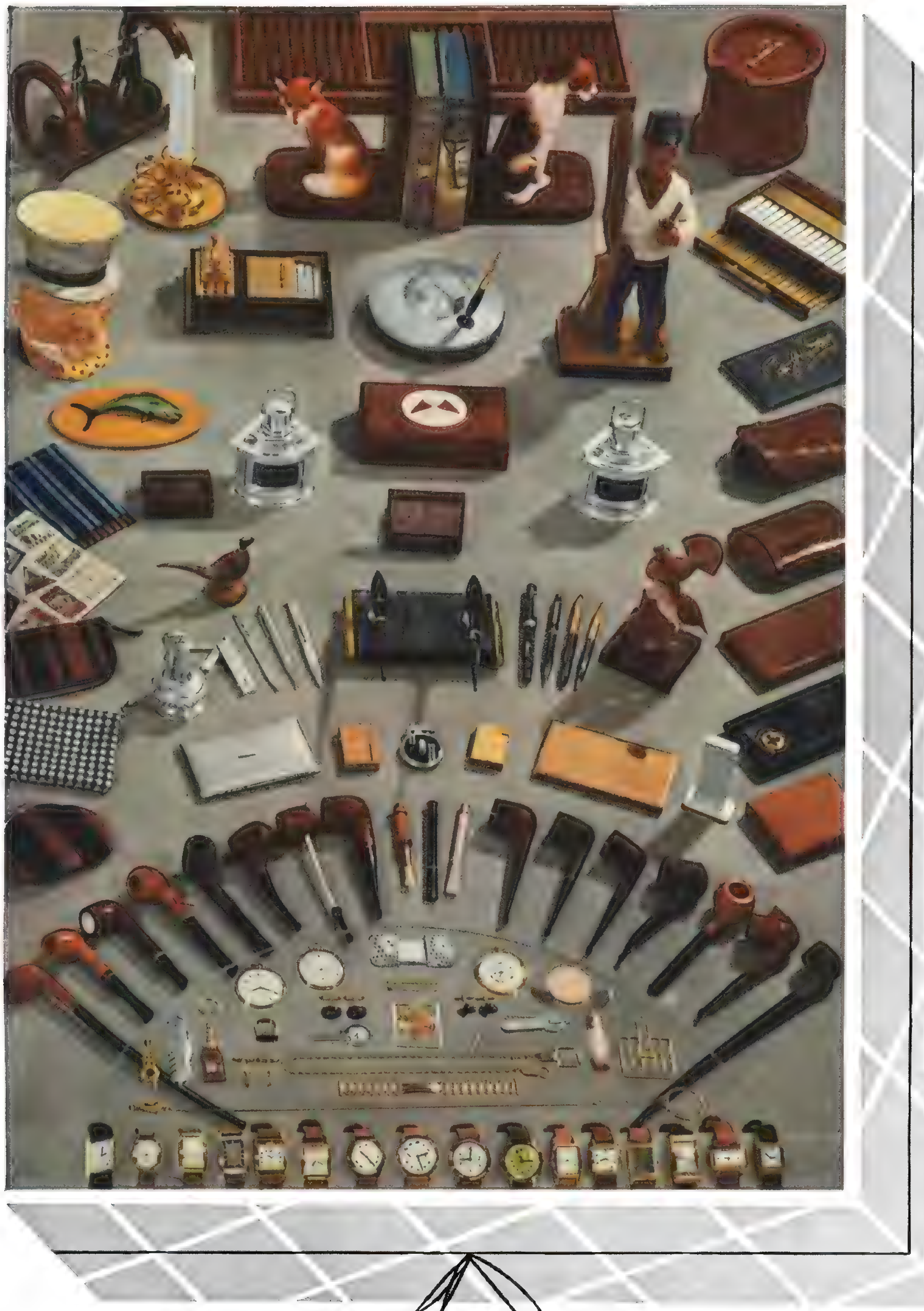

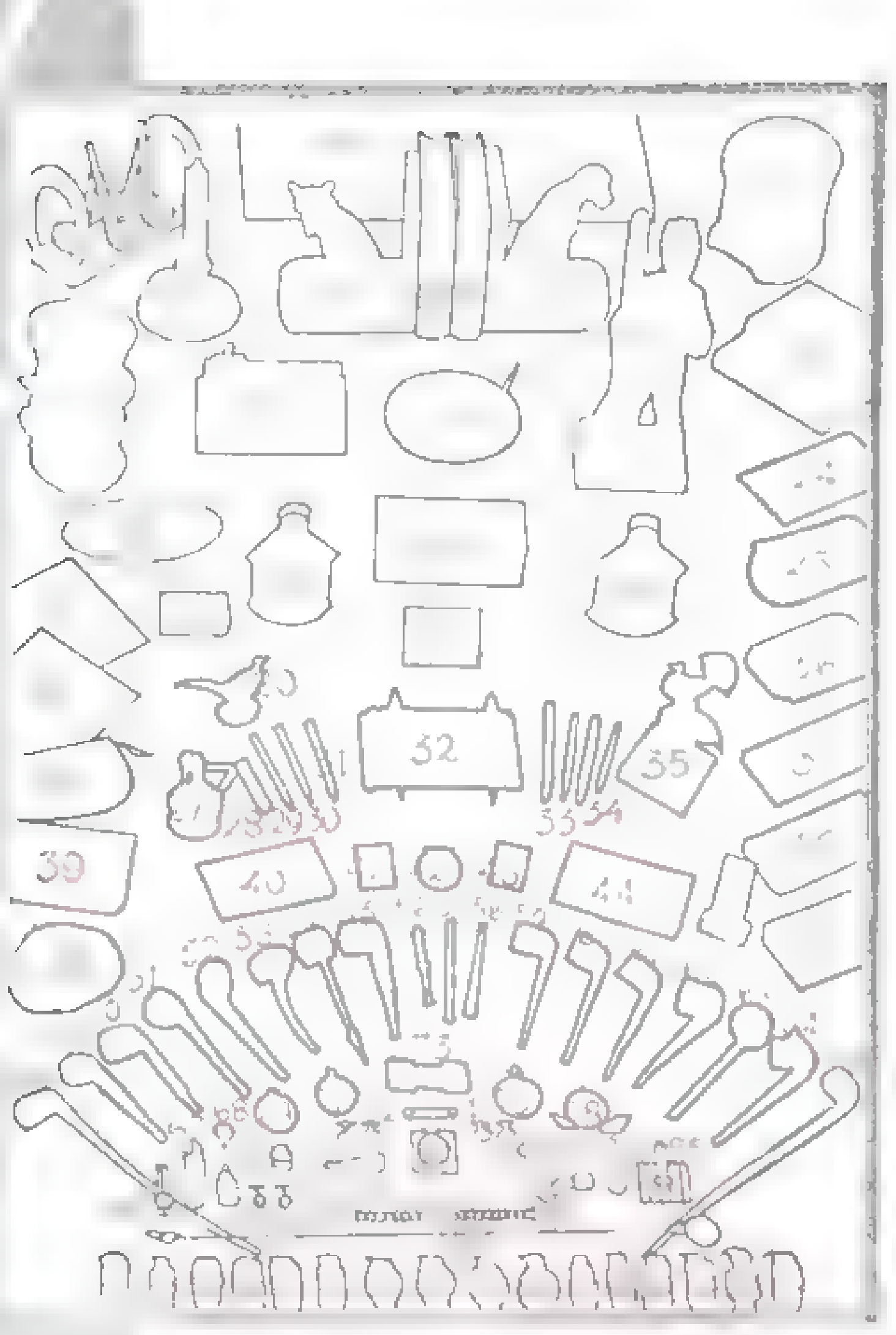

to make your mark upon a man—As he puffs on his beloved briar, he'll never forget Christmas '38 when you gave him the platinum watch and those jeweled cuff links. Or was it a cigarette case, or a radio? 1—Pipe stand . . 2-5—Briar pipes . . 6—Table lighter . . 7—Bookends . . 8-9—Books . . 10—Tobacco jar . . 11—Pottery jug . . 12—Lighter and cigarette box . . 13—Pen set . . 14—Whistling figure . . 15—Cigarette box . . 16—Fish plaque . . 17—Tobacco pouch . . 18—Tobacco pouch . . 19—Cigarette package case . . 20—Wooden pheasant . . 21—Cigarette box . . 22—Folding clock and calendar . . 23—Cigarette boxes . . 24—Cigarette case . . 25—Pipe and tobacco pouch . . 26—Tobacco pouch . . 27—Table lighter . . 28—Knife, key, pencil and watch combination . . 29-30—Pocket pencils . . 31—Pencil with watch . . 32—Desk set . . 33-34—Pen and pencil set . . 35—Wooden game bird . . 36—Cigar case . . 37—Cigarette case . . 38—Tobacco pouch . . 39—Tobacco pouch . . 40—Cigarette case . . 41-43—Lighters . . 44—Cigarette case . . 45—Table lighter . . 46—Tobacco pouch . . 47—Cigarette case . . 48-55—Pipes . . 56-58—Cigarette holders . . 59-65—Pipes . . 66—Tie holder . . 67—Knife with corkscrew and opener . . 68—Key chain . . 69—Watch . . 70—Signet ring . . 71—Watch . . 72—Maroon stone links . . 73—Slide watch . . 74—Tie-pin . . 75—Pocket watch . . 76—Cufflinks . . 77—Key blank . . 78—Pocket knife and file . . 79—Rabbit foot containing concealed bill . . 80—Cuff links . . 81—Watch key . . 82—Bill clip . . 83—Key chain . . 84—Watch bracelet . . 85—Bill clip . . 86—Key chain . . 87-102—Wrist watches . . 103—Cigars.

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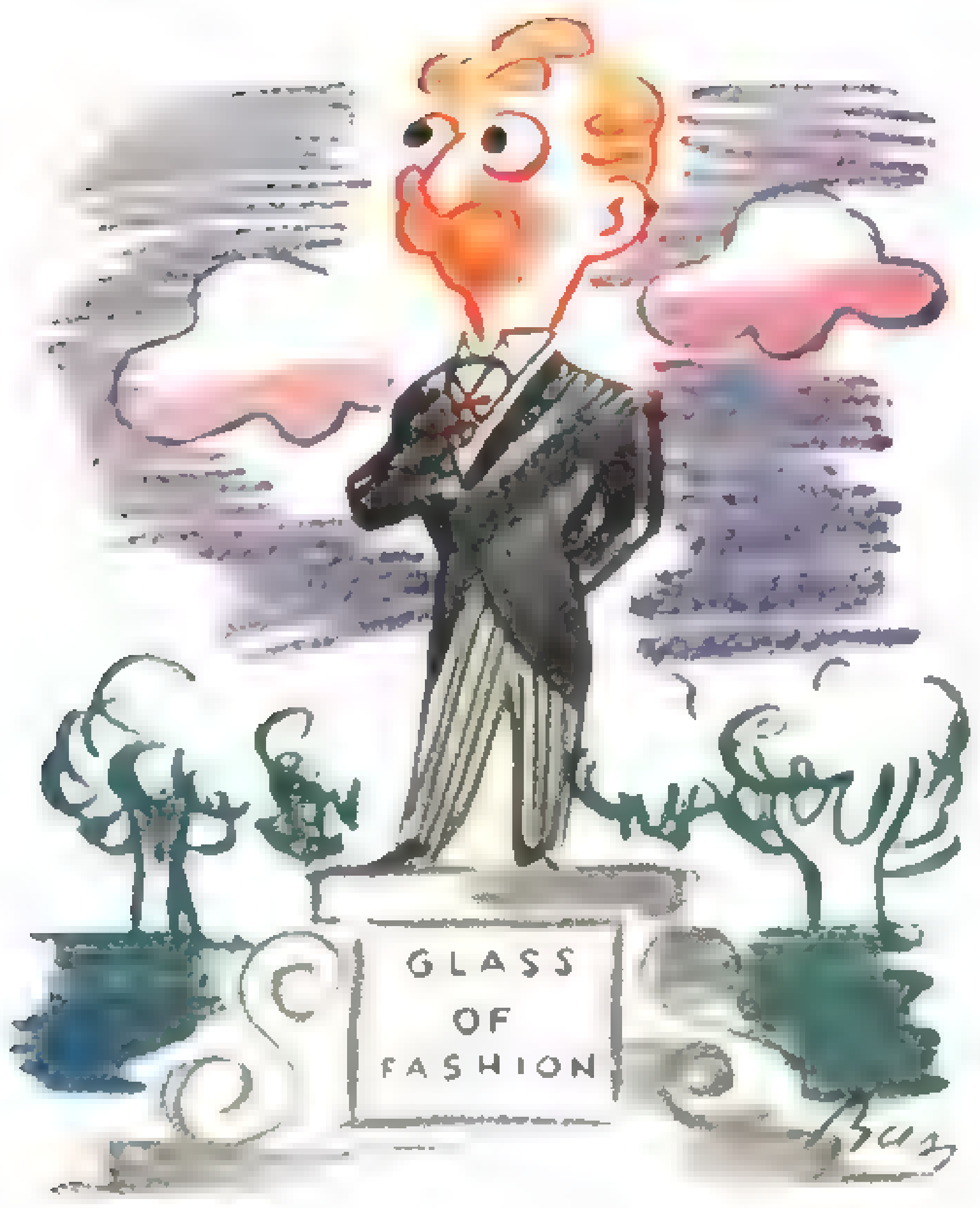

make him the mould of form, we always say— Give him something to wear, provided you're on the right track. Here are 69 entries, every one a winner, whether you're putting something on the nose (like a mouchoir) or to show, such as shirt, tie (be prudent here!) or socks. 1—Overnight case in agate—and we don't mean marbles, it's rawhide . . 2—Cowhide overnight bag for one night stands . . 3—Expanding suitcase—pigskin preferred . . 4—A good he-man traveling bag . . 5—Black Tyrolean hat without the yodel . . 6—Wards off bronchitis—imported wool paisley print muffler . . 7—Knitted wool muffler . . 8—Prestige in the dressing room—crocodile jewel box . . 9—Crocodile collar box . . 10—May this never happen to you—Laguna pottery figure of drunk holding lamppost . . 11—White silk handkerchief with design in red . . 12—Silk foulard handkerchief . . 13—Striped pajamas, pleasingly conspicuous . . 14—Solid color wool robe with striped lapels . . 15—Checked wool robe for home and fireside comfort . . 16—A bright spot in his life, yellow wool pullover . . 17—For nonchalant wear—flannel shirt . . 18—Brown striped demi-bosom shirt, puts up a good front . . 19—Grey striped shirt for directors' meetings . . 20—If you don't like white, take a cream color shirt . . 21—Rouge et noir—even in a knit necktie . . 22—Brown and white check tie . . 23—Red and white striped silk tie . . 24—Geometric figured tie for the business man . . 25—Blue suspenders with gold stripes—undercover gaiety . . 26—Brown leather suspenders for town or country . . 27—Blue suspenders with red stripe . . 28—Snake suspenders for something different . . 29—Pajamas with solid blue pants, and, of all things, a checked top . . 30—Canary silk pajamas, a ray of sunshine . . 31—Silk neckerchief with wood ring . . 32—Silk bandana with red border . . 33—Cricket bat clothes brush, very sporting . . 34-38—Cape, buck, mocha, pig and goat gloves . . 39—Whangee club umbrella . . 40—Malacca stick with sterling band . . 41—Whangee cane . . 42-45—Ties—the kind he'll want to keep and wear . . 46—Keeper of cravats—harness style tie rack . . 47—Leather for the legs—pigskin garters . . 48—Pigskin shoe lift—English for shoehorn, we hope . . 49—Recipe for comfort—soft brown suede slippers . . 50—Two-tone blue kid slippers . . 51—Stud case—keeps them from rolling under the bureau . . 52—Two-face 8-day clock, even if it's two-faced, it's reliable . . 53—Monogrammed handkerchiefs . . 54—Wool hose for the country . . 55—Brown check wool hose for semi-sports . . 56—Rayon hose for town . . 57—Blue leather shoehorn . . 58—They get around the best people—cushion roll brown calf belt . . 59—Brown pigskin belt . . 60—Pigskin belt with monogrammed buckle . . 61—Steerhide belt with monogrammed buckle . . 62—Something different—belt of alligator on cowhide . . 63—Silk belt with expanding buckle—as the waistline goes, so goes the belt . . 64—What could be smarter than a wool knit tie to match hose 65 . . 66—Or wool gloves to match wool hose 67 . . 68—Wool jacket with leather buttons . . 69—Carved wooden huntsman who whistles *A Hunting We Will Go* when prompted.

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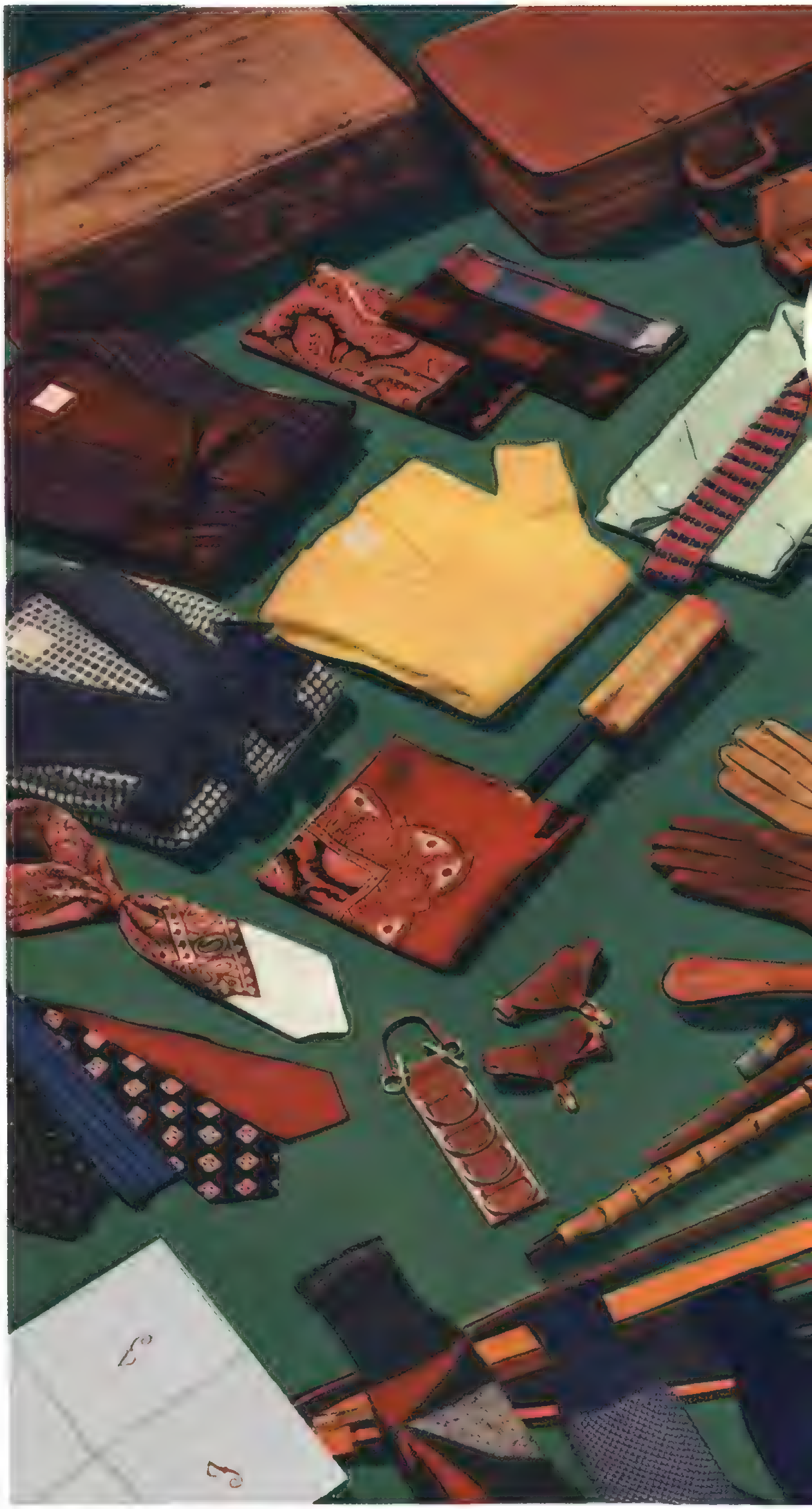
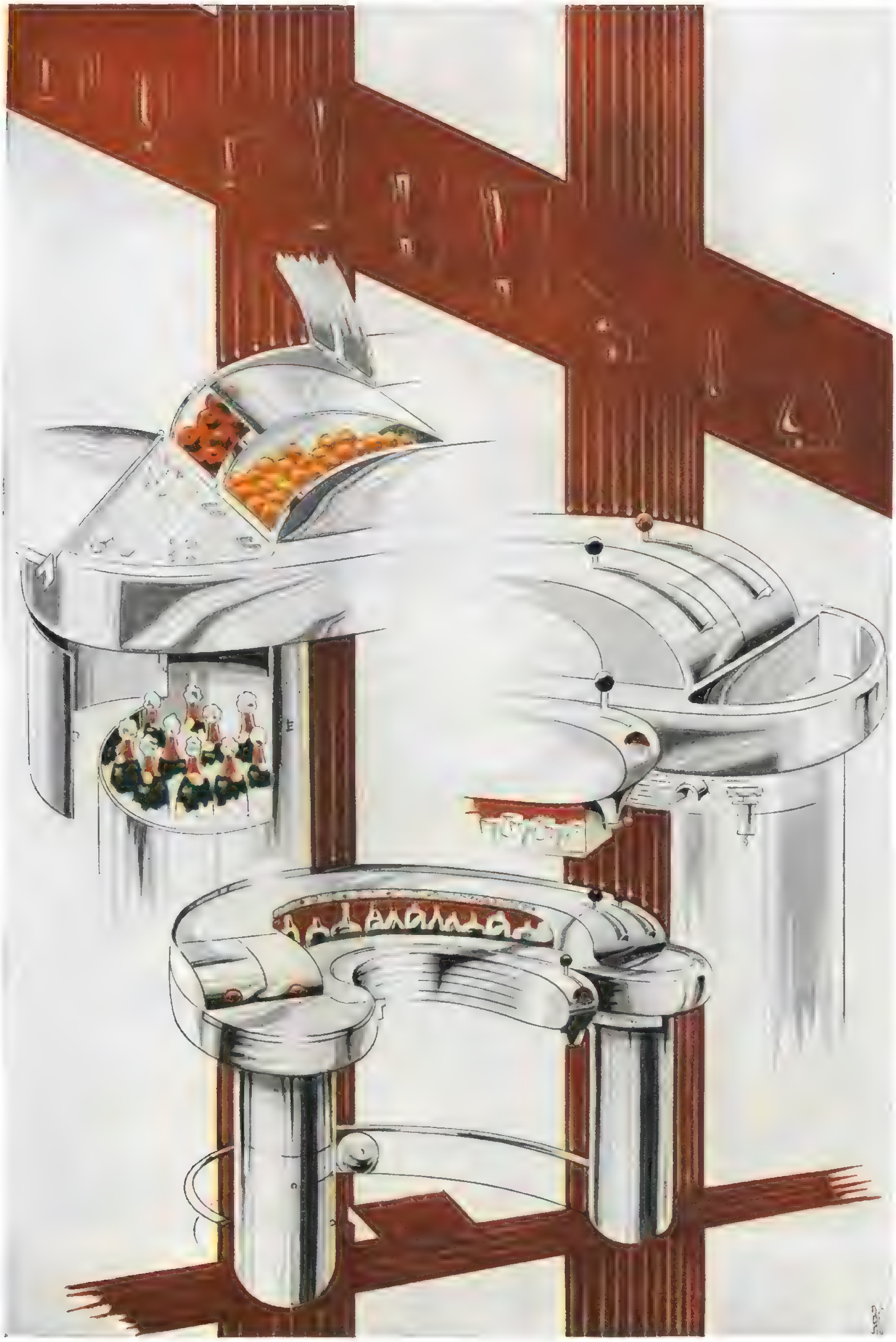


COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY WHITING-FELLOWS



TO MAKE THE WELKIN RING *by* COUNT ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

During the festive season, when drinking centers around the home, a bar like this is handy and no bartender who can play the pipe organ will find it difficult to operate. To the right are water taps in the Sakhnoffsky tradition: red for hot, blue for cold. Just below, the green control marks a squeezer for oranges and limes. Hard by are a bottle opener and a corkscrew, and bottles are neatly arranged in an indirectly lighted recess, each brand identified by an etched plate. The top ledge is for empty glasses and the one below provides a working room for the barkeep. At left, the fruit compartments: yellow for lemons, orange for oranges. Just back, a swinging cover raised by the knee is for ice and below, a dozen bottles of champagne are cooling in shaved ice. Farther down we have the garbage department. Three pedals, reading from left to right, control the waste, the sink, and the glasses.

Selecting the Proper Gun

Whether it's destined for skeet, trap or upland shooting, the gun should be designed to fit the man

by MONROE H. GOODE

• SPORTS •

AMERICAN mass-production methods have discouraged the development of individuality and good taste in sporting firearms and the average citizen knows less about fine, custom-built guns than a hoot owl does about Hades. If it were in the cards for our pampered young blades to exercise as much discretion in the choice of sporting arms as they do in ballroom charmers, we would be a nation of gun connoisseurs, or would we? Sportsmen of means have spared no expense to secure the ultimate in automobiles, airplanes, speedboats, and even golf clubs, but when it comes to shooting equipment, they have, in the main, been content to drop in at a hole-in-the-wall and purchase a cheap, poorly balanced, ill-fitting, machine-made arm that resembled an imported Spanish counterfeit.

Beautifully wrought and perfectly balanced examples of custom made arms

That our best quality, machine-made sporting arms are immeasurably superior to the same type of foreign arms goes without saying, but they cannot remotely approach either the American or European custom-built product for balance, fit, and refinements although they will shoot just as hard and last just as long.

There is little wonder that relatively few of our scions of wealth have been attracted to the shooting game and have shown so little enthusiasm for the sport once they have taken it up, when it is realized that they have in most instances been armed with such nondescript guns.

Does the English aristocrat accept an uncomely, quantity-production arm, and strive to adapt himself to the ill-shaped piece? He does not! On the contrary, he seeks out one of the celebrated, Bond Street Gun Makers to His Majesty, and after perhaps days of patient effort, finally decides upon the specifications for a gun built to his individual measurements, designed and bored for his particular needs, and embellished to flaunt his personal whims, all of which guarantee, to a degree, that the gun will conform essentially, if not perfectly, to his physique, prove highly efficient for the type of shooting for which it was chosen, and present an appearance that will flatter his vanity.

For decades, a small coterie of fastidious Americans have boasted custom-built guns to the envy of their less discriminating competitors. In the beginning these sportsmen placed their orders with the best known British makers but eventually they discovered that a few, select American companies could actually equal or possibly surpass the finest that the swanky British shops had to offer. Thus, a valuable clientele was forever lost to the Europeans. As a matter of fact, the guns were more suitable for our kinds of shooting, for they combined American ideas of design with European craftsmanship.

Today, first quality, custom-built, double-barrel shotguns (or single-barrel trap guns) by the Parker Gun Works, a division of the Remington Arms Company, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the Fox Gun Company, a part of the Savage Arms Corporation, Ithaca Gun Company, and the Hunter Arms Company at least equal the finest double guns produced anywhere in Europe, and the prices are much lower due to the absence of import duties and to the prevailing rate of exchange. First-grade guns by these accredited firms, some of which have been producing fine arms for nearly a century, cost upward of twelve hundred dollars and even more if elaborate inlay work is specified. They all, however, furnish custom-built guns priced in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars, which enables a man of even moderate means to indulge his fancy. A Grade-A custom-built shotgun by any one of the above firms is the acme of perfection and every month these master craftsmen turn out marvelous guns for particular sportsmen the world over.

Each of these time-honored institutions is noted for perfection in some particular phase of master gun-making, not exactly duplicated by any competitor. This specialty may pertain to barrel, action, trigger, boring, balance, stock, or engraving. Some of the firms maintain extensive laboratories and employ highly competent metallurgists, who prescribe the specifications of steel needed and determine whether the product furnished by the manufacturer meets the exacting requirements. To be acceptable, steel must afford an ample margin of strength and toughness sufficient to insure long life, be free of bubbles and impurities, and capable of receiving a beautiful finish. Circassian or other fancy, European walnut for stocks and forearms must be thoroughly seasoned, free from knots or other defects, possess a beautiful, dark or attractive, curly grain, be strong and durable, and of a texture to accept a fine dull London oil finish, the last word in stock finishing. All of the high grade, American, custom-built shotguns are made of the best materials, barrels are bored with precision, working parts are hand-fitted, and the arms are stocked to perfection. As a whole, they closely approach the ideal and are fit for a king.

Each firm has one or more expert gun fitters who, by the use of a try-gun, dry firing, and by actual shooting at various angles, can accurately determine the stock requirements of a person. Any type of ornamentation desired can be furnished and the boring, weight, balance, and stocking preferred can be carried out with precision. Automatic ejectors and a selective single trigger should always be specified. Extension ribs are passé; they serve no purpose whatever on properly designed arms, obstruct loading and unloading, and are unsightly. A pistol grip is less important on a shotgun than on a rifle and does not contribute to fast handling.

If the arm is to be used for skeet or trap work, the forearm should come up high so as to protect the hand from the hot barrels, and a flexible recoil pad prevents a bruised shoulder. Longer barrels are used on trap and duck guns than on skeet and upland guns. Slightly different specifications are required for various forms of shooting. Rather straight stocks, that is, with the minimum drop at come and heel, are used for trap and skeet work, while slightly greater drop is required for field shooting.

Guns for rabbit shooting require more drop than any other kind. Pitch has a bearing on the matter but, in general, the straighter the stock, the higher the gun will shoot. A person with a very fat face may require a

Continued on page 253

There Ought to Be a Law

Porky was just another ward heeler till he discovered every voter in the country had been, or would be, an aspiring author

by LYNN MONTROSS

▪ SATIRE ▪

VOTE
ANTI-REJECTIONIST
NOW
NEVER
BEFUDDLE

FRANKLIN's kite and Watt's teakettle were tremendous beginnings as compared to Porky Hannigan's glass of beer.

"I was just mousing around," he explained afterwards. "You know, a guy in politics has got to have his ear to the ground all the time. Especially," he added pensively, "when he is on the outside, a guy has got to have his ear to the ground all the time."

These simple words, spoken in a modest and straightforward manner, read today like prophecy. For even the opposition concedes that by 1948 Porky will be appointed Postmaster General, at least Ambassador to Italy, in reward for the political discovery of the age.

The next link in the amazing chain of coincidence was forged when he rested his elbows on the bar next to those of a tall, sallow stranger who was silently weeping into his ale. This fact, of course, is not remarkable. Tall, sallow strangers weep into their ale every day without the world being any the more sympathetic.

But there was something out of the ordinary about this weeper which caught and held Porky's attention. In the first place, his tears did not splash soddenly as is so often the case, merely diluting the beverage without adding emotional flavor. His tears gleamed in mid-air like exclamation points, and there was a faint sizzling sound as they dropped one by one into a less passionate fluid. It was this phenomenon that caused Porky to crash the silence.

"Whass matter, pal?" he inquired.

For answer the stranger produced an obese wallet filled with printed slips instead of money. He selected the newest and least thumb-marked of them. "From *Modern Classics*," he muttered cryptically. "It came in this morning's mail."

When Porky stared at it without comprehension, the weeper dried his eyes. "You don't mean to tell me you never even seen one before?"

At this moment there was a drowsy hush in Joe's Place broken only by *Ti-Pi-Tin* on the nickel piano and the scuffle as a drunken cadger was being ejected. But in a trice the atmosphere crackled with sudden, electrical interest. "Look!" shouted the tall, sallow stranger. "Here's a guy that can't smell a rejection slip when it's right under his nose."

Ed, the bartender, appropriately punched the *No Sale* key of the cash register and hauled out a bulging roll of them, poking it at Porky with melancholy pride. The bouncer and the drunk disentangled themselves at the door as each dug into his pockets. Even the colored porter joined the circle which hemmed Porky in like an army with banners, until the air seemed filled with rejection slips.

In self-defense he was forced to read one, his lips moving in synchronization with his thought processes. The second time through, he found himself becoming as fascinated as the tense group of onlookers. Somehow those conventional phrases began to tug at the emotions:

". . . the editors regret that . . . our decision does not necessarily imply any lack of merit . . . and we hope that you will favor us with further contributions."

Porky's usually plump and bland features began to harden. His small blue eyes narrowed into suspicious slits. "They's something *snide* about this," was his verdict at last. "Why, them editors ain't half as sorry as they let on to be! They're probably laughing up their sleeves all the time—"

"You said it, friend," interrupted the bartender bitterly. "And when you read some of the tripe they print afterwards, you know they got plenty of cousins." His face working, he made a rare and fateful gesture in the direction of the large tap. "This one is on the house, gents."

"Take me," said the tall, sallow stranger. "I work for the Writers' Project, and what do you see there? You see some guys that already *sold* stories and articles—semi-pros, that's what they are, taking the bread out of the mouth of us amateurs."

"I never got around to it yet," murmured Porky apologetically, "but I often thought my life would make a book if I had time to do it."

"Everybody's life would make a book" said the bartender. "It's just a question of technique. Wasn't it Balzac that said when you're depicting a cabhorse you got to depict it different than any other cabhorse—"

"It was Flaubert said that," put in the porter.

"Well, Balzac or Flaubert, what I'm getting at is—but maybe I can explain it better by reading you a piece of mine that's going the rounds of the editors now. It's only seven thousand words and it'll give you an idea—"

To Porky's naïve surprise this announcement was greeted by a notable want of enthusiasm on the part of the other aspiring authors. On the contrary there was a general attempt to beat the bartender to the draw, and worn manuscripts appeared on all sides as if conjured out of a magician's hat. Two fist fights and closing time interrupted before anybody could win a hearing for his composition, but Porky was nonetheless impressed.

The next morning at the breakfast table he mentioned his discovery to the Missus. She eyed him with somewhat more than customary scorn. "If you'd ever stay to home once, you might find out what's going on in the world! I been trying to tell you about that correspondence course I took." She brought down the cracked teapot which served as household bank and depository of rejection slips. "I got this last batch on an anonymous confession I wrote about being a politician's wife, but they're publishing stuff every day that's not half as good." She beamed proudly upon little Doris May, aged nine, who had lost all interest in her cereal the moment that literature was mentioned. "Babe, show Poppa the turndown you got from the poetry editor of *Tiny Tots*—you know, the one with a personal encouragement written on it."

"A kick in the pants all the same," lisped Doris May with the practical wisdom of childhood. "Those tramps that edit *Tiny Tots* wouldn't know a real poem if it bit them. It's a racket, that's what it is!"

All the rest of the week Porky continued his research at the city hall, where he held a minor sinecure thanks to victorious opponents who realized that they might also need a meal ticket after some future election. It was the same old story wherever he inquired, the only variation being a change of tense. Everybody either had been, was, or surely would be, an aspiring author. There were many candidates, like Porky himself, who hadn't yet got around to putting pencil to paper; but they would have been indignant at any insinuation that they lacked the abil-

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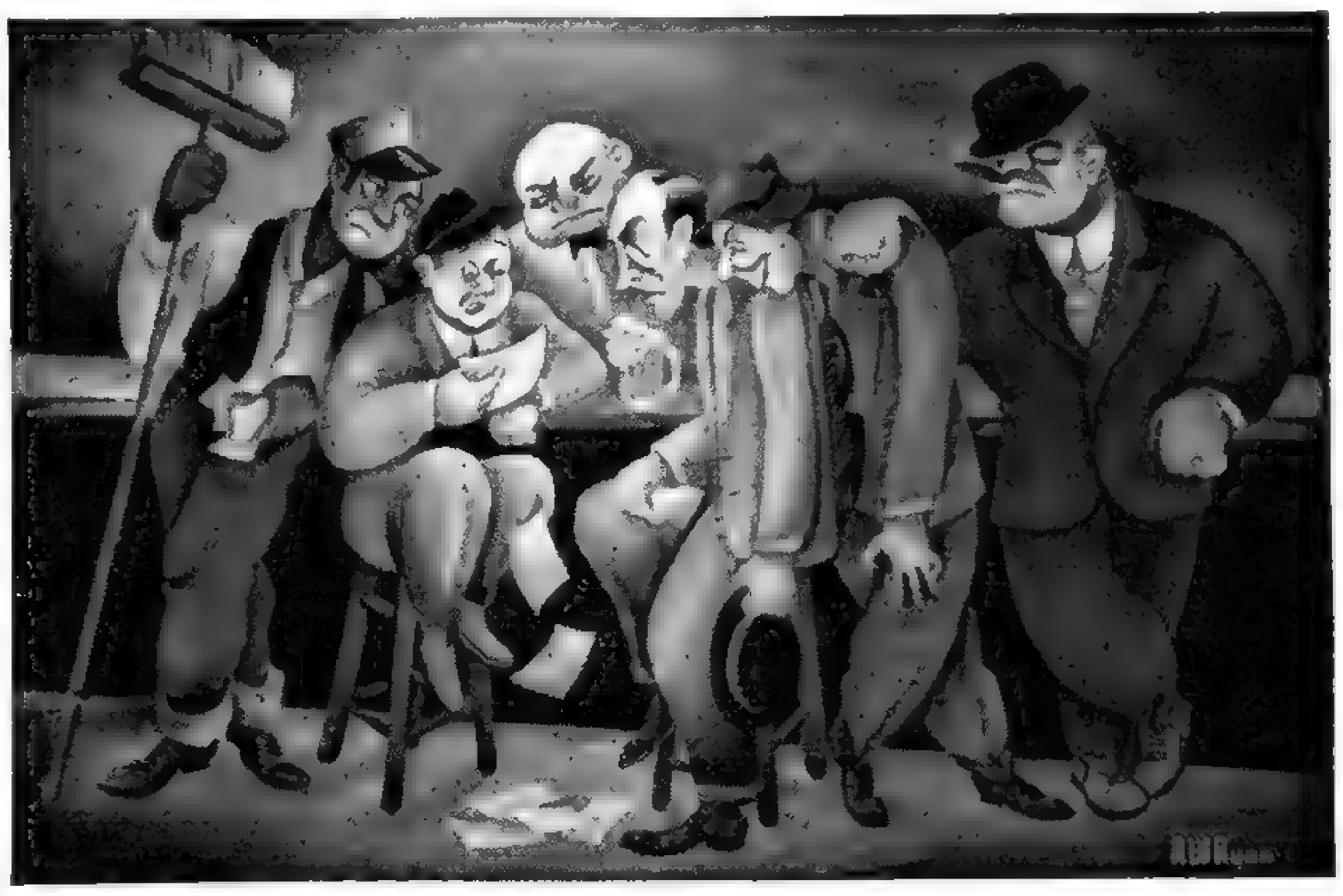
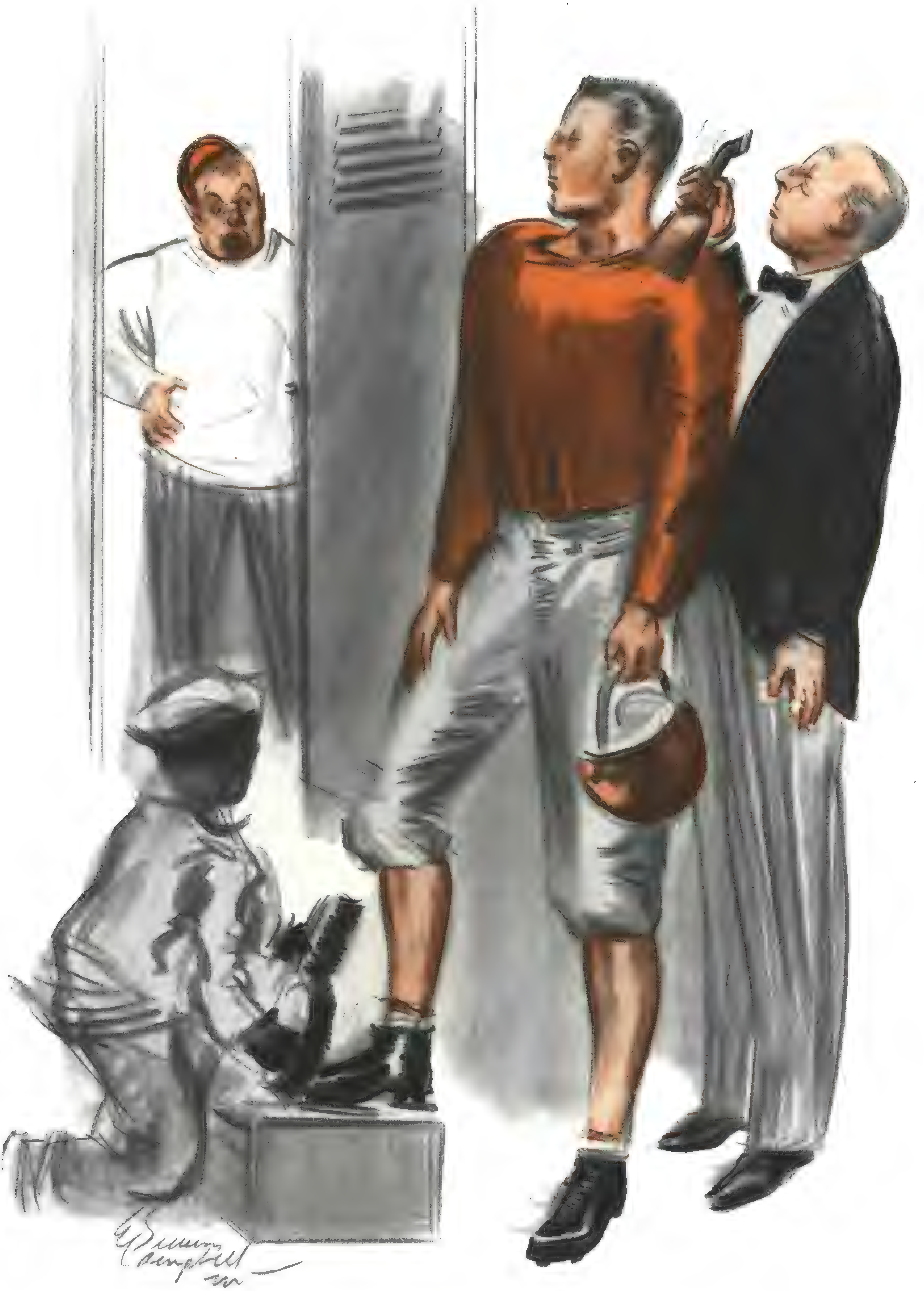




"Will you kindly hurry, Mr. Cabot! Haw-vahd is waiting!"

Program for a Ballet-Pantomime

Since the chasing of goddesses leaves us cold, let's bring the ballet closer home, taking, for example, the subway

by CREIGHTON PEET

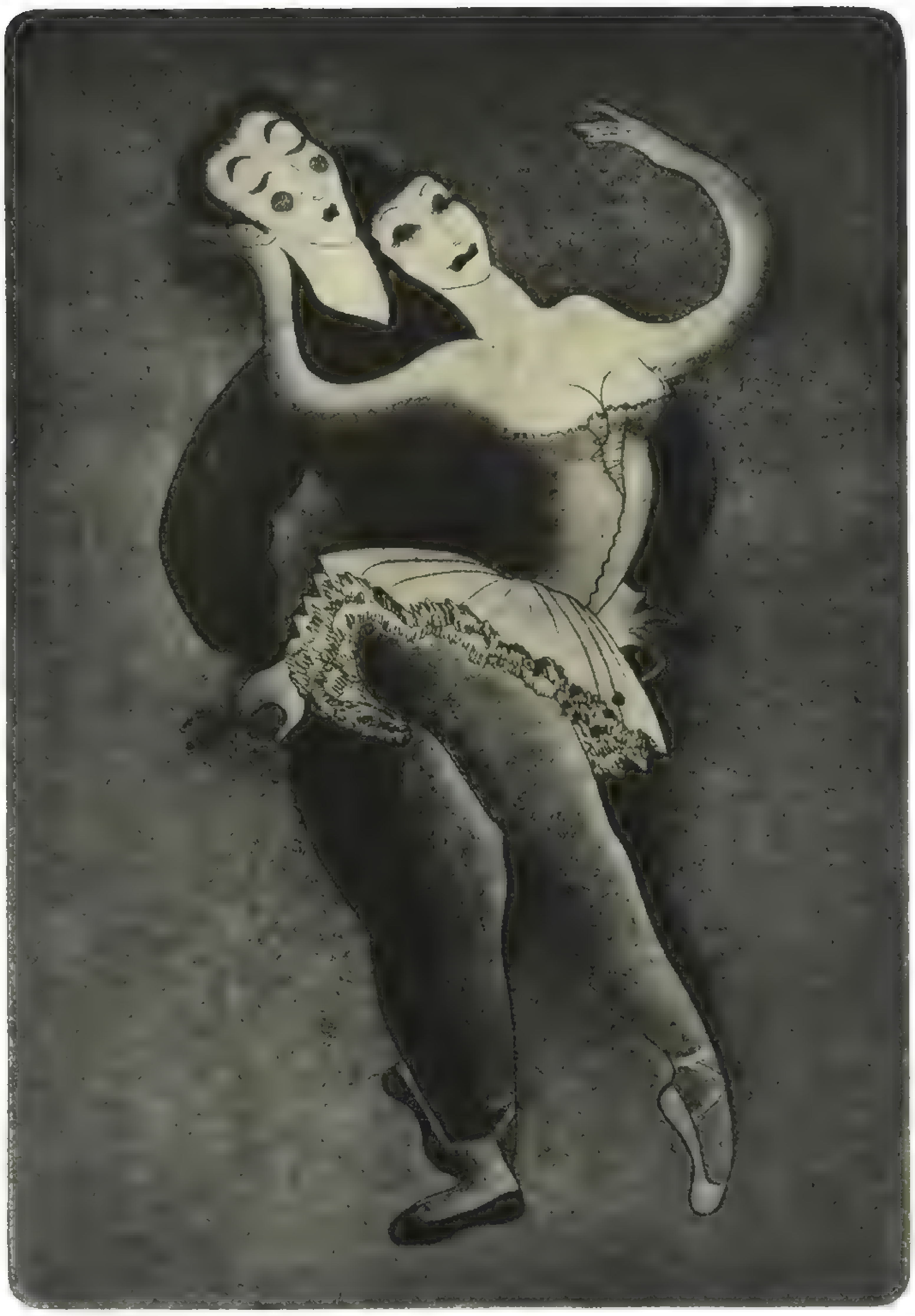
• ARTICLE •

DEAR *Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ballet:*

It appears to me that you people are too obsessed with tradition, too content to look upon the ballet as nothing more important than a luxurious and moribund curiosity.

Although I am ignorant of the technical phrases with which the more worshipful balletomaniacs describe their enthusiasms, I beg permission to state the simple fact that your personal talents, fine music and imaginative settings do not sufficiently obscure the ballet's lack of interest. No matter how "incomparable" you are, you say nothing—suggest nothing any more substantial than the picture on a candy-box lid. Unhappily this often results in devastating, if high-toned, boredom.

To pretend interest in the ravishing of one of the minor Greek deities, jealousy among the lead soldiers in a toy shop window, or the heroics of good old Boris the bear-smiter, would be fake intellectual snobbery of the most trivial sort. Furthermore, I am of the opinion that the majority of your audiences feel as I do, but are too busy, too well-bred or too indifferent to tell you as much.



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Despite all this I enjoy the ballet. I think you have something there. But you must remember that you are in America now and that this is 1938. We can no longer close our eyes and hear the silvery tintinnabulations of the bells on the Grand Duke's sleigh as he drives to the Imperial Opera to escort the Première Danseuse to a champagne-out-of-a-slipper supper. Come, come! The streets are filled with taxis! The ladies of the ballet belong to the union and live at home with their husbands. Keep them overtime and they'll picket the theatre.

These sketches, offered with a certain presumption, certainly are not ballets. They are but the bare bones on which music, choreography, costumes, lights and scenery might be hung. Perhaps they do not afford as many opportunities for the flowering of the artistic ego as some of the classic ballets. Perhaps they were contrived with only the audience's attention and interest in mind. But then, as I said, I am not a technician—only a member of the audience looking for entertainment.

THE BOOR AND THE WELL-BRED PEOPLE

A long rattan bench similar to that in a subway or trolley car runs the width of the stage. The Boor, shabby, down at heel and unquenchably cheerful, enters and sits in the middle. The well-dressed and well-bred people come mincing in by twos and threes. Eventually a pair of very haughty couples in evening dress have to sit on either side of the Boor, no other places being left.

The Boor, meanwhile, undertakes various enterprises which annoy and distress the well-bred people. He does a soft-shoe dance sitting in his seat. He leers at all the pretty ladies. To music he opens and folds an immense newspaper. He pursues and slaps a flea up and down his trouser-leg. The well-bred people are horrified and keep moving back and forth and changing seats to escape contact with him.

A timid conductor appears and tries to remonstrate with the Boor, but the latter waves his arms at him and scares him right out of sight. Thirsty, the Boor takes a big swig from a flask, offering a drink to his neighbors. He then lights a big cigar, blowing clouds of smoke about, leans over to sniff the corsages of some of the ladies. He dusts his shoes with a rag from his pocket, combs his hair, and makes paper darts which he shoots right and left. Finally he pulls out his lunch wrapped in a big red bandanna handkerchief which covers the couples on either side when it is opened.

Already the well-bred people have started to leave—and soon the Boor is alone with a pickle and a sandwich. Finished, he lies down and covers himself with his newspaper.

CHURCH SOCIABLE

A basement, the walls lined with hard pine Sunday School chairs, and the ceiling adrip with red and green paper garlands. The girls of the chorus are in prim white organdy and have long yellow pigtails. The boys, in blue serge and red neckties, have apple cheeks and blond hair parted in the middle. The Choir Leader in a Prince Albert is the center of fluttering attention. There is much coy excitement over blindman's buff, pinning the tail on the donkey, ducking for apples, etc., etc.

Into this wholesome scene writhes the Bad Girl in a slinky black evening dress. She is heavy with makeup and has much black around the eyes. She carries a small atomizer which she puffs at the boys, who are instantly fascinated and abandon the organdy girls. Soon they all cluster around her on one side of the stage.

With many a haughty flounce and flutter the organdy girls gather at the opposite side. There is much pantomime gossip and righteous head-shaking. The Choir Leader runs back and forth trying to be placating.

Plotting, the organdy girls advance on the Bad Girl and force her to compete in their games. To their rage she instantly wins everything, and snubs them all. The boys follow her in mass formation, as though hypnotized, but she will have none of them. Instead she seizes the Choir Leader and they start an exaggerated waltz around the room. The music gets faster and faster. As they waltz around the stage they bowl the boys and girls into corners and send them spinning into chairs and against the walls, where they remain motionless. In a flying climax the dancers burst open the center rear doors — and disappear. The boys and girls stay frozen where they are.

BROTHERS ALL

A banquet table set for twelve faces the audience. The Lodge Brothers are in business suits but each is draped with a gaudy sash and surmounted by an equally gaudy tam o'shanter. In his buttonhole each Brother wears a large gilt-framed celluloid plaque reading "Call me BILL—TOM—JOE—NED," etc., etc.

As the second Brother comes in he and the first go through elaborate grips, signals, and gestures, ending up by hearty back-slapping and expansive pantomime laughter. There is much pouring of drinks and gaiety.

Eventually all are standing at their places at the table, facing the audience, when a thirteenth Brother enters. He is weary and bedraggled and his sash and tam o'shanter are torn and dirty. He carries a suitcase. He comes center stage and starts going through the grips and high-signs. The Brothers are dubious and very critical of his appearance, but as he goes on they become reassured.

When everyone seems satisfied a waiter is called and a thirteenth place set, but the new Brother waves this aside, pulls himself together, drops his fatigue, opens his suitcase into a pitchman's table and stocks it with a variety of knickknacks. These include an ornate clock, a kewpie doll, a small set of books, a lampshade, an overnight bag, a small print of the Mona Lisa, an eggbeater, a crystal ball, etc.

The Brothers are dumbfounded, indignant, and furious. They carry on at a great rate, and some try to escape, but the pitchman stops them by mysterious fraternal hocus-pocus (such as putting his thumb in his ear), which seems to have a hypnotic effect on them. Try as they will, they cannot escape. He sells each one something for which he pays reluctantly with large quantities of showy, oversized bills.

Finally the thirteenth Brother has nothing more to sell, so he folds up his table, and with a good many fraternal flourishes leaves by the door at the right. As he disappears the Brothers pick up their purchases and with one concerted movement fling them through the door after him, at which gesture the orchestra punctuates with a resounding crash.

PLEASE SIGN HERE

A street outside a movie theatre stage door. On either side are big posters announcing IN PERSON—LILLIAN LOVELY. There are crowds of boys and girls, each with pads, books and autograph albums. Every time the door opens they close in on whoever is coming out. Six or eight times the excitement subsides into disappointment as various nondescript people come out.

At length Lillian herself, protected by two large detectives, appears. She is spectacular in cloth-of-gold and overpoweringly gracious to her admirers.

The detectives put up a good front of ferocity but are careful never to keep autograph hunters from succeeding. The admirers alternate between a savage determination to get their books signed and a stunned shyness before such a magnificent creature.

At first Lillian is delighted and smiles prettily, but soon she becomes weary and tries to escape. But this is not possible. The crowd is growing and the detectives are powerless. The crowd now has a certain ferocity, and takes to snatching at her dress. As for the bodyguard, they are crowded away, out of sight. The ferocity increases. Her wrap is torn off and pulled to shreds by rival factions. She then loses the ornament from her hair, a piece of her skirt, etc., etc. As the scramble increases she goes down out of sight; when she is visible again her fans are literally pulling her apart—head, legs, arms, torso, etc., etc. This recalls an ancient but effective trick, the substitution of a dummy, and at the curtain leaves the autograph hunters in a savage dance, each clutching a shred of their beloved.

EXECUTIVE MANAGER—1938

An office with exaggerated filing cabinets, water cooler, and desk covered with a tangle of phones. A sign on the desk announces MR. SMITH — EXECUTIVE MANAGER. Mr. Smith is dictating to a whole staff of pretty secretaries. A bootblack is working on his shoes, a manicurist on his hand, and a barber on his chin. With his free hand he is eating his lunch from a tray. However, he interrupts himself every minute or two to stride up and down the room. The phones keep ringing in musical sequence (xylophones) but all the calls seem to be for the pretty secretaries. Mr. Smith is disappointed, and saddened by being left out of everything. The secretaries, on the other hand, seem to be having a wonderful time. At intervals another secretary comes in with a large card on a tray, indicating that there is a visitor outside. Mr. Smith waves her aside impatiently, and flies back to his dictating, his shoeshining, etc., etc.

This industrious scene is interrupted by a blast on a whistle and the appearance of a pompous postman with a sack bulging with letters. Coyly he delivers large packets to the secretaries. Even the manicurist and shoeblack get mail; Mr. Smith seems to be out of luck again. Finally scratching in the bottom of his sack he digs up three letters for Mr. Smith. By this time the secretaries are deep in their own letters, giggling, laughing and whispering over them. Mr. Smith attempts to muster some importance, holds up one of his letters, and tears it open. Out fall a handful of big white paper zeros which flutter to the floor. He shakes his head sadly, and opens the other envelopes with the same result.

At this juncture the secretary with the card returns for the third or fourth time, and he takes the card.

Quickly the secretaries, manicurist, barber, etc., etc., are dismissed and Mr. Smith is left alone. First making sure nobody is looking, he goes to a filing cabinet and takes out a mirror, hairbrush, throat spray, etc., etc., all of which he uses. It is obvious that but for these the cabinet is empty.

He then seats himself at his desk, presses a button and the visitor comes in. He has a briefcase from which he produces a single piece of paper. With a vast flourish of effort Mr. Smith reads, inspects, smells and tastes the paper, then produces from his desk a large rubber stamp with which he stamps the paper furiously several times. He then hands the paper back to his visitor, and stands up. They bow. The visitor goes out. Mr. Smith stretches, yawns, and collapses of exhaustion on his desk. Curtain.

WEDDING GOWNS—$9.98

We are in a self-service dress store with racks of clothes, each surmounted by such signs as $2.79, $4.38, $8.62, etc. Enter two girls, arm in arm, each flourishing enormous engagement rings with diamonds the size of an egg. The place is crowded with shop-

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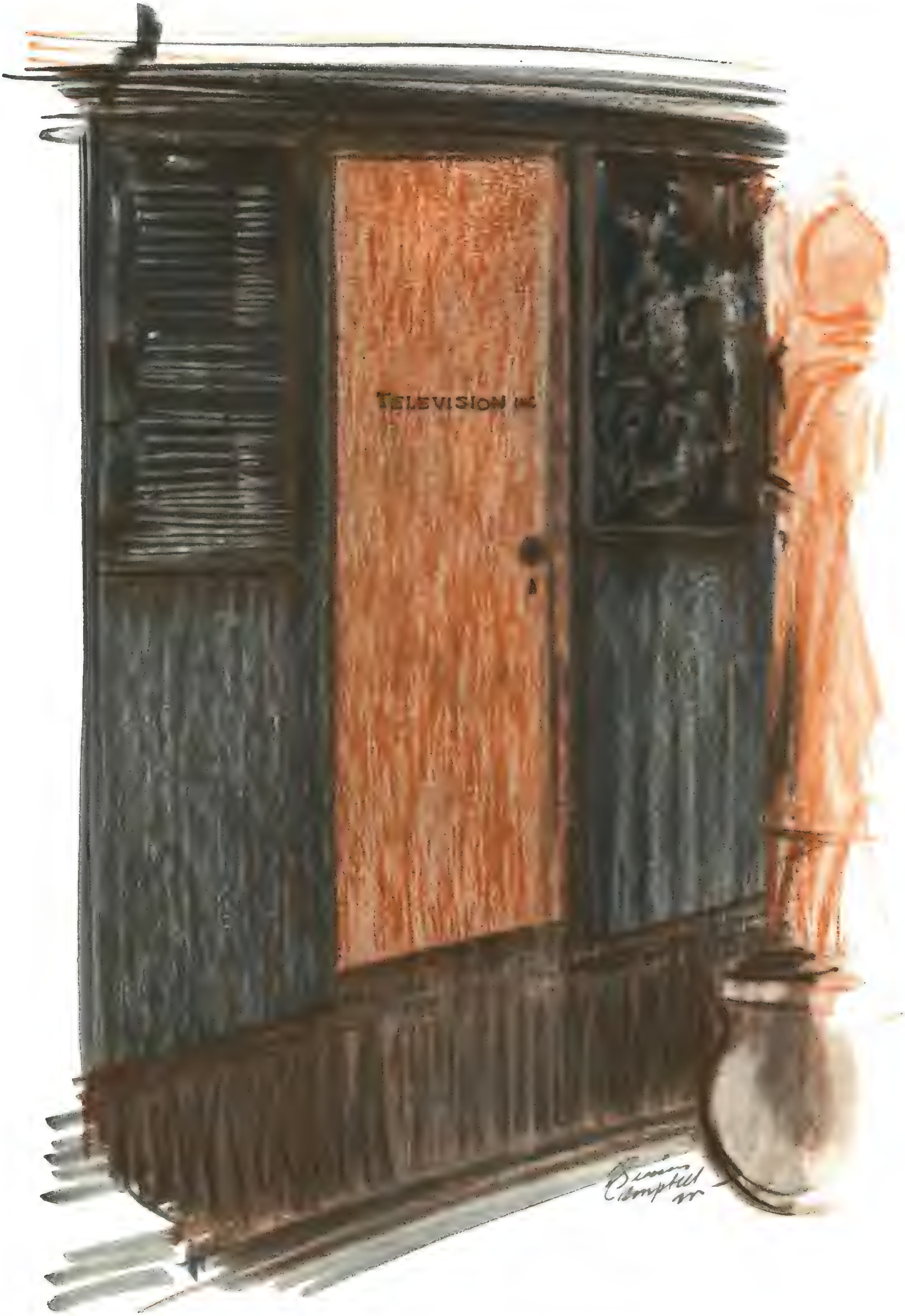

TELEVISION INC
Simms Campbell

"Mr. Perelman! A whole nation is watching you!"

No Soul in the Photograph

Walker Evans' pictures are not posed, nor bitterly candid; they simply show American people and places as they are

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I do not know what has happened to the question of photography as an art. The last time I remember it being debated was about 1928 and I am particularly willing not to bring the subject up again because I always felt out of my depth when the controversy got really hot. I discovered that you could be absolutely correct on the finer points of fox hunting, ballet, Oriental ceramics, and the diffusion theory of prehistoric culture, but if you went wrong on photography, you were classed with the outsider and the Philistine. I still do not know which side won out. I think the newsreel and the candid camera shot the question to hell, where it belongs. But art or no art, taking pictures became a great fad for amateurs; and pictures became not a test for your esthetic judgment, but for your social sense. People who would read five columns in which a writer would do his best to make your flesh creep with his description of an electrocution, would shout with holy horror because a two column photograph of the same event was published. I never have become reconciled to seeing the picture of a human being's remains after a violent death, but I recognize this as squeamishness on my part. If the writer has done his utmost to be "graphic" (which is one of the words he wants you to use about his report) I can't see why the instrument of the photo"graph" should be barred. The photograph of actuality smacks you in the face, sometimes; and not a bad idea.

Before this current development, the soul ("with all its maladies," as Walter Pater once said) got between you and the object photographed. Taking a tip from the old master Stieglitz (with or without his consent) dozens of photographers managed to pose everything from a cloud formation to a kid playing marbles in such a way as to inject a meaning into the picture which the object itself never had. The least worthy of these artists would stop at nothing—the texture of the paper they used was a servant to their impure desire to be soulful, as well as the stops of their lens; they made dreamy and fuzzy contours; they tried for and sometimes got the internal beauty of form which a painter gets in his picture of an object in itself repulsive (old woman clipping her nails, for instance, by Rembrandt or by a cameraman). This, their pictures said, is *my* outlook on life; this is not necessarily the appearance and the feel of things, but what I have chosen to render, so that you will see what a subtle and complicated fellow I am.

The moving picture camera killed all that. Not at the start, but presently. And the movie also created the next fad in photographs. Particularly the newsreel, taking a picture of a dictator haranguing a crowd, getting a closeup by telephoto lens, suddenly presents to you a fat little figure, swelling the buttons of his uniforn, throwing his head back so his eyes roll, and opening his mouth about eight inches wide.

The important thing is that this picture is a transition between two other pictures; that is the essence of the movies, that any shot is nothing in itself, but depends for its sense on all that precedes and all that follows. Without that, you wouldn't get the movement; you wouldn't feel the reality of the picture. But suppose you stopped the camera on the particularly silly shot of the dictator; you wouldn't see the dignified statesman presented a moment before or the affable popular hero a moment later; you would get the preposterous, all-too-human idiot I have described.

And that is precisely what you get in the candid camera. The candid camera shot is a still out of a movie; one frame of a bit of film, blown up and immobilized. Even in Hollywood films you occasionally catch a glimpse of an actress looking fifteen years older than usual, an actor looking awkward, because the cutting hasn't been done skillfully enough to avoid giving you those candid shots. But in every film, news or feature, the change and action of the people involved gives these shots their proportionate value. The candid camera shot takes the single shot—usually one which makes the subject seem repulsive or silly—and fixes it forever. At the beginning, the great objective seemed to be to show statesmen eating—their mouths open, their forks dripping spaghetti. I recall a little row about a reasonably candid shot of Mr. Roosevelt, which made him seem very tired and ill; the explanation given was that he was polishing his glasses and his eyes seemed tired. You can see that the candor of the candid camera might become a political issue, even if the photographers didn't become Paul Prys. Victorian ladies wouldn't be seen eating by their prospective husbands; it was an indelicate process. Perhaps they were right. But much more indelicate than all the steps of eating, is any single one of them—the open jaws look feral; the stuffed cheek looks childish. And, in effect, we do not look like ourselves when we are in action. Talking distorts our features, sometimes for the better. Every action changes us. So that the old photographers were right when they set their victims down before a clamp, held them in position, and took their likenesses. Fifty feet of movie film gives a true picture of a man in action; a still picture should give us the person still, if the photograph is to be taken as typical, revealing, or significant.

In between these extremes, comes the photographer who is honestly interested in the object taken. If he has any tendency to soulfulness, he will at least want to get the soul of the thresher, the ashcan, or the philosopher whose picture he takes; not his own. Better still, the good photographer ought to be simply in love with the physical universe, and content to render it (or reproduce it); to give you and me the shape and size and outline and texture of an apple tree or an old baby carriage or any other object he sees which strikes him as interesting or memorable.

He may take a thousand pictures, taking everything in his range. But slowly he will find that more and more of his plates are devoted to a few kinds of subject; perhaps machinery; perhaps façades; perhaps clouds. Gradually the photographer, by becoming intensely interested in these subjects, will begin to tell you something: this is what all machinery, or all clouds, or all façades are like. Then his group of pictures becomes a document. The objects are not distorted by the photographer's soul; but the photographer's mind has added an importance to his objects.

There are a dozen such photographers today, and one of the best of them is Walker Evans. A book of his pictures (called *American Photographs*) has been published by, and the photographs themselves have been exhibited at, the Museum of Modern Art in New York. In his introduction to the book, Lincoln Kirstein says that "Walker Evans is giving us the contemporary civilization of Eastern America and its dependencies" (by which he may mean the South, or bits of Cuba, I don't know which); this is true; Walker Evans is also giving us photographs of superb beauty.

I have a Walker Evans—as you might say, an original. It is a photograph of a bollard, with a mooring rope cast around it and straining away—that is all. That tenseness of

Continued on page 242

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Predicting Paul Vincent Carroll's new play, *The White Steed,* will bring more laurels to Irish drama

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

This talent of the Irish is getting to be as much of a critical embarrassment as it is an obvious theatrical blessing. For some years now they have been impudently writing better plays than almost anyone else and the fact is so palpable that it would take a critic married to Hitler's aunt, in love with Goering's sister-in-law and carrying on with Goebbels' cook to deny it. Thus, naturally, few have denied it and the few have been confined to such Nazi critics as are officially forbidden to praise any playwright save he argue that it was Horst Wessel the three wise men discovered in the manger at Bethlehem, such English critics as believe that any American importation in which a man enamored of a girl says "I love your damned guts, kid," is immeasurably superior artistically and realistically to any English play in which he expresses his ardor somewhat less intestinally, and such Americans as are persuaded that there is something undramatic about any speech that runs over three sentences, has in it the feel of beautiful literature, and doesn't end up either with an injunction to go to hell or not to slam the door as you go out.

The great majority of other critics, properly appreciating the Irish eminence and duly and regularly setting it down in print, have gradually and disturbingly found themselves hoist by the Celtic petard. The necessity of indulging in so much unremitting praise has not only made their writings monotonous, but, to that ample body of monkeydonkeys who detect in too much commendation a suspicion of crooked prejudice, has implied a deficiency in critical balance, adjudication, and even economic and anatomical chastity.

It is difficult in the critical business to go on boosting any one thing for long, however patently it deserves to be boosted, without having people nod their heads significantly and pass out a meaningful wink or two. To gain and preserve a reputation for complete honesty and integrity a critic has to be something of a cheat and swindler, as the public has a set of rules upon which its idea of complete honesty and integrity is predicated and as the aforesaid set of rules can be obeyed and followed only by a critic who is dishonest and without integrity. The honest critic who, if he is jake enough to bother about such matters, wishes to conciliate the public and achieve its admiration, accordingly has a tough time of it, and usually winds up around the age of forty either by being kicked out of his job by some editor whose girl is in the chorus of some musical show, reads Nietzsche, has a superior contempt for the public and tells her beau that his critic is a slice of cheesecake, or, worse still, by sticking to his sad juggling post until he is eighty and becoming a laughingstock not only to his boss and his boss's girl but to himself.

The only way for a critic to get on in the world is to roast the living tar out of everything that calls for such roasting and never stop for a minute and to praise the living roses back into everything that calls for such praise and likewise never stop for a minute. One procedure is of course as tedious to his customers as the other, but what the odds? The public has never yet made a critic's reputation for him and it never will. It has, true enough, made bogus reputations for bogus critics and it has, in the making, made them popular and made them rich, just as it has —with equal sapience and soundness— made names and fortunes for such similarly acceptable, soothing and agreeable, if similarly dubious, things as Swedish massage, Buchmanism, Alexander cocktails and Lloyd C. Douglas. But it has not and it cannot give him any true and decent standing unless, first, he has that standing in himself and unless, secondly, he forces it against its will, as Shaw, Brandes and certain others have forced it, to recognize him for what he is.

What all this hubbub leads up to is the disconcerting news that Paul Vincent Carroll, whose *Shadow and Substance* got so much critical praise last season that *Variety* contended some of us must have had money in the show, is on deck again with a new play, *The White Steed,* that once again we have to unloose nosegays in its behalf, and that some kippers will accordingly again conclude that there are niggers in the critical woodpile. It is too bad for us, but there is nothing we can do about it. For this *The White Steed* is not only in every respect up to *Shadow and Substance* but in several, considerably superior to it. A lot, of course, depends upon the way they will cast and present it, but if they do their duty by the script it should emerge as one of the season's important stage exhibits.

Carroll's theme is a not particularly fresh one. It has already been presented to us a number of times in Irish novels, short stories and essays, notably by Liam O'Flaherty and Sean O'Faolain. The latter has also written a play concerned with it, called *She Had To Do Something,* which is currently going the rounds in search of a producer. But neither O'Flaherty nor certainly O'Faolain, whose play is feeble and often hackneyed, has given the theme the drive and agitating eloquence that Carroll has brought to it. That theme is the bigotry of the Irish priesthood that would suppress all freedom and beauty in Irish life and that seeks to underline all of Erin with a stringent and vicious moral code. Against this bigotry Carroll aligns a Canon of the older liberal school and a young woman who, like a Celtic Joan of Arc, contemptuously challenges the weakness and poltroonery of the men about her and herself goes forth defiantly to flout the enemy.

In the mouths of these two characters the dramatist lodges his ammunition. At Father Shaughnessy, Carroll's symbol of churchly dogmatism and intolerance, Canon Matt Lavelle hurls this in retort to Shaughnessy's "You say that to me because I feel conscientiously there are many abuses in this parish that should be stamped out":

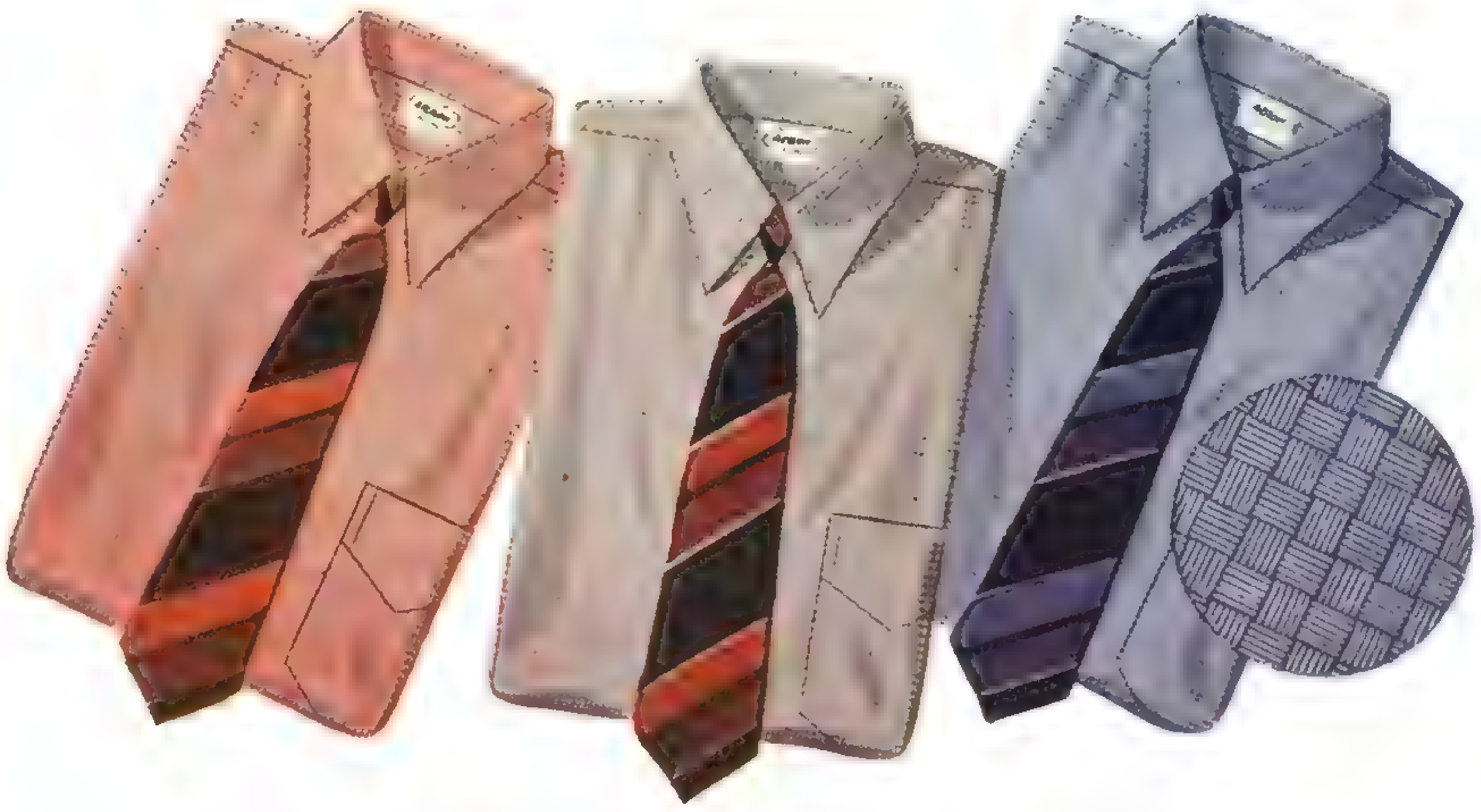
"I say it to you because you are looking for mathematical exactitudes in the spiritual and you'll not get them here so long as the Irish mind re-echoes back to the oak tree and the wishing-well. In this country of ours, with all respect to your psychology and ethics, in spite of governments and laws, the people are fundamentally free. What you want is to replace their old wayward love of God, that is splattered with mud and blood and crudities, with a shrinking fear of God that'll knock all the life out of them. If you want that sort of thing, go and live in Scotland, where the people have measured every word in the Bible with a screw-gauge and knocked every ounce of beauty out of their national life, and what have they achieved? Merely a reputation for the Bible amongst intelligent people as the most volatile and dangerous book ever written."

And again:

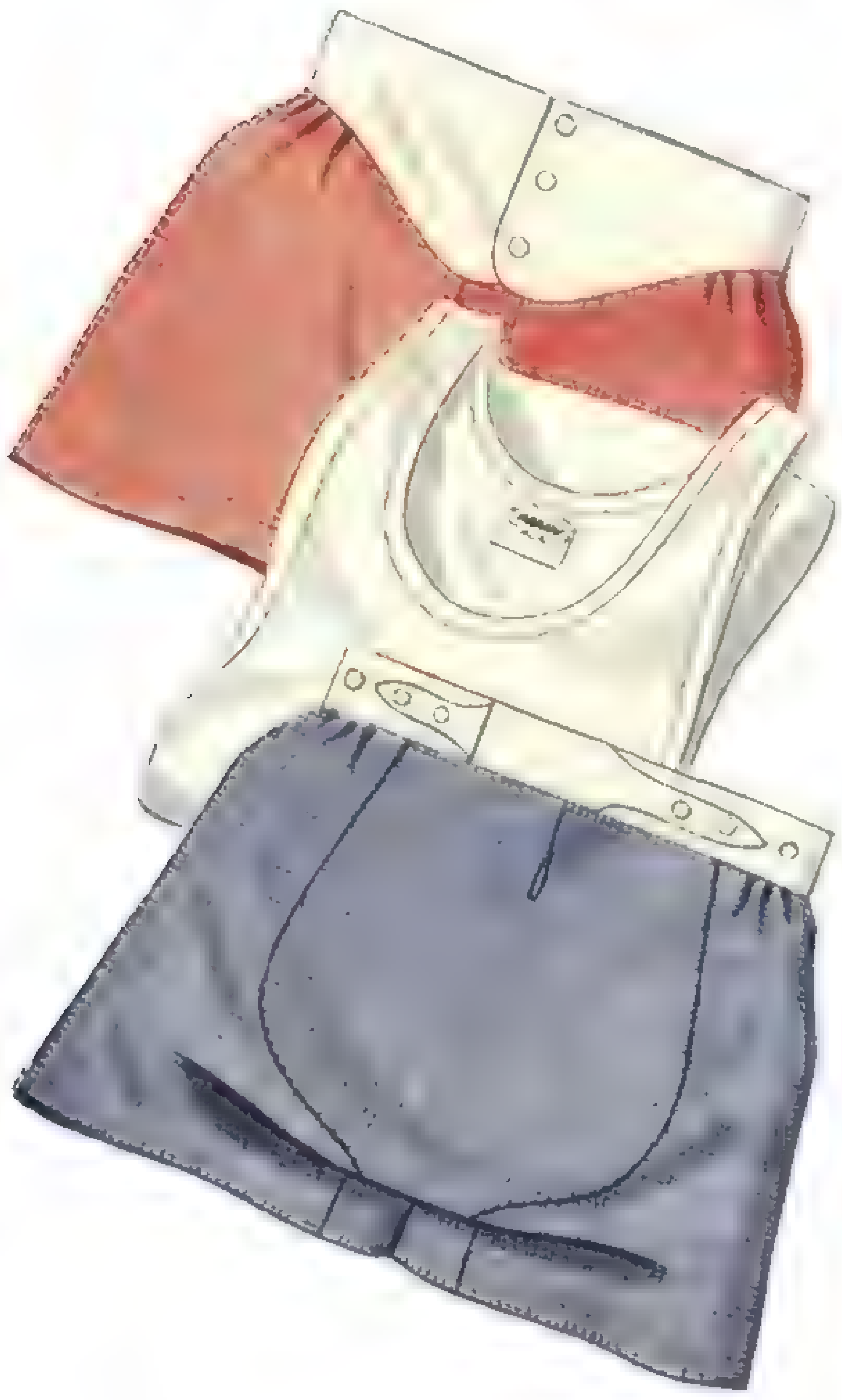
"What is the use? I won't agree with anything you say. I don't agree with this new tide of ideas. I am human enough to want like all ordinary people a little sugar in my tea, a little soda in my whiskey, a wee bit of coaxing in my dogma, and a hot bottle in my bed on a frosty night. I hate anything in the raw from raw poteen to raw men like Calvin,

Continued on page 230

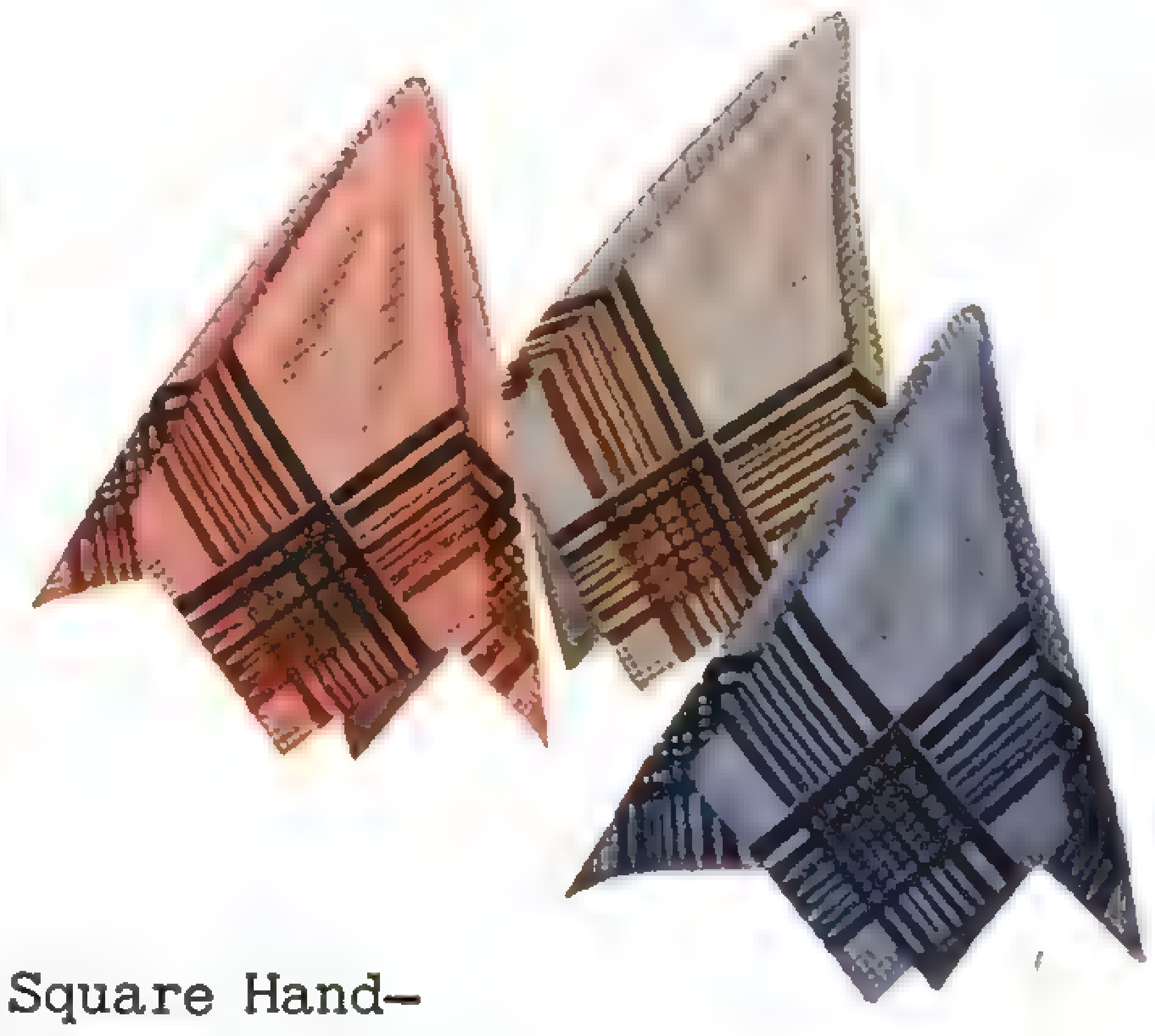
Arrow's Choice for November...Racing Squares



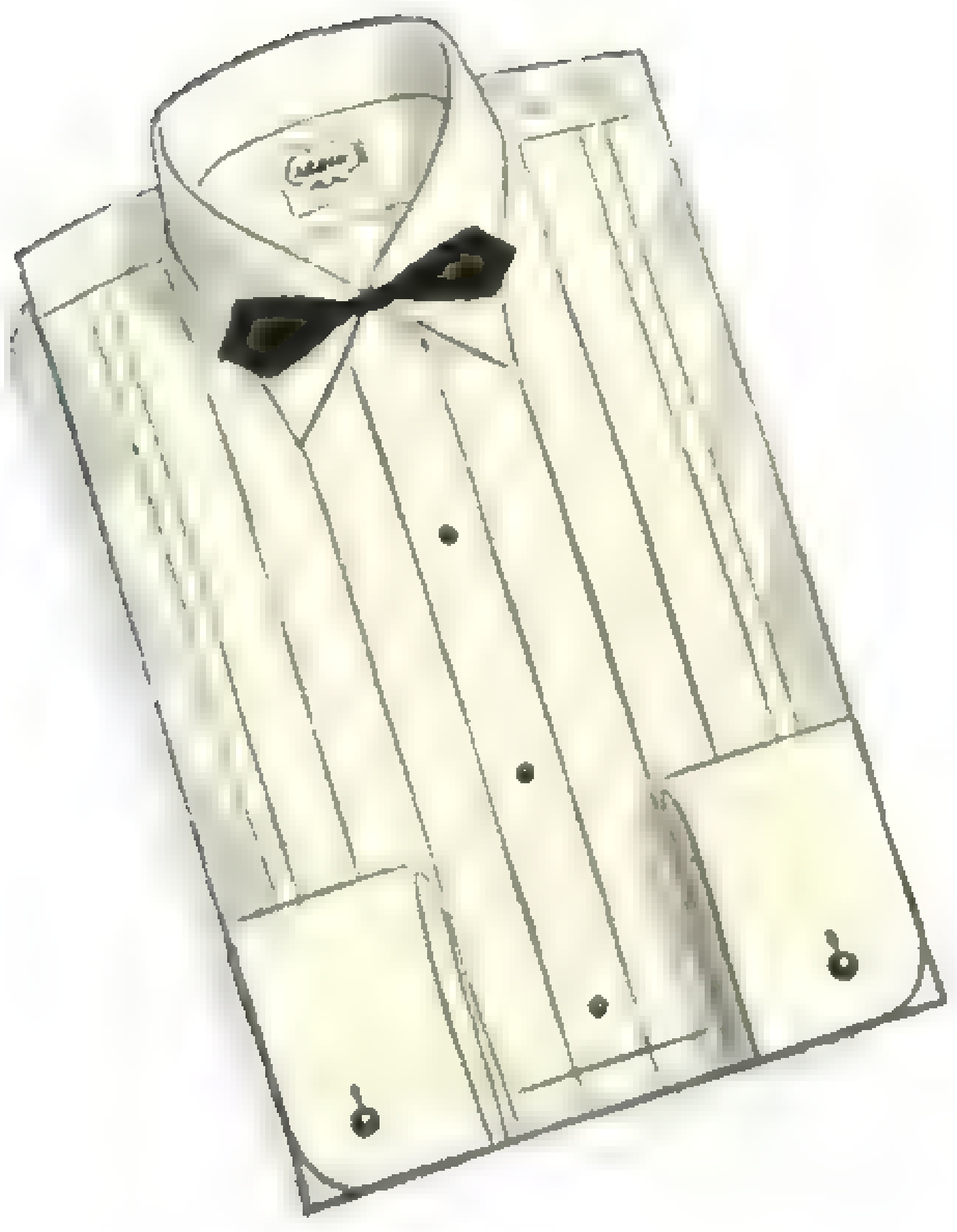
Our Style Scout spotted this new pattern in a custom shop in Paris, where he learned it was a favorite pattern of the clientele of the finer French shirt shops. We call this pattern: Arrow Racing Squares. Sanforized. $3.50. (Arrow ties made specially for the shirts, $2.)



Gentlemen of the Jury: The case for Arrow Shorts, in brief, is this—no torturing seam in the crotch. They won't cut. They won't bind. They won't chafe. In Racing Square pattern. Sanforized. $1.50. Tops, 50¢ up. The defense rests.



P.S. About Arrow Racing Square Handkerchiefs: They come in same color and patterns as the shirts. A fine match. $1.



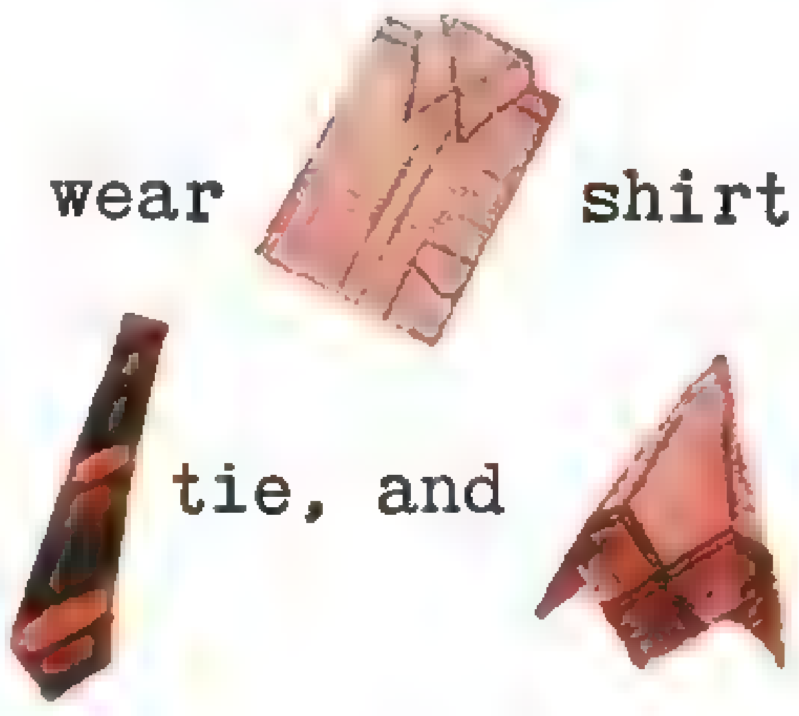
If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

ARROW
SANFORIZED

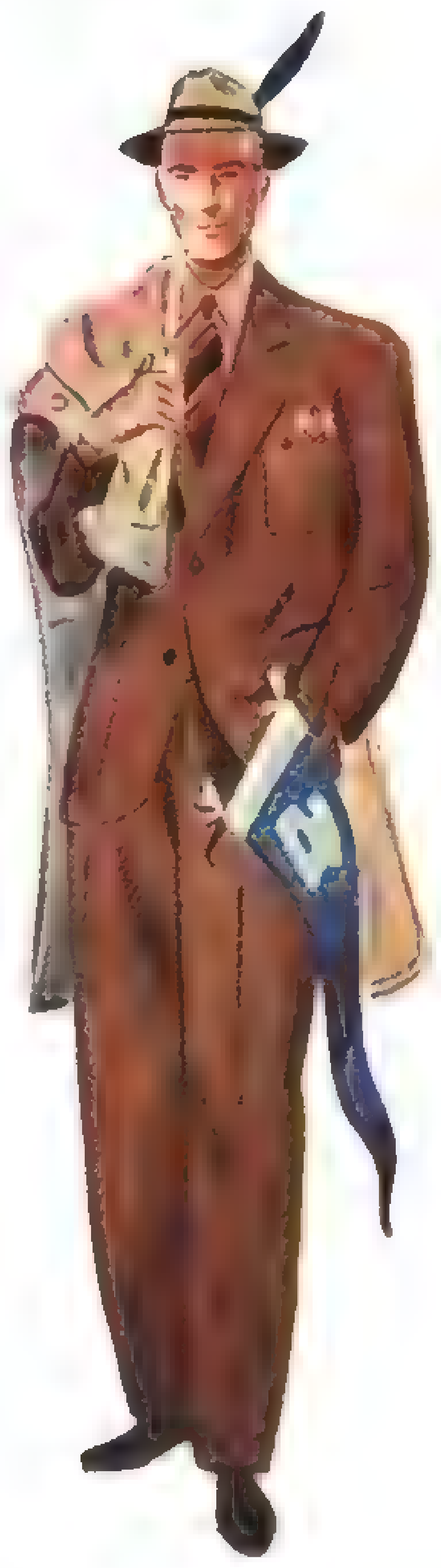
What's new in night life?. . Arrow Shoreham—whose attached collar makes it the most comfortable shirt you ever wore with a black tie. Shoreham is $3.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

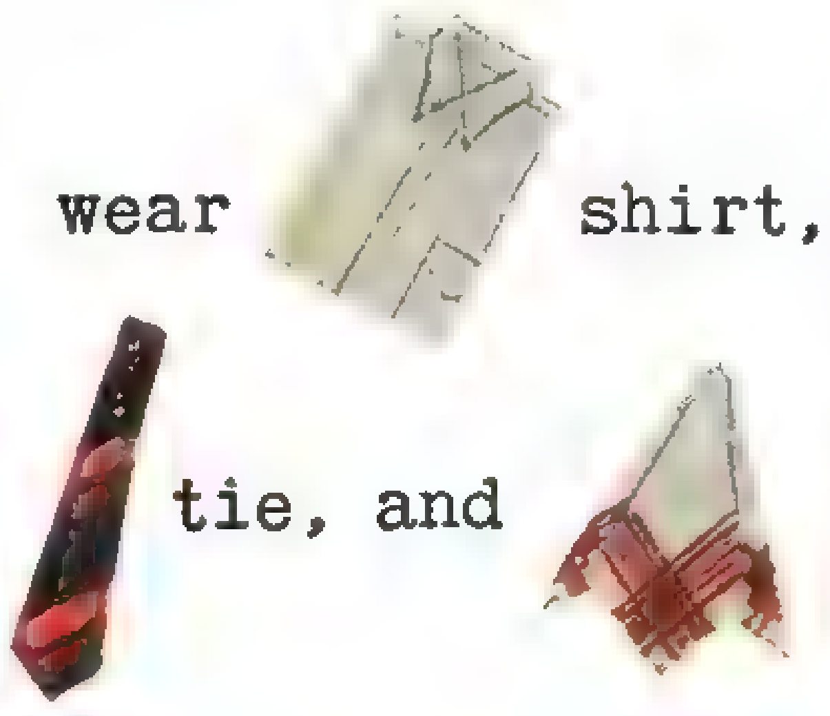
With brown suit



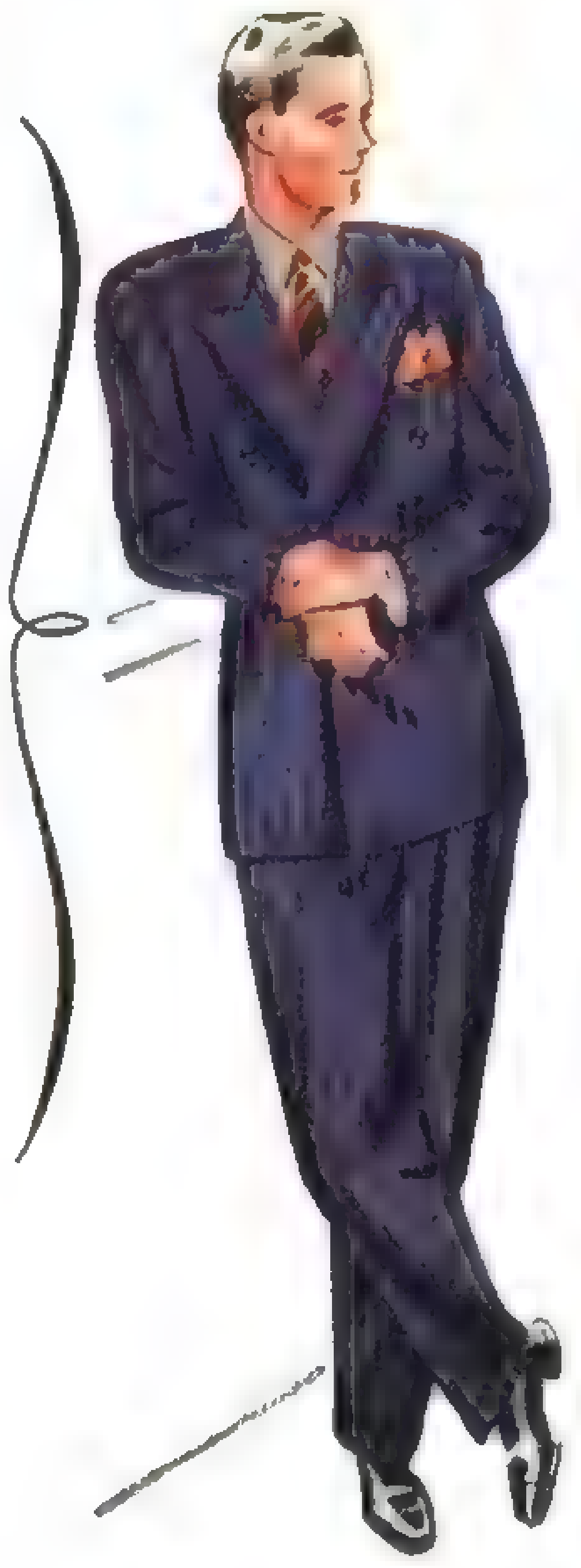
wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



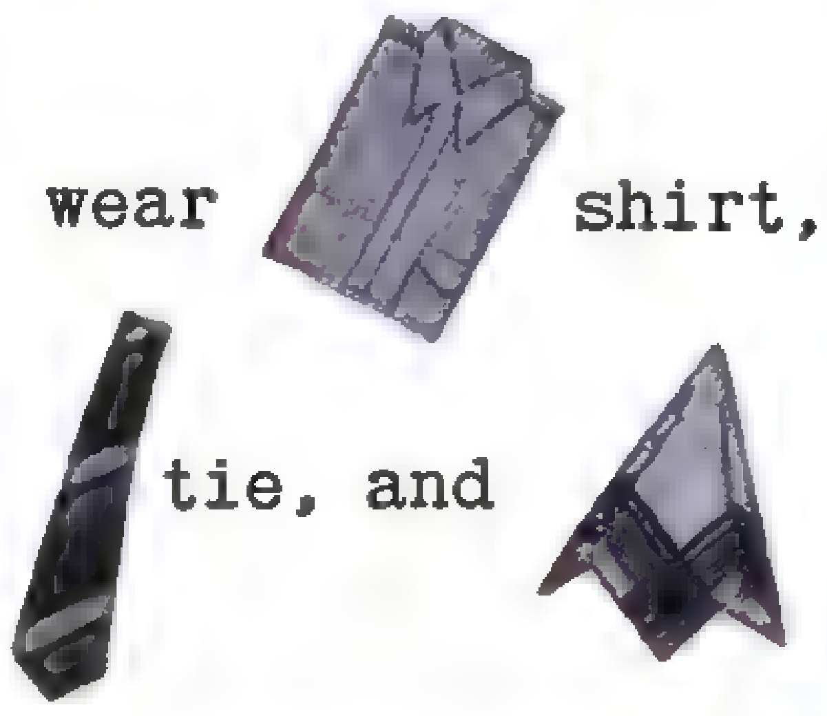
With blue suit



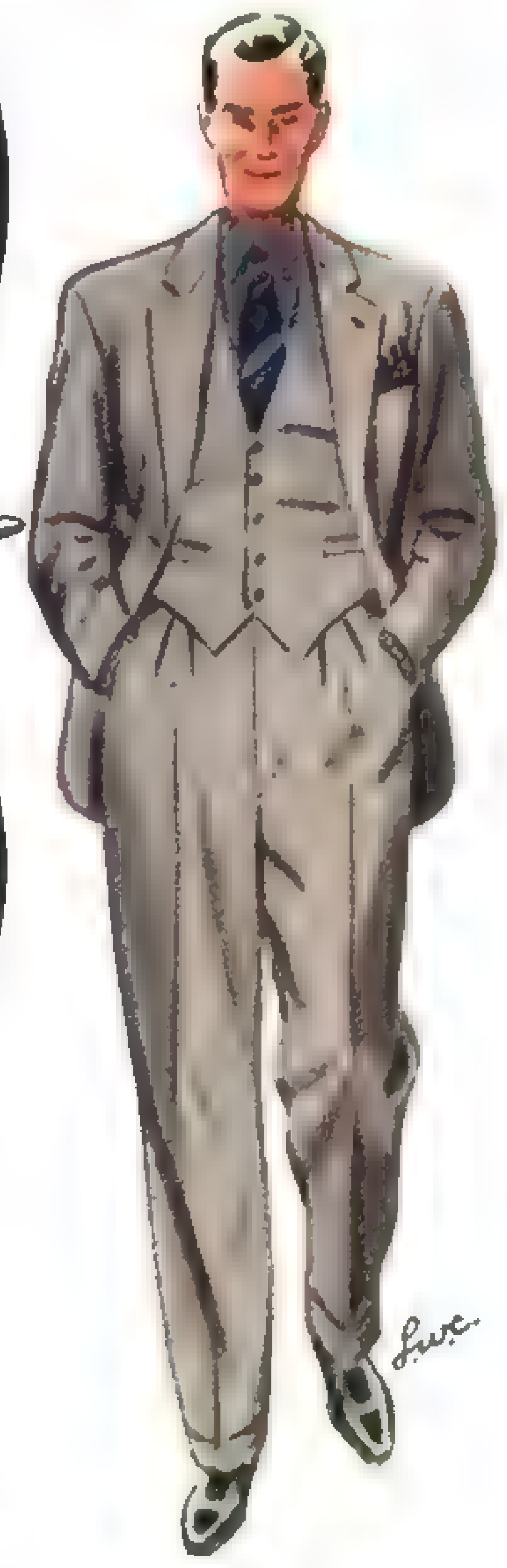
wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



With gray suit

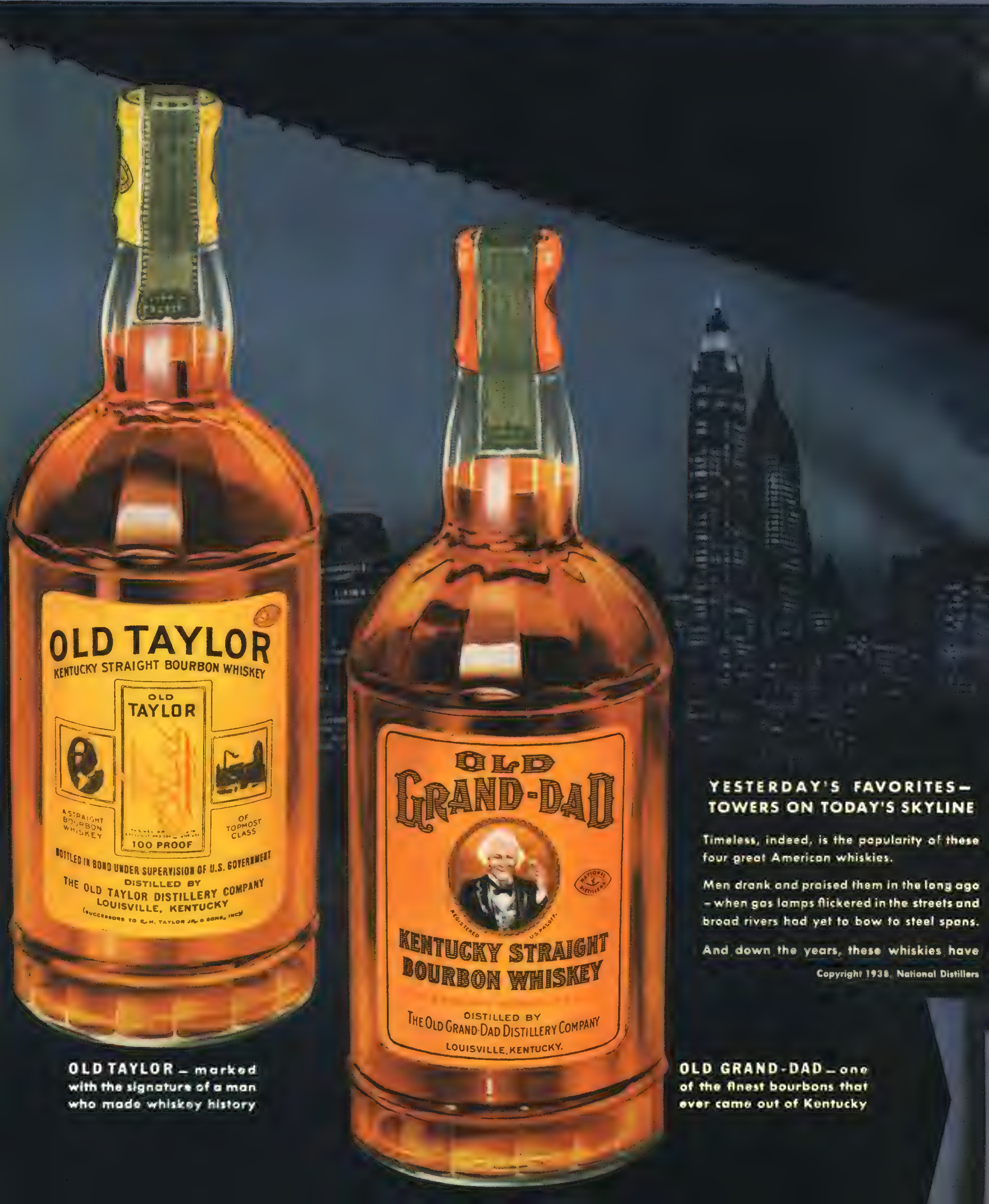


wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



The combinations suggested above aren't necessarily hard and fast rules. Try your own, if you prefer.

America's FOURMOST


OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)
OLD
GRAND-DAD
REGISTERED
U.S. PAT. OFF.
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

YESTERDAY'S FAVORITES— TOWERS ON TODAY'S SKYLINE

Timeless, indeed, is the popularity of these four great American whiskies.

Men drank and praised them in the long ago —when gas lamps flickered in the streets and broad rivers had yet to bow to steel spans.

And down the years, these whiskies have

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OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

OLD GRAND-DAD — one of the finest bourbons that ever came out of Kentucky

Whiskies*

held and enhanced that early favor through an excellence as constant as the loyalty that such excellence naturally called forth.

They all wear the green bottled in bond stamp of the U. S. Government, testifying to a full, ripe richness, yet each is distinguished by a rare character all its own.

Whiskies such as these may sound expensive, but you'll find them anything but that at the moderate prices for which they sell today.

Products Corporation, New York

Overholt
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
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REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

MOUNT VERNON – delicate in flavor . . . the patrician of American ryes

OLD OVERHOLT – famous 128 years for its rich, robust rye taste

*Bottled in Bond

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT
SUPERVISION and the EMBLEM
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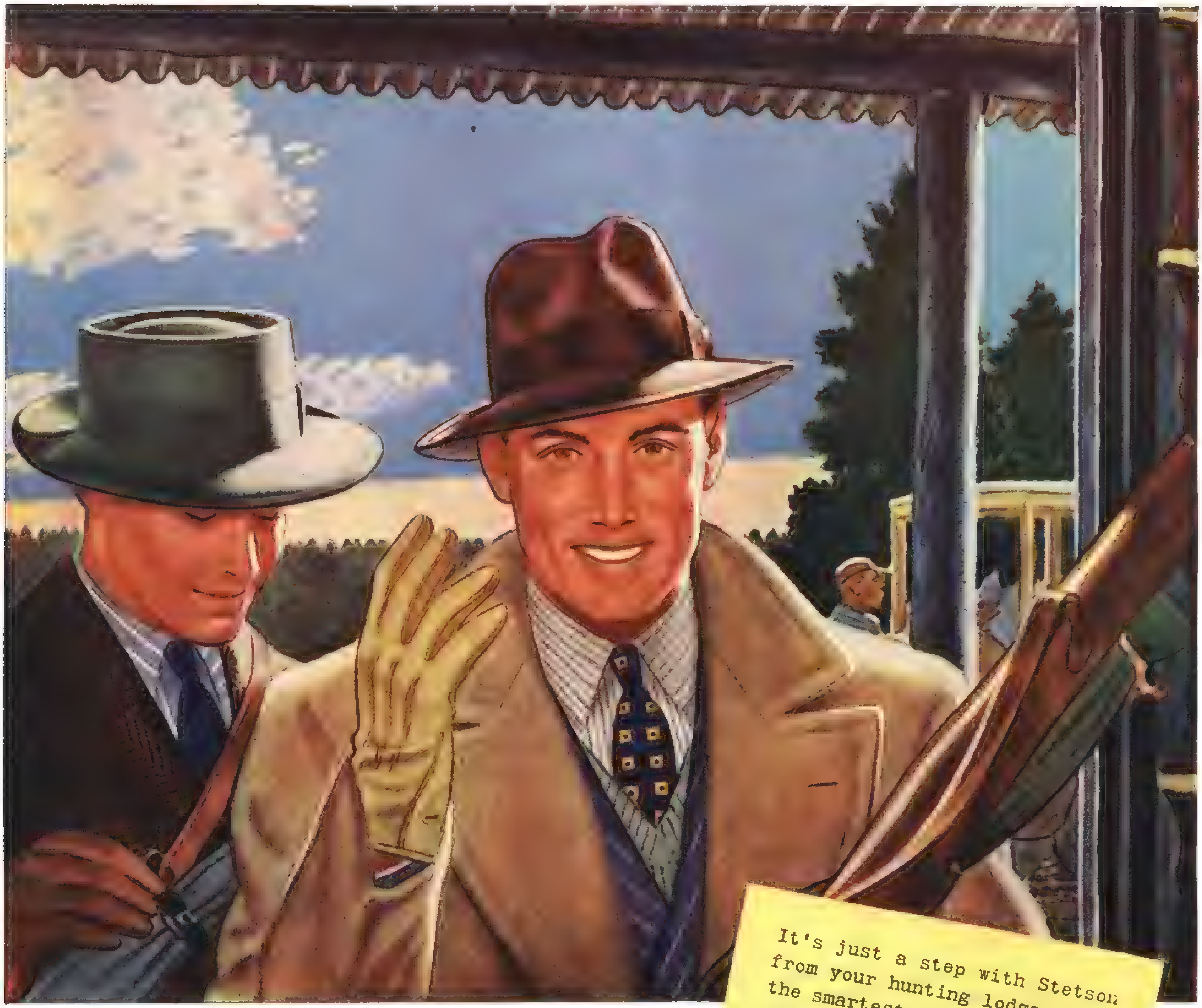
YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

Smartest Hats for Fall

ROD-AND-GUN COLORS

Styled by Stetson



It's just a step with Stetson from your hunting lodge to the smartest style-news of the year...Stetson's "Rod-and-Gun" colors, stemming direct from favorite big game sports. A glance at that new "Moose Brown" color or at the equally style-wise hat in "Forest Green" will give you the clues to hat-smartness this Fall.

STETSONS ARE PRICED AT
FIVE DOLLARS, SEVEN-FIFTY, TEN DOLLARS
AND UP TO FORTY DOLLARS
STETSONS MADE IN CANADA, FROM FIVE-FIFTY

Step Out with a **STETSON!**

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Shuttlecock Shots on the Rise

Continued from page 88

of the World War, badminton caught the Canadian fancy and its contagious effects were soon communicated all across the Dominion, from the Maritime Provinces to British Columbia. A sport-loving people, somewhat frustrated by climate, the Canadians were wide open for a form of indoor exercise to offset the rigors of an extensive winter. The shuttlecock hit the spot, and the first Championships took place in 1922. Not only did the game become a major national pastime, but the Canadians further developed it in points of skill and variety of shots, and a badminton racket became as fundamental a part of the national equipment as a pair of skates, a heavy overcoat and a bundle of firewood.

The oldest existing badminton club in the world, the Badminton Club of New York, was founded in 1878 by E. Langdon Wilks and Bayard Clarke, who had discovered the game while visiting in England. But emergence from an effete battledore and shuttlecock phase, which badminton rather savored of in those days, was not scheduled to occur for nearly a half-century. Like tennis, golf and similar games, never smacking of the lustiness of those sports involving physical contact, badminton was destined at various periods during its evolution, to be classified as "sissy," filed away in the pigeonholes of the daintier pastimes department and dismissed with a jeer and a smirk. And while the game was not to be thus scornfully shelved, it must be acknowledged that during this phase the shuttlecock merely flew through the air with a tea-party ease, serving no more vigorous or serious purpose than as a pleasant adjunct to the afternoon assemblage of the carriage trade.

A picture of the set-up at the Badminton Club of New York on a Saturday afternoon in the gay, but circumspect nineties, should prove a tempting pushover for those prone to toss a rude and juicy crack or two into the face of a defender of badminton's virtues. The ladies were clad in bustles, the gentlemen in tail coats and high hats, they played casually with three and four on a side, seldom broke out of a walk and never turned a hair. Between games they indulged in tea, cakes and light conversation and *everyone* won a prize. All in all a dandy afternoon, but scarcely a method of exerting the lungs, improving the figure or preparing for a shower. Now, however, such a picture belongs only in the romantic and historical section of the badminton album; today's typical picture is that of some thousand pairs of eyes intently fixed on two trim young men in their early twenties, light shirts, shorts, sneakers and the pink of condition, but breathless, running each other ragged about the court, chasing the bird from baseline to net, net to baseline, retrieving, clearing, feinting, dropping, smashing, and dripping perspiration like a hard running horse.

Prior to 1930, very few people in the States, excepting those in small and sparsely scattered groups, had any conception of the scale on which badminton was played in Canada, but about that time, from across the border, its fascination commenced to spread to many of our northern cities. The winters that followed brought with them an influx of professional experts, erstwhile top-ranking players of England and Canada; Jack Purcell, Dominion Champion in 1929 and '30, and the world's greatest professional singles player, was appearing in exhibition matches throughout the country's badminton centers; Bostonians were setting the pace in Eastern American badminton, under the tutelage of our outstanding native professionals, Jess Willard and Jack Brewer, as well as Roland Jackson of Scotland, and Noel Radford, co-holder of the Canadian Doubles Title in 1929 and '32; from England, in 1935, came Ken Davidson, a crack Yorkshire cricketer who also proved to be badminton's greatest showman and one of its smoothest shot makers; he was followed by J. Frank Devlin, six times holder of the singles, seven times co-holder of the doubles and five times co-holder of the mixed doubles titles in the All-England Championships, who forsook the amateur ranks to teach badminton in Canada, and has more recently established himself in Baltimore where he has succeeded in making that city one of the most badminton-conscious in the country. Incidentally, in 1924 and 1926 Devlin held the mixed doubles title with the former Kitty McKane of English tennis fame who also held the women's All-England badminton title four times and shared the women's doubles title in 1924; another Englishman, Reg Hill, son of Colonel Arthur Hill, president of the Badminton Association of England, came to Canada, developed many players there and is now the professional at the Badminton Club of Seattle; the 1937-38 season marked the first appearance on the American badminton scene of a woman exhibitor, Miss Thelma Kingsbury, twice holder of the singles, four times co-holder of the doubles and 1937 co-holder of the mixed doubles titles in the All-England Championships; she appeared with Ken Davidson in a series of exhibition matches, notably at the Rainbow Room and on the stage of the Roxy Theatre; and during the past season Joe Zaharko, coholder of the 1937 Canadian Doubles Championship and runner-up in the singles event, has been teaching aspirants in Wilmington, Delaware.

The tremendous interest in badminton stimulated by these experts was marked by a particularly even growth all across the country. In the East, the strong New England Badminton Association, which radiated from Boston throughout Yankeedom, and the New York Metropolitan Association, comprised of clubs in Manhattan, Jersey, Long Island, Westchester and parts of Connecticut, were leaders in badminton activity in the early thirties. Simultaneously the Middle West reacted to the shuttlecock enthusiasm prevalent in Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland and on the coast badminton's gain in popular favor was registered by the increase in stature of the California and Washington State Badminton Associations. But American badminton benefited not only from the influence of the professionals, but was also inspired by the superior play of the Canadian amateurs, who journeyed to some of our open tournaments, showed us more than a thing or two about what could be done with a bat and shuttle and, incidentally, returned home laden with cocktail shakers, cigarette cases, cups and similar well-deserved, practical and symbolic spoils of victory.

The necessary and inevitable result of all this animation was the formation of a National Association to control the commotion and govern the game. The comparative amity and serenity with which this was accomplished early in 1936 was very encouraging to the ardent followers and talented players of this excellent game, but a game still young and somewhat unfamiliar in the hands of Americans.

Sectional pride, natural curiosity and a marked improvement among leading players, particularly younger ones, practically demanded the holding of a national tournament to gather together the country's ranking players and determine their comparative skill. With the newly organized American Badminton Association properly constituted to manage this long awaited meeting, more than 150 aspirants to the first National Championships collected in Chicago's Naval Reserve Armory in April, 1937, for three days of competition that was witnessed by an enthusiastic gallery that swelled to 5000 spectators by the time of the final round matches. The second National Championships played at the Penn A. C. in Philadelphia in March, 1938, drew a record entry list of 260, which included the best talent offered by Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Seattle, Los Angeles and many other strongholds of U. S. badminton.

The unqualified success of these first two national tournaments and the high degree of enthusiasm and first rate badminton exhibited at the innumerable open and closed local championships, as well as the less formal but rather more convivial invitation tournaments and team matches is conclusive evidence of the definite place badminton has established for itself in the field of American sport and leaves little or no doubt as to its even more promising future.

Of course all the badminton groups in this broad land are not connected with the American Badminton Association, but every leading and truly representative club is affiliated with this organization and this list numbers more than 230 clubs. Badminton's rising tide is not confined to the States alone and similar instances of the game's branching out may be found in several countries. For example, aided by nine months of winter, the sport is making great forward strides in Sweden, and it is more than likely that many a Norseman is wondering what he used to do before he learned about badminton. One of the largest halls ever built for the game is being erected in Stockholm, where a fair portion of the citizenry spends much of its spare time in pursuit of the shuttlecock, escaping to the courts before breakfast, during lunch, in the evening.

But what, you may ask, is so fascinating, so difficult or so strenuous about knocking this feathered object to and fro across a net? Isn't it, after all, sort of a "sissy" game? I will try, briefly I hope, to explain. Possibly there is something about the attitude of a person with a racket bent on swatting a shuttle that is reminiscent of a person with a net in pursuit of a butterfly; but the ranks of the doubtful are pretty consistently dismayed when a personal trial reveals that the game will usually tax all those qualities they fancy their most masculine. Granting accuracy and the necessity of hitting the bird squarely to be prime factors in badminton, the real art of the game lies in the player's ability to anticipate and deceive his opponent and to alter the pace of the shuttle, which can be hit surprisingly hard, or again, merely touched. When a good player hits a really hard smash the shuttle leaves the racket at a speed of sixty or more miles an hour. But the hardest hitters can barely hit the shuttle from one baseline clear across the other and this may give you some notion of the tremendous change that may occur in the bird's flight during a rally on the 44 by 20 foot court. However dainty the flight of the shuttlecock may appear to destructively critical eyes, it must be remembered that the shuttle does not bounce, and that the ability and stamina required to reach it before it hits the floor and to keep it in flight makes badminton a really tough game and demands that the conscientious player have a healthy regard for his physical condition. Convinced, or not, come out and try it sometime. #

It Might Happen to Anybody

Continued from page 72

before that most unusual night."

The bartender turned to me. "They'd met when my wife was on her vacation. At a dude ranch."

"Just casually," the horse said. "But anyway, when I heard the excitement I thought I'd look in."

"And soon as Fallon sticks his nose in the door my wife grabs it, and drags him over to meet this wonderful god damned louse that was so swell. This Trout. So naturally Trout spies another sucker and he gives him the hand and the eye and the whole works all at once, and what the hell. Fallon's sunk."

"He was very versatile," the horse said. "What I mean, he had some specialty that would appeal to everybody. What got me was his education, and his dramatic ability. He could recite whole passages from the dictionary, and then act them out."

"And you can see how Fallon was meat for that line, because he happened to be appearing in a show at the time that he didn't think was so hot."

"I was just a walk-on, no speaking part," the horse said.

"What kind of play was it?" I asked.

The bartender looked at the horse, hesitated, then turned back to me.

"Well, it was a horse show."

"I myself had an ambition toward the higher dramatic things," the horse said. "Trout convinced me that I would be typed. He was plausible."

"He sure was a kind of dirty genius. By then he'd practically got my wife squirting blood, she was so crazy to cut in on that art and culture. And Fallon here, he just swelled up and sweated."

"It was the appeal to our ideals," the horse said.

"Oh yes. They both about fell over themselves and started asking him 'please Mr. Trout, couldn't he do something about it, please, please!' And oh boy hell yes god damn it sure, he could. He sure could.

"Yes. First he pretended to get down over himself and think a minute, then all of a sudden he pops up and says 'well, well, after all he hadn't met such a congenial bunch of hotshots in a hell of a while, and damn it by god if he wouldn't just move this god damned drum and Shakespeare art center of his from Des Moines back here, and set it up in my god damned barroom.'"

"Except for the money," the horse put in.

"Yes yes. There was just one little thing though, he hated to mention it, but he did need just a little money for his expenses, because it would be expensive."

"We were glad to contribute," the horse said.

"Eager, yes. My wife almost split herself to shower down what she had in her purse, a dollar eighty-five. Fallon kicked through twenty-eight dollars, his whole wad. But where he cleaned up was me."

"A lot from you, Joe."

"Oh yes don't I know it. Even to me this louse's scheme seemed to have its points." The bartender's laugh was like a bark. "Yeah. So I punched down 'No Sale' and got fourteen dollars out of the cash register, and give him that. Well, I saw him kind of looking at it, and my wife saw him, and that just set her off. Up on her toes she gets and screams 'you god damned hillbilly!' and picks up a bottle of domestic Scotch and lets me have it over the head. And while I'm unconscious she shucks every nickel out of the cash register and gives it to that louse. Trout."

"It was too bad that had to happen," the horse said.

"Yes." The bartender snorted. "Heh. There I was out cold, Fallon here trying to fix me up with wet towels and my wife going through my pockets looking for more money, they got in each other's way, couldn't see a thing. And that just absolutely give Trout his chance. Just his chance. Just . . ." the words trailed off. His lips moved silently as if he were talking to himself, the same thing over and over. When that stopped, he just stood there, breathing and staring.

Finally, "What did he do?" I asked.

Still the bartender did not move nor speak.

"Joe," the horse said.

"Yes yes."

"What did he do?" I repeated. "Trout."

When it came, the bartender's voice was dreary, and final.

"He disappeared."

The horse squashed his chin gently, morosely up and down on the bar. "That was two years ago," he said.

The bartender stirred slightly, looked down at the woman. "She's been like this ever since." He shook his head slowly. "She'd been made a fool of, and the whole thing had blew up in her face. Any way you look at it, it was a tragedy for her."

"For you too," I said.

He nodded. "Her and me both. My life's ruined, and her, well, you can see. Matter of fact, I don't really know whether she's alive or dead. You can't tell just by looking at her, and she don't say nothing. I just keep her back there under the bar, but even I don't know why. I don't know why I got her out this afternoon. Guess I just wanted to get it off my chest."

"That's all right," I said. "Happens to all of us."

"And look at Fallon. Never went back to that horse show, busted his contract, and now he'll never get another. Never be a star."

"Now Joe, that might happen to anybody." The horse wrinkled back his upper lip, blew a long faint breath through his teeth.

The bartender didn't answer, stood with shoulders a little hunched, looking stolidly at the curve of the woman's back. It was very quiet.

Suddenly one of the horse's ears raised. "What's it, Joe? A new clock?"

I heard it too, a light jumpy clicking, or tick.

The bartender started. "Hey?" He listened a moment, then grunted, disgusted.

"Them? The only things I got out of that louse Trout."

"The beans?"

"Them live Mexican beans. They hang around in the cracks in the bar. Don't know why I keep the damn things. They hate me, and I can't sell 'em. And they cost plenty to feed."

"Do they eat much?" the horse asked.

"They don't actually eat anything, but it's damned expensive. What I got to do is fry steak right alongside of 'em. That's what they live on, some way. I guess they live on the idea."

The clicking continued.

The bartender frowned. "That's funny. Before this you never heard a peep out of 'em except at mealtimes."

He reached out, picked up his wife's limp left arm and looked at her wristwatch. "Hell, it's three hours to dinner." He put the arm back.

"You kept her watch wound up all these two years, Joe."

"Well, hell, I got to tell the time."

"You do it for sentimental reasons, too," the horse answered.

The clicking got louder, and suddenly a little brown ovoid shot up in the air, and fell, bouncing in light taps. As it came to rest on the bar it reared up, balanced on one end and leaned outward, pointing toward the door.

The horse gave a twist up and turn that brought his head round staring at the door. The bartender stared. And I turned around.

There in the doorway was the blot outline of a man. Because of the light afternoon behind him that was all that showed, outline.

A faint rattling, and more beans shot into the air, bounced, and poised on the bar.

Then, from the doorway the figure moved, advanced a few steps into the room.

He was a little man. He had on a grimy cream-colored suit with wide tan stripes, and tight legs. The lower button of his coat was buttoned, it made a sort of sack to hold the bulge of his stomach. He was dapper and dirty both.

He stood there smiling, and silent. Then all at once five, six, a dozen, twenty-four, a whole shower of Mexican beans was falling. From the bar they bounced down, went across the floor in a clicking scurry toward the stranger. Around his shoes they swarmed, jumped up and slid down his trousers, fawned on his legs like puppies.

The bartender said the first word that had been spoken since the stranger came in.

"Aargkh!"

He sounded as if his insides had burst, and were choking him.

In a low voice the horse said,

"My God Harry Trout."

For a moment the bartender was absolutely immobile. Then like a thick flash he ducked down behind the bar. Instantly he reappeared, one fist stretched straight up. Clenched in his fist was something long, dark and bulging. It was a huge blackjack.

He was saying fast, over and over,

"Harry Trout Harry Trout."

The hind hooves of the horse jerked spasmodically on the floor.

"We've had a long wait Mr. Trout," he said.

"Oh boy oh boy it's worth it!" The bartender heaved one knee atop the bar, and chopped air with the blackjack.

"This is the time you get killed," he said.

The stranger hadn't yet spoken, his smile had not contracted. But his eyes suddenly became active. Without looking down he snapped his fingers sharply. At once the beans stopped frisking. They collected in a little group behind his legs, then quietly slunk off sideways into a dark part of the room.

When the last had disappeared the stranger took a few leisurely forward steps, stopped again, and said,

"There must be some mistake."

"What!" The bartender's voice was a whisper.

The stranger advanced another two steps. He was almost within the bartender's reach.

"There must be some mistake because you've got the wrong name, friends," he said. "Not Trout."

"Oh no, oh no. Just maybe you don't know your own stinking name," the bartender said. His grin showed most of his teeth. "Why you even got his black hair, all swampy with grease like his."

The horse sidled closer. "I don't like the hair either. And look how the beans recognized you for Trout."

"But I can prove I am not this Harry Trout." The stranger ducked his head toward the horse, slapped him on the withers, and laughed.

"Oh, I like you," he said. Then he swerved to face the bartender, and pinged his finger against the poised blackjack.

"And I like you too. You're a swell Joe too."

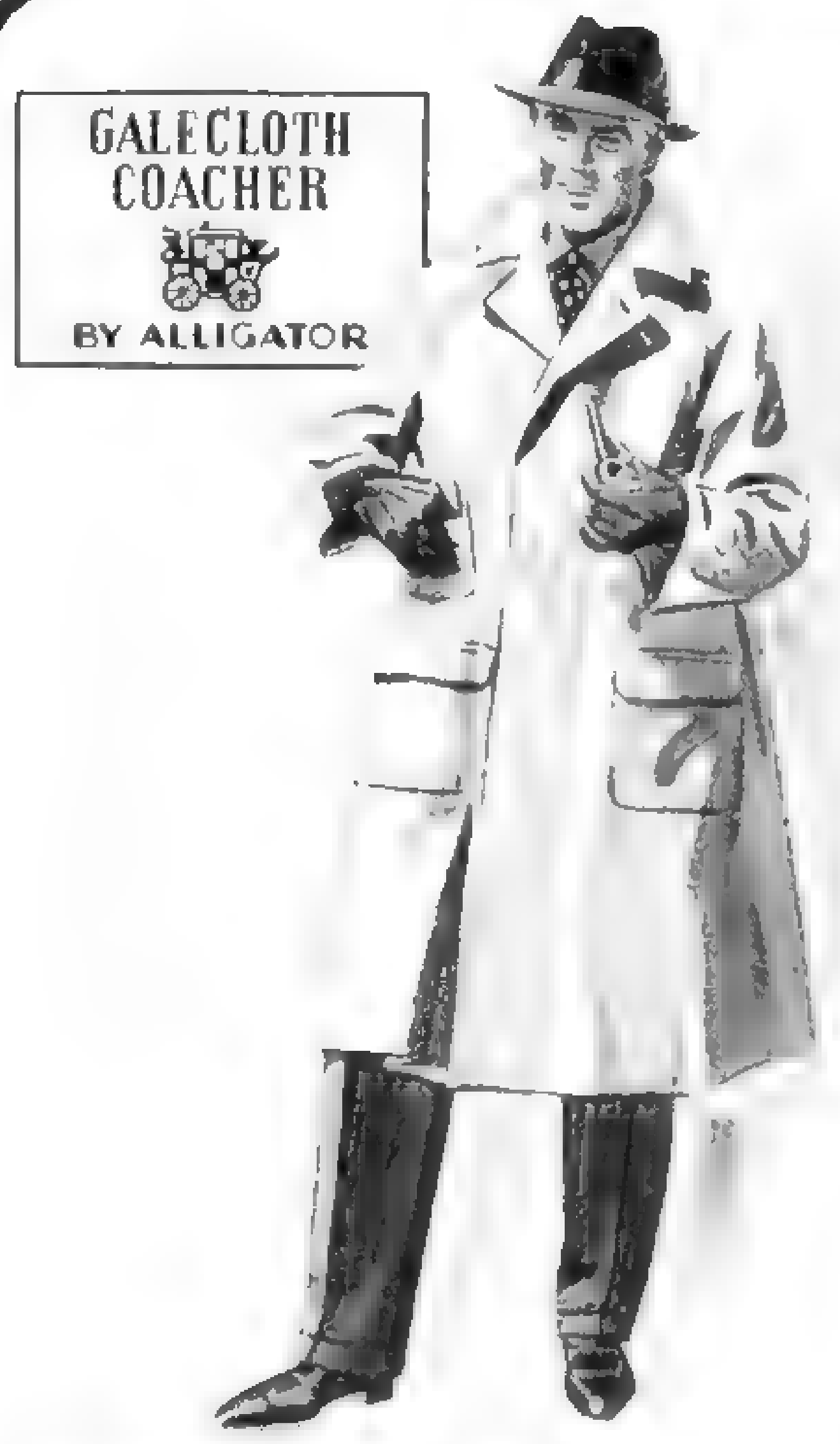
He laughed again. "But I can prove who I'm not."

He jackknifed, swept his hands down to his feet, and ripped at his shoestrings. "Could Harry Trout do this?"

In one swift parabola he shot up through the air, landing standing on the bar, about two feet away

Continued at top of page 130

GIFT IDEAS THAT "Click!"



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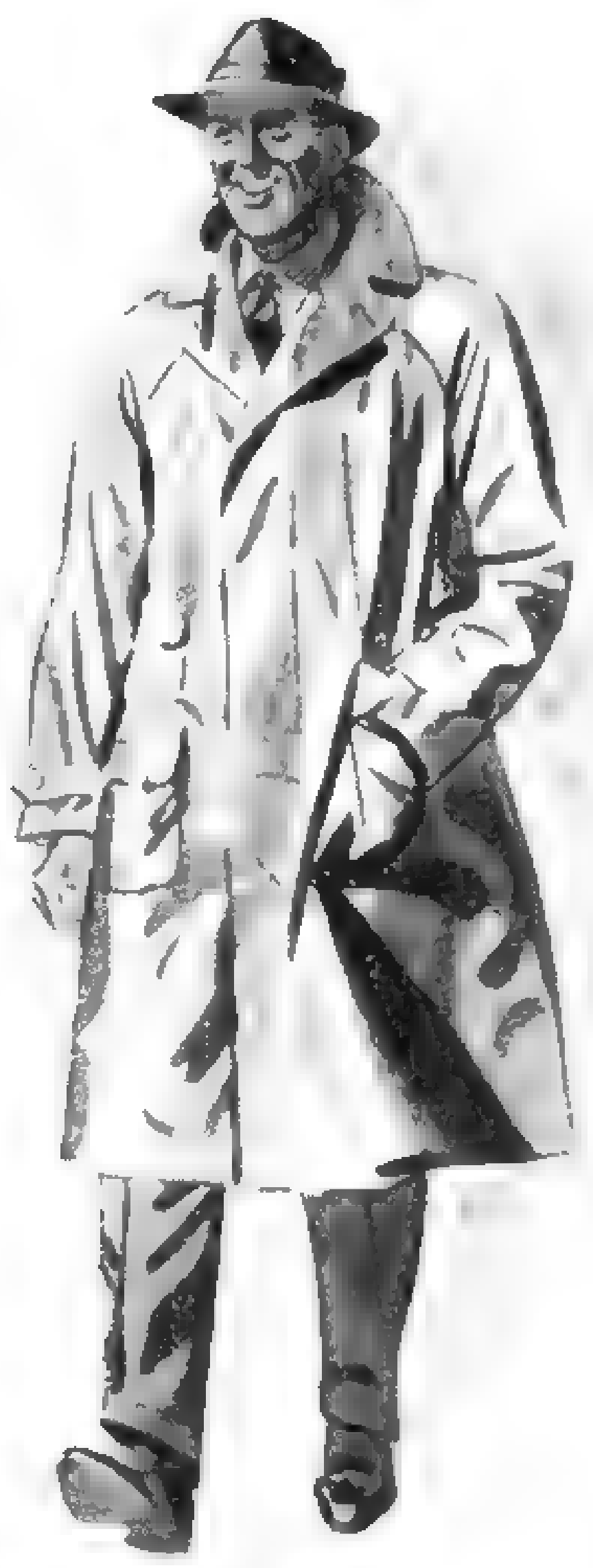

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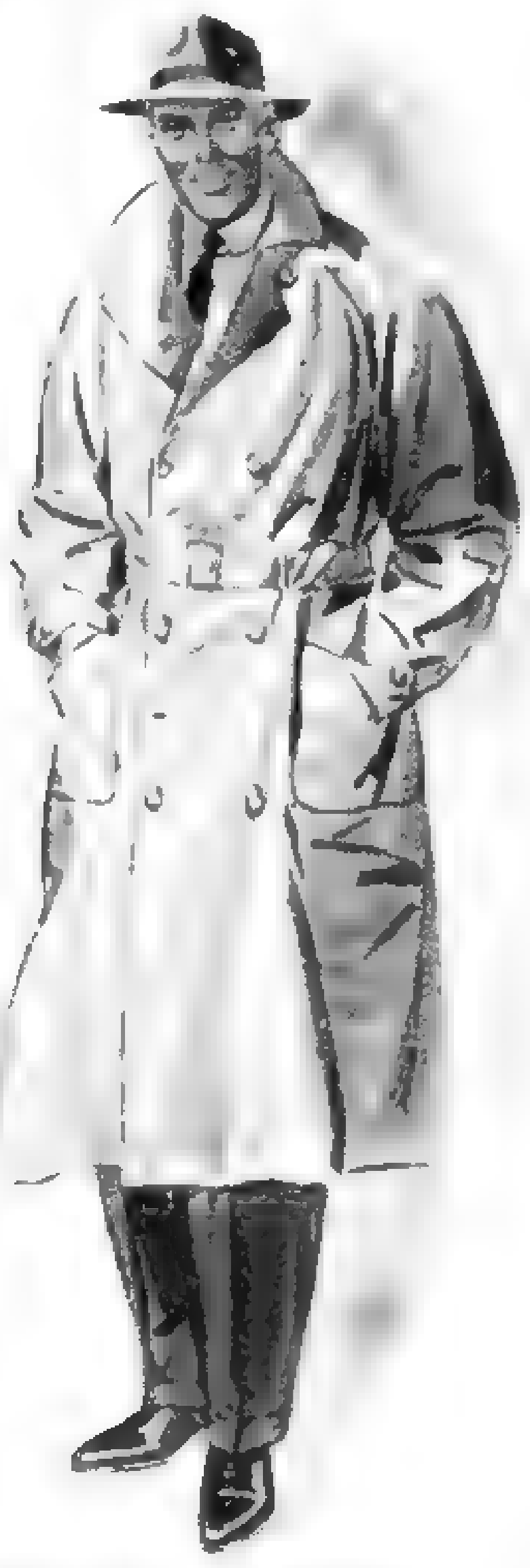

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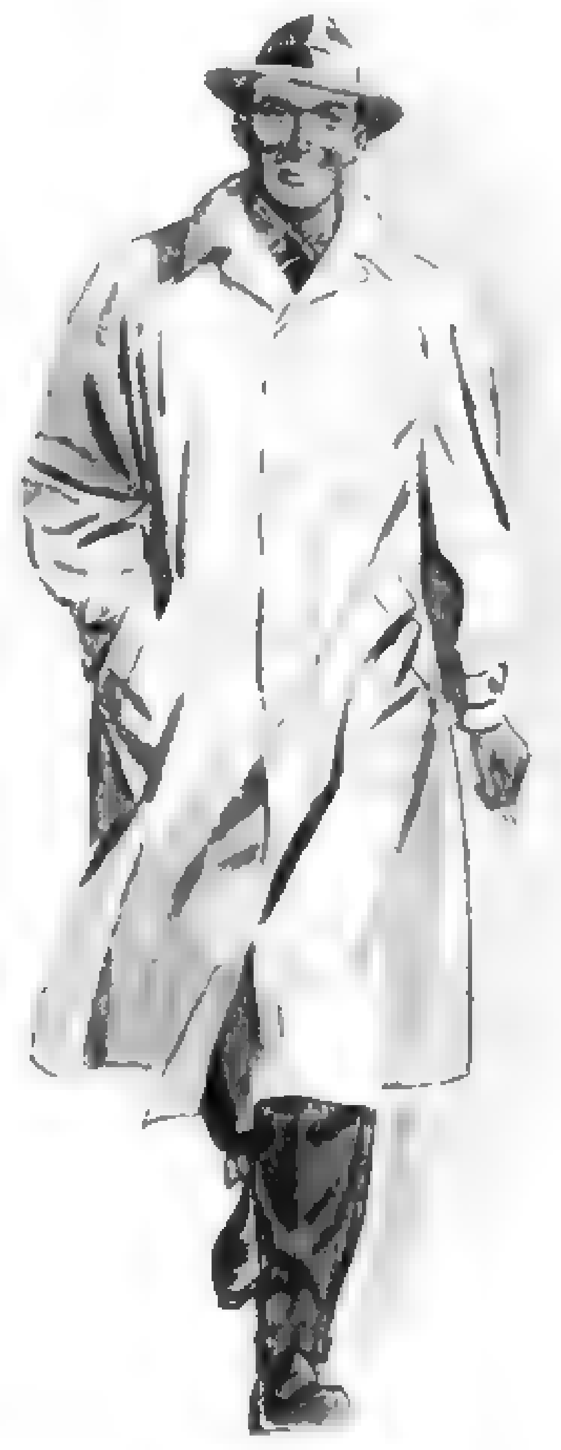

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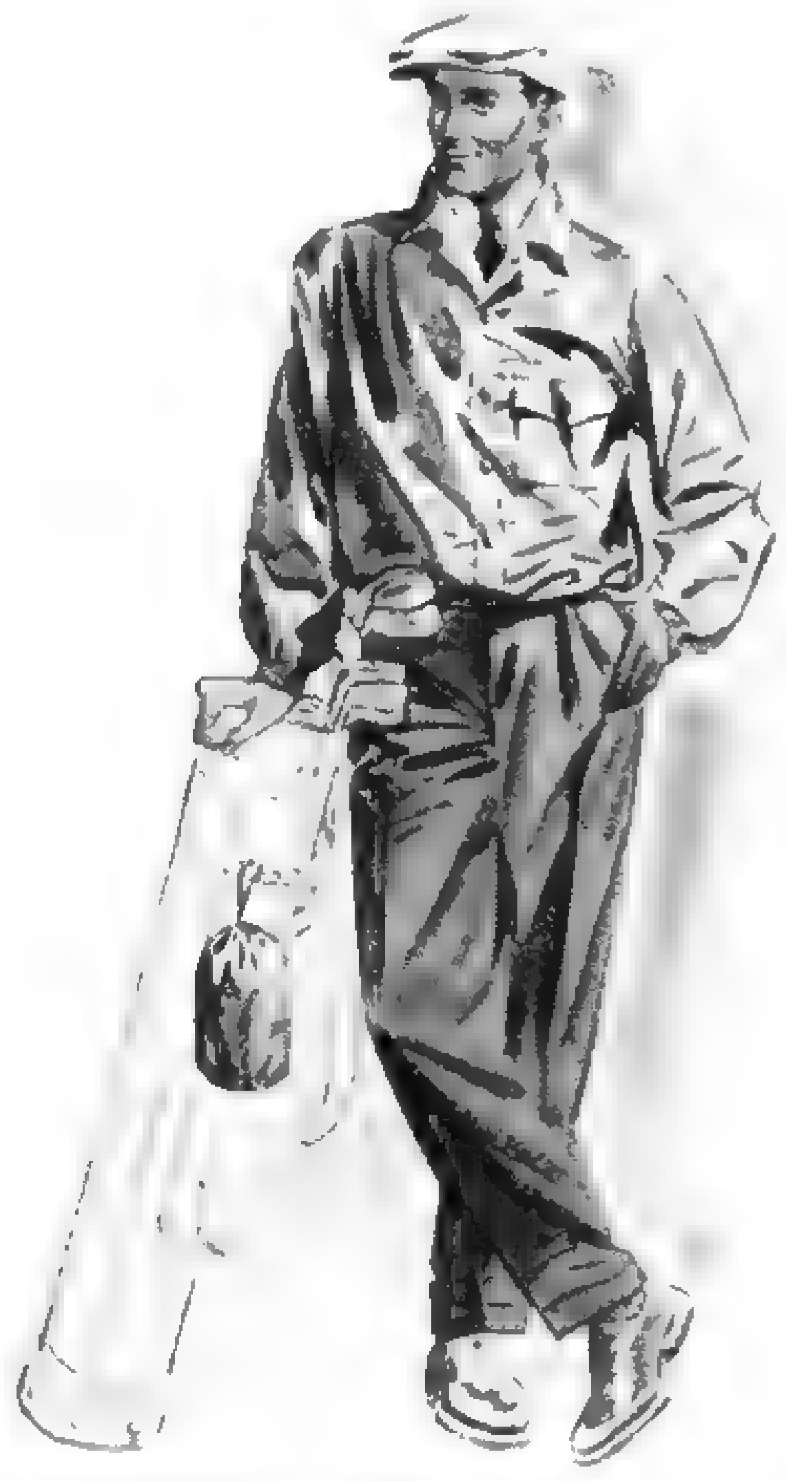

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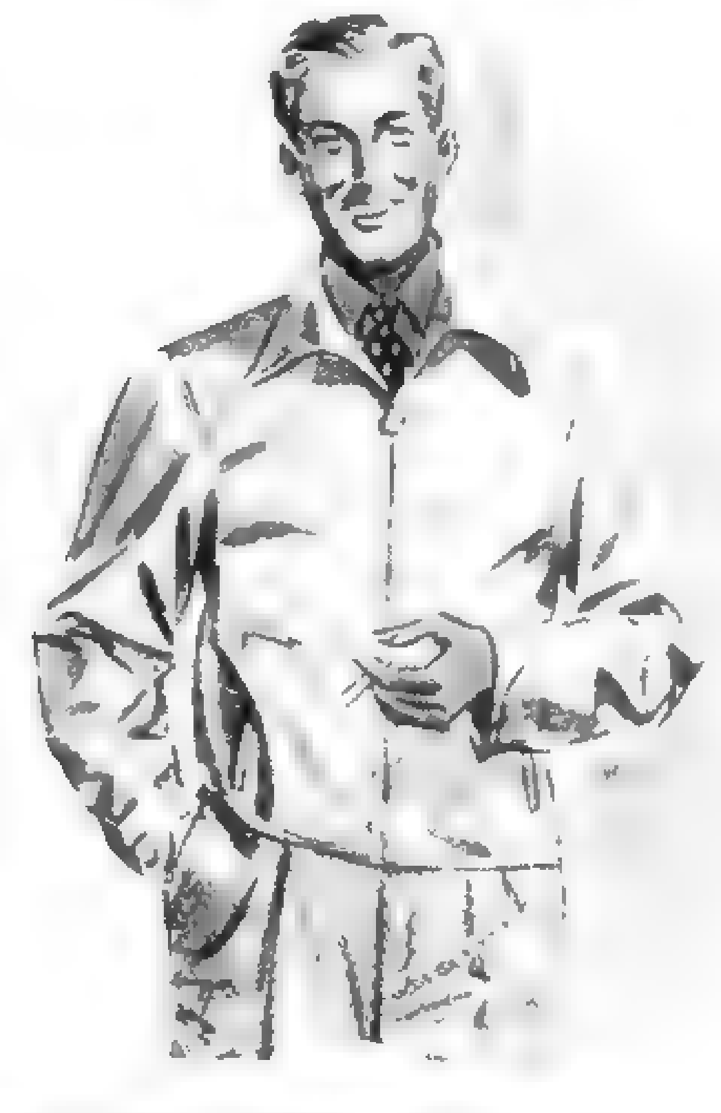

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It Might Happen to Anybody

Continued from pages 72-128

from the slumped body of the bartender's wife.

The horse looked up at him, and the bartender looked up. Both of their jaws dropped so far that the roofs of their mouths were in plain sight.

The stranger had jumped right out of his shoes.

"Could Harry Trout do that?" he yelled. "Or could he play *The Campbell's Are Coming* on a pair of socks?"

Nobody said a word. The stranger doubled down again, gave a quick short jump, and snatched off both his socks. When he straightened up he put the toe of one sock under his left elbow, tossed the toe of the other across his right shoulder. He held the tops of both socks together, open in front of his mouth. Then he looked up.

"Without bagpipes."

He dropped his head, and put his mouth inside the top of one of the socks. Then he started to flap his right elbow out and back. At the same time he said,

"Bzzoorrr . . ."

The noise was a combination of whistling and singing, with the tune of *The Campbell's Are Coming* recognizable. He made it louder, faster.

He began to beat time with one of his bare feet. His cheeks puffed out, turned red, and sweated. And when he came to the last 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' he stamped so hard that the bar shook, the floor shook, and the glasses behind the bar chinked.

He stopped, stood poised, one foot in the air. For a moment there wasn't a sound. Then,

"Beautiful. Beautiful."

It was a low voice. It didn't stop, it kept repeating with deliberate and dreamy conviction.

"Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful."

"Jessie!" the bartender said. His voice cracked.

"Joe! It's your wife!" the horse said.

The woman was still bent but she was no longer limber. And she was unfolding. Slowly at first, like a machine figure, she was rising in stiff jerks. And all the time her voice was rising, stronger, and stronger, and quicker.

"Beautiful beautiful—beautiful beautiful."

With the last syllable she shot up sitting erect, bounced herself once and bounced straight to her feet on top of the bar.

"Beautiful."

This time she seemed to lick the word with her tongue, and she stood there facing the stranger, looking at him. She said,

"Who? Who in God's world is this wonderful musician?"

The stranger wiped his face with the pair of socks, squinted, and grinned.

"The name is Harry Mooth. Harry Mooth's the name."

The horse looked at the bartender. "Look Joe, it isn't Harry Trout. Not that louse Trout."

The woman laced her fingers together, and twisted them tight.

"Such music. It's nothing in God's world but culture."

"Dramatic ability too," the horse said. "He's got it. Yes you've got it Mr. Mooth."

"Well, now, see, naturally . . ." The bartender lost hold of his sentence.

The stranger, or Harry Mooth, flung the pair of socks over one arm, jabbed both thumbs into his vest armholes, let his stomach ride out full, and laughed hard.

"Well, well, a lot of mighty fine people, a lot of good friends. It's congenial." He pursed his lips. "But we ought to do something about it, something constructive, we ought to take advantage of this fine group of talented folks here. Something permanent."

"Would you?" the woman said. She screwed the bunched nails of one hand around in the palm of the other, hard. "The musical classics." She shivered slightly. "You could give us lessons."

"Or dramatics," the horse said. He pushed his long brown muzzle across the bar, muzzled the leg of the stranger's trousers. "You could organize a theater company, self-expression, the drama. We'd back you with every inch of talent. Like that play King Robert offered a kingdom for a horse, in Shakespeare."

The stranger cocked his head up sideways, as if he were listening to an interpreter, explaining what they had said. Then he took his right thumb away from his armhole, and rubbed it across his chin.

"Folks, you got something, a great, a great idea. And say, that music, I've got a house in Des Moines with eighteen drums in it, that I can play tunes on . . ."

The bartender's head suddenly jerked back. All his color seemed to suck inward. Twice he tried to speak, before he could croak,

"You? In Des Moines, with eighteen drums in it? You!"

The stranger looked down at him quickly, then turned toward the woman. His smile crept wider, one of his eyes screwed shut in a wink, while the other bulged out big and significant. He pointed with his chin at the bartender.

The woman stared straight back at him. Her lips compressed to a thin line, and hooked down. Then quick as a spring she arched to the back of the bar, snatched up a full bottle of green liqueur, hefted it once, nodded to herself, and cracked it down on top of her husband's head.

The horse gave a low groan. The bartender made no sound whatever. He collapsed, and his face mashed down softly on the bar. His hands flew out, and the palms turned up limply.

Then his hands were slowly sliding backward, and the top of his head. The hang of his own weight was pulling him down. The sliding got faster, and then with a rush the last of him disappeared. Less than a second later came the soft thud announcing that he had landed on the floor behind the bar.

When he had first fallen he had knocked my empty glass teetering into my lap. Now I got up and walked toward the door. On the threshold I stopped, and looked back.

The stranger and the bartender's wife both had their backs to me. They were sitting on the bar, and dangling their legs over its inner edge. The horse had poked his head over and was looking down, behind. The stranger had one arm round the woman's shoulders, the other round the neck of the horse.

As I turned finally to go I heard a subdued clicking, and looked down. It was the Mexican jumping beans. All by themselves in the middle of the floor they were marching, counter-marching, going through all sorts of military evolutions.

The speed and precision with which they moved made their activity seem quite gay. ⌗

A Lot of Money

Continued from page 70

silence. It could speak if a miracle happened, thought Joe. What would it say if some miracle happened?

He couldn't even guess. Red noticed him staring at it.

"What the hell you have them noble pictures up for, anyway?" he growled.

"I don't know," said Joe. "It's all right to have. It don't do no harm."

"I'm the same way," said Goofy. "I never do no harm. I just mind my own business. Somebody said so.

"Somebody said, Goofy, you are harmless, Goofy. As long as you mind your own business and don't do no harm you'll be all right.

"That's me."

"Give it a drink," said Red. "You're harmless, but you talk too much."

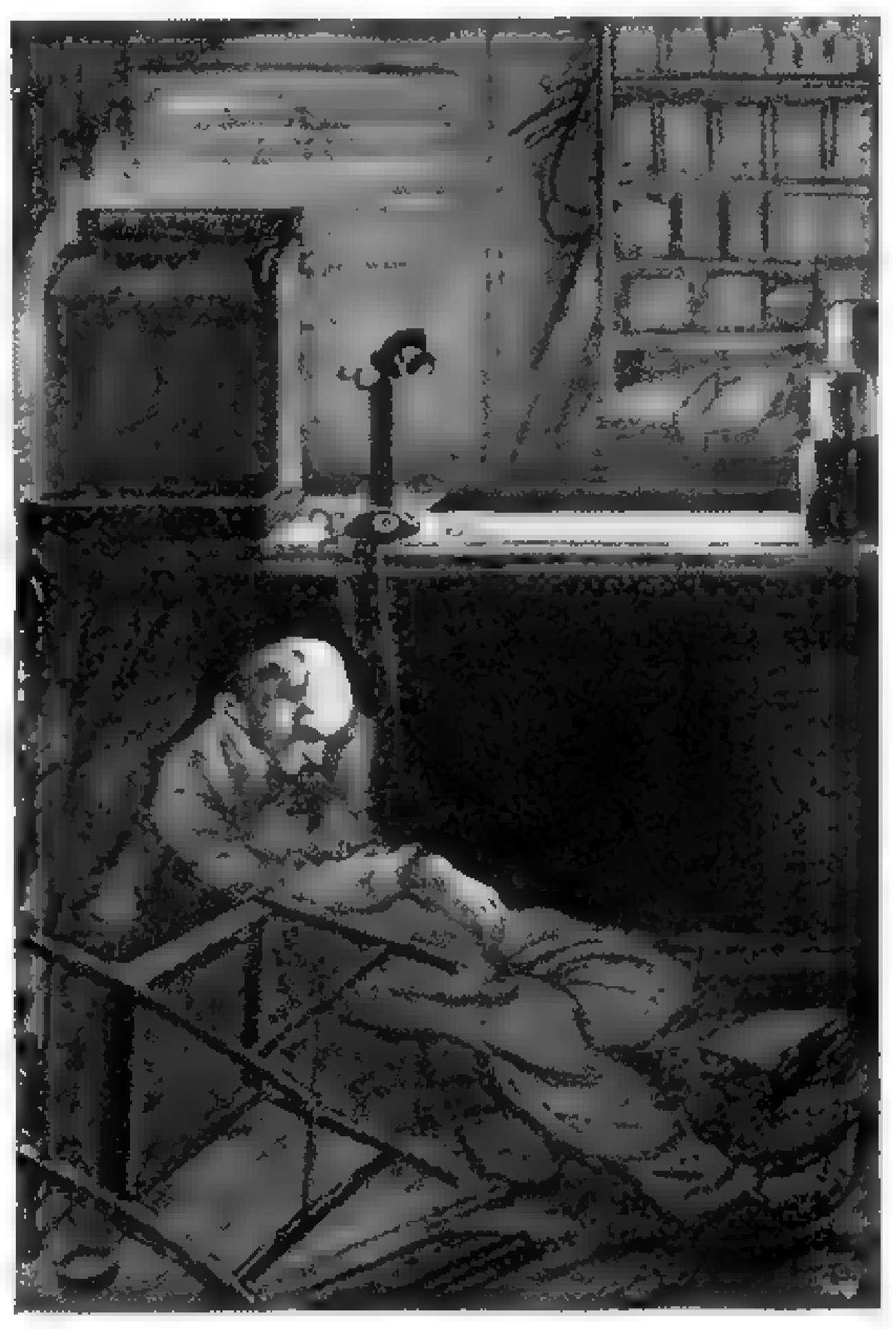
"I think I'll grab one drink," said Joe. "I got a bottle in here somewhere."

"Skip it," said Red. "We're leavin' here in a little while. Booze lets you down at the wrong time, see."

"Sure," said Joe. "How—" He couldn't keep from asking. "How many minutes, Red?"

"Five or ten minutes."

"Okay, Red. Okay. Fine," said Joe. "Okay, Red. I got this gun here. That's all I need. Nothin' to it, huh, Red? I hope nobody don't get in my way, that's all I hope. I'll blow his head off for him. Five hundred bucks is a lot of money. Boy, I'm gonna buy everything with that. The chair don't scare me none.



"Let 'em put that in their pipe and smoke it, huh, Red? We'll just scare the pants off this guy there in the store and grab that dough and scram and they'll never ketch up with us in a million years, ain't that right, Red? We'll—"

"Shut that goddam trap, will you!"

"I was just talkin', Red. I was ony talkin'. That's all. That's all I was doin', Red. Honest."

"Yeah. I know. You gettin' them yeller guts again."

"No, Red!" His stomach was screaming inside. In a minute his throat would scream if he didn't do something. "No, I'm fine, Red. I'm okay."

Red looked at his watch again. "Come on," he said.

"All I gotta do," said Goofy, rehearsing with himself, "is to make this noise in my mouth if anybody comes. I'm harmless. Somebody said so."

"You all set?" said Red to Joe.

"Cripes!" Joe cried, turning white. "Suppose that cop plugs us? I don't wanna get killed. Cripes, Red!"

"Look," said Red. His voice was soft and pleasant now. "There's nothin' to it, Joe. We'll just take a walk over to that store like we been doin' every night and walk in just as easy and tell this guy to hand over the dough and then beat it, see. You don't see me a-scared, do you? You don't see Goofy, here, a-scared, do you?"

"No, Red. It's my stomach, it does it on me."

"You're all right," Red patted him on the shoulder.

"Sure. S-sure."

"Come on, then."

Joe glanced back at the picture of Lincoln. The picture didn't say anything.

"Okay," he said. "Just don't let nobody get in my way, that's all. I got a gun here, ain't I? If somebody goes to stop me it's gonna be too bad. I'll blow his goddam head off."

"Well, come on," said Red. "Let's go." ⌗

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The Football Story

Continued from page 90

within him. The thought of leaving those hallowed halls brought mental tears, though his eyes were dry. Then the realization would surge over him that next year would find him at Yale, and leave him in mental ecstasy. Would anyone think that fate was about to deal this fine young man a dreadful blow?"

Listen, Fred, don't blame fate. You did all the dealing. And with a stacked deck, too.

"But such was the case. There was a knock at the door. It seemed to jerk Weston back to the present from both the past and the future."

At any rate, Fred had fate deal me a bobtail flush in the form of a letter from a friend of mine at home. This letter told me of my "poor old mother's plight." So I sat there waiting for Fred to figure a way out of this difficulty, which, presently, he did. It seems I had received several offers from different colleges of cold cash to enter their respective institutions.

"As nearly as Jack could figure it, his mother would need at least two thousand dollars. And the best offer he had received was for fifteen hundred, which was very flattering but not adequate. There was another offer of one thousand. If he could only accept both of these! He *must* help his mother. To Jack she was more important than God, his country, or Yale.

"He looked at the two letters idly. What was this? Coach Snodgrass of Wantoona U. who had offered the one thousand dollars, had included in his letter the football schedule for the next fall. And, Jack noted, they played all their games on Friday evenings, under floodlights. Weston quickly turned to the other letter. It was from Spagoda Tech. Their schedule was also included, and they played all their games on the traditional Saturday afternoons. The solution to his problem was at once evident to Jack. (Just a quick thinker, that's me.) He would accept both offers. Could a man do less for his mother?"

Could Fred do more for me? It seems he could. He gave me phony names, phony records, (those good marks I got in prep school all went for nothing) and enrolled me in both Wantoona U. and Spagoda Tech. He situated these colleges in the Middle West, about thirty miles apart. There were, of course, a number of difficulties, and the whole story seemed like a figurative steeplechase with Fred, Jack Weston up, taking the jumps in stride. Or maybe it was Jack Weston, Fred up. Anyway, Fred was the brains, which, I guess, is reiteration.

But let me tell you, in Fred's words, the events leading up to the travesty.

"Jack was duly matriculated at both colleges. Being a football player he never had to go to classes, and he split his afternoons between the two institutions. He practiced with Spagoda on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; with Wantoona on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Every Friday night he would play with Wantoona in their scheduled game and on Saturday with Spagoda. For Spagoda he used the name Dick Whipple, and for Wantoona, Tom Stubble.

"As the season wore on, the football world was, each succeeding week, set on fire by these two great quarterbacks, Whipple and Stubble, who were leading their respective teams to decisive victories. Controversy raged throughout the country as to which was the better. Committees which had been chosen to choose the All-American team were hoping that one of these two stars would show some weakness and make their task easier.

"But neither man weakened, and week after week Wantoona and Spagoda triumphed, due solely to the physical and mental genius of Stubble and Whipple."

Well, you can see what was going to happen. The game was scheduled, the receipts to go to charity. A new stadium was built to accommodate the vast throng who would storm the gates. Scalpers would be getting as high as forty dollars a ticket for the fifty-yard line. All stuff like that.

"It was New Year's Eve. Jack Weston, alias Dick Whipple, alias Tom Stubble, was in a quandary."

Well, Fred wasn't in any big, blue limousine himself. He'd put me on the spot and couldn't get me off except by the wastebasket route. It wasn't without a struggle, though, I'll say that for him. He thought and thought, but couldn't figure out a logical conclusion. And so there I was on the eve of the big game, forsaken.

It would have been very easy just to forget the whole thing. But I couldn't. Think of those thousands of people waiting to see me. I couldn't disappoint them. And anyway, I wanted to go on living and being a hero. "God damn it," I thought, "I will, Fred or no Fred."

So, having decided to continue on my own hook, what was I to do? Well, whatever it was it had to be done quickly for tomorrow was the big game.

"The first thing to do," I said to myself, "is to see what the other 'characters' in the story think about continuing without Fred, and find out if they have any ideas."

I found my mother back on the third page, so I said, "Hello, Mom, what do you think of Fred dumping us all into the wastebasket?"

"Who, me?" said Mom. "Why, I think it's fine. It's the only *good* idea Fred ever had. I was getting pretty well fed up with his having me slave away my life, taking in washing and being a martyr so a big, healthy good-for-nothing like you could waste your time being upright and square and playing football. When I think back—"

Her voice trailed off, and so did I, in search of Old Skrunck. After the way my mother talked I didn't expect much help from Skrunck.

Fred had painted him pretty mean. But I decided to try him anyway.

I found him on page six.

"Mr. Skrunck," I said, hopefully, "what do you think of Fred dumping us all in the wastebasket?"

"Oh, Hello, Jack," he replied, dreamily. "Isn't it lovely here? I'm so glad Frederick gave up. Goodness knows I didn't like being mean. I like peace, and quiet, and good-will, and happiness. Can you imagine a man of my temperament putting penniless widows out in the street! Ugh! Now, be a good boy and go away. I'm going to sleep."

And to sleep he went, leaving me alone with my problem.

Well, let's see. There were Whipple and Stubble. I could count on their co-operation. But that still left just one of us. Brandt Bilkes. He was left. I found him on the first page.

I said, "Hello Brandt, old pal, how do you like being thrown in the wastebasket?"

"Oh, it's you again," he said, with a sneer. "I thought I had gotten rid of you. You and your high and mighty airs. Pal, eh! Thought you were pretty smart throwing me for losses all over the football field, didn't you? And now that you've been thrown for a loss yourself, you can't take it. Too bad you can't go on playing hero. As for me, I've had enough. I'm glad it's all over. And I'm glad you've been reduced to scrap paper, too. Well, so long, Hero, see you in the trash heap."

Trash heap, eh! Not if I knew it. Maybe if I went a little farther afield than my own story. I took a look around the basket. Here was some stuff. *Can a Man Have a Family and Also a Career?* No, that wouldn't help any. *Fun in the Himalayas.* No good, either. *Nudism at a Glance.* Not yet. What was this? *John Masters: Pioneer.* That sounded better, so I read what followed.

"John Masters, one hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle, crouched behind a big oak, his alert brain quickly analyzing the situation."

That sounded vaguely familiar. I read on.

"Though he could not hear a sound he knew that Indians, treacherous Iroquois, were closing in on him. He hesitated only an instant."

And there it ended. I guess Fred gave up right at the beginning on that one. Well, that was all right with me. And maybe John Masters could help me with my problem.

He seemed like a fellow with the right angle. Say, why couldn't he play on one of those teams for me tomorrow? He certainly answered my description. It was an idea anyway.

I took a chance and spoke to him.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Masters," I said, "but if you can leave those Indians a moment, I'd like to make your acquaintance."

"Just call me John," he said. "I'm glad you come along. I been crouching behind this here oak, where Fred left me, long enough. The Indians is tired, too. So if you'll tell me your moniker and what's on your mind, I reckon we can git acquainted."

"My name's Jack, Jack Weston," I replied, "and I'd like to know what you think of being thrown in the wastebasket?"

"Well, I don't mind saying, in fact I even like saying, that I don't think a hell of a lot of it. But look here, who are you? I mean besides being Jack Weston? You seem to have me pretty well labeled, but I don't seem to recall you, that I remember."

"That's because I came after your time," I replied. "I read your story, what there was of it. That's why I know you. And I think you can help me."

So I told him my story.

"Well," he said, when I had finished, "it's all mighty in-t'restin', I reckon, to anyone who could understand it. As for me, I'll just have to take your word for it that you're in a predicament. All the same, it seems to me that to be surrounded by Indians is a hell of a lot worse than to be in one of them quandaries you was speakin' of. Nevertheless, you seem like a honest gent and, leastways, more fun than crouching here, so I'll go along with you and maybe we can git you out of this here mess. But don't think I'm goin' to understand that game you were talking about. It seems kinda silly and complicated to a Indian fighter."

"Now listen," I said, "don't despair. You can learn football. After all, you have one hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle, and an alert brain. That's all I had to start with and I became the greatest player in the country. You certainly haven't done so much Indian fighting that you can't turn to something else. As a matter of fact, you've really done nothing but crouch. So get up and stretch, and I'll tell you what you're to do tomorrow. Why, man alive, don't you realize I'm giving you a chance for life!"

"I reckon you're right," he said, giving in, "and it's in your hands, Pard. Here's my hand on it."

I grasped his hand eagerly, and was pleased to note that the same look of determination lighted both our eyes.

"Now," I said, "we must go into a huddle and figure this thing out. The first thing to do is to change your name. You are now Dick Whipple, football star of Spagoda Tech. You must try and

Continued at top of page 134

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The Football Story

Continued from pages 90-132

forget that you were ever anyone else. And so, Dick, here is the plan I have worked out."

I really hadn't worked it out very well, but I knew I had to keep him interested in my problem and confident in me.

"First," I began, "we'll have a rainy day tomorrow. This is easy to do in fiction. Just write it in. That will make it possible for us to get ourselves so muddy before we start that neither the spectators nor the players can tell us apart."

"But look here, Jack," interrupted John, "I should think that the first thing to do would be to give me a better idear about this here game, tomorrow. What kind of weapons do we use?"

I suppose the task of explaining twentieth century football to an eighteenth century Indian fighter and making it seem important, would daunt a less dauntless fellow. But am I not Jack Weston? I am! So I started to explain just what would happen on the morrow.

I told him only those things essential to his part in the play. His job would be to play defensive quarterback, or safety man, as he is called, for both teams. At this position he wouldn't have to know any signals. His main job would be to catch punts. I, of course, would make this easy for him by kicking right into his hands. Thus he would have nothing to do except play about forty yards back of whichever team was on the defensive. Whenever I kicked to him he was to catch the ball and run as far as he could in a straight line towards me. I, myself, would play offensive quarterback for both teams, changing sides with the ball.

I was certainly thankful that John had an alert brain. With anyone less smart I would have had an impossible task. Even as it was, it took considerable time and patience to explain his duties to him, simple as they might seem to you and me. There were a few details like when to change goals and what to do between periods. You can imagine for yourself my difficulties. If I were Fred I could put all this down so much more clearly. Anyway, it's just fiction so let tomorrow come.

Day dawned! Night faded into day! Say it anyway you like. At any rate, it was the next day. The day of the big game.

I went over John's duties with him once more. Then I set about completing some preparations which did not concern him. I started the rain, wrote some headlines for the papers (*Whipple or Stubble—Which?—Never before in the history of football—All-American post at stake—*), and, finally, filled the stands to overflowing with wet fans who could not be kept away even by rain. I stopped the rain about two o'clock, giving the fans a break, and had the opening whistle blown at two-thirty.

Everything went fine during the first half. I made three touchdowns for each team, amid thunderous applause. What a game I played! And what a game John played. Of course, he didn't have to do anything but catch punts and run them back a few yards, but he did this so well no one even suspected what was going on.

Along about midway in the third quarter I decided it was time for another touchdown. I started out wide around the end for one of my spectacular runs. Just as I had got clear, bango! I went down with a thud and there was John hugging my knees. I hadn't told him anything about tackling. He certainly caught on quickly. And was he enjoying himself!

Thereafter, I couldn't seem to go anywhere without that dumb cluck of an Indian fighter barging into me. Here the game was, all tied up, 21 to 21, and if he kept up getting in my way that's how it would end. If I was going to be a hero I'd have to make another score. It didn't matter for which side.

The last quarter started. I used all the deceptive plays in the bag. But, no go. John didn't even know I was trying to deceive him.

The game dragged on. I was becoming more and more discouraged. And tired. With less than a minute to play I punted on fourth down. With a terrifying war-whoop John caught the ball. He was entering into the spirit of the thing a little too well. He knocked off about five would-be tacklers and romped right over the rest of them, leaving a clear field, except for me, to the goal. And could that boy war-whoop! No wonder Indians scared the early settlers to death.

I set myself for the tackle. John never swerved from his path. He hit me and rode over me like an avalanche.

From my position on the ground I saw him cross the goal line as the final gun sounded. I just lay there, watching him being carried off the field, a hero. I guess I should have quit when Fred did. #

The Hero of Sussemilken

Continued from page 87

"In Sussemilken they beat the peasant Schuetz to death."

"You mean the S-A men?"

The boy did not answer and got up. He walked a few paces. His face came fully into the sun. He kicked a stone along, looking at the ground.

"Tell me, do you want to take something to your uncle?"

"Of course."

"And you'll give it only to your uncle and to no one else?"

The boy looked searchingly into the peasant's face. Both had blue eyes. One's held all the burden of the peasant, troubled and somewhat cunning; the other like the morning dew, yet already with a glint of stubbornness and foreboding.

"Is my uncle waiting for the things?"

"Yes, they are more important to him than bread."

"And if the S-A catches me with them, they'll kill me, won't they?"

"Well, it's not as bad as that."

"Then why can't anyone find out about it?"

"Because it concerns only your uncle."

"I'm not afraid of them killing me. When I'm bigger . . ."

"Will you tell your teacher anything?"

"No, he's a Nazi."

"And you haven't ever seen me?"

"No, I've never seen you."

"You've never drunk water from this well?"

"No, I haven't. It's good water."

"You'll never be a Nazi then?"

"The Nazis beat Schuetz and my father . . ."

"Do you go to church?"

"Yes, in church we pray against Hitler. 'Holy are the days of struggle against Satan,' the preacher says, and we know whom he means."

After these words the peasant took the boy into the kitchen. The kitchen was empty. On the hearth, a big pot of potatoes was cooking.

The peasant took a black-bread in his hand, cut off a slice and smeared it with butter.

"Do you want some onions on it?"

"No, without them."

He folded the slice over and wrapped it in newspaper. Then he reached into his rear pocket and drew out a little package.

"Here it is. Are you going through Mittenwalde?"

"No, I'll go straight through the woods."

"Good-bye, then, Friedrich."

They shook hands firmly. Again they looked at each other, longer this time. Strange, the boy laughed suddenly, very loudly, and the old man had to laugh too.

High above him, the wind hung in the trees. The well-worn road was very straight. Often, in the evening or the morning, when the mist comes, white women stand in the grassy clearings, and when they are happy, they dance. A few hundred yards in front of him was the stump of a tree. But as he came closer he saw that it was a badger. The badger scrambled into the woods.

. . . The man had a handsome dog. Dogs are much more beautiful than men. I should like to have two dogs, a black one like that who could have pups with Nelly. Yes . . . but the man didn't let me finish talking. When I'm bigger, I said, and then he interrupted me. Well, when I'm bigger I'll get the Nazi, Kaczminsky. What a pig he is! . . .

So the boy daydreamed for a while. Suddenly he stood still, crouching slightly.

A group of bicycle riders in brown and black uniforms came toward him. Soon he could recognize them clearly. Now the boy made the first great mistake of his life. Instead of walking calmly on, he sprang with a few quick jumps into the woods. As the tall grass of the ditch tangled with his legs and hindered him, he saw his mistake. In their high boots they would soon catch him. He turned around.

They followed him, three brown and two black uniforms.

Now he ran, in one hand, the bread and butter, in the other, the package.

The wind grew stronger. Leaves fell from the trees. If it were only spring, then you could run faster. To confuse the men, he ran zigzag. Soon the blood began to throb in his head. His head seemed to be getting thicker and heavier. No, even if they break my fingers one by one, I haven't drunk at the well and I haven't seen the dog. I won't tell them anything. . . .

His heart was pounding much too high, as if it were beating in his throat. Now he stumbled in a hollow, filled with dried beech leaves. The ground was slippery. He slipped and struggled up again. He remembered the story about the wolves that had followed a sled. The passengers threw a blanket from them every now and then, to get a lead while the wolves tore at the blanket. So the boy threw away his bread. But he did not turn around.

The smooth trunks of the beech-trees were moist and silver-grey. And rings of sunlight danced in the air. Then, as the boy leaped over a stone, a shot cracked; the men were tired of running. He collapsed a step behind the stone. His face had a twisted, but also wondering expression. Autumn lay upon him.

The men found the body a few seconds later. One of them took the bloody package from the small hand, unwrapped it and said:

"Aha."

Now blood ran into the hollow of the hand and when it was filled, the blood dripped into the sharply fragrant soil of the forest.

When the boy was buried, three villages mourned. The blacksmith walked behind the coffin with his hammer on his shoulder, and the peasants carried scythes. Nowhere in the neighborhood was a brown uniform to be seen.

The next night, the bitch Nelly howled, a powerful wolf-cry that was answered by the other dogs. #

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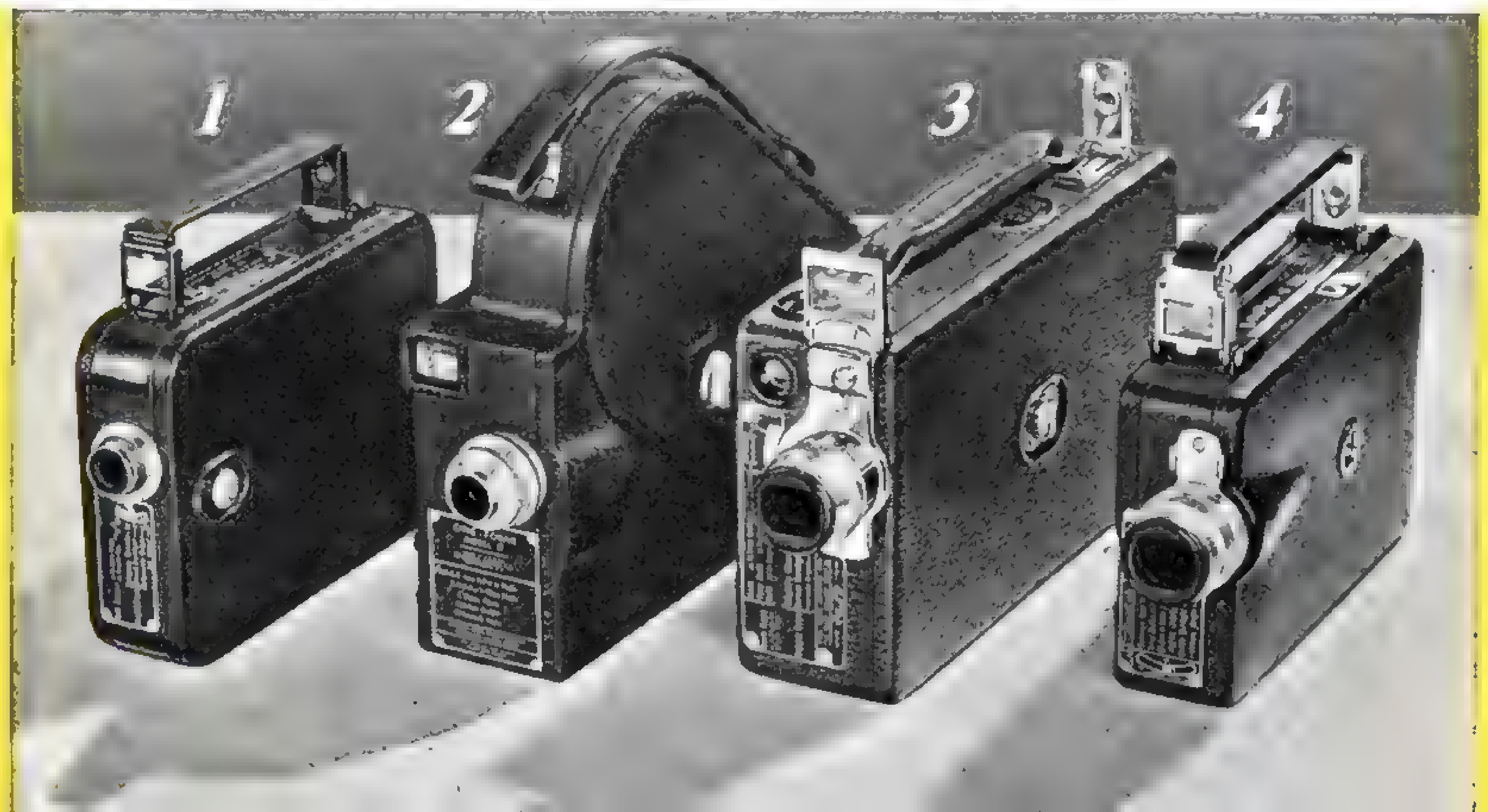

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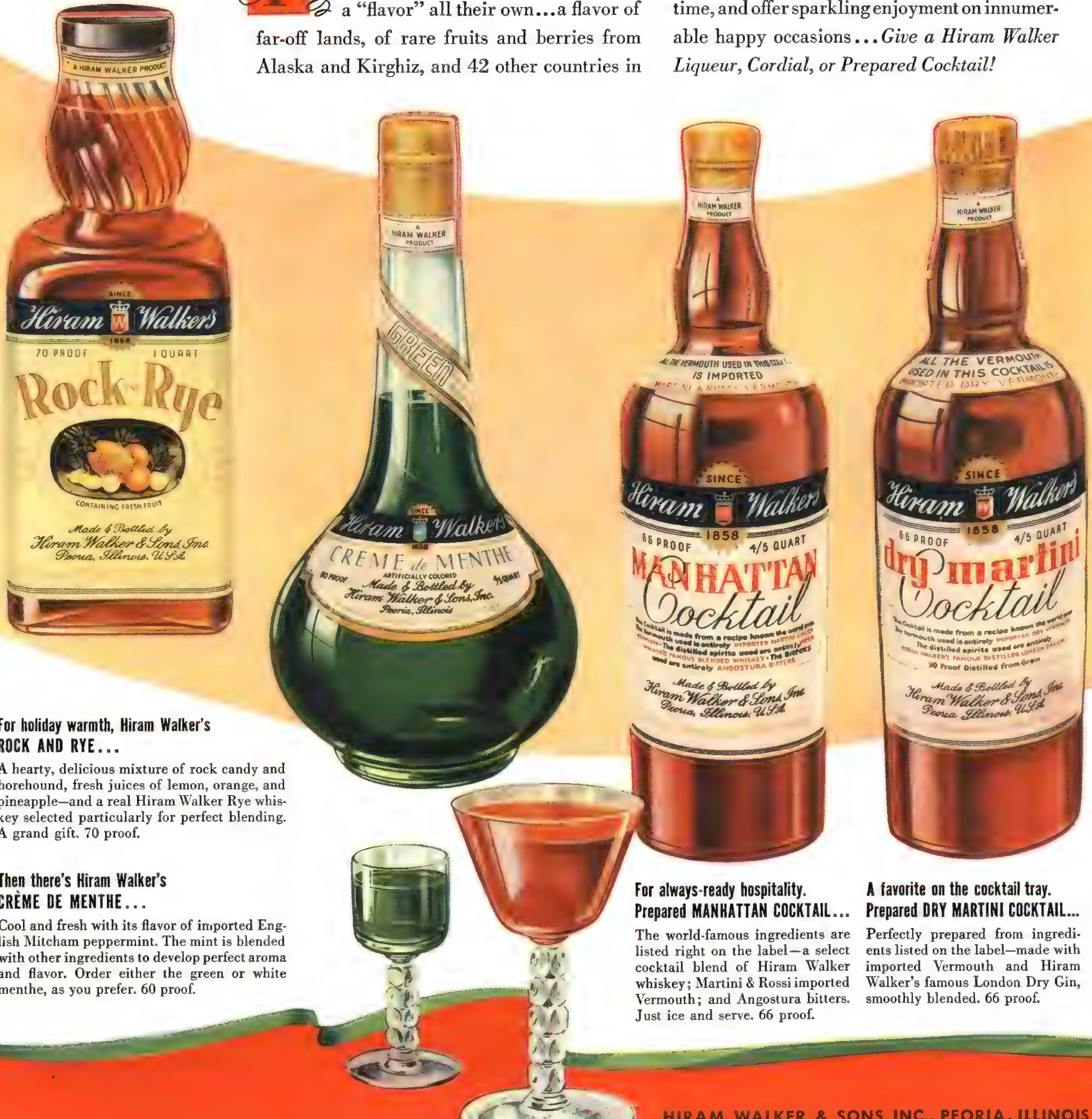
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ARTIFICIALLY COLORED
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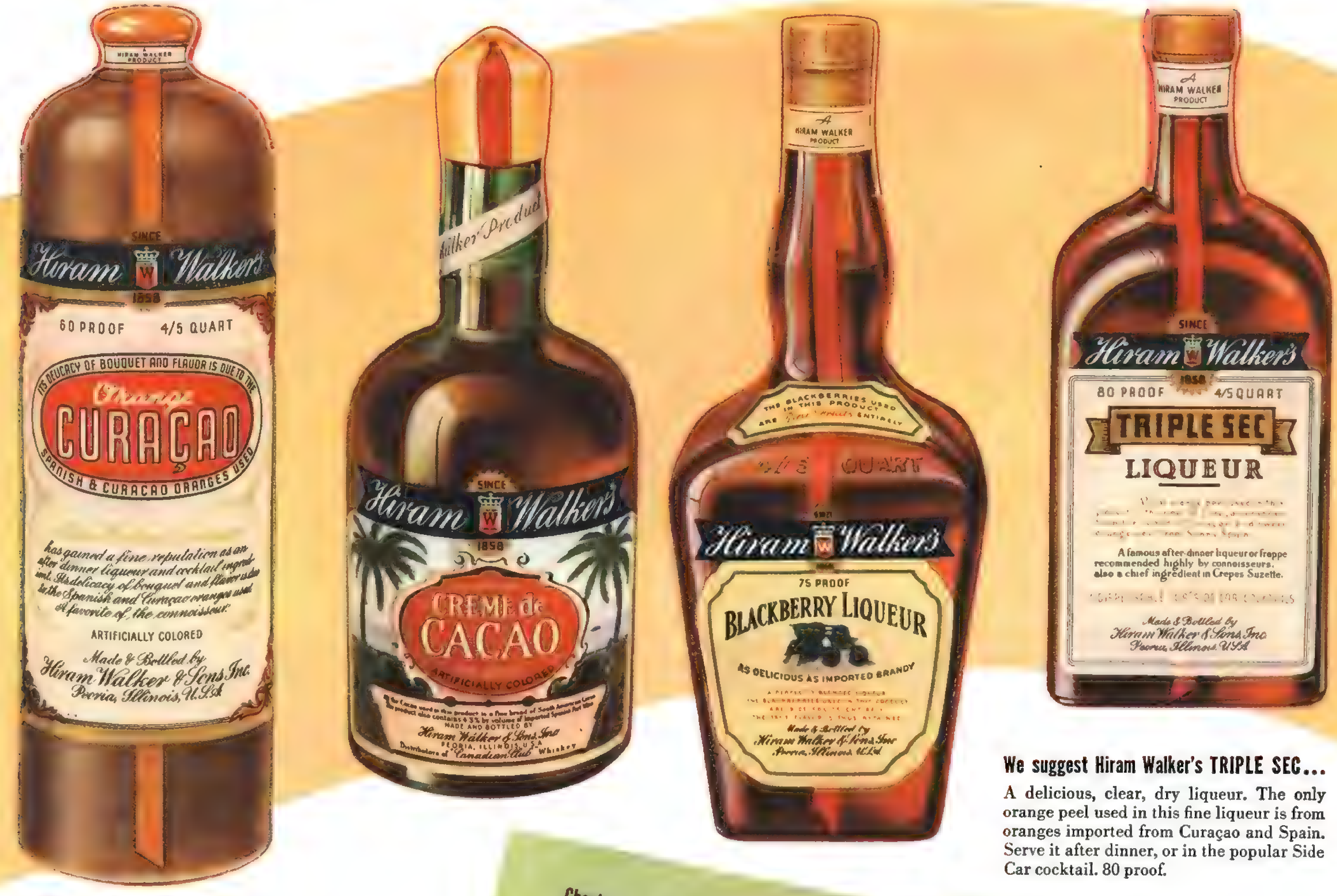
Cordial or Prepared Cocktail


HIRAM WALKER PRODUCT
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60 PROOF 4/5 QUART
ITS DELICACY OF BOUQUET AND FLAVOR IS DUE TO THE SPANISH & CURACAO ORANGES USED
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ARTIFICIALLY COLORED
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Walker Product
SINCE Hiram Walker's 1858
CREME de CACAO
ARTIFICIALLY COLORED
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.
A HIRAM WALKER PRODUCT
4/5 QUART
Hiram Walker's
75 PROOF
BLACKBERRY LIQUEUR
AS DELICIOUS AS IMPORTED BRANDY
Made & Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
A HIRAM WALKER PRODUCT
SINCE Hiram Walker's 1858
80 PROOF 4/5 QUART
TRIPLE SEC
LIQUEUR
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A rare cordial, with the rich, full flavor of the peel of oranges from Spain and Curaçao. Delicious for after-dinner, with its light, sparkling, real orange tang. 60 proof.

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Cordials	*Hiram Walker's* Anisette	60 proof.
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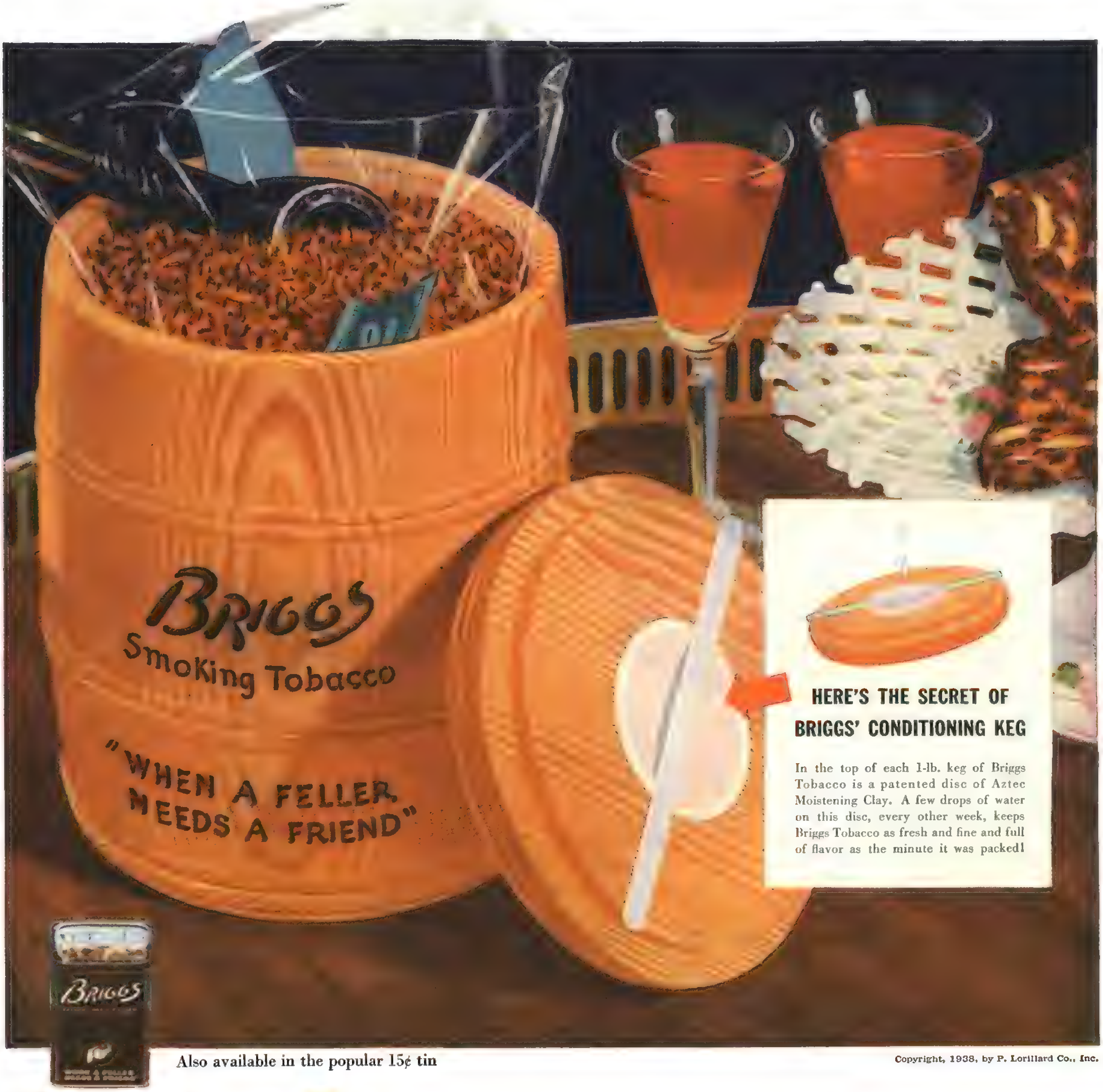
And *then*, you'll see your "pipe man" chuckle with delight, as he inspects the gift-keg Briggs is packed in. This keg contains a cunning gadget, which keeps its contents always factory fresh. And Briggs Tobacco at its best, your "pipe man" will assure you, is the *very* best that any fine tobacco ever was! $1.65 for a full 1-lb. Conditioning Keg of Briggs Tobacco . . . and *what* a gift!



HERE'S THE SECRET OF BRIGGS' CONDITIONING KEG

In the top of each 1-lb. keg of Briggs Tobacco is a patented disc of Aztec Moistening Clay. A few drops of water on this disc, every other week, keeps Briggs Tobacco as fresh and fine and full of flavor as the minute it was packed!

Also available in the popular 15¢ tin

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BRIGGS... CASK MELLOWED... EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

The Candid Cameraman

Boy Meets Girl offers wistful proof all Hollywood can safely satirize is itself

by PATTERSON MURPHY

▪ MOVIES ▪

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

THE story departments of film studios synopsize every novel published, every play produced; they offer grand inducements to Pulitzer Prize winners, they each employ under contract from ten to a hundred writers, any one of whom may name his own terms if successful in turning out a money-making picture or two. Yet the negligible quality of most of the dramatic entertainment issuing from Hollywood is only too evident. The harried producers of these many stinkers, in unguarded moments of candor, are willing to admit the melancholy charge; conflict and controversy are the sturdiest of dramatic themes, yet ruination is the result of offending seriously either church or state, capital or labor, foreign governments, political parties, fraternal lodges, militant minorities. Pictures are thus reduced to playing wearily upon the *soi-disant* theme of love; but here, too, there is interference in the form of censorship: love with no belly in it is like trying to play pingpong with yourself. With such sums of money as are involved, the formula reduces itself to comedy, on the one hand, and sticky sentiment—boy meets girl.

The Spewacks, with more than enough experience in dishing up this pap for the silver screen, turned the idea to their own use in the successful Broadway satire, *Boy Meets Girl*, of a couple of seasons ago. With a keen eye for the comic infections of a gigantic industry which only yesterday was a peepshow, they wittily expounded the theory of comedy and sentiment, centered their formula around a couple of daffy scenarists; it amused because it was screwball playwriting and not because it made show business as silly as it sometimes is. Given the Spewacks' facility, a couple of puddlers could no doubt concoct as screwy a burlesque on the steel industry.

True however to the daffy formula, Warners swapped this cockeyed comedy for $125,000, employed its authors to transcribe it for photographing, and issued it to bolster up a waning summer season, all this in wistful proof that the only safe thing for Hollywood to satirize is itself. As for the play, it comes through nicely enough—the two goofy writers who drive the producer nuts with their antics, the college bred producer with his pompous affectations, the dull-witted cowboy star, and Susie, the studio waitress whose unborn babe becomes a featured player with a contract. The lenses go to work, the actors bark their lines, the situations dovetail as they should even in comic dramas, and there is a motion picture. But somehow you feel as though the gigantic industry that only yesterday was a peepshow emerges from the harlequinade with a subtle advantage. Whilst Hollywood is braving this burlesque, and perfectly aware of it, the Spewacks are braving the dreadful eye of the camera; if the camera shows up the lines on an actor's face, exaggerates and bloats his countenance, coarsens his figure, so too it reveals the shoddy in a stage play, arrests its weaknesses and photographs them indelibly.

As for the players, the droll Miss Marie Wilson, she of the pale face and large starry eyes and puppy-like cocking of the head, is happily cast in her first full-length role; I dislike to think of this picture without her contribution to its pensive humor. Pat O'Brien doesn't know how to be funny and never did—his appreciable talents lie in another direction. I, personally, found Jim Cagney, one of the finest character actors of our day, vitiating his superb abilities in such buffooneries as he is here compelled to perform.

BLACK AND WHITE

The latest spectacle arranged by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the display of Miss Norma Shearer's acting talents is the life story of the last queen of France. Based but partly upon Stefan Zweig's romantic biography, it is but partly based on the life of Marie Antoinette herself. A couple of children become lost in the shuffle; the Hapsburg princess, who had been groomed from birth to marry the dimwitted French Dauphin, is girlishly astonished at the announcement of her forthcoming nuptials (see *Queen Victoria* by Laurence Housman).

Characters have been telescoped, events reduced or puffed up as cinematic dramaturgy demanded.

A not over-bright empress of a decadent aristocracy is here portrayed as a human being minus the weird political circumstances that made her so.

A history so full of intrigues and confusions must have presented desperate problems to its scenarists; it makes heroic gestures in its attempt to relate a Hollywood love story with the collapse of a great dynasty, and if you will remember how many times the American Revolution has been subordinated in plays to the personal problems of cute little heroines I think you will view this Hunt Stromberg version of *Marie Antoinette* with something like admiration.

Our film historians do faithfully portray her as the victim

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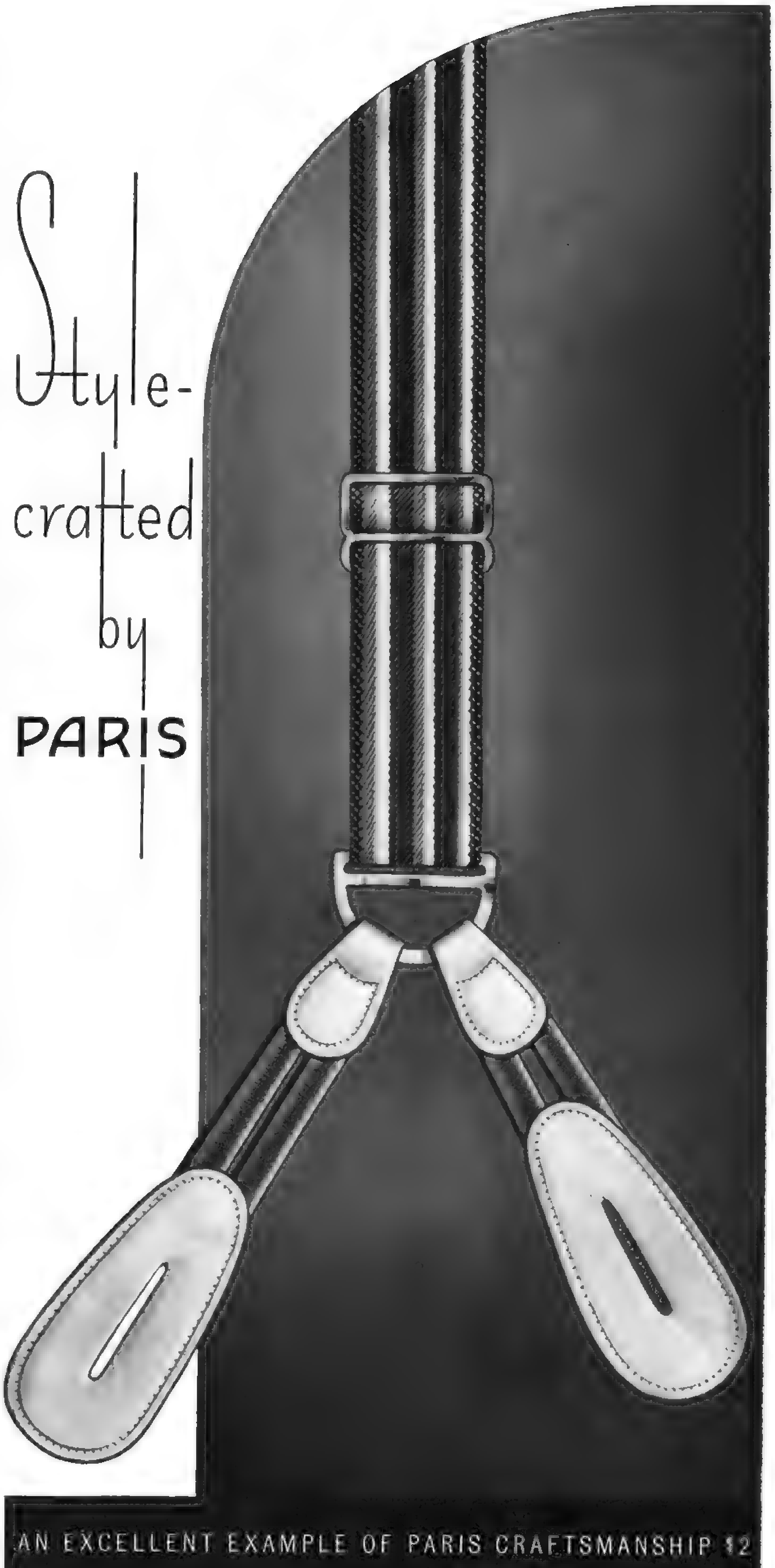
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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 139

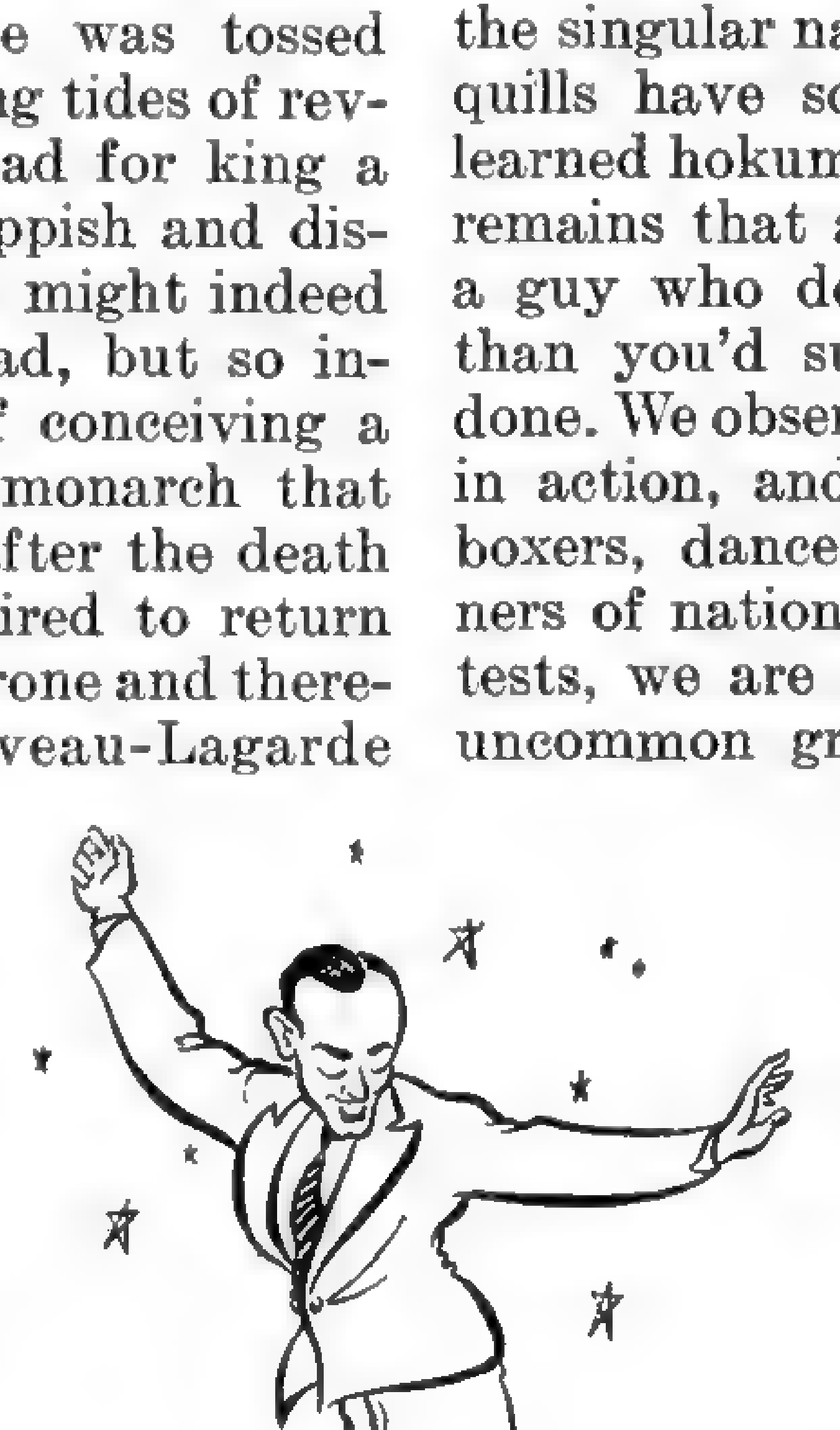
of a political alliance living a harried existence with an ineffectual nitwit; most of her biographers agree that her barren marriage and her humiliation at the hands of Madame Du Barry were excuse enough finally to drive her to mad amusements and shocking display, eventually to baldfaced intrigue with her native Austria, to the active despoliation of a nation's substance.

Here is the veneer of the portrait, the picture that has made Antoinette the darling of the historical gossips.

The fact, of course, is that the story of Marie Antoinette is one of inevitable hate between herself and the people. France was backward in changing from a feudal to an industrial economy. Colbert, Machiavellian finance minister of Louis Quatorze, had tied its industry into knots for the maintenance of a gala royalty; the revolution was the result of a century of intolerable restriction upon free trade.

The folk of France soon found in Marie Antoinette the symbol of their misery. They detested her and goaded her, erected every conceivable barrier to mutual understanding, opprobriously styled her *l'autrichienne*, hypocritically accused her of sterility when the Dauphin's impotence was self-confessed and common knowledge. Her whole life was one long pathetic contest with forces of malice and revolt beyond her comprehension; helplessly she was tossed about on the swelling tides of revolution. And she had for king a fool, for court a foppish and dissolute nobility. She might indeed have saved her head, but so incapable was she of conceiving a France without a monarch that for almost a year after the death of Louis she conspired to return her family to the throne and thereby afforded Chauveau-Lagarde the excuse for her indictment and prosecution as an active enemy of the Republic. She had literally been born to die upon the guillotine.

Here was a magnificent and dramatic tale of circumstance and fate. The authors of *Marie Antoinette* have naturally preferred to emulate the romantic biographers. Not once during the picture is the crooning fury of the populace given tongue. The mob makes its appearance as a bunch of movie extras, the *deus ex machina* thoughtfully provided by history to explain the fall of the Capets.



If this, however, were less than an admirable picture, it would be foolish to quarrel with its conception. If you like movies for themselves you cannot help being struck with the excellences of its narrative and execution. The queen has been whitewashed but palely, Count Fersen, the lover, exaggerated only as demand required. I have heard indignant gossip to the effect that the setting of the Palace of Versailles was made a few feet longer than its original, as though this were pretty devastating proof that Hollywood suffers from delusions of grandeur; it could have been made twenty feet larger for all of me. The settings, costumes, and general décor are nothing less than superb; the direction and acting splendidly keyed to the subject, the handling of many-peopled scenes artful and, except for the unfortunate defect of an unmotivated revolution, convincing. Crowds no longer bellow and create vast turbulences as once they did in the noisy De Mille classics of yesteryear. Millions of dollars are spent in the best possible taste if one considers that its milieu is the wanton luxury of a degenerate leisure class. Keeping in mind the limitations set upon historical subjects dramatized in blacks and whites for the entertainment of the masses, I should advise you very strongly, if you have not already done so, to see this superb example of current movie making.

A BIT OF ASTAIRE

Scribblers, from Homer on down, have endlessly speculated upon the singular nature of genius. The quills have scratched out much learned hokum, but the consensus remains that a genius is a freak, a guy who does his stuff better than you'd suppose it could be done. We observe these champions in action, and whether they are boxers, dancers, artists, or winners of national typewriting contests, we are enchanted by their uncommon grace and poetry of movement. In the perfection of their styles they are identical—Tilden and Charlie Chaplin, Babe Ruth and Fred Astaire.

Instinct of timing, whatever you care to call it, is developed to a unique degree. They step to the plate, or into the ring, or before the camera, and make us feel that it's a nice thing to belong to the same general biological species.

Astaire, these many years, has entranced us with his particular quality of genius, a more closely-matched harmony of flesh and rhythm than any other our generation has produced. To complement this excellence he possesses a pleasant singing voice, an ingratiating personality, and as much

Continued on page 142

For a Gentleman's Christmas...Gifts by Hickok are an inspired choice...

❶

His own initials smartly styled on this Alligator Grip tie chain and collar bar set. Finished in lustrous golden tones... attractively packaged. The set . $2

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Other sets . . . $2 to $50

❸

This season's newest and smartest gift... the Hickok Koinife ... silver dollar size ... wafer thin ... blade and file of finest steel. As illustrated . . $10
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Antique square cuff links created in popular moonstone hues. Settings in lustrous golden tones . . . Hickok Airline construction with patented non-lose guard. In a finely crafted jewel box . . $2.50

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Hickok presents the complete jewelry accessories for correct formal wear... smoked Pearl for Tuxedo and white Mother-of-Pearl for full dress. The set complete with key chain in a regal jewel case $10. Other Hickok dress sets to . . $75

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First quality shaver to sell under $10.00! Has new Diamond Brand shaving-head, self-starting AC motor, non-slip handgrip; no radio interference. Complete with handy Durahyde traveling case.

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Orders are pouring in so fast that, as this goes to press, production schedules have already been exceeded by more than 1000%. Our factory will run night and day to keep up with public demand . . . but you'll play safe by ordering now for your own use or for Christmas giving. General Shaver Corporation, Bridgeport, Connecticut—a division of Remington Rand Inc.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 139-140

acting ability as any musical drama should require. Since the impact of his unstarred cinema debut in *Flying Down to Rio* in 1933 Fred Astaire has appeared in eight pictures, all of them immensely enjoyable to the degree with which he has filled the frame with his incomparable dancing. More than once an audience has burst into spontaneous applause at the conclusion of some magnificently executed dance number, a tribute seldom accorded a celluloid star.

Like Chaplin, Ruth, and Tilden, however, Fred Astaire is no longer young. The impossibility of continuing to create, rehearse, and execute the innumerable complicated routines for each new picture was evident in his last few efforts, and in *Carefree*, the latest of these, this impossibility is all too apparent. The movie itself, the comedy of a psychiatrist who, John Alden fashion, tries to marry off a beautiful actress to his best friend, contains a reasonable share of amusing situations. But the dances are brief and, except for an impressive golf number, undistinguished.

Irving Berlin, who composes everything in the key of F Sharp, writes pleasing enough music to accompany the routines, himself perhaps a tired champion. Miss Ginger Rogers, as always, is skillful and wholly adequate to the tasks assigned her. Perhaps you should see *Carefree* if, as I do, you feel that a little bit of Astaire is better than none. There aren't so many geniuses, even tired ones, lying around loose these days.

OTHER FILMS

Four's a Crowd, a little thing with Errol Flynn, Patric Knowles, Olivia de Havilland and Rosalind Russell, a story that never happened about people who never existed, and even if it had and they did, so what? *I Am the Law*, with Edward G. Robinson, stopgap stuff about good old racket busting and not about Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. *Spawn of the North*, with George Raft and Dorothy Lamour, very nice bloodcurdling melodrama guaranteed not to tax the credulity of those eight-year-olds who are pretty well fed up on the horse operas. *My Lucky Star*, with Sonja Henie, a stinkerino if there ever was one, starring a lady whose grace and charm deserve infinitely better, there happily being no possibility of faring worse.

A SHOT IN THE LEG

I like movies and I'm a little worried. For the last year or so they've been, on the whole, fairly lousy.

This is a lay, not a critical, opinion. It's the Box Office that says so. It cannot be denied that a mighty good film does emerge from the film capital every so often—every so seldom perhaps I should say. Taken by and large, however, these happy events are too infrequent to sustain the reputation of the industry. Movies are a mild narcotic. One of the functions of pictures has been to drug the senses. The "movie-going habit" is a conventional trade phrase. Millions of patrons never glance at the billboards; they just go in and see what's playing. They loll in their seats and allow the effortless flickering of the photoplays to soothe away the ache and the ennui of the daily routine. The trouble is that the millions are no longer finding this anesthetic effective.

The drug isn't working any more. They hurt worse after they come out than before they went in. Somebody has been watering the dope. Lately they've been saying the hell with it; they're staying home and curling up on the sofa with a nice quiet session of Professor Quiz.

I like movies and I don't want to see them go to pot. I don't want to see them taken over by the bankers either; there is too much banking money in movies as it is. I don't want them taken over by the government—I've a feeling that a producer's relatives are a scratch above a politician's relatives. I don't want them taken over by the little Art Groups. I saw a play by a little Art Group once.

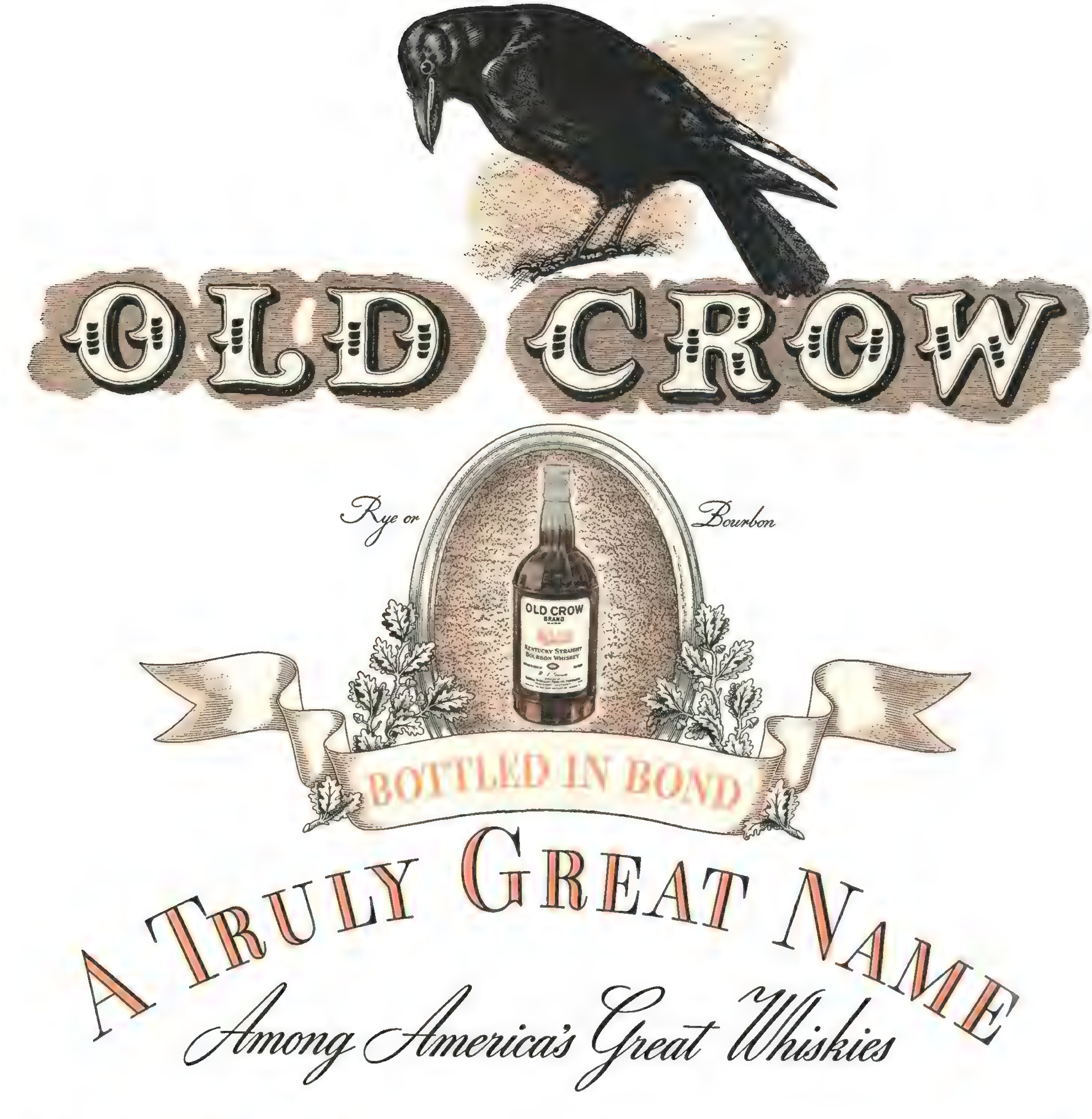
I'd rather they stayed right where they are, in Hollywood. But, believe me, a thousand movie quizzes giving away all the dough in the old sock won't take the place of a good movie at the box office; they can repeat in advertisement and billboard and marquee from now until Doomsday that "This is Motion Pictures' Greatest Year," or "Movies are Your Best Entertainment," but the folks'll stick to Charlie McCarthy and Jack Benny on the radio, sans sales talk, because they're good. It's becoming more difficult every day to sell the masses a pig in a poke.

Worried as I am over the ultimate fate of pictures, I've been racking my brain for a suggestion to bolster up the industry until it gets its wind again. I have reviewed in my mind every one of the potential instruments of entertainment possessed by picture manufacturers, and I am conceited enough to think that I've hit upon a solution.

They've got the best cameras, directors, story-smiths, players, designers, and artists that bottomless bank accounts can buy in the world. Brains are a dime a dozen in Hollywood. When brains begin to crumble it is high time to exploit brawn.

Recently a poll of distributors branded Garbo and Dietrich and a whole raft of female stars as poison at the box office, but no one, as far as I know, had sense enough to wonder why. My guess is that the patrons are sick of looking at their *faces*.

I suggest cheesecake. ⁂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FOR MEN...BY BOURJOIS

On the Record

Every student with ambition and a saxophone expects to lead a band

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

THE All-American football star is no longer the college hero. The new campus god is neither athletic nor virile. He pretends to esthetics, prefers a highball to a smashing game of squash. In case you matriculated in the twenties and haven't been back since, the idol of youth today is the top-ranking dance-band leader.

The glory of toting a pigskin eighty-five yards through an oozy field has given way to a more practical ambition: making money. While your college football star may earn big dough after graduation as a professional, his playing years are few, and after a short period of lucrative battling, he must dig in at some more prosaic, less glamorous means of livelihood.

At one time the thrill of eighty-five thousand voices shouting your name on a crisp November Saturday afternoon was enough. Not today. These years of economic instability and unrest, with curtailed allowances for college cut-ups have driven home the idea of making money—big money.

Becoming a band leader suggests itself at once. Not only does it pay well but it is fascinating and apparently simple. . . . You need know nothing of music . . . you may even have majored in animal husbandry, yet you get your name in Neon lights.

The only requirement—as every yokel knows—is the cash to hire top-flight musicians, a brilliant and inventive orchestrator . . . and a press agent to manufacture for you an animated personality. Of course, unless you're the son of a millionaire and have ample funds to start out with, the above is not so easy. But the lure of big money and Broadway beckons to every collegian who's had his hands on a saxophone, traps or piano.

Upwards of fifteen hundred academic groups throughout the United States now boast some fifty thousand optimistic young music makers. The majority are paying at least part of their way through school by tapping around in dance bands at fraternity, sorority and club parties. Almost all of them intend to enter the realm of clef-dwellers professionally . . . and dream of being band leaders within five years.

PENN
YALE
CALIFORNIA
OHIO

And why not? Dancing America's stream-lined maestri are all youngsters—most of them on the sunny side of thirty-five, and rich. If you can believe their press agents—*and I don't* . . . Benny Goodman, at twenty-nine, had an annual income of nearly a half-million dollars . . . Rudy Vallee at thirty-two was a millionaire . . . and Kay Kyser, at thirty-three, had signed a contract which insured him an income during the next four years, from radio alone, of nearly a million.

The Horatio Alger biographies which circulate faster than jitterbugs, make no mention of commissions, agent's cuts, publicity expense, traveling and "frontal" outlays. The gross is many times the net. But, no matter, dance-band leaders get their share and, as many of them got started through bands organized during undergraduate days, they return to their respective alma maters to play a prom or ball at one or two grand a night and leave a definite mark for their young imitators to shoot at. Their case histories set the pattern for our shekel-conscious youth.

* * *

Probably the most prolific of American colleges, in producing successful musical bellwethers, is the University of North Carolina. Not one—but five champion baton jugglers, as well as a couple of minor ones, hail the Chapel Hill institution as a filling station for their sprouting genius. North Carolina's sons include Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, Jan Garber, John Scott Trotter and Skinnay Ennis. Trotter and Ennis got their start as members of Kemp's band when it was first organized at the university in 1925.

Kemp's success story is based upon his collegiate background and his appeal to American students. His first taste of fame came while he was still in the North Carolina hills. His seven-piece band won a nation-wide college band contest sponsored by B. F. Keith of the vaudeville Keiths, with an award of a trip to Europe and a contract to play at the Piccadilly Hotel in London.

When Kemp graduated in 1926 and took his band with him into professional ranks, another young Tarheel, with no knowledge of music, but remarkable business ability and a natural flair for showmanship, decided he, too, would

Continued on page 146

BE HARD-BOILED ABOUT ELECTRIC SHAVERS

Put leading shavers to competitive test - let your face hand down the verdict

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USE THEM BEFORE YOU SPEND A DIME!

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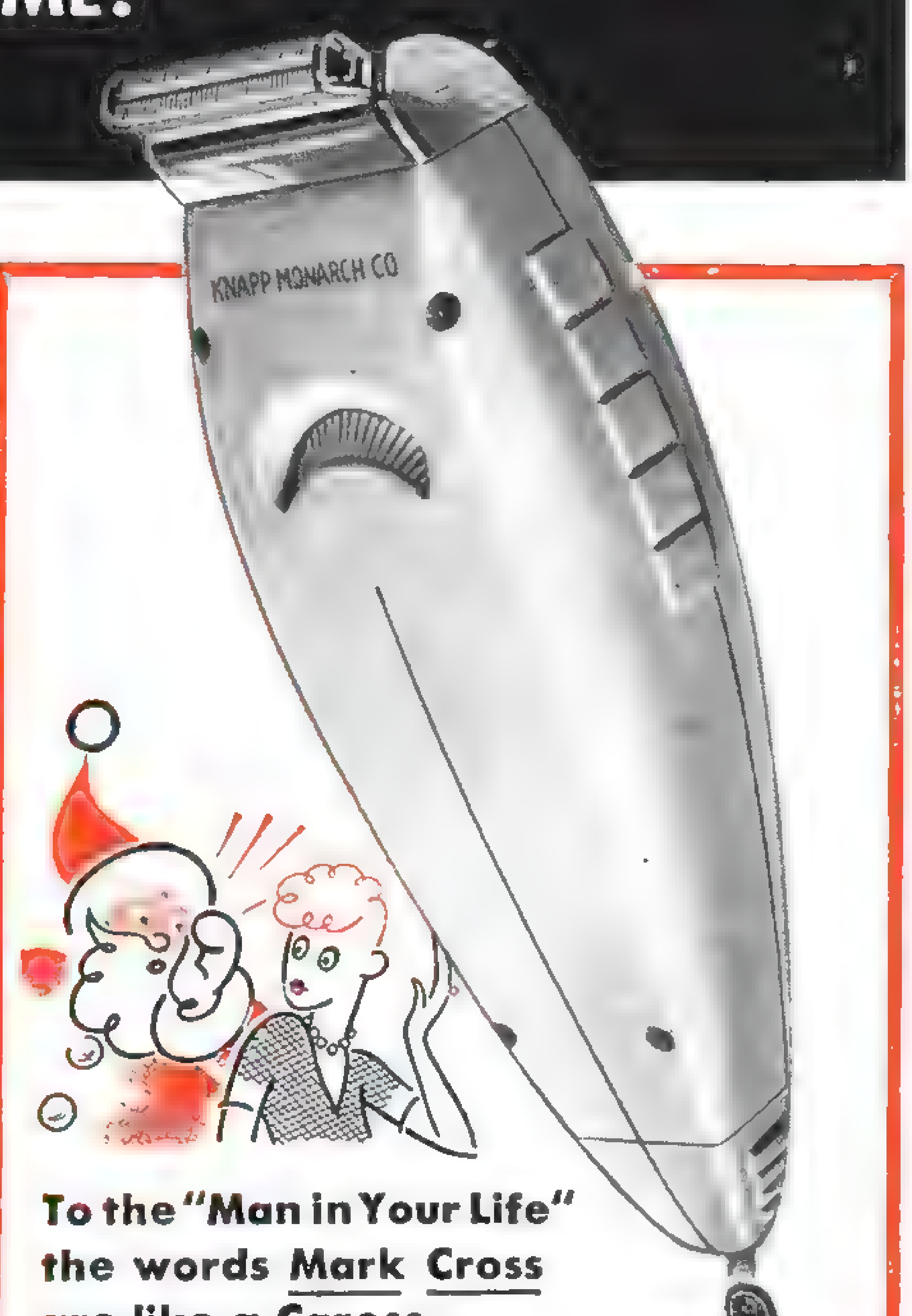

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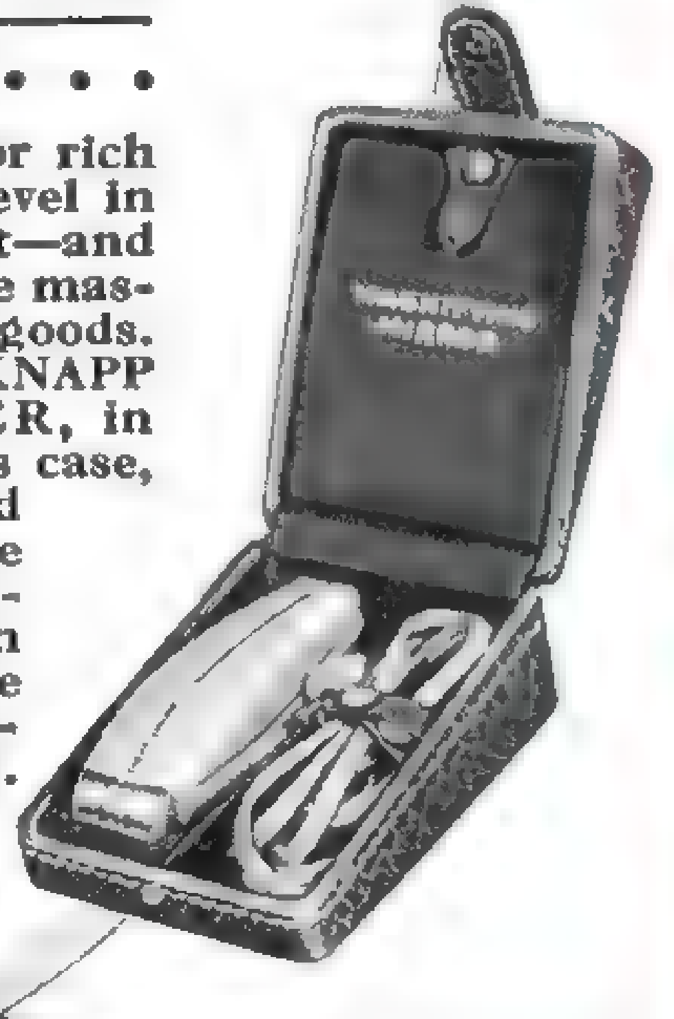

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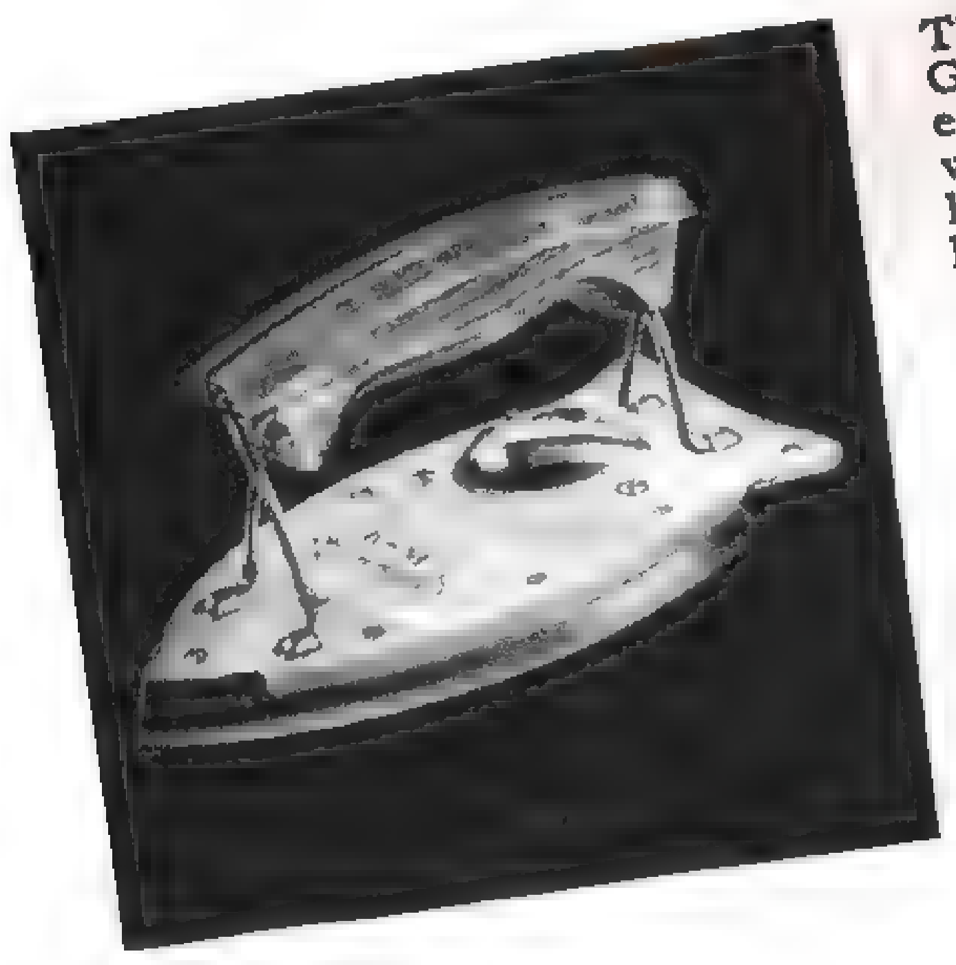

This clever K-M Gad-A-Bout electric iron wins feminine hearts instantly. Does the work of any stay-at-home iron, yet folds flat. Comes in brown suede traveling case. *A different gift.*

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② THE AMERICAN WAY—Dubonnet cocktail—half gin and half Dubonnet; stir with ice and strain, add twist of lemon peel. A grand drink!

DUBONNET

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Dubonnet
wine

On the Record

Continued from page 141

scale the Lilliputian apex, and carry on in the profitable position vacated by Kemp. That youngster was Kay Kyser.

Junior prom chairman, head cheerleader and an all-around campus politician, Kyser figured that through his connections he could get good dance jobs, and he did. A band to work for him was essential but not important. Contact with Sully Mason, a fellow-musician, solved that problem. Sully and Kay got the men together, started rehearsing. From then on it was "varsity—out" all the way.

Kyser's success, as it happened, closely paralleled Kemp's. Kemp, after knocking around the United States and Europe, started his climb up the fantastic ladder to the basement window when he played at the Blackhawk Café in Chicago. Finding favor with midwestern playboys, he trekked east to the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, where Eastern "rah rah" boys also clapped-clapped him.

Commercial radio programs, one-night stands and theatre engagements soon swelled the Kemp coffers. College proms throughout the nation found his band a chief attraction. In twelve years he's played over four hundred under seventy-two different pennants.

When Kemp moved out of the Blackhawk, he passed the job along to his old chum Kay Kyser, who also found favor among the Midwesterners. Carrying the collegiate motif into his sustaining program from the Blackhawk, Kyser started the celebrated Musical Class and Dance program. Uncle Sam's carriers became exhausted with bags of mail, and so now a tobacco sponsor pays the bill.

Chubby John Scott Trotter, Kemp's original pianist and orchestrator, caught the ear of Bing Crosby and handles all of Crosby's arrangements for radio, screen and recording, as well as conducting the orchestra on Crosby's Music Hall broadcasts. It is a treat to see Trotter in action.

E. C. "Skinnay" Ennis pounded the drums and sang with Kemp for twelve years before he got his diploma. During that time, his novel intimate vocal style had built up a large fan following for himself. Paramount's *College Swing* put him on the map so that he could organize his own band and today he is King-pin on the Pacific Coast.

Swingsters and sweet musicians alike have sprung from the campus. Bunny Berigan, America's foremost white trumpeter-leader got his start with a band at the University of Wisconsin; Horace Heidt hails from California; Peter Van Steeden and Nye Mayhew, New York University; Al Donahue from Boston; Johnny Long from Duke; Herbie Kay and Orrin Tucker from Northwestern; Rudy Vallee and Ben Cutler from Yale; Buddy Rogers from the University of Kansas; Roger Pryor, the University of Illinois; George Olsen and Seymour Simons, Michigan; Ozzie Nelson, Rutgers; Eddy Duchin, Massachusetts State; Johnny Green, Harvard; Gus Haenschen, University of St. Louis; Sammy Kaye, Ohio University; Fred Waring, Penn State; Ted Weems, University of Pennsylvania; Bob Crosby, Gonzaga.

The nation's universities also act as training grounds for other branches of the amusement industry. More and more headliners come out of dramatic and glee clubs. The Haresfoot Club and the Wisconsin Players, at Madison, for instance, have produced Fredric March, Bernadine Flynn, Carol McKay, comic composers like Henry Taylor who writes Joe Penner's material, and a score of gag-writers and script-teasers.

College musical comedy clubs are sending increasing numbers of composers to Tin Pan Alley. Among them were the late Brooks Bowman, of Princeton, who composed *East of the Sun, West of the Moon* for the Princeton Triangle Club production a few years ago, and Clay Boland who's graduated from writing music for the University of Pennsylvania's Mask & Wig to membership in the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

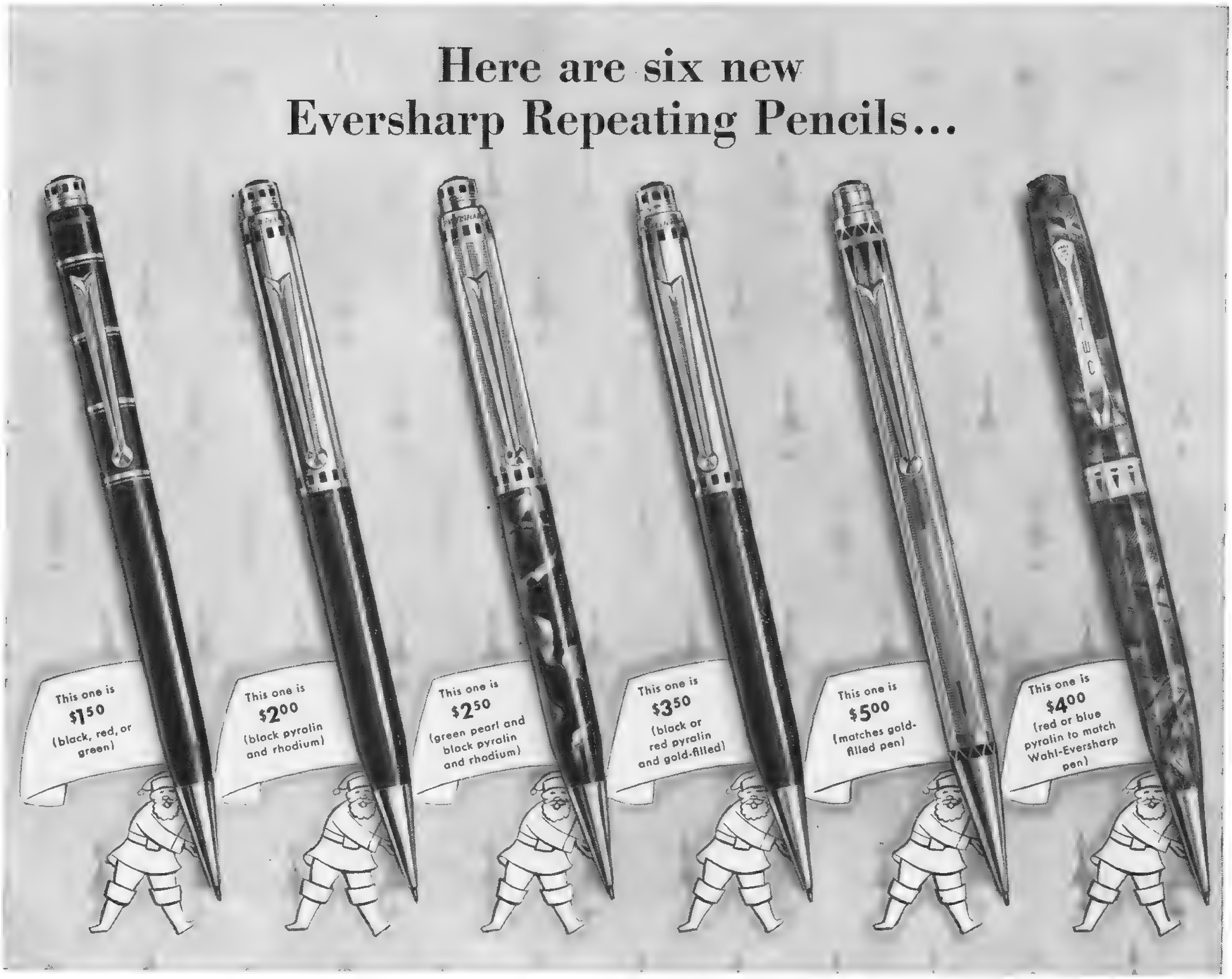
With recessions and the like—it's worth hollering when colleges engage in something that will help their students earn a living. The sad thing is that they offer so meager a preparation for profitable music-making. The professors don't know how to swing, anyway.

Students themselves are the best arbiters and the fastest teachers. They fashion the taste and you can put your dough on it: the top dance maestro of 1948 is right now pushing the trombone at some Kappa formal. And, no matter how many sour notes he's hitting now in all probability he won't be any worse than the guys below. They were selected as the All-American team by college newspapers around the country, not alone because of their ability but because they started bands while in college. Here's the line-up:

First violin—Jan Garber, University of North Carolina. *Second violin*—Peter Van Steeden, New York University. *Third violin*—

Continued on page 148

You can pick six Christmas Gifts *right off this page!*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This one is $\$1^{50}$ (black, red, or green)
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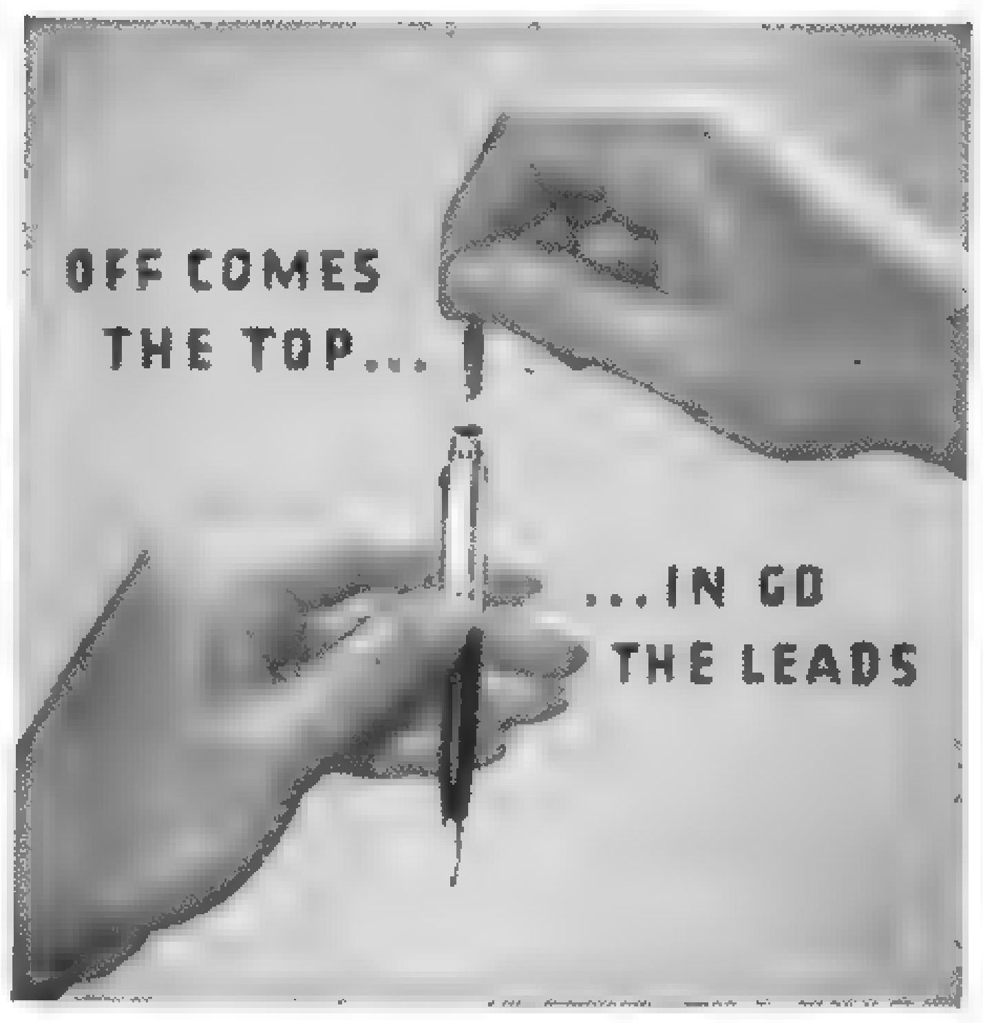
Sharpen it with your thumb! Just press the top—and *click!* Out pops a new point! When one lead is used, you needn't refill. Press the top again—and *click!* A new lead takes its place! Leads feed continuously.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On the Record

Continued from pages 144-146

Al Donahue, Boston University. *First saxophone*—Hal Kemp, University of North Carolina. *Second saxophone*—Nye Mayhew, New York University. *Third saxophone*—Rudy Vallee, Yale. *Fourth saxophone*—Ozzie Nelson, Rutgers. *Trumpet*—Bunny Berigan, Wisconsin. *Trombone*—Buddy Rogers, Kansas University. *Pianos*—Eddy Duchin, Massachusetts State and Johnny Green, Harvard. *Drums*—George Olsen, Michigan. *Guitar*—Herbie Kay, Northwestern.

This team comes on the field with anything but unanimous applause. If there's one thing collegiates have a definite opinion about, it's dance music. You should hear them in their "coke-dives" and darkened hangouts.

* * *

To add fuel to the argument, we asked a dozen dance-band leaders to name their favorites among their own recordings. Here's their reply:

Bunny Berigan:
I Can't Get Started (Victor 25728) *The Prisoner's Song*
How To Make Love in Ten Easy Lessons (Victor 25881)

Larry Clinton:
My Reverie (Victor 26006) *Boogie Woogie Blues*
Martha (Victor 25879) *I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls*

Cab Calloway:
Mama, I Want to Make Rhythm (Vocalion 3788) *Go South Young Man*
That Man Is Here Again (Vocalion 3807) *Swing, Swing, Swing*

Duke Ellington:
I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart (Brunswick 8108) *The Gal from Joe's*
Caravan (Brunswick 7997) *Azure*

Will Hudson:
Popcorn Man (Brunswick 8007) *Going Haywire*
The Maid's Night Off (Brunswick 7991) *Sophisticated Swing*

Hal Kemp:
Powerhouse (Victor 25718) *In Dutch With the Duchess*
Lamplight (Victor 25661) *Got A Date With An Angel*

Andre Kostelanetz:
Revenge with Music: Selections (Victor 36142)

Gene Krupa:
Nagasaki (Brunswick 8188)
Grandfather's Clock (Brunswick 8124) *I Know That You Know*

Kay Kyser:
Music, Maestro, Please (Brunswick 8149)
You Go to My Head (Brunswick 8185)

Ozzie Nelson:
Swampfire (Brunswick 7414)
Maple Leaf Rag (Bluebird 7726)

Leo Reisman:
St. Louis Blues (Victor 25745)
Tales From Vienna Woods
La Comparsa (Victor 25744)

Raymond Scott:
The Happy Farmer (Brunswick 8144) *Egyptian Barn Dance*
War Dance for Wooden Indians (Brunswick 8058) *The Penguin*

If you've got an offspring in textbooks, send him these records. It'll set him up among his pals and help keep the professors on their toes.

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Lieutenant Kije (Prokofieff); Boston Symphony with Serge Koussevitzky. Victor M459	*Small Fry;* Bing Crosby. Decca 1960
Liebestöd, Tristan und Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad. Victor 8859	*Ol' Man Mose;* Eddy Duchin's Orchestra. Brunswick 8155
Berkeley Music House, Berkeley, California	
Liebestöd, Tristan und Isolde (Wagner); Kirsten Flagstad. Victor 8859	*A-Tisket A-Tasket;* Chick Webb with Ella Fitzgerald. Decca 1840
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra Victor 14422	*Ol' Man Mose;* Eddy Duchin with Patricia Norman. Brunswick 8155
La Bohème. "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen." (Puccini); Jussi Bjorling. Victor 12039	*Stop Beating Round the Mulberry Bush;* Tommy Dorsey with Edythe Wright Victor 26012
Chorale—Prelude—Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring (Bach); Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 14973	*Now It Can Be Told;* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra. Victor 25856
Concerto No. 2 in G Minor (Prokofieff); Jascha Heifetz and Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky Victor M450	*St. Louis Blues;* Leo Reisman's Orchestra. Victor 25745
Symphony No. 13 in G Major (Haydn); NBC Symphony with Arturo Toscanini Victor M454	*Ol' Man Mose;* Eddy Duchin with Patricia Norman. Brunswick 8155

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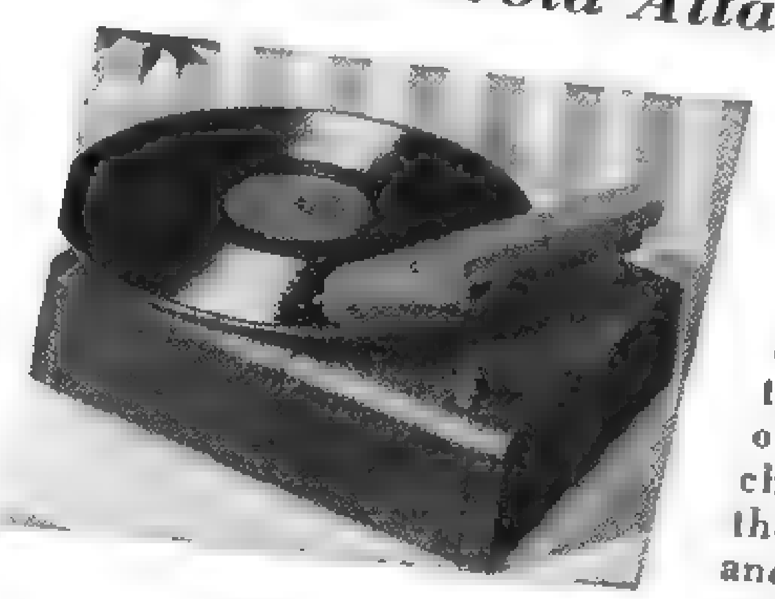

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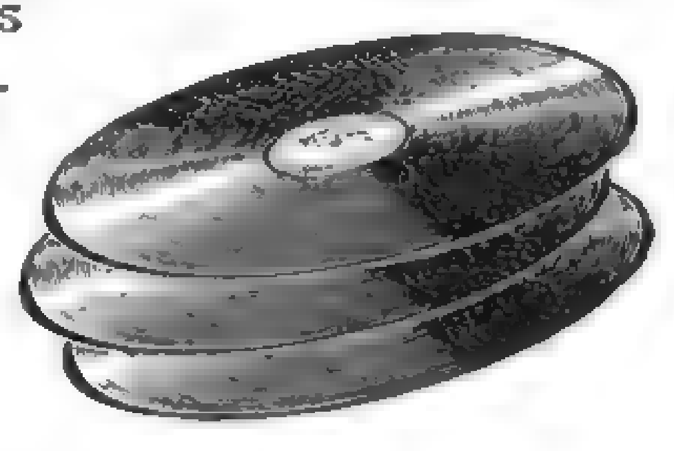

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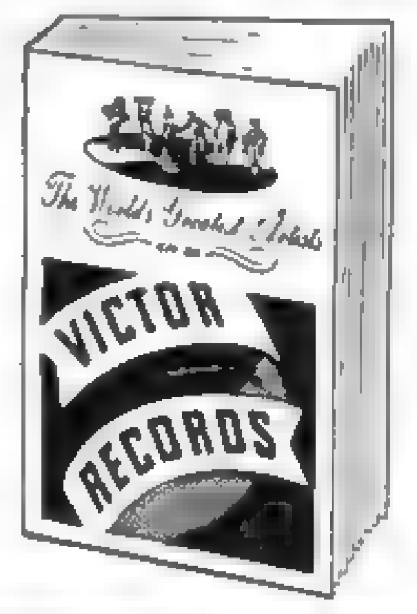

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GIFT SHAVING SET of Ivory-tone container of After-Shave Powder and matching Bowl of Shaving Soap $1.75

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SECOND ROW—*Left to Right:*

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THIRD ROW—*Left to Right:*

MASTER GIFT SET; Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, and Scalp Stimulant, with Ivory-tone Shaving Bowl, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and soap $5.00

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"; 3-ounce pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, and Scalp Stimulant $1.95

COWHIDE CEDAR-LINED HUMIDOR CASE, with cork-finish inside cover; fitted with 8-ounce High-Hat Decanters of After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne; Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, and matching container of After-Shave Powder $15.00

AFTER-SHAVE LOTION (front), in 16-ounce pinch-bottle. Also Eau de Cologne and Scalp Stimulant $2.50

Gifts by

Lenthéric

Gentlemen, Be Merry

Nothing nurtures the warm spirit of Christmas like a flowing wassail bowl

by **MURDOCK PEMBERTON**

• POTABLES •

THERE is a line across the face of the earth, not on the maps, but found in the history of architecture, known as the line of grace. To builders of men's abodes and palaces, it is as definite as the equator or any other latitudinal marking. The line, sometimes stretching a point north, and always tending toward the lands where there is sun, marks the happy places on earth where men worked with the joy of wine and spirits. Below this line, from hut to castle, there is the curve of grace, arches, decorations and contours; above this line the buildings are harsh and austere, showing no joy in their concept or making.

If you have ever stood and gazed up at the windows of the Cathedral at Chartres, Notre Dame in Paris or St. Stephen's in Vienna, you drop into accord easily with the architects' fanciful line. These were not mere churches, they were the citadels, the town halls, the meeting places of the masses. As these towers rose to the skies, great festivals were held, huge casks of wines and choice liquors brewed by the monks were brought out to cheer on the myriad workers swarming over the walls. Long before D.D. (the Days of Dopey), these artisans sang at their work and carved great jests into the gargoyles and finials. Along with the religious hierarchy were the jovial monks with beakers and glasses in hand, accepted as part of the religious symbols of the stone carver's art.

We believe that there is a similar line that runs around the world in regard to the graceful customs of living. Take, for instance, Christmas; those nations that believe in wine and song seem to have the merriest time of it. The wassail bowl and the flowing bumper all speak a period of good fellowship and honest enjoyment of the good things of life. The very word "bumper," it is pleasing to note, derives from the Church. A visiting Englishman, not understanding much French, paid a call on an Avignon monastery. The evenings were gaily spent in drinking flagons of rich, red wine to the toast of "*à bon père*." He didn't know they were drinking the health of the good father but, took the custom of drinking a "bumper" back to his little isle. That, added to the good old custom of the Wassail Bowl, made the English one up on the French.

As far as we are concerned, the very spirit of Christmas is this same spirit of honest fellowship and lusty living that actuated our medieval ancestors. They were pretty good citizens in those days, and in a lot of ways besides architecture, we have not improved on their customs. The refinements of the wine into brandies, the developments of the whiskies and other spirits, are all out of this period. Some of the cordials, in fact, are made today exactly as they were then. Yuletide, and the whole period of taking a few days off to be pleasant to your fellowman, is hung with the heartwarming customs of the flowing bowl.

So, we are warning you now, you can't expect any kind of a Christmas without the necessary potables. And as you would be done by—be as kind to your friends. Don't just give them anything. Select the potable gift with care and judgment.

We have obtained from some of the leading retailers in the city of this article's origin, a list of various gift baskets. These are merely guides—the prices differing according to the various State taxes. Your own dealer may duplicate any of these or you may have your own combinations in mind. The main thing is to name your brand. Do not buy just something an ambitious clerk may think your friends would like.

Here's an assortment of baskets ranging from the moderate to the expensive, which should meet every taste. The baskets follow in numerical order with prices:

BASKET No. 1

6 Splits Champagne Brut 1928

PRICE: $6.50

* * *

BASKET No. 2

1 bottle Dubonnet
1 bottle Sherry (Pale Dry)
1 bottle Tawny Port
1 bottle Fine Champagne Cognac 18 years old
1 bottle Vouvray Chateau de Montgouverne (Dry)
½ bottle Benedictine

PRICE: $15.00

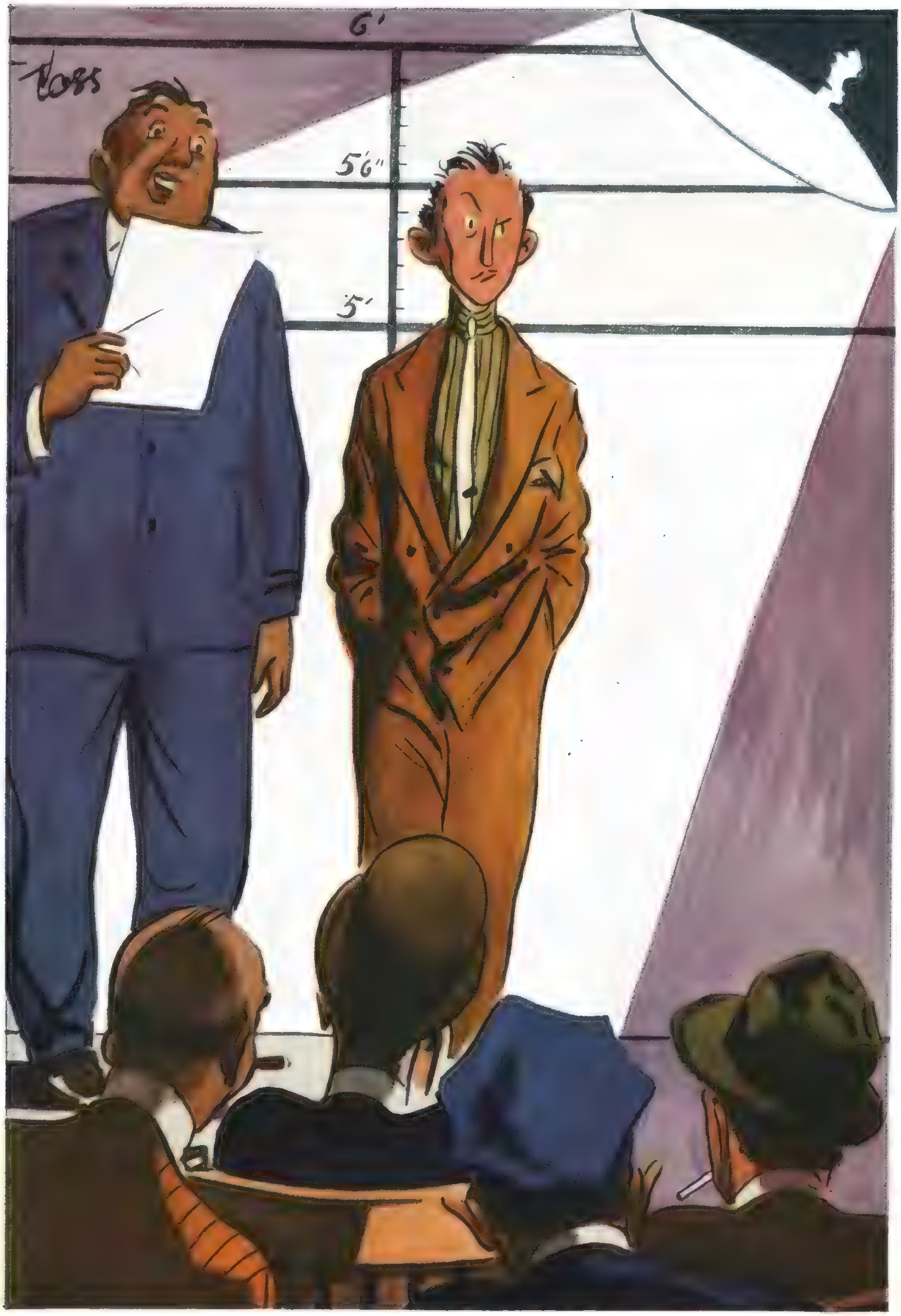
* * *

BASKET No. 3

1 bottle Canadian Bonded Whisky 10 years old
1 bottle Bourbon Whisky Bonded 1933

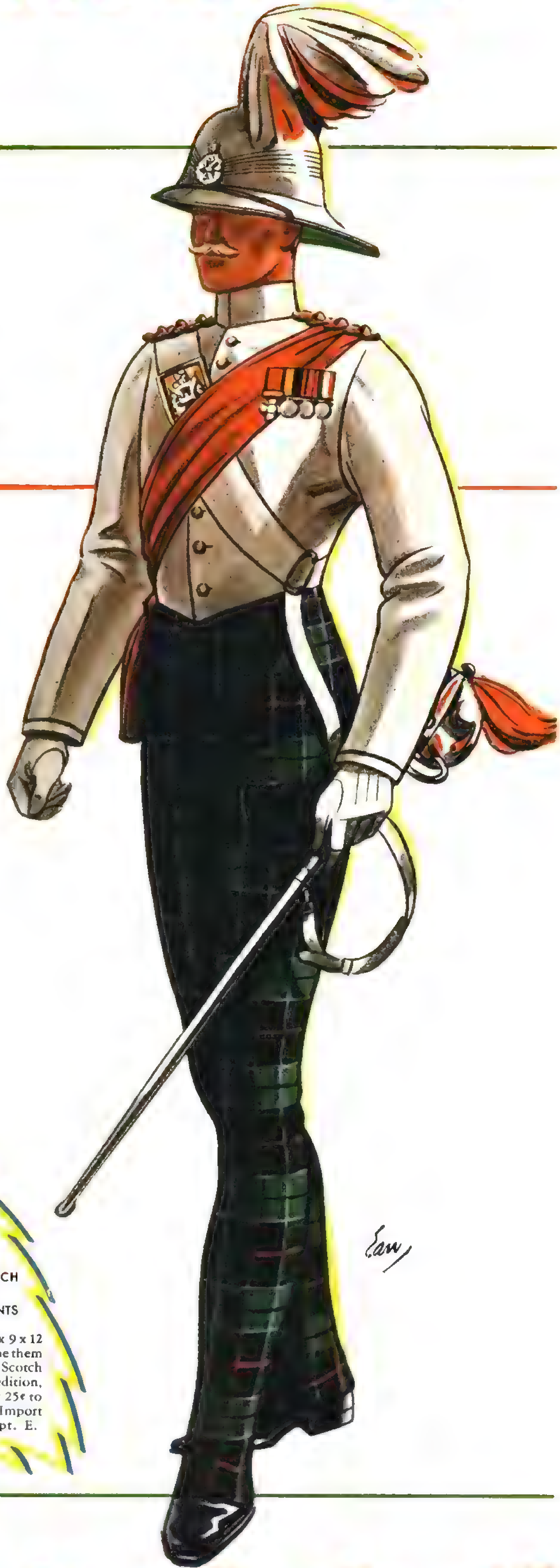
Continued on page 155

FOR THE MORE FORTUNATE
MEN OF ACTION•
Gifts by Lenthéric



"Attempted arson, attempted robbery, attempted murder—gave up trying!"

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE

KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS

Namur, 1695 *Minden* *Egmont-op-Zee* *Martinique, 1809* *Afghanistan, 1878-'80*
Chitral *Tirah* *Paardeberg* *South Africa, 1900-'02* *Mons*
Aisne, 1914 *Ypres, 1914, '15, '17, '18* *Loos* *Somme, 1916, '18*
Arras, 1917, '18 *Soissonnais-Ourcq* *Hindenburg Line* *Gallipoli, 1915-'16* *Gaza*

HONOURS OF DEWAR'S

"White Label"

MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals

honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

From Australasia to Zanzibar, Africa to New Zealand they toast the homeland and the highlands in DEWAR'S *White Label*, medal Scotch of the world. Upon its standard the world has pinned more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. Because it wears these honours well you can command DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda and be . . . "At Ease."

Victoria Vat
12 years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra
86.8 PROOF
Blended Scotch
Whisky

DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH

AWARDED 50 MEDALS
John Dewar
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND
86.8° PROOF
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

White Label
8 years old
86.8 PROOF

AN IDEAL
CHRISTMAS
GIFT

WHITE LABEL SCOTCH
AND A SET OF
SCOTCH OFFICER PRINTS

Write now and receive six 9 x 12 color prints in time to frame them before Christmas. New Scotch Officer pictures, second edition, no advertising. Send only 25¢ to cover mailing. Schenley Import Corp., New York, Dept. E.

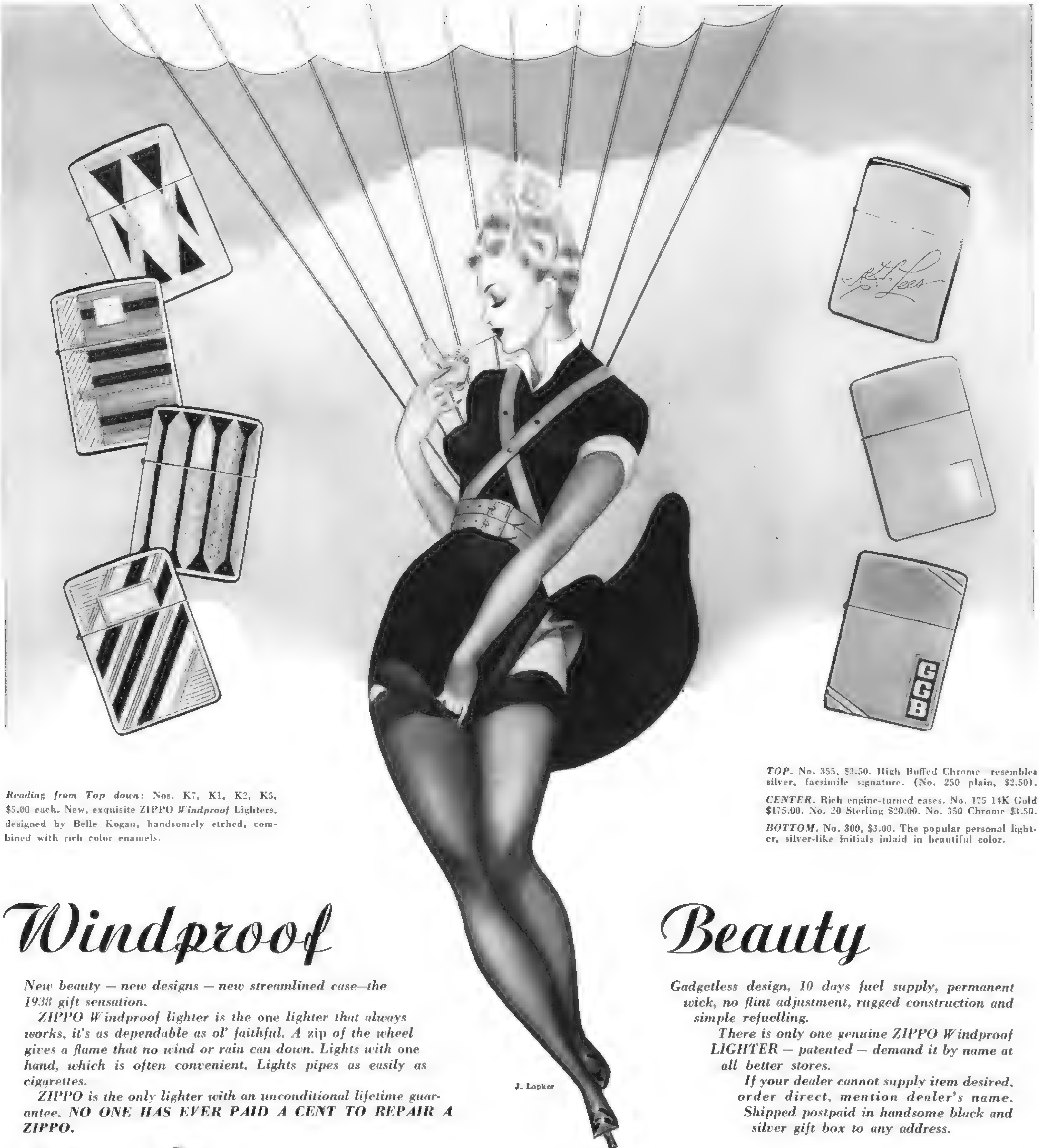
A Schenley IMPORT

Dewar's "White Label"
(*Pronounced Do-ers*)

The Medal **SCOTCH** *of the World*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Copyright 1938, Schenley Import Corp., New York, N.Y.



Reading from Top down: Nos. K7, K1, K2, K5, $5.00 each. New, exquisite ZIPPO *Windproof* Lighters, designed by Belle Kogan, handsomely etched, combined with rich color enamels.

TOP. No. 355, $3.50. High Buffed Chrome resembles silver, facsimile signature. (No. 250 plain, $2.50).

CENTER. Rich engine-turned cases. No. 175 14K Gold $175.00. No. 20 Sterling $20.00. No. 350 Chrome $3.50.

BOTTOM. No. 300, $3.00. The popular personal lighter, silver-like initials inlaid in beautiful color.

Windproof Beauty

New beauty — new designs — new streamlined case—the 1938 gift sensation.

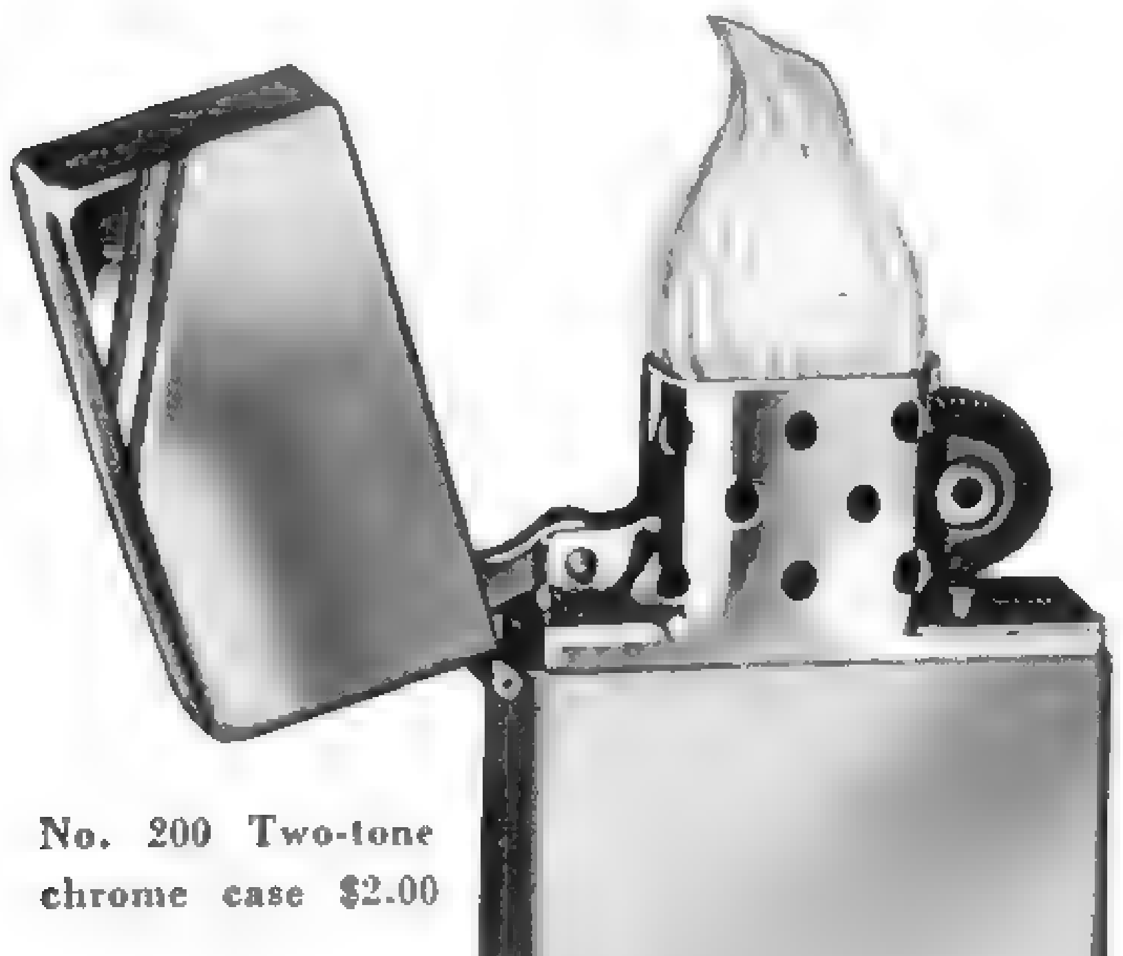
ZIPPO Windproof lighter is the one lighter that always works, it's as dependable as ol' faithful. A zip of the wheel gives a flame that no wind or rain can down. Lights with one hand, which is often convenient. Lights pipes as easily as cigarettes.

ZIPPO is the only lighter with an unconditional lifetime guarantee. ***NO ONE HAS EVER PAID A CENT TO REPAIR A ZIPPO.***

Gadgetless design, 10 days fuel supply, permanent wick, no flint adjustment, rugged construction and simple refuelling.

There is only one genuine ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER — patented — demand it by name at all better stores.

If your dealer cannot supply item desired, order direct, mention dealer's name. Shipped postpaid in handsome black and silver gift box to any address.



No. 200 Two-tone chrome case $2.00

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING CO., Barbour St., BRADFORD, PA. ***New York Office:*** **52 Vanderbilt Ave.**

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: *Look for this engraving* ZIPPO MFG.CO BRADFORD, PA ZIPPO PAT. 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A. *on the bottom of every genuine* ZIPPO LIGHTER

ZIPPO
Windproof LIGHTER

EXECUTIVES ATTENTION: ***Here is the answer to your Company's gift and Christmas present problem. Zippo Lighters with your firm's trademark, insignia, or product, faithfully reproduced (inlaid in full color or engine turned); or with personalized monograms, make you remembered many times a day—long after other gifts are forgotten. Prices are based on quantity.***

Gentlemen, Be Merry

Continued from page 150

1 bottle Scotch 12 years old
1 bottle Imported Dry Gin
1 bottle Cognac

PRICE: $22.50

* * *

BASKET No. 4

1 bottle Scotch Whisky
  All vatted malt 14 years old
1 bottle London Dry Gin, imported
1 bottle Irish Whisky Liqueur 15 years old
1 bottle Jamaica Rum—Reserve
1 bottle Armagnac Brandy, Vintage 1898
1 bottle Kirsch d'Alsace, 1929

PRICE: $29.00

* * *

BASKET No. 5

1 bottle Champagne Brut Maximum 1928
1 bottle Royal Port
1 bottle Madeira, 1848
1 bottle Armagnac Choicest Liqueur
1 bottle Rhum St. James
1 bottle Malt Scotch Whisky 17 years old
1 bottle Sherry
1 bottle Cordial Medoc

PRICE: $40.00

Here's an idea for a Sampler Kit. This is mainly for beginners in wine drinking, or the young bride who wants to learn about dinner wines. The Sampler Kit has the advantage of being housed in a specially constructed wooden cabinet which may be stored in a closet, in case you have no cellar.

SAMPLER KIT

1 Vin-Rose
1 Chablis
1 Burgundy
1 Rhine
1 Moselle
1 Margaux
1 St. Julien
1 Vouvray
1 Graves
1 Rioja
1 Beaujolais
1 Still Champagne

(PRICE: from $10.00 to $30.00)

ALL-AMERICAN (Wines):

1 bottle Champagne (Finger Lake Dist.)
1 bottle Sparkling Burgundy (Finger Lake Dist.)
1 bottle Forty-year-old Port
1 bottle California Sherry
1 bottle Tokay
1 bottle Champagne (Ohio Dist.)

ALL-AMERICAN (Spirits)

1 bottle Bonded Bourbon
1 bottle Bonded Rye
1 bottle Blended Bourbon
1 bottle Blended Rye
1 bottle Spirit Blend Whisky
1 bottle New England Rum
1 bottle Apple Brandy
1 bottle California Brandy

ALL-AMERICAN (Cordials)

1 bottle Apricot
1 bottle Crème de Menthe (Green and White)
1 bottle Triple Sec
1 bottle Blackberry
1 bottle Crème de Cacao
1 bottle Kümmel

FOR THE SIX-FOOTER

6 bottles best Bourbon
6 bottles best Rye

TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION

1 bottle Liqueur Scotch 12 years old
1 bottle Cognac Brandy 20 years old
1 bottle Bonded Bourbon or Rye —10 years or over

FOR THE GROG ADDICT

1 bottle Puerto Rican Rum
1 bottle Jamaica Rum
1 bottle New England Rum
1 bottle Martinique Rum
1 bottle Bacardi (Cuban)

FOR THE MIXER ENTHUSIAST

1 bottle Spirit Blend Whisky
1 bottle Blended Rye or Bourbon
1 bottle Dry Gin
1 bottle French Vermouth
1 bottle Italian Vermouth
1 bottle Bitters

THE INTERNATIONAL

1-Scotch 10 years old	5th
1-Bonded Rye	Qt.
1-Cognac 15 years old	5th
1-Dry Sherry	5th
1-Ruby Port	5th
1-Apricot Liqueur	5th

Complete with Basket $19.50

THE "BON VIN"

1-Champagne 1928	5th
1-Chateau Margaux 1929	5th
1-Richebourg 1929 Domaine de la Romanee-Conti	5th
1-Ernest Kuehn Riesling 1935	5th
1-Anjou, Clos des Aunis, 1928	5th
1-Malmsey Madeira	5th

Complete with Basket $16.75

ALL ENGLISH

1-Rare Old Scotch	5th
1-English Market Cognac	5th
1-Sherry	5th

Complete with Basket $9.75

THE "MONTESQUIEU"

1-Chateau Latour 1924	5th
1-Chateau Margaux 1924	5th
1-Chateau d'Yquem 1929	5th
1-Corton, Clos de Roi, 1926 Estate Bottled, Pierre Ponnelle	5th
1-Grand Montrachet 1926 Estate Bottled, Chauvigny	5th
1-Ponnelle Chateauneuf-du-Pape 1926	5th

Complete with Basket $17.75

OTHER BASKET SUGGESTIONS

BASKET No. 1—IMPORTED LIQUEURS
—Any Assortment

1-Apricot
1-Anisette
1-Benedictine
1-Chartreuse (Green or Yellow)
1-Cointreau
1-Drambuie
1-Crème de Menthe (Green and White)
1-Grand Marnier
1-Kümmel

BASKET No. 2—A SMALL SPIRITS CELLAR

1 bottle Bourbon
1 bottle Cognac
1 bottle Gin
1 bottle Rum
1 bottle Rye
1 bottle Scotch

From the mother country the Colonists adopted the national Christmas dish, plum pudding. I learn, with a good deal of narrow national pride, that one of the bigger firms (of English origin), after exhaustive tests has decided that the American-made plum pudding outstrips the English brand formerly imported. This seems plausible; we have the best fruits in the world here and our factories need never use substitutes. For the following recipe I am indebted to Mrs. Jeanne Owen of the Wine and Food Society.

AMERICAN PLUM PUDDING

1 cup of stale bread crumbs soaked in one (1) cup of milk
¾ pound of fresh beef suet chopped to a powder
6 eggs separated
1 cup of sifted flour (measure after sifting)
1 teaspoonful of salt
¾ cup of sugar
4 ounces of citron put through a chopper
2 ounces of candied orange peel chopped
1 pound of seeded raisins
¾ pound of dried currants soaked in warm water and thoroughly washed
Scant ½ teaspoon of ground cloves

Continued on page 156

Good Legs Good Hunting

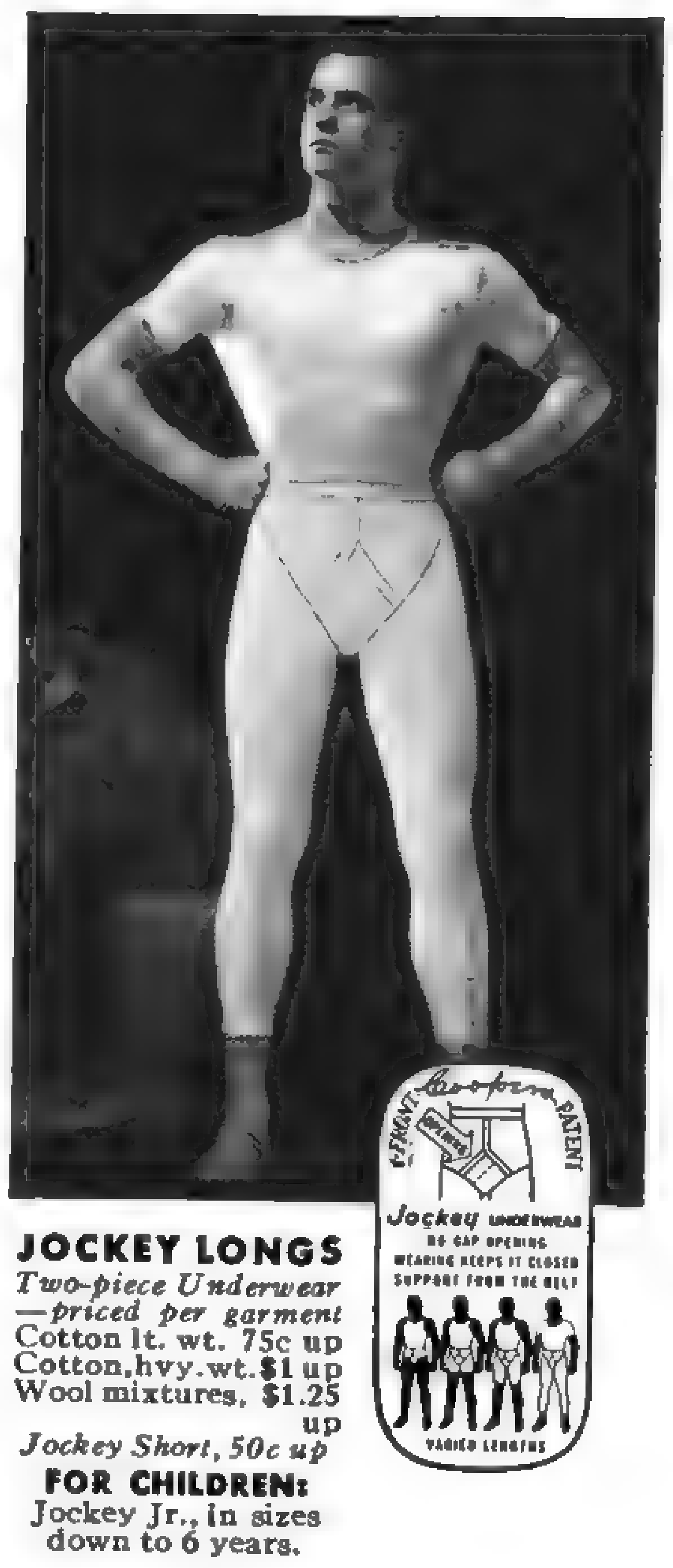
says Joe Godfrey, Jr.
Famous sports enthusiast, writer and editor

"Trudging through bitter north-woods cold or sitting for hours in a punishing duck blind—yes, even sleeping in a cabin bunk—that's where I learned the real comfort of Jockey Longs. I'm outdoors a lot, but I've got 'hothouse legs' like every other man who makes his living indoors. Jockeys are the answer to every man's demand for warmth and comfort and the support that only Jockey gives is priceless!"

You, Too, Can Enjoy The Cold Outdoors in Jockey Longs
TRADE MARK REG.
BY Coopers

THE UNDERWEAR THAT ENDS SQUIRMING

You don't have to be a big-game hunter in winter to appreciate Jockey Longs. They're a boon to every man who goes out into the cold for work or for play. Jockeys are smooth, snug and warm —but not bulky. You get great freedom of action because of their buttonless Y-Front construction, which makes for perfect fit, provides mild support and a non-gap front opening. Jockeys—in all weights and with contoured matching shirts—are styled for looks, action and *comfort!* Insist on the original Jockey by Coopers. At good dealers everywhere. If yours doesn't have Jockey, write.



JOCKEY LONGS
Two-piece Underwear —priced per garment
Cotton lt. wt. 75c up
Cotton, hvy. wt. $1 up
Wool mixtures, $1.25 up
Jockey Short, 50c up
FOR CHILDREN:
Jockey Jr., in sizes down to 6 years.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE
Made and Distributed
In Canada by MOODIES, Hamilton, Ont. . . In Australia by MacRAE KNITTING MILLS, Sydney

Question:

WHAT CHRISTMAS GIFT CAN I GIVE THAT'S REALLY NEW?

Answer:

WORLD'S NEWEST LUGGAGE!

SEE THIS DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION

1 **NEW SHAPE** that's easier to carry because it conforms to body contour. Note tapering at base. Better looking!

2 **NEW MATERIAL!** Not leather, not canvas, not metal—it's SAMSONITE! Stronger! Richer! More luxurious!

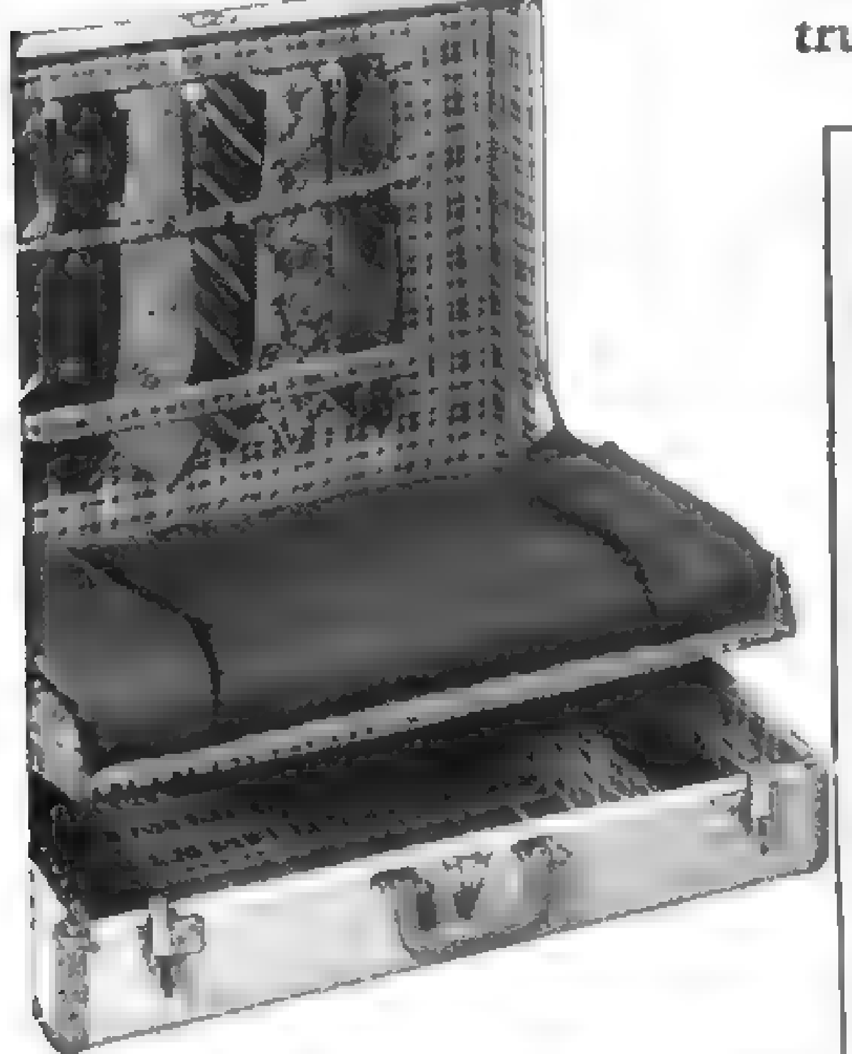
3 **NEW STRENGTH** that withstands severe abuse! Stand on Samsonite—kick it—bang it around—it's tough!

No Other Luggage Has So Many Outstanding Features!

- **LIFETIME HANDLE!** Shaped to fit hand. Molded over core of steel! Guaranteed a lifetime.
- **ELKHIDE BUCK BINDING!** So tough and strong, a husky man can't tear it!
- **STAINPROOF!** Soap and water keeps it new looking.
- **PATENTED LOCKS!** Double catch for extra protection!
- **FULL LENGTH HINGE!** Polished nickel piano type hinge.

This year give something newer, smarter, more practical—SAMSONITE LUGGAGE! Travelers are amazed by its beauty and ruggedness—stylists admire its striking beauty. Give one bag or several, a truly exciting Christmas gift!

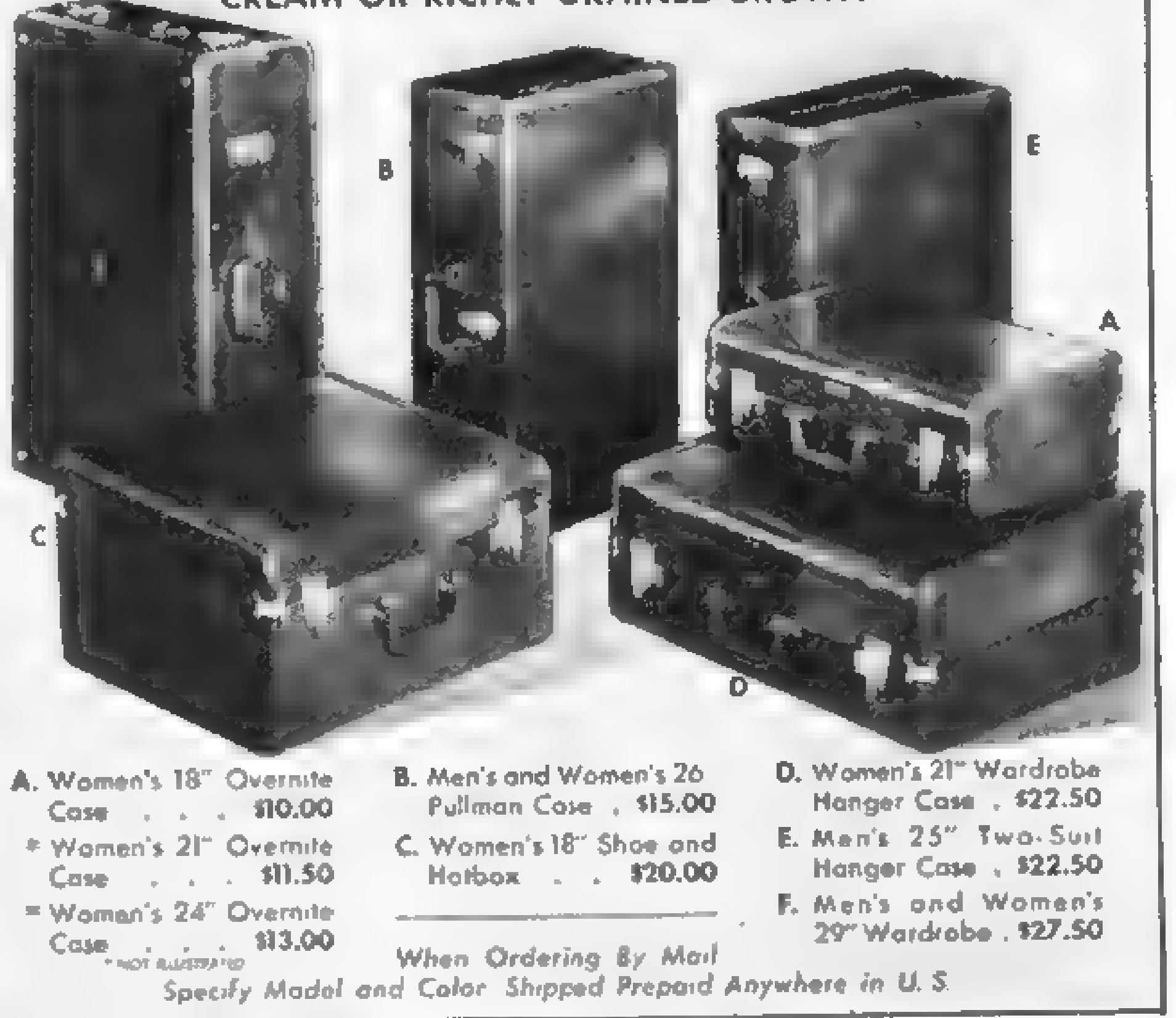
4 **NEW SCUFF RESISTANCE!** Coin test proves Samsonite takes abuse that would cut ordinary luggage.



MEN'S 2-SUIT HANGER CASE $22.50 Carries two men's suits, wrinkle-free; also shirts, shoes and all accessories. ORDER DIRECT if your dealer isn't supplied.

SHWAYDER BROS., Inc.
Dept. W-161, Denver, Colo., Detroit, Mich.

SAMSONITE MATCHED ENSEMBLES IN CHOICE OF NATURAL CREAM OR RICHLY GRAINED BROWN



A. Women's 18" Overnite Case . . . $10.00
* Women's 21" Overnite Case . . . $11.50
* Women's 24" Overnite Case . . . $13.00
*NOT ILLUSTRATED
B. Men's and Women's 26 Pullman Case . $15.00
C. Women's 18" Shoe and Hatbox . . $20.00
D. Women's 21" Wardrobe Hanger Case . $22.50
E. Men's 25" Two-Suit Hanger Case . $22.50
F. Men's and Women's 29" Wardrobe . $27.50

When Ordering By Mail Specify Model and Color Shipped Prepaid Anywhere in U. S.

SAMSONITE *Streamlite* ***LUGGAGE***

At These and Other Leading Stores Throughout the Country:

Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y., J. N. Adam & Company
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Brothers
Cleveland, Ohio, May Company
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Brothers, Inc.
Denver, Colo., King's
Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros., Inc.
East Orange, N. J., R. H. Muir, Inc.
Hartford, Conn., Sage-Allen
Hollywood, Cal., Broadway-Hollywood
Kansas City, Mo., Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
Lincoln, Neb., Gold & Co.
Little Rock, Ark., Gus Blass Co.
Los Angeles, Cal., The May Company
Milwaukee, Wis., Gimbel Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn., L. S. Donaldson Co.
New Orleans, La., D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd
Oakland, Cal., Kahn Department Stores
Omaha, Neb., J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon, Meier & Frank
Rochester, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
San Francisco, Cal., The Emporium
Spokane, Wash., Spokane Dry Goods Co.
Tulsa, Okla., Vandever D. G. Company
Washington, D. C., Hecht Company
Wichita, Kan., Hinkel Dry Goods Co.
Worcester, Mass., C. T. Sherer Company

Gentlemen, Be Merry

Continued from pages 150-155

Scant ½ teaspoonful of ground cinnamon
Scant ½ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg
Scant ½ teaspoonful of mace
½ cup of brandy

Beat the egg yolks and add sugar. Then add the soaked bread crumbs. Add all the dry ingredients (including spices) and the suet. Add the fruit. Mix well. Add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and last the brandy very slowly.

Turn into greased molds. Cover and steam for three to four hours. Make two puddings with this quantity.

American Plum Pudding has less suet than the English.

The Wine and Food Society also furnishes some excellent punches for this season of the year. Your correspondent has made and tried them all, finding them exceptional. Remember in making punches the best results can be obtained by letting the fruit stand in the liquor two or three hours before serving. Also, always add the hot ingredients to a punch immediately before serving.

BOURGOGNE A L'ORANGE

(For Twelve People)

2 bottles of Burgundy
Zest of two large oranges
Juice of half an orange
½ pint of boiling water
1 cup of granulated sugar

Pare the zest from the orange very thin—put it in a bowl and add the sugar. Pour the half-pint of boiling water over the sugar and zest and allow to infuse for fifteen minutes. Add the juice of half an orange and the wine. Heat but do *not* boil. When very hot, serve with quarter-slice of orange stuck with clove.

THÉ AU KIRSCH

(For Twenty People)

1 quart of Kirsch
1 quart of good black tea
12 level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar

Put the sugar in a hot bowl—pour over it the Kirsch—heat a little and flame it for a few moments. Put it out by slowly adding the quart of hot tea. A preserved cherry may be added to each glass, if desired.

BRANDY PUNCH

3 quarts of Brandy
½ pint Jamaica Rum
1 gallon water
Juice of six lemons
3 oranges sliced
1 pineapple pared and cut up
1 gill of Curaçao
2 gills of raspberries
Falernum to taste
Ice

Mix the Brandy, Rum and Curaçao—add the water, ice and Falernum, the lemon juice and fruit. Let it stand and serve very cold.

RUM AND BUTTER

1 cup of brown sugar
1 cup of boiling water
1 quart Jamaica Rum
5 quarts of Sweet Cider
Butter

Put sugar and hot water in a large bowl. Dissolve sugar. Add the cider and heat to the boiling point—then add one quart of good Jamaica Rum. Serve very hot with a little cinnamon, if desired, and enough butter to "film" the top of the liquid.

MARQUISE PUNCH

1 pint Cognac
1 quart Sauternes
3 lemons
½ pound sugar
Cloves and stick cinnamon

Put wine, sugar, zest of lemons and spices together and heat slowly to a point where the wine starts to form some small bubbles on the surface.

Heat and flame the Cognac and add to the wine.

* * *

From the *Life and Letters of Henry William Thomas*, former barman of the Chevy Chase Club at Washington, come some eggnog recipes that once delighted diplomats, ambassadors, admirals, generals and the common or garden variety of legislators. As far as I know, they have never been publicly printed before, and should afford some authentic data for your bar book, as well as Christmas cheer.

EGGNOG

The large bar glass used. One fresh egg, three-quarters tablespoon sugar, one-third glass of fine ice, one pony glass of St. Croix rum, one wine glass of brandy, the glass was then filled with rich milk, the ingredients well shaken and strained into a large bar glass with a little nutmeg grated on top.

GENERAL HARRISON EGGNOG

In the large bar glass were placed one fresh egg, one tablespoon sugar, three or four lumps of ice, the glass then filled with cider and well shaken. Then strained into large bar glass, a little nutmeg grated on top and served to Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

BALTIMORE EGGNOG

A large bar glass was used. In it the yolk of an egg, three-quarters tablespoon of sugar, a little nutmeg and cinnamon were beaten up to a cream. Then one-half pony glass of Madeira and the glass filled with fresh milk. After shaking well it was strained into a large bar glass and a little nutmeg grated on top.

SHERRY WINE EGGNOG

A large bar glass was used. One fresh egg, one-half tablespoon sugar, the glass filled with fine ice and then one pony glass of brandy and a wine glass of Sherry, shaken until well mixed. Strained into fancy bar glass a little nutmeg was grated on top.

BOWL OF EGGNOG FOR A NEW YEAR'S PARTY

A large bowl was provided for mixing two gallons of this concoction. Two-and-a-half pounds fine pulverized sugar, twenty fresh eggs (the yolks were separated and made as thin as water by being well beaten, and then added to the sugar in the bowl and well dissolved by stirring with a spoon), two quarts of good old brandy, one-and-a-half pints of St. Croix rum, one-and-a-half gallons of good rich milk. These ingredients completely mixed together with a ladle and while pouring the milk continually stirring to prevent the milk curdling. Then the whites of the eggs were beaten until they presented a stiff froth which was carefully placed upon the top of the other mixture. In serving into the punch glass or bar glass a little of the yellow mixture was ladled out and some white froth put on top and a little nutmeg grated.

* * *

MULLED CLARET

4 lumps sugar
2 dashes lemon juice
1 teaspoon mixed spice
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 wine glasses Claret

Place over fire and stir well till boiling point. Strain into mug. Nutmeg on top.

BLUE BLAZER

½ tablespoon sugar, dissolved in a little hot water. Add 1 wine glass Scotch whisky and place over fire till it boils up. Remove and pour back

Continued on page 158

"No foolin'— it plows clean through 3 days growth"

The more electric shavers you've tried, the more amazed you'll be at this one. It cuts 'em clean . . . it cuts 'em close ...it cuts 'em quick—***your money back if it doesn't!*** It takes off he-man whiskers . . . and whisks 'em off fast . . . because it's built on a proved principle—not a new "bright idea", but the same sure, sturdy principle that has been the backbone of precision clippers for fifty years.

Don't put up with old-fashioned shaving or ordinary electric shavers any longer. Try the Nu-Era WHISKer absolutely at our risk. You must be delighted or it's no deal. See your dealer or use the coupon today.

[Unretouched Photograph]

DEALERS

We can't call on all of you in time for the Christmas trade. Write or wire for full franchise information

Refinement of a 50-year-old hair-clipping principle eliminates shortcomings of electric shaving

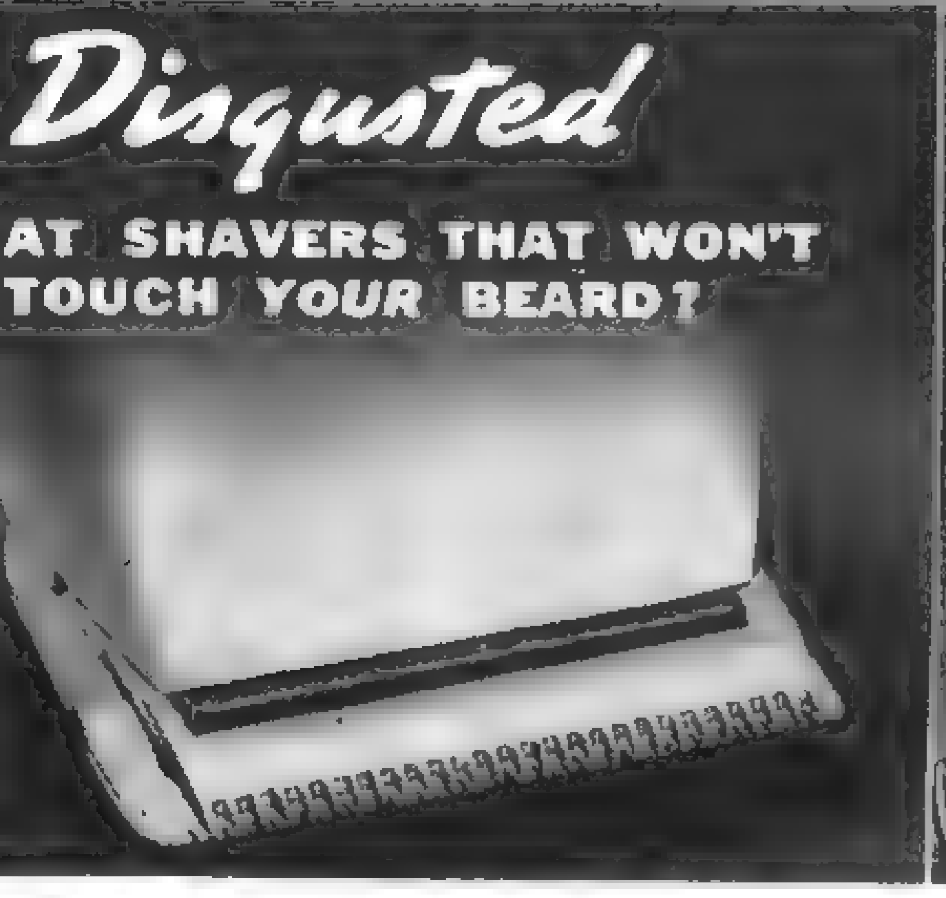
NU-ERA Whisker

NU·ERA *Whisker*

THE SHAVER THAT SHAVES *any* BEARD

Disgusted

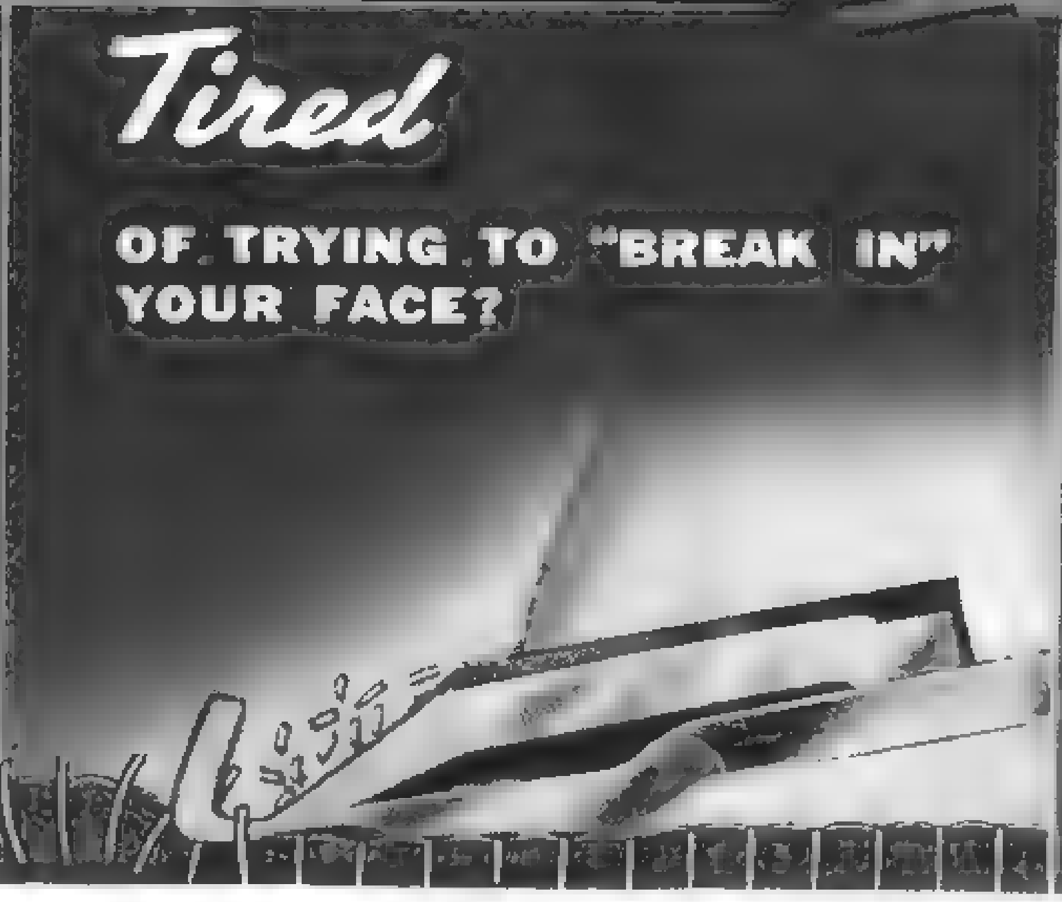
AT SHAVERS THAT WON'T TOUCH YOUR BEARD?



Controlled-tension shearing-action clips the finest fuzz, the wiriest bristles. Works in any weather—no clogging or stalling on sweaty skin. Keeps its cutting edge for years longer.

Tired

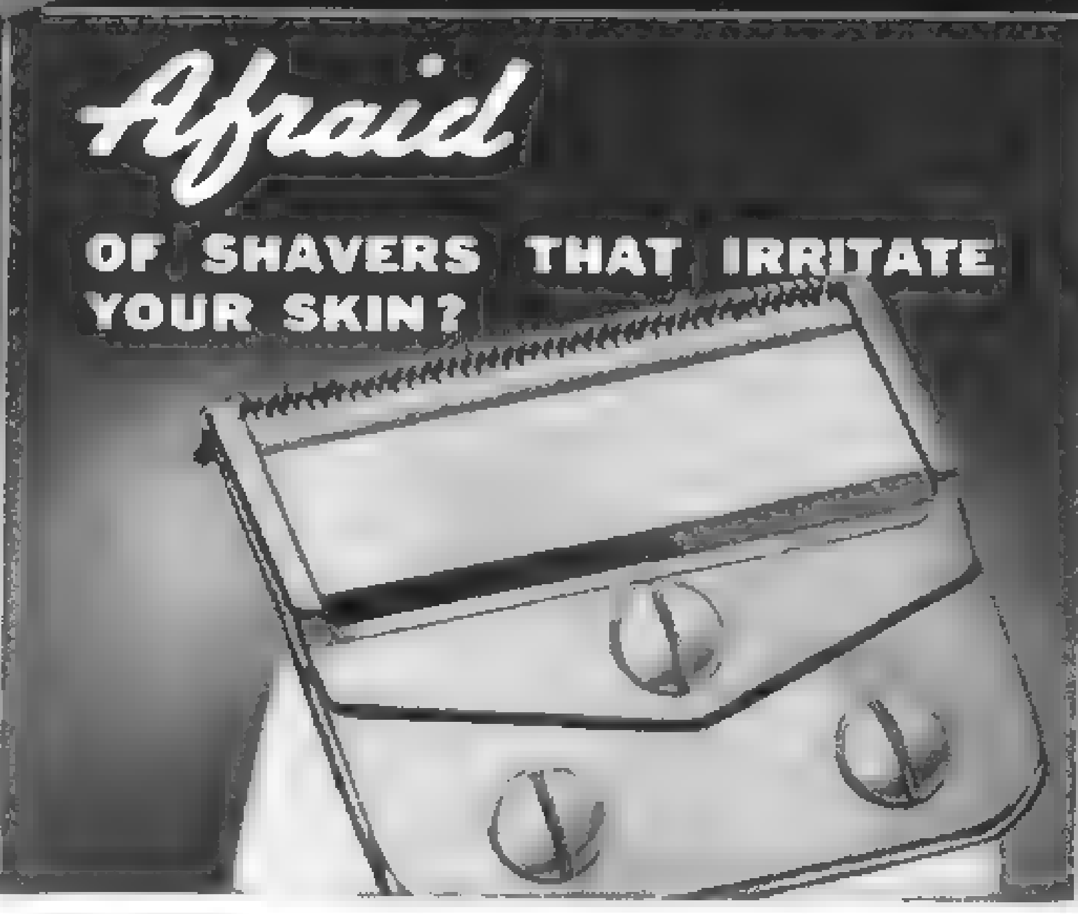
OF TRYING TO "BREAK IN" YOUR FACE?



No need for "educated whiskers" WHISKer takes them as they are . . . the first time. That's why we say "Buy it on the basis of complete satisfaction right from the start or your money back."

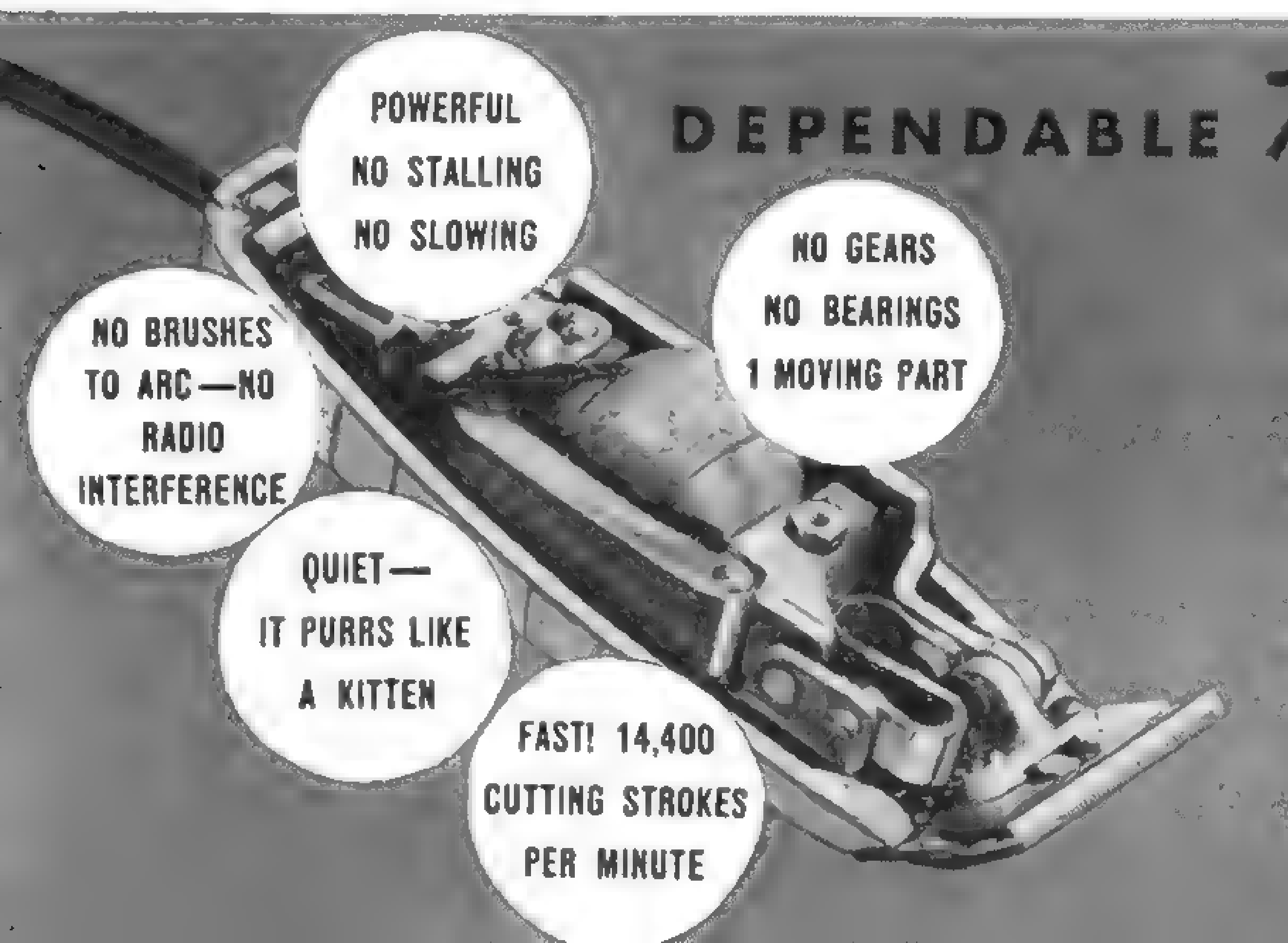
Afraid

OF SHAVERS THAT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN?



Combination skin-guard and whisker-guide holds skin down for complete protection, lets whiskers up for close cutting. Prove it on your tenderest skin . . . under your nose, on your neck.

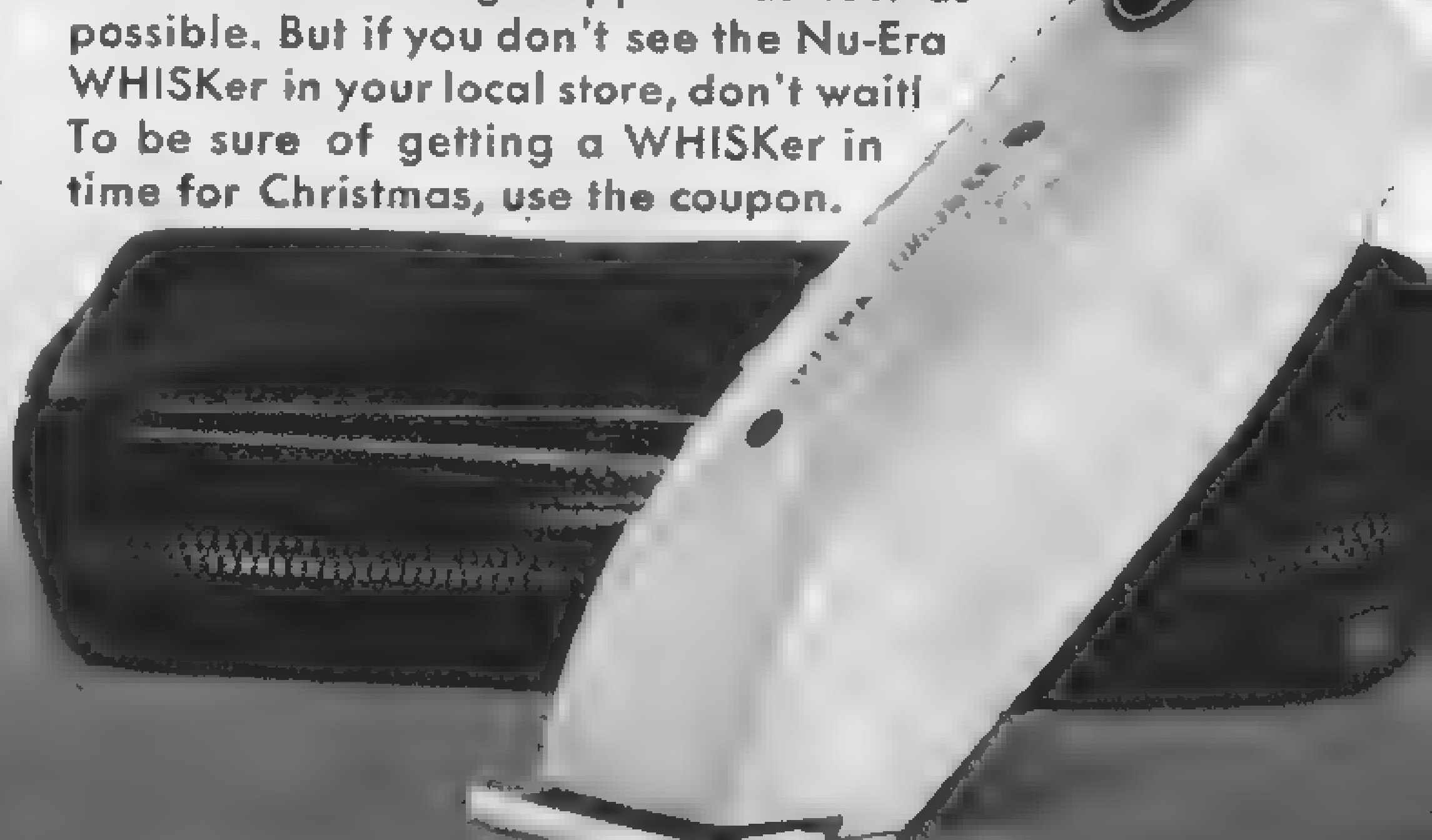
DEPENDABLE *Two-fisted* POWER


POWERFUL NO STALLING NO SLOWING
NO GEARS NO BEARINGS 1 MOVING PART
NO BRUSHES TO ARC—NO RADIO INTERFERENCE
QUIET— IT PURRS LIKE A KITTEN
FAST! 14,400 CUTTING STROKES PER MINUTE

- ★ Not a toy motor, but a magnetic type that can't slow down because it operates on the synchronous power-house principle.
- ★ No gears or bearings—nothing to wear or loosen. Nothing to oil except actual cutting blades . . . and that but seldom.
- ★ No contact points, no commutator, no brushes — nothing to burn, arc, or spark. Cannot cause radio interference.
- ★ Self-starting—full speed at snap of the switch. Operates from any outlet supplying 110 to 120 volts, 60 cycles (AC).

I'm Warning *You*

Dealers are being supplied as fast as possible. But if you don't see the Nu-Era WHISKer in your local store, don't wait! To be sure of getting a WHISKer in time for Christmas, use the coupon.



ZIP THE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

Electro Tool Corp., Dept. 108-M, Racine, Wis.

I accept your challenge to try the Nu-Era WHISKer and keep it if it suits me 100%. I enclose remittance of $12.50 which you are to refund without question if I return the WHISKer in ten days.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY____________________STATE__________

MY DEALER'S NAME______________________

WHY FORCE A HUSBAND TO JUGGLE FRUITS AND BOTTLES
LET HIM JOIN THE PARTY THIS FESTIVE SEASON

COCKTAILS, of all liquors, add most to the gracious gaiety of holiday parties. Yet no one needs to force a husband to juggle fruit and bottles mixing cocktails. It's more considerate, and far more satisfactory, always to serve the world's finest cocktails, Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS, conveniently ready-mixed in the bottle.

This year, why don't you try CLUB COCKTAILS? Think of the saving in time and work! No recipe-fumbling! No mixing-muss! No kitchen-clutter! All you do is ice and serve!

In CLUB COCKTAILS you'll find finest ingredients blended with a skill few barmen and fewer amateurs possess.

Flavorful, rich, mellow, "smooth as smooth," CLUB COCKTAILS, also, are a real economy.

Chilled with the right amount of ice in the shaker, the contents of each bottle provide 18 delightful drinks. Moreover, what isn't used from an opened bottle keeps indefinitely.

HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
MANHATTAN
COCKTAILS

SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof). Made with blended whiskies rich in bouquet and flavor.

SIDE CAR (60 proof). Made with choice, imported cognac brandy and other flavoring ingredients, expertly blended.

DAIQUIRI (70 proof). Made with selected rum and lime cordial, skilfully blended.

BRONX (60 proof). Fine fruity-tasting cocktail with Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
The CLUB COCKTAILS
NOTHING TO DO BUT *Ice & Serve*

ENJOY MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN

MILSHIRE is, we believe, as dry and as high in quality as a gin can possibly be made. MILSHIRE, distilled by the old English "pot-still" formula, is preferred everywhere for its finer aroma and flavor. (90 proof — distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits).

HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE
DISTILLED
DRY GIN

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

Gentlemen, Be Merry

Continued from pages 150-155-156

and forth into mug several times till well mixed. Serve with a little nutmeg and a slice of lemon.

MULLED CLARET AND EGG

Make as above Mulled Claret and pour while hot over the yolks of two eggs that have been very well beaten with a little sugar.

BLACK STRIPE

1 wine glass Rum
1 tablespoon Molasses

Stir well in glass. Fill with hot water. Stir and serve with a little nutmeg on top.

* * *

It would not seem like Christmas without a word from our English cousins where most of our Yuletide customs were born. Reading the address on the letter, we wonder how an Englishman ever remembers where he lives on dark nights.

"Lincoln House,
Doctors Commons Road,
Berkhamsted,
Hertfordshire, England.

"Dear Sir:

"Having told a correspondent in your August issue how to pronounce *hors d'oeuvre*, what about telling him how to spell it, too?

"It's wrong to write the word in the plural. The dinner is the chef's 'oeuvre'—work, creation, masterpiece if you like—and the snippets dished up to start with are simply intended as palate ticklers. They do not form part of the 'oeuvre'; hence the name, which means, quite literally, 'outside the work'—not 'the works'!

"Incidentally, I was interested to read of your discovery of gin and tonic after it has been a standard drink in this country for generations; but there are probably numbers of mixtures familiar in our village pubs which have not yet crossed the Atlantic. Here are three possibles for you—1) Whisky Mac. ⅓ Scotch, ⅔ ginger ale, or 50—50 if you're a Scotsman. 2) Rum and peppermint in proportion to individual taste—very glow making on a cold night. 3) Black Velvet. 1 glass port in a glass of stout. Some people use champagne instead of port, but I prefer my champagne undiluted. A variation of the above is to use brown ale instead of stout. The port kills the bitterness of the ale, and the ale kills the fire of the port.

"Finally, here's something else you might have mentioned to Mr. Geneat, of Boston, Mass. The lid on a stein is not only for keeping beer at an even temperature and protecting it against smoke—it's used as a signal to the waiter to fill up from a can the next time he's passing. If you sit in a German Bierstube and leave the lid of your stein open, your beer will rise as regularly as Old Faithful.

"Wishing you strength to your elbow,
"Yours very truly,
"A. C. ANNAND."

Our English correspondent has the proofs on his side. But we hate to think of the number of American menus that will have to be reprinted. ⧻

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Poor Joe Doaks reads second-rate thrillers, oblivious to his real and personal threats

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

WHILE this department was packed away in mothballs for two months, the presses rumbled on just the same. About 1,572 new titles were published, and one of the important events was the return of that cockeyed Lord of the Jungle, Tarzan.

Looking back over the thirty or so books out of that 1,572 that I have read, I note that the majority of them tell the same story that the newspaper headlines whisper: Joe Doaks, lad, the world is going to hell.

The public world is on the way, and so is the private. Therefore people can't sleep, and four out of five readers of this either have insomnia or think they have. Therefore Edmund Jacobson, M.D., author of *You Must Relax*, meets the crisis for two dollars with *You Can Sleep Well* (Whittlesey House), which gives specific advice in a style that, paradoxically, will not put you to sleep.

Just as this is ready to go to press a publisher rushes in under the deadline with the galleys of yet another book on sleep. Dr. John A. P. Millet's *Insomnia, Its Causes and Treatment* (Greenberg, $1.75), gives the impression of being a good treatise on the raveler-up of the sleeve of care.

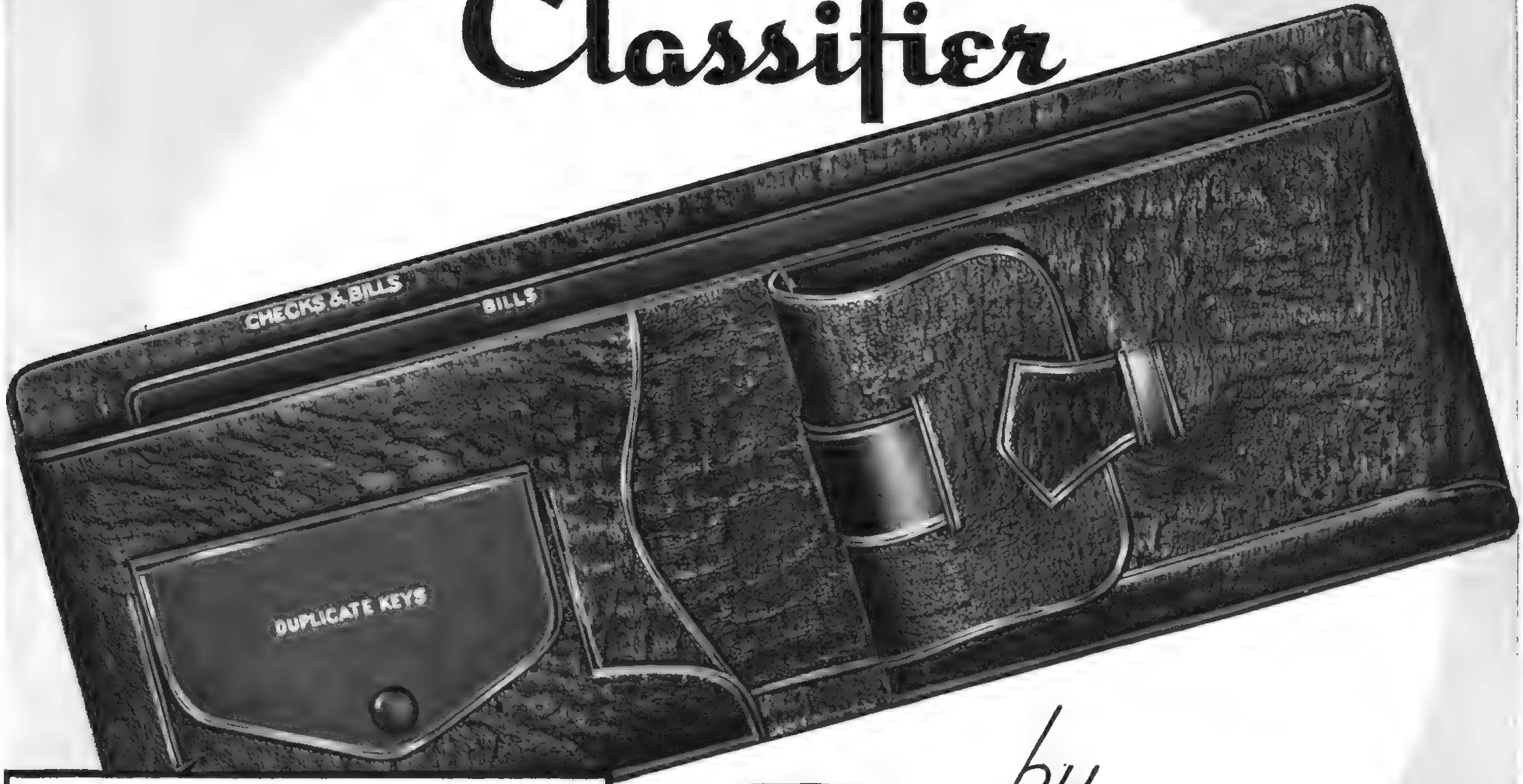
As to the public world going to hell, two of its main ushers, Deterding and Krupp, have had full length portraits painted of them, but so far, unfortunately, no reward offered for apprehension. The House of Krupp is so notorious it is strange we have had to wait until 1938 for a history of this munitions family. The American edition of *Blood and Steel* (Lee Furman, $3), by Herr Menne, former Krupp employee, contains passages that were deleted from the English edition "for reasons of policy." It is considered bad taste in an author over there to tell about the wartime contacts beween Krupp and British Vickers.

The less well known Sir Henri Deterding, international Capone No. 1, is done justice to by Glyn Roberts in a book packed with melodramatic incident and helped out with social interpretation (*The Most Powerful Man in the World*, Covici-Friede, $3). The czar of Royal Dutch-Shell turns out to be the nigger in the world's woodpile, one of Hitler's backers and one of the bad boys who may yet turn Mexico upside down. International events can't any longer be understood simply by keeping an eye on the scorecard and the players' numbers. Chamberlain, Horthy,

Continued on page 160

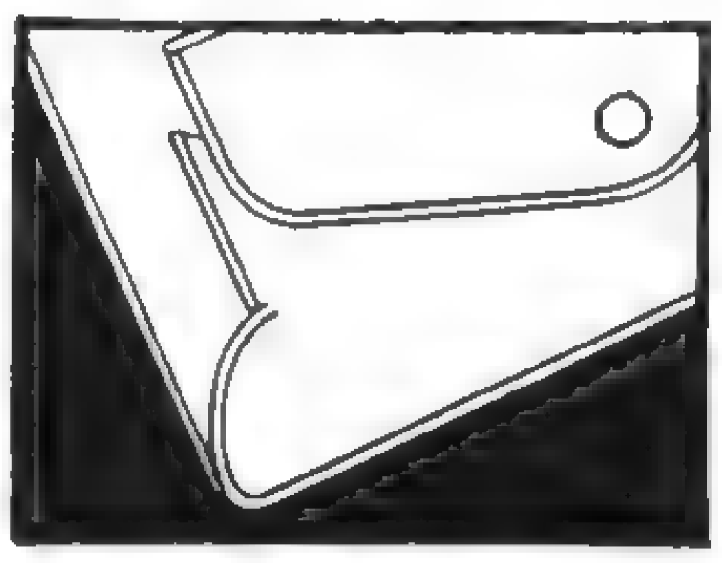
THE NEWEST THING IN FINE BILLFOLDS

The INVISIBLE STITCH Classifier

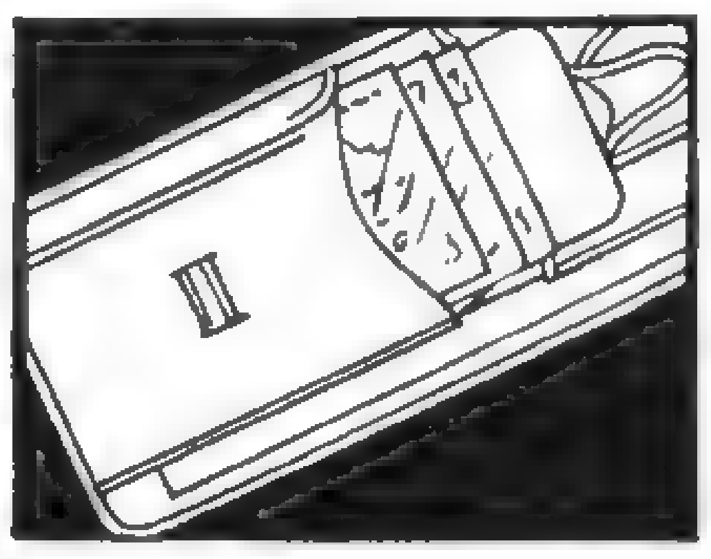


by PRINCE GARDNER

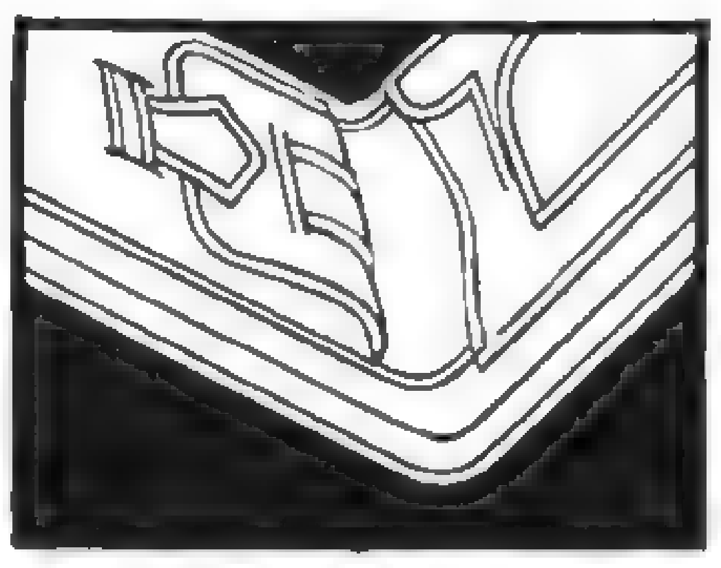
CHECK THESE BILLFOLD REFINEMENTS IN THE NEW "CLASSIFIER" - - -



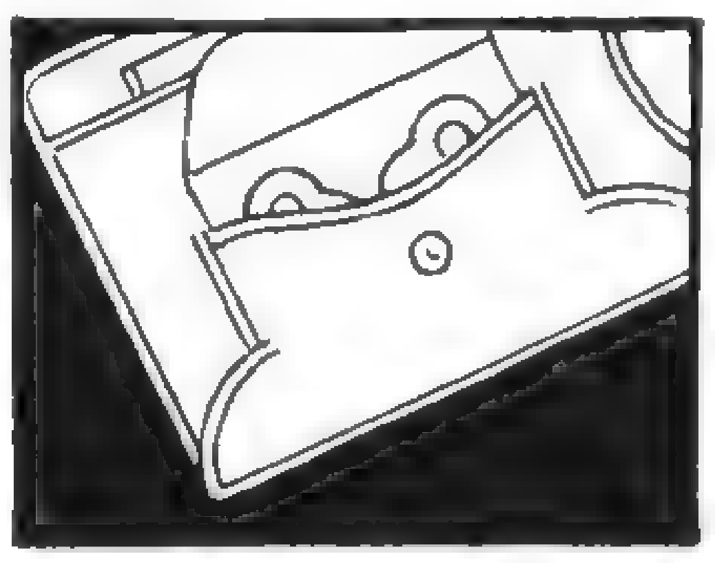
• NO STITCHES TO WEAR
Not a stitch in sight to mar its trim beauty, yet securely reinforced to hold its shape and give long service.



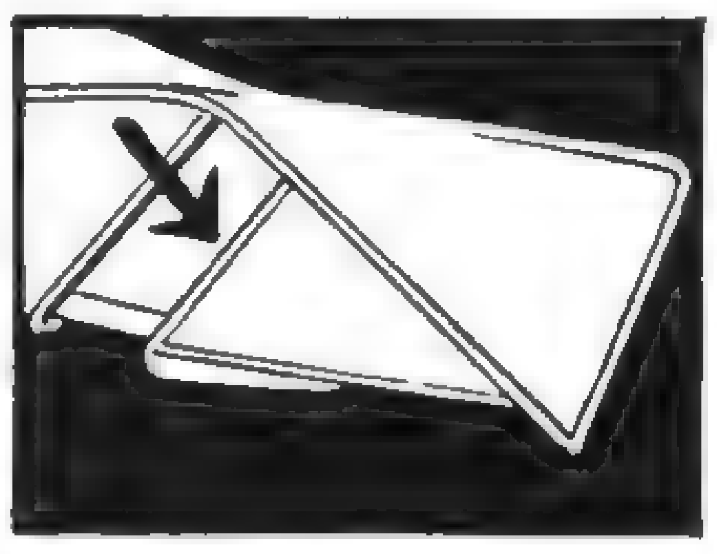
• IDENTIFICATION CARDS
This pull-out compartment is a quick-reference file for lodge, club and other personal identification cards.



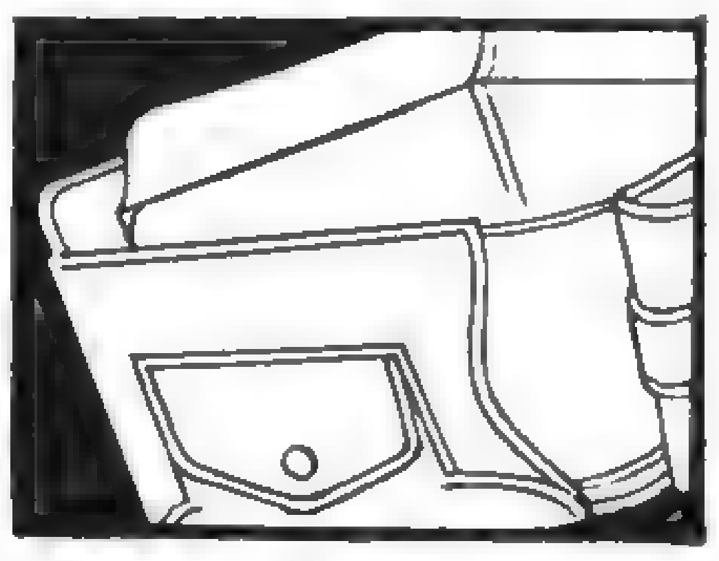
• NON-BUCKLING
Here's why the Prince-Gardner is slim and trim. The patented sliding center permits it to fold without being bulky.



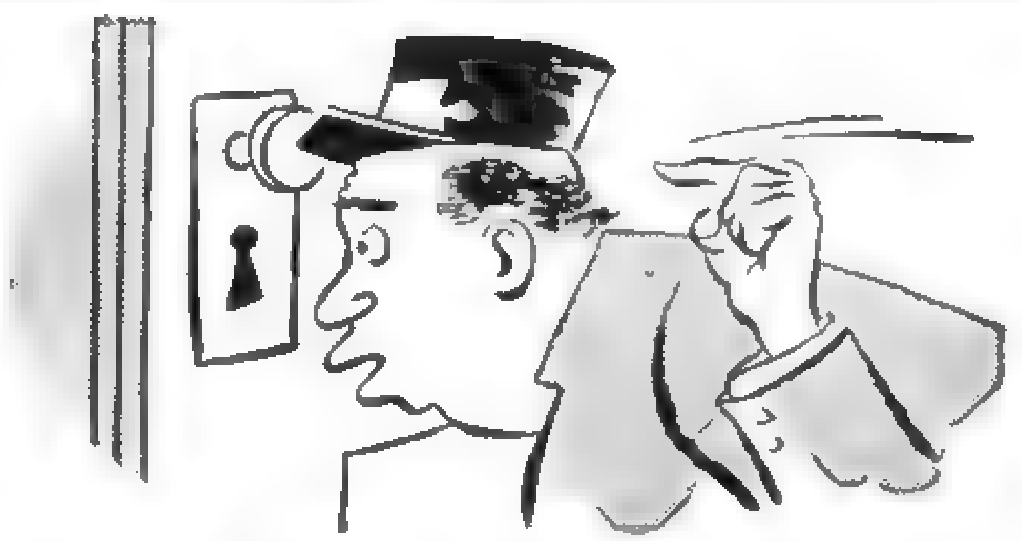
• DUPLICATE KEY POCKET
Everlose your car or door key? This little pocket provides room for two "spares" so that you need never be locked out.



• SECRET POCKET
A clever hide-away for big bills, but if we told you where it is it wouldn't be secret. Your dealer knows. Ask him!



• EXTRA MONEY POCKET
There are really *two* bill pockets, but a clever flap makes it possible to hide one so that all your money isn't displayed.



Not a Stitch On

New as tomorrow's headlines! Smart and trim as a cadet on parade . . . the new "Classifier" by Prince Gardner is a gentleman's billfold with all the gadgets and nooks to hold the many things a man must carry. And in typical Prince Gardner fashion, the stitches are invisible—cleverly concealed, yet sewed so securely that your Prince Gardner will out-wear several ordinary billfolds.

You'll want all the important exclusive features in the Prince Gardner "Classifier" illustrated above. See it at the best stores in town!

Illustrated Above: The new "Classifier" in genuine Siberian Wolf, used exclusively by Prince Gardner, priced at $3.50. Other Models in Fine Domestic and Imported Leathers at $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

PRINCE GARDNER • Pine Street at 19th • St. Louis, Missouri

BEAU BRUMMELL TIES + +
FOR A MAN'S Christmas!
Of course all America is saying
"BEAU BRUMMELL" Ties the best

When men choose neckwear, they show a preference for those labeled "Beau Brummell" . . . THAT is significant. Especially as Christmas gifts, do they like the exclusive patterns in luxurious silks . . . the exquisite color symphonies and the fine hand-making for which "Beau Brummell" is famous. At better men's shops and department stores, from—$1 to $5

Makers of Genuine Palm Beach Cravats . . . Burton's Poplin 4Fold Sportown Wools . . . "Topper" Dresswear

THE WEISBAUM BROS., BROWER CO., CINCINNATI

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 158

Mussolini, Hitler, may carry the ball, but the game is run by the Deterdings and Krupps from the sidelines.

Tarzan Krupp and Tarzan Deterding, Lords of the Jungle. Maybe a million nitwits will hit Edgar Rice Burroughs' newest opium pipe, and probably not ten thousand will get down to the brass tacks of these two books about the big-shot enemies of the plain man's peace and freedom. The "plain man" is a goof, going bug-eyed over the goofy antics of a gorilla man wearing a leopard-skin diaper and doing hair-raising stunts at the bottom of a "mysterious" African lake among "terrifying marine monsters." Other furniture and fixtures: "a cruel, false god," "a priceless great diamond," and "intrigue, mystery, danger."

Imagine Joe Doaks, the plain man, living in a dull routine world—to be exact, sitting in his armchair and getting the vicarious creeps over the gorilla man. And with balloons around that tame figure, the real dangers that hover over him, dangers that are harder to beat than the perils that unfortunately didn't wipe out Tarzan: tomorrow's bills, sickness, war, traffic death, home-grown fascism.

Why does Joe have to go to Tarzan for his shivers? From Mayor Hague to Fuehrer Hitler there are plenty of real Tarzans operating. "Intrigue, mystery, danger," are all around us, requiring no long detour to the bottom of a mysterious African lake. Terrifying marine monsters have been built with taxpayer Joe Doaks' dough in every nation with a seacoast, and as for a cruel false god, what about fascism?

The Deterdings and Krupps have a vast contempt for the ordinary man. The comparative statistics of book sales seems to bear them out.

That reminds me that I'm supposed to review some books. Well, I have managed to get through some fifty pages of what tastes like a good novel, Taylor Caldwell's *Dynasty of Death* (Scribner's $2.75). But it is 797 pages long, and I can't get through it in time for this deadline. I don't think authors need to write such thick tomes.

Caldwell is telling a good story here, the counterpart in fiction of the Krupp and Deterding biographies, showing how the ruthless individualists grow up, how the armaments firm developed here in the U. S. a hundred years ago, and the hardboiled part it plays in our history. I'd like to take a rain check on this until next month, and then consider this vogue for heavy books which can be used for pressing pants or holding back a heavy door after their initial purpose is served.

Still on the subject of the world's going to hell, the next exhibit is Henry Wysham Lanier's *Secret Life of a Secret Agent* (Lippincott, $2.50), a terse, dramatic biography of a patriotic stool pigeon (not Lanier but an unmentionable whom he is ghosting). Our hero is a spy and secret agent who lies, tricks, steals, and murders for the Nation, the Army, the Kultur. An absorbing book that I read at one sitting, wishing, however, that it had been possible to give names, places, and so on, instead of leaving us in the dark about the countries our secret agent was spying for and against. My guess is he's a Frenchman.

Worth a mention, though it came out last June, is *Britain and the Dictators* (Macmillan, $3.50). It's the lowdown about Europe, and chiefly Central Europe, since Versailles, by R. W. Seton-Watson, one of the greatest authorities on that plague spot. The result is what you'd expect of a superlative expert who was and maybe in an undercover way still is, a British intelligence official. I mean that he gives you a frank account of what has led up to the present bedlam, but as for what to do, all that Seton-Watson can suggest is that Britain should keep coddling Adolf. Hell, you don't need an expert to reach that blind alley.

Speaking of Adolf—and how that man gets publicity—Random House publishes a drama in verse by Stephen Spender (*Trial of a Judge*, $1.50), a powerful indictment of a Nazi judge who is condemned by the spirits of those he sent to death.

A book I can give only a brief mention, though it deserves much more, is John Blair's *Seeds of Destruction* (Covici-Friede, $4). This closely reasoned and documented study of the economic breakdown in the U. S. has a final "constructive" section on possible methods for holding the line temporarily in what looks to the author like a losing game. One contribution is the disclosure that in 1936-7 prices went up way ahead of wages, which is one reason for the current collapse. Not an easy book but a thought provoking one.

When people feel secure in their world, a dance like the waltz, graceful and stable, results. When the world goes to pieces, the dance result is something like the shag. Arthur Murray, the famous dance master, gives us *How to Become a Good Dancer* (Simon & Schuster,

Continued on page 162

The HANSEN
Thorobred
handcrafted in Morocco Grain

That unmistakable *"custom look"* and perfect fit of *hand-stitched gloves*—

is yours in the new Hansen Thorobred—a glove you can be proud to wear anywhere, an ideal gift for a man of taste—yet so well-made from rugged Morocco Grain that it is truly an all-purpose, long-lasting glove.

This beautiful leather, second to none among fine leathers for glove-making, has a distinct natural grain with a rich pebbled effect. It is tailored by hand in a simple classic design, harmonizing with the fashion trend toward plain colors, starched collars, and more formality in town clothes. It is remarkably soft and comfortable to wear.

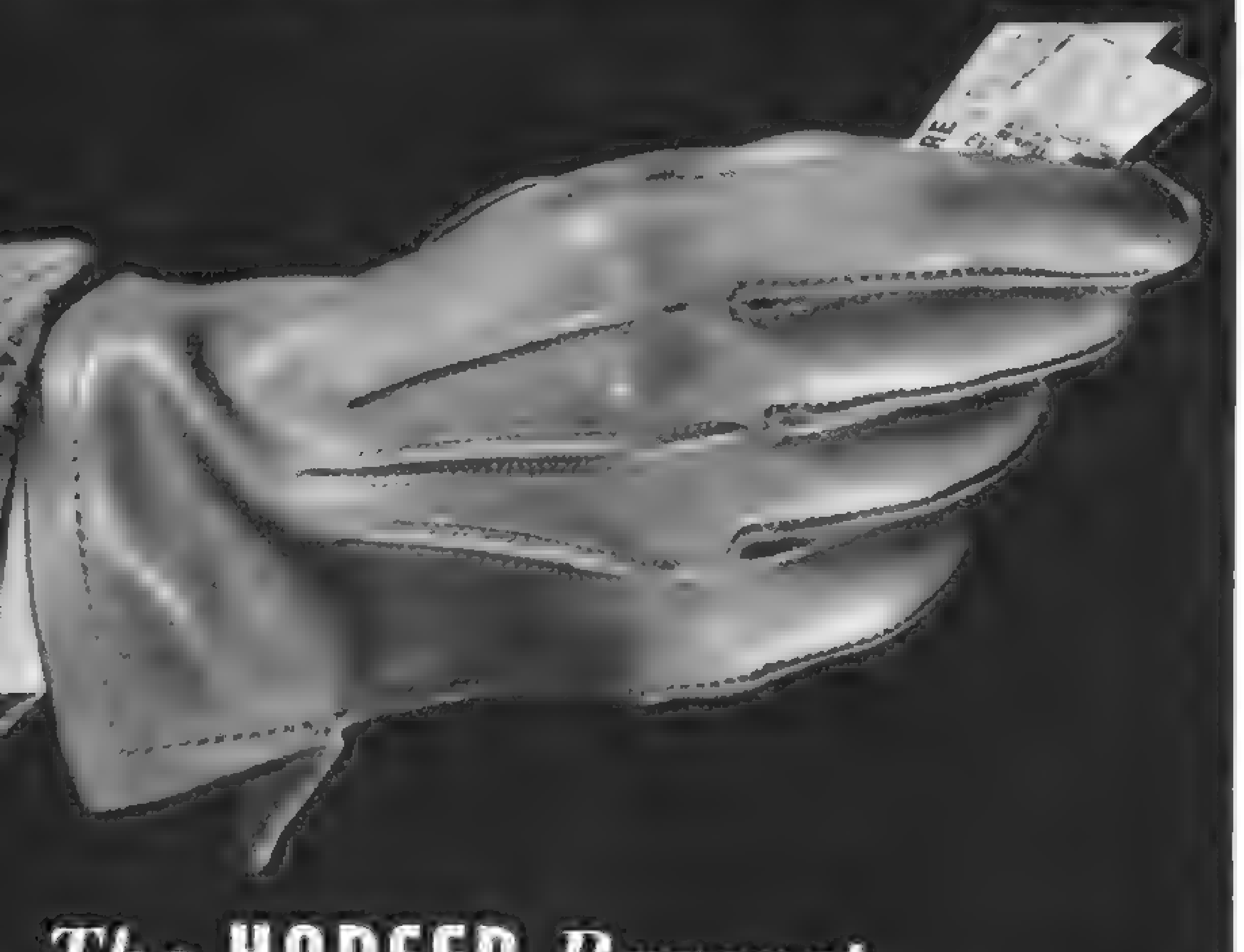
Women — and men too — look at your gloves. Are they shapeless, worn, out of key with the well-groomed appearance of the rest of your wardrobe?

Gloves are a vitally important accessory in masculine dress. Replace yours with Hansen Thorobreds, and look your best.

Hansen has put into the Thorobred everything that is possible to make a longer-wearing glove. Get a pair this week at your Hansen dealer's. Your choice of colors — $5.00 the pair. Other Hansen Gloves, slipon or button, lined or unlined, in tan, brown, grey, or black, for every occasion — $3.00 to $5.00.

The **HANSEN** *Alpine*

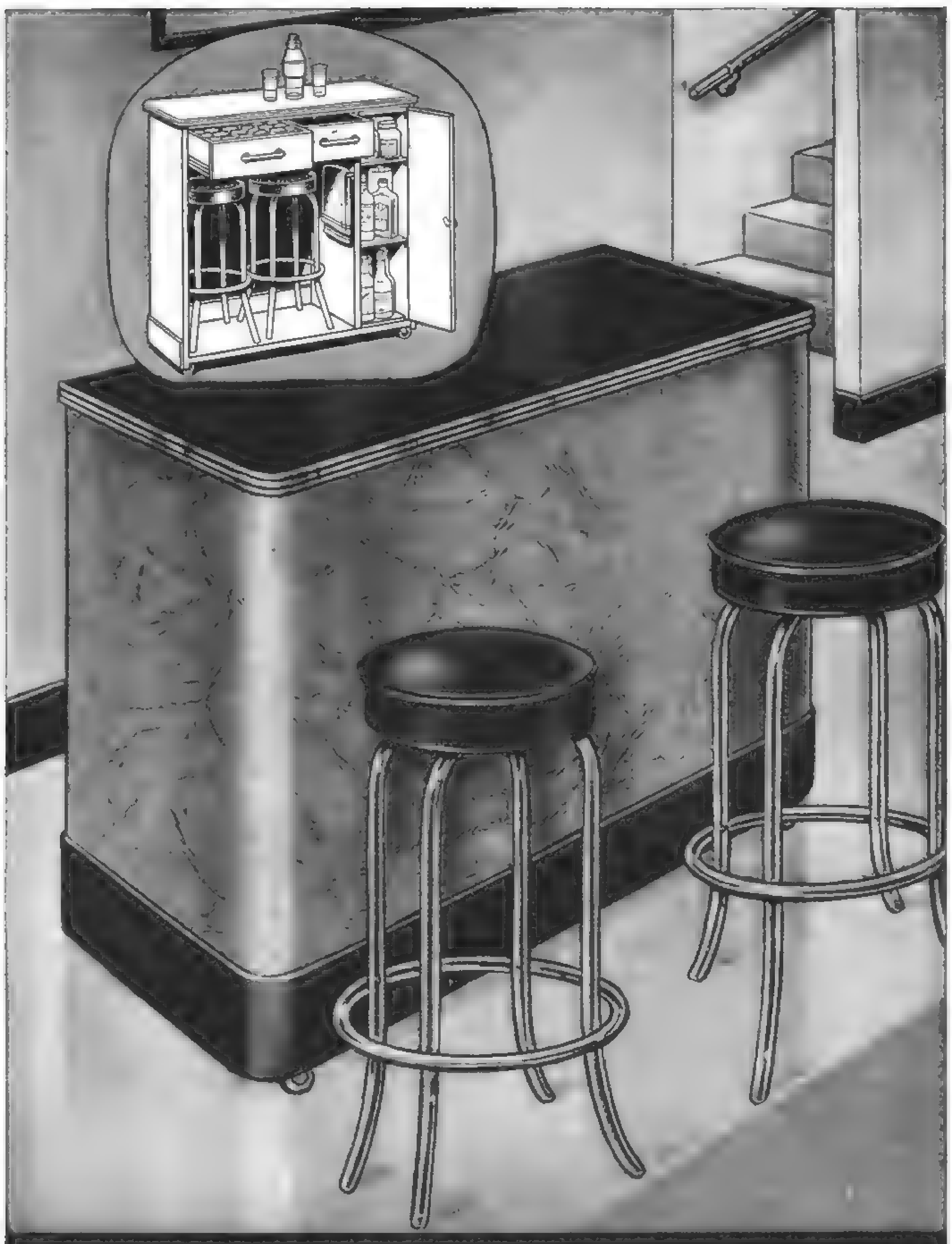
— the newest idea in gloves, for men who want warmth without cumbersome weight, and durability without clumsy bulk. Lined with sueded Bemberg Rayon, a new material so light you never know it's there, so luxuriously warm you can wear it with comfort for driving. $5.00.



The **HANSEN** *Baronet*

—made from selected South African capeskins which give the truest color tones. Unlined, seamless-knit lined — or lined with silky Bemberg Rayon, so light that the Baronet still looks like an unlined glove, so silky that it slips off and on with ease. $4.00.

HANSEN
gloves
Milwaukee · Wisconsin



HANDSOME, STURDY, SPACIOUS and COMPACT . . . . . . the new

Royalchrome

HIDE-AWAY BAR

● Here is a new standard of complete utility and convenience—plus an appearance to make any host proud. The Royalchrome Hide-Away Bar dispenses hospitality with almost professional efficiency, and kangaroo-like, it carries its own stools. And, should occasion demand, its easy-rolling casters enable a quick hide-away. . . . Complete? Yes, sir! One large drawer equipped with a full complement of glassware, the other contains every appurtenance and accessory to the perfect bar. The locked steel storage compartment has three shelves and holds over 60 bottles. The Bar also has a slicing board and a chrome towel rod. . . . Sturdily and compactly constructed, its front and sides are covered with durable "Tuf-Tex" leatherette in a choice of colors, both smart and practical. The top and baseboard are battle-ship linoleum—alcohol-resistant, of course. Complete (less stools) only $54.50*

Price complete with two stools constructed to fit inside $69.50* *Plus freight to distant points

ROYAL METAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

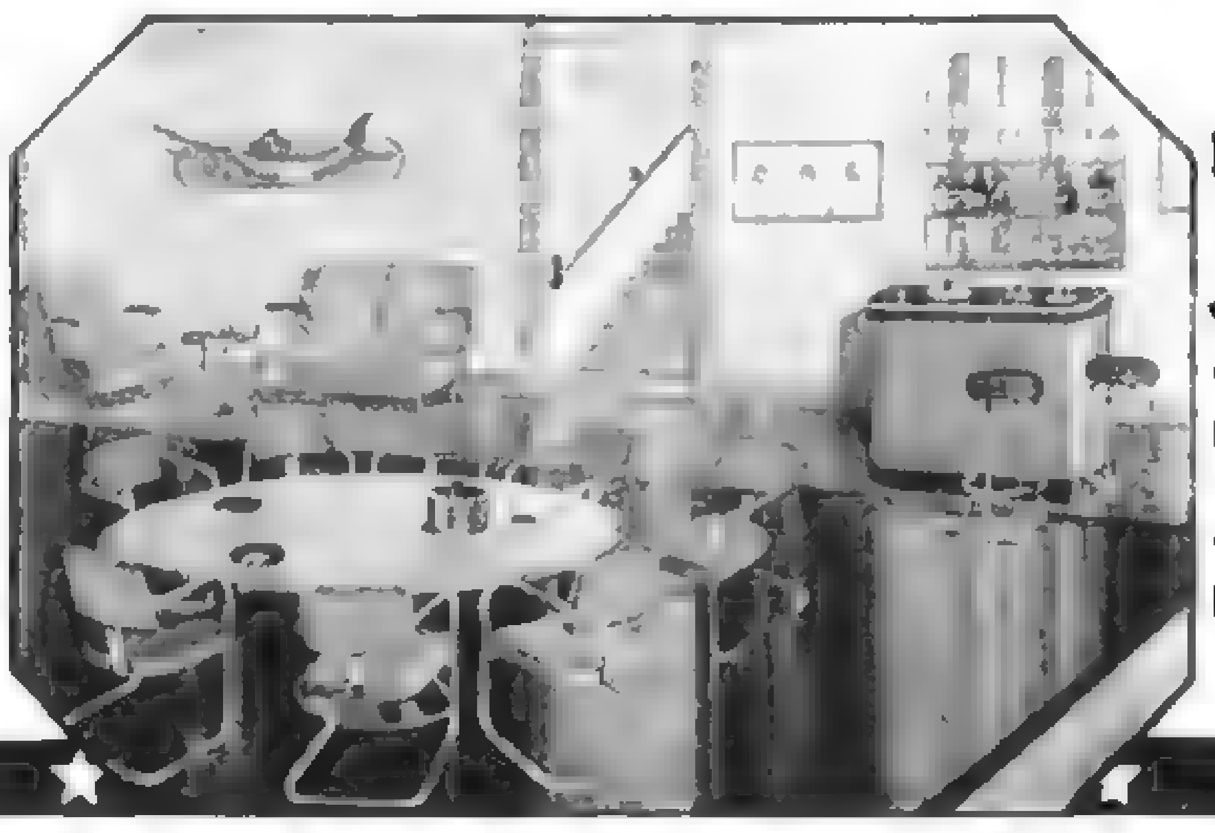
Metal Furniture since '97

1138-40 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BRANCH FACTORIES: NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

THE ROYALCHROME HIDE-AWAY

Bars are on display at leading stores, or write to Royal Metal Mfg. Co., for address of the store nearest you.



SEE ROYALCHROME'S RUMPUS ROOM

with combination convertible bridge-poker table, chairs, settees, etc. to match the Royalchrome Hide-away bar.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 158-160

$1.96), complete with pictures, diagrams, and a layout with footprints for the living room—the spoor of a perfect dancer. It's a home-study course, not only in waltz, fox trot, tango, but in rumba, Suzie-Q, Big Apple and shag.

But this department is of the opinion that Suzie-Q and shag can't be learned by any pictures, diagrams, or shoe tracks nailed to the floor. Those are not dances but new visitations of what our pioneer forefathers experienced in revivals as "the jerks," the sort of hysteria the slummer sees in certain Negro churches when the worshipers get drunk on ecstasy. You have to go loco from the inside. The footprints are O.K. for the old-fashioned stuff, but for the shag, Mr. Murray, you should have boxed a bottle of gin with the book.

People with a taste for the subtler aspects of crime need no introduction to a man with the unamiable name of William Roughead, who has already done several studies of murders. His latest is *The Enjoyment of Murder* (Sheridan House, $2.50). He differs from most crime writers in that he has an intelligent, ironical style, a nice witty slab-side manner in the morgue. As a connoisseur of crime, as other men are of wines, women, mosaics or tiles, he presents in this volume, six highly involved crimes of the past, plus an introductory essay on his ghoulish avocation.

Me, I like crime the way I like a Hindu dinner of bhugi and bhagi—just once in a while. The addiction to crime and mystery stuff is in a class with the Suzie-Q, a kind of "getting away from it all." And this Roughead, for all that he's an eminent Scottish barrister, is maybe like an unpleasant physician I know, who peers into coffins and makes an occasional round of the morgue.

At 11 a. m. in any large city the court house elevators going down are crowded with people. "What's the idea?" you ask the starter as the herd moves toward the revolving doors. "The movies open at eleven," he explains. "The people generally leave the courts a little before eleven so as to be on time for the first show."

Hundreds of men and women haunt the municipal, county, and criminal courts for the free vaudeville and melodrama which they as citizens feel they are entitled to. The courts have their fans like the six-day bike races, the dance marathons, and the fights. They shop around among the judges and the cases, and the exodus to the movies is only on days when nothing particularly juicy is on the judicial calendar. John Law gets a break first, and when he fails in the crime and scandal section, they move on to Garbo and Taylor. They come for the day, some of them with lunches. A really good criminal affair, one that has had advance newspaper ballyhoo, brings them out at dawn, waiting in queues as if for a world's series game or a battle of the century.

The good old average citizen who happens to be in the court house on his own business has a snort of distaste for this crowd of ghouls. Well, this "Enjoyment of Murder" man has his points—wit, irony, and intelligence; he isn't as soggy as Joe Doaks. Still he belongs in Joe's crowd. But, being a broadminded man in spite of his prejudices, this reviewer is willing to introduce Roughead to Joe, and let them have the best kind of time they can over Boy Kills Girl.

* * *

Way back in 1920 I was assigned by an editor to cover the Soviet Russia department of a book review magazine. In these eighteen years I guess I must have read scores of these books, pro, con, and straddling the rail. I even got so interested in the subject that I went there to see for myself what all the shooting was for. I spent a summer there, and being a journalist on the prowl for possible scoops or articles, and having heard the Soviets were doing a tremendous but unpublicized job of building up their gold industry, I managed to get invited to the house of Alexander Serebrovsky, head of the Gold Trust, and one of the biggest men in the country.

At that time, although almost no one knew it (the newspapers specialized in Soviet breakdowns, not in buildups), Russia was climbing from nowhere into second place among the world's gold producers, and threatened to be in the No. 1 spot by 1939. Serebrovsky, who was operating in a Siberian territory larger than the whole United States, and who was the responsible head of hundreds of thousands of workers, took time off to be interviewed over a late supper of caviar, cookies, tea, cherries, and so on. And he spoke often, and with admiration and affection, of a non-Communist American mining engineer who was his assistant and trouble-shooter, and whom Serebrovsky, on an American tour of study and investigation, had lured away from the Alaskan gold fields.

That engineer was John D. Littlepage, whose story is now out (with the help of Demaree Bess's pen) with the unsatisfactory title, *In Search of Soviet Gold* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75). Unsatisfactory, because this book tells much more than the story of digging for gold in Siberia. It tells the story of Soviet struggles from 1928 to 1937, Littlepage's period of service.

Littlepage's book is about the most honest report on a highly controversial country that I have read. The only axe he has to grind is that of an expert who has his job to do and insists on doing it. He is careful to qualify any statement he makes that is outside his field of mining. He is often naïve with a simplicity that makes

Continued on page 164

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 158-160-162

the reader wish he had studied some other subjects, and yet I think that maybe even that naïveté is good for the book. The way he talks about the "government" over there, as if the noun had exactly the same meaning as it does for our own administration, is misleading, as is his use of "politician" and "reformer" to designate communist leaders.

I think this is a fine book. The Bolshie-haters won't like it because on the whole it leaves you with the impression that the Soviets are headed into a tremendous future (the chapter on Siberia is a lulu). Those already sold on communism and the Soviet Union will be hurt by many things, and the hurt will be deep because the author's technical standing and his transparent honesty will certify to the truth of his criticisms of Stalinist policy. Whatever your political color, you will find in this odyssey of an American engineer, who covered tens of thousands of miles inspecting and trouble-shooting from the Urals to Yakutia and the Far East, not only a vivid story but a panorama of a country which has lately climbed into the second industrial position in the world, and which aims at being No. 1.

To boot, there's something in the book that makes you proud of being an American. That is the character of Littlepage himself, a good workman devoted to his job.

* * *

House of All Nations (Simon & Schuster, $3), by Christina Stead, is one of those rarefied works of genius enjoyed by a few people, and talked about and touted by a lot of inferior folk who find it tough going, feel it to be over their heads, get a shimmer of sense every ten pages, and persist doggedly to the end because Clifton Fadiman said it was great. (Remember *The Last Puritan*?)

It deals with a bizarre set of self-aware high-finance crooks, presents them a stream of brilliant patter, during which they scathingly analyze themselves, over and over again. The central figure is head of a made-out-of-the-air bank whose customers are stock swindlers, gamblers, movie stars, and high-fliers of the scummiest variety.

The book is peppered with highly quotable aphorisms about money and the people who make it. The best of these are conveniently culled on the jacket, have been repeated by most reviewers, and are being repeated by most of the other folk who pretend to have read the book. The fact is that Christina Stead is one of those writers who are just too brilliant to be writers. She eliminates all the connective story-tissue, and renders her characters by such intellectual means that they remain unidentifiable to the average reader halfway through her book. The writing is so brilliant that the shine makes the shape and form indistinguishable. And the financial feats described are too dizzying for the average reader, with limited experience in the unreal field of money, to understand. A better novelist, if perhaps a less brilliant one, would have made this book more useful by so presenting the material that the average reader could comprehend, instead of just being awed by, the crawling upper world.

The Culture of Cities by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace, $5), might have provided a big review but for the mothballs. Swell illustrations decorating able job on subject that needed spade work: the city of the future. Unfortunately marred by a lot of miscellaneous gargoyles of style showing Mumford regarding himself more and more as a mystical high priest (like Frank Lloyd Wright).

Caribbee Cruise: A Book of the West Indies, by John W. Vandercook (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.50), one of the best for the Caribbean traveler, with a more human point of view than the run of such guides.

Vagabond Voyaging by Larry Nixon (Little, Brown, $2.25) is an excellent, needed, highly practical and detailed guide to the new travel craze, the freighter voyage. Gives names and locations of steamer lines, prices, and 1001 cruise possibilities.

Beating About the Bush, by Brian O'Brien (Lee Furman, $2.50). More or less true story of young Irishman who ships to Cameroons as employee of British trading company and experiences all the adventures a pulp-mag writer ever thought of. Villainous boss and his poisonous stooge; aphrodisiacal sex dance of the aborigines; Message to Garcia job; ex-cannibals and their young white chief; shark hunt; terrifying tracks of mysterious jungle beast unseen by man. But told with humor and keen eye by a likable personality. I'm a pushover for this stuff when it isn't done in a routine manner. And this isn't.

Zaca Venture, by William Beebe (Harcourt, Brace, $3). The Old Master and his party cruise for two months in Gulf of California, finding strange fish and adventure—told with science and spirit in the unique Beebe combination.

This Is My Country, by Stoyan Cristowe (Carrick & Evans, $2.75). Bulgarian immigrant boy becomes an American. The hardship, the slow climb up, told with feeling and humor and a sense of drama and the picturesque.

The Bridge in the Jungle, by B. Traven (Knopf, $2.50). The book with a blank space where the blurb should be, by the mystery author who has sold all over the world (millions in Russia) and who will probably soon come into his unadvertised own in this country. A story of real grip and bite, told around the drowning of a child in a Mexican jungle. You will read Traven eventually, so why not now? ⧺

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If They Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin

Continued from page 63

sports world has seen such graceful tennis players as Perry and Cliff Sutter, ball players like Tris Speaker, gridiron stars like Red Grange, and boxers like Jack Delaney, but I have never heard these gentlemen's virility impugned just because they were able to perform their chosen gyrations as efficiently as their more clumsy competitors.

Perhaps the "sissy" conception arises in part because figure skating is not dangerous, not a physical contact sport like hockey, for instance (although God knows that every skater has often enough experienced physical contact with the ice). The answer to this is that distance running and swimming also are not physical contact sports, but that exhaustion can be just as painful as a hard bump, and requires just as much physical bravery. A further answer is that physical bravery is an estimable virtue both in sports and in life, but that patience and perseverance are also estimable virtues in both of those activities—and it takes plenty to become a good skater. It is reasonable, I trust, to maintain that even this present-day world, or at least this section of it, admires the perseverance, the mental courage of a Pasteur and a Michelangelo as much as it does the bravery, the physical courage of an Alexander or a Caesar.

But perhaps this defense of the world's most beautiful sport is becoming too impassioned. All figure skaters are not Pasteurs and Michelangelos. They have their faults. No golfer or horse fancier can top a figure skater when it comes to talking shop, and an outsider in a gathering of jump-and-spin devotees feels at times pretty much like the outsider at the hunt breakfast who, when asked what he liked best to shoot, replied: "Horses."

If you buttonhole an addict and ask him what he thinks of England's foreign policy, he will retort: "That reminds me. Did you know that Samuel Hoare is an enthusiastic skater? They must have been crazy when they let a fine man like that out." Question him on government spending, and he'll vouchsafe: "It's all right by me—if they build plenty of rinks with the money." Recount the misdeeds of the latest public enemy, and his answer will be: "That's nothing; I know a scoundrel who throws stones and paper on the ice."

And are you aware that figure skating is guilty of that bugaboo of college professors and presidents, overemphasis? Well, it certainly is. At least some of its adherents have emphasized it plenty hard in the matter of practice. If a coach of even the most brazen and unashamed semi-professional big-time college football team demanded that his players should practice on an average of four, six or even more hours a day during the season, he would be eyed askance. And if he supplemented this by hinting that it would be well for them to practice as frequently and as long as possible during the off-season as well, I am certain he would be given the gate—no matter how hard Alma Mater was working for a Rose Bowl bid and a boost in the enrollment figures.

Well, more than a few of the skating champions and near-champions have done that very thing. And, unlike our overemphasized college football stars, they didn't start it only when they had reached the competing age. No, no, Mr. Carnegie Foundation, not a few of them began at the tender age of eight, or six or even tenderer ages than that. Of course some of them, like Sonja, were winning championships when they were not yet in their teens, but others were out there just practicing and practicing for Der Tag which was to come later in their careers. (One of the curious things about skating, and one which I shan't bother to explain, is that a skater can win a senior championship at the age of twelve while another one can win a junior championship at the age of sixty.)

But of course all the people who don figure skates are not looking forward to winning the Olympic championship and a Hollywood contract, and the chief merit of figure skating as with every other sport worth its salt, is that it is a sport that every able-bodied person can enjoy and can perform capably with far less than the six-hours-a-day practice that I have been scaring you with. The superlative figures that the stars cut are, in the main, superior to the less spectacular ones of the run-of-the-mine skater, not because they are unheard-of gyrations but because they are executed with more grace, precision and aplomb. This isn't to say that Joe Doakes can do *everything* Karl Schaefer does—even do it badly—but that he *can* give a fairly reasonable facsimile of many of the figures that stars like Schaefer execute even in their big-time programs. There are only so many things that you can do on a pair of skates, just as there are only so many things that can be done in other sports. Don Budge can hit a tennis ball, and you can hit a tennis ball. You can't do it as well as he does, but you can do it, standing on two feet and using a racket just like Budge. That's the point.

But perhaps it would be well, for a change, to end a you-can-do-it-too motif on a note of pessimism. Here is the note: No matter how good you get on the curved blades, you'll never be able to write your name on the ice. Popular conceptions to the contrary, even the best of them can't do it, never could do it and never will be able to—not with the faintest approximation to legibility, at any rate. But I suppose there's no law against trying if you want to. #

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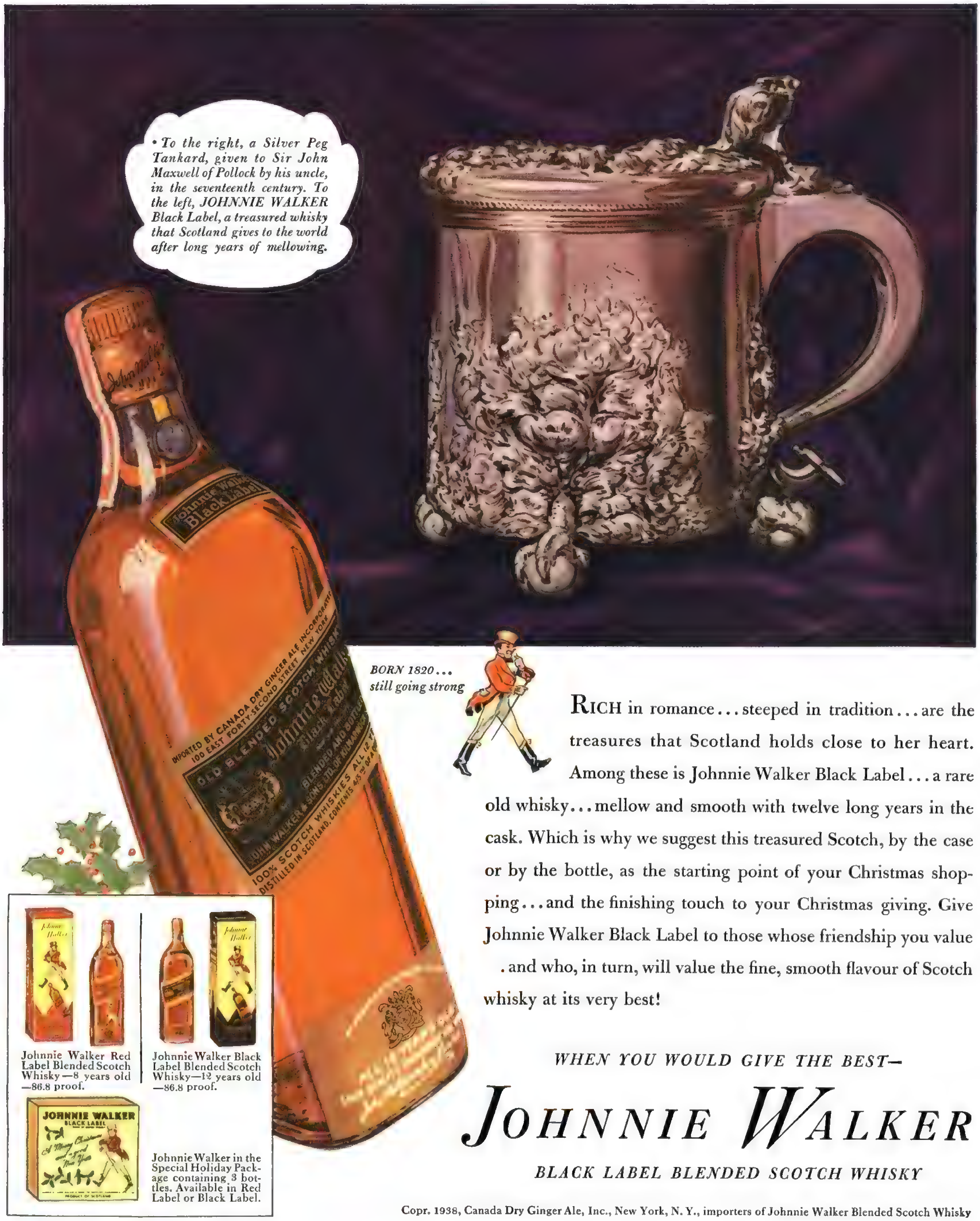

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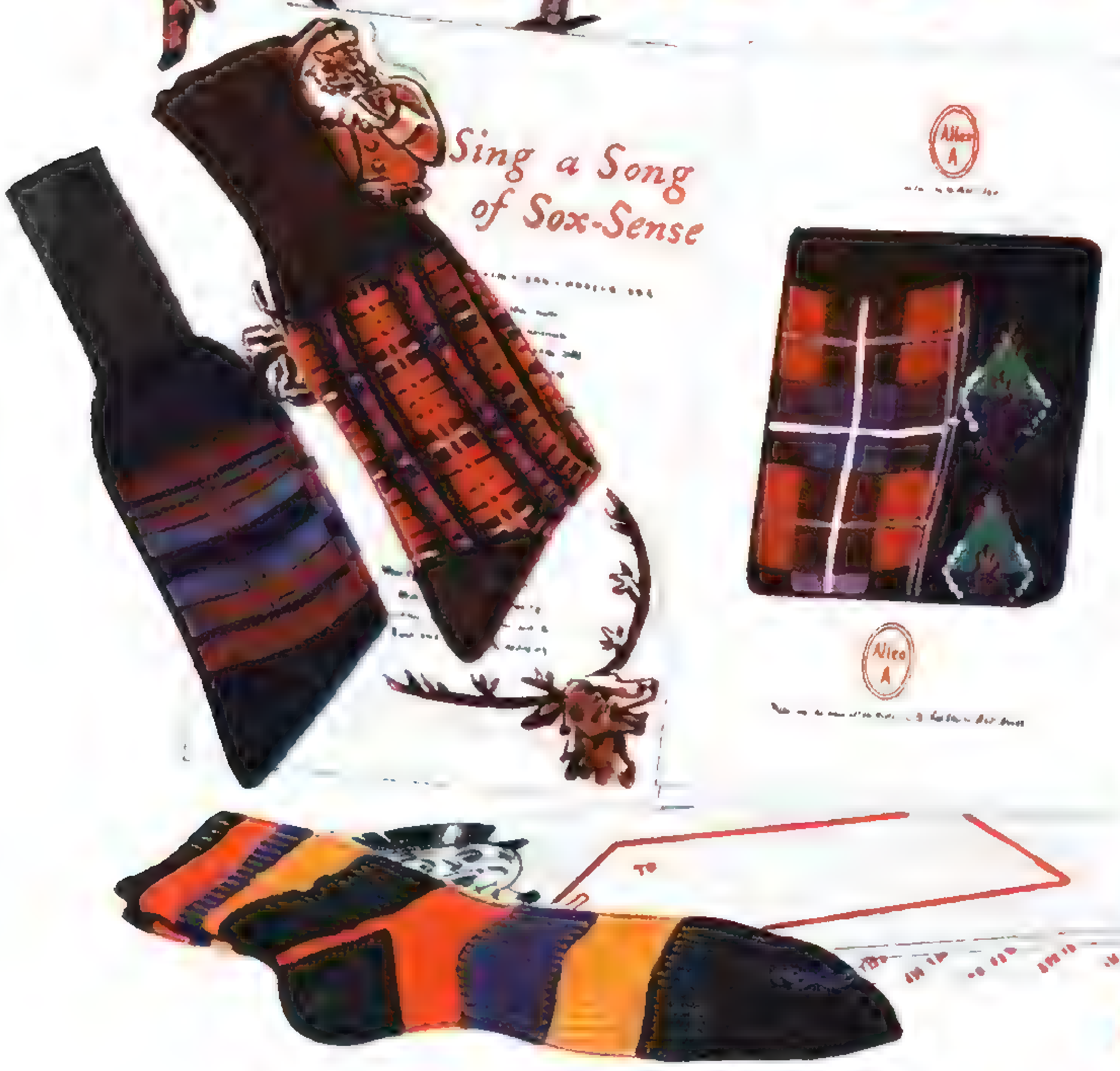
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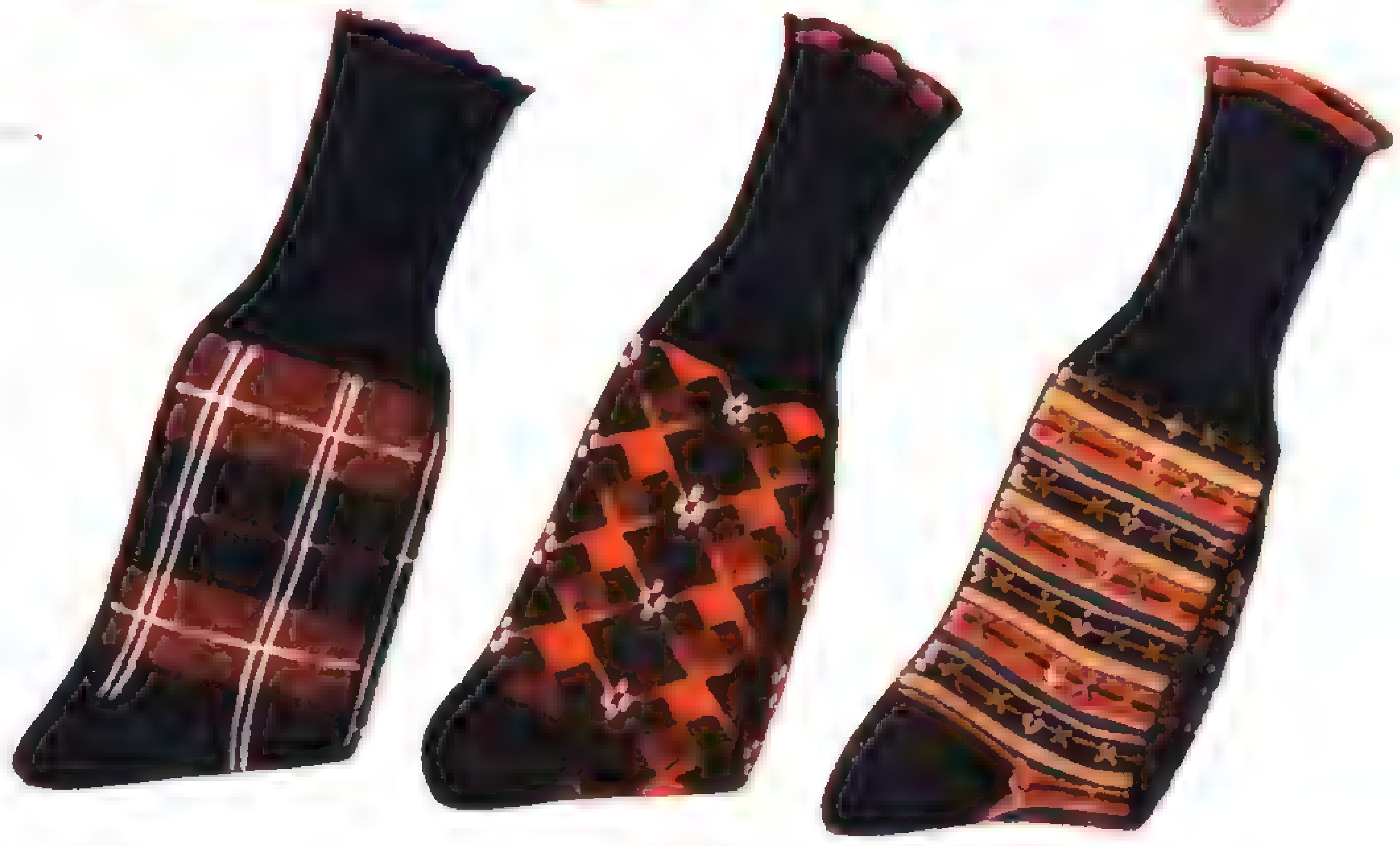

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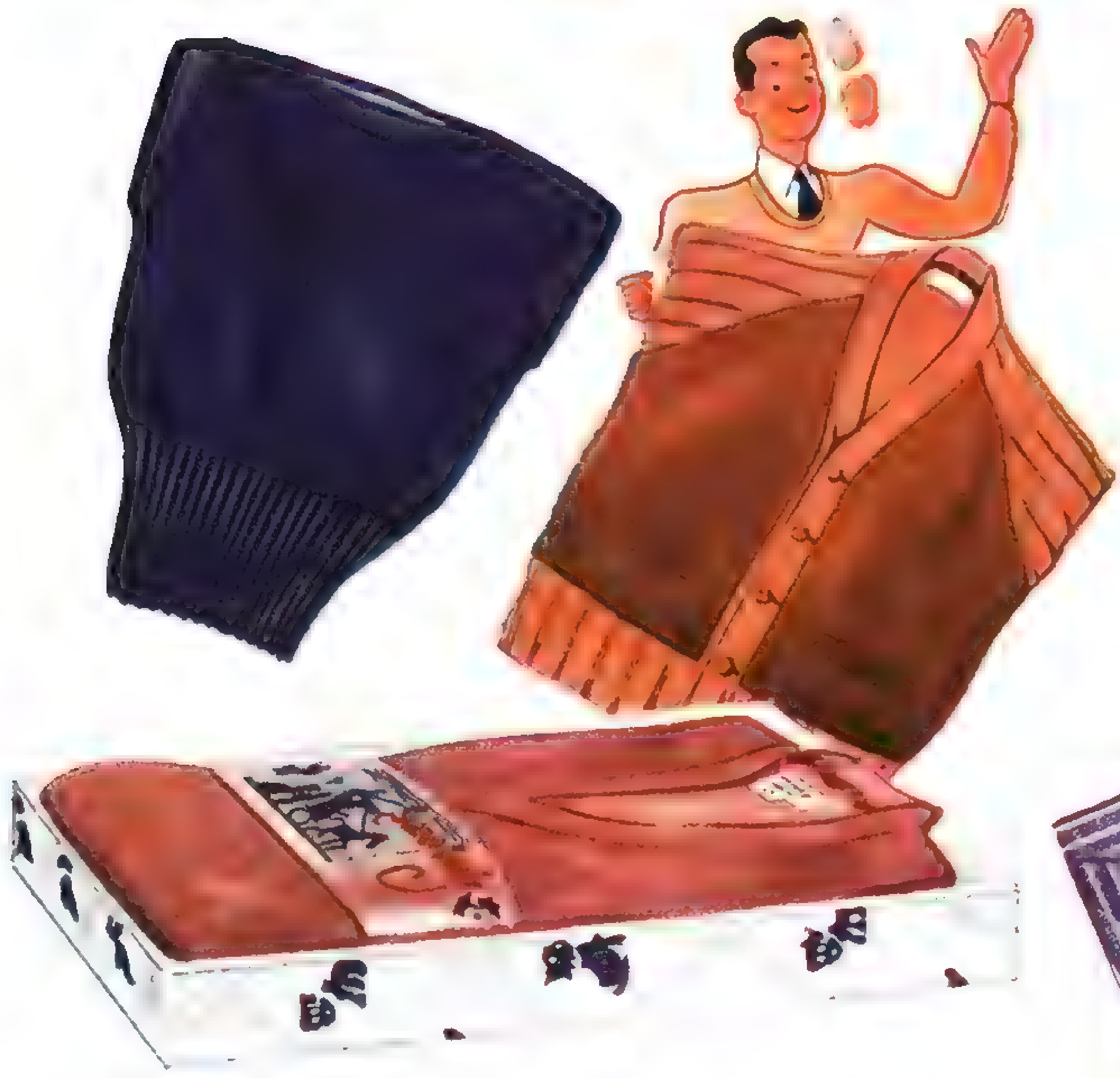

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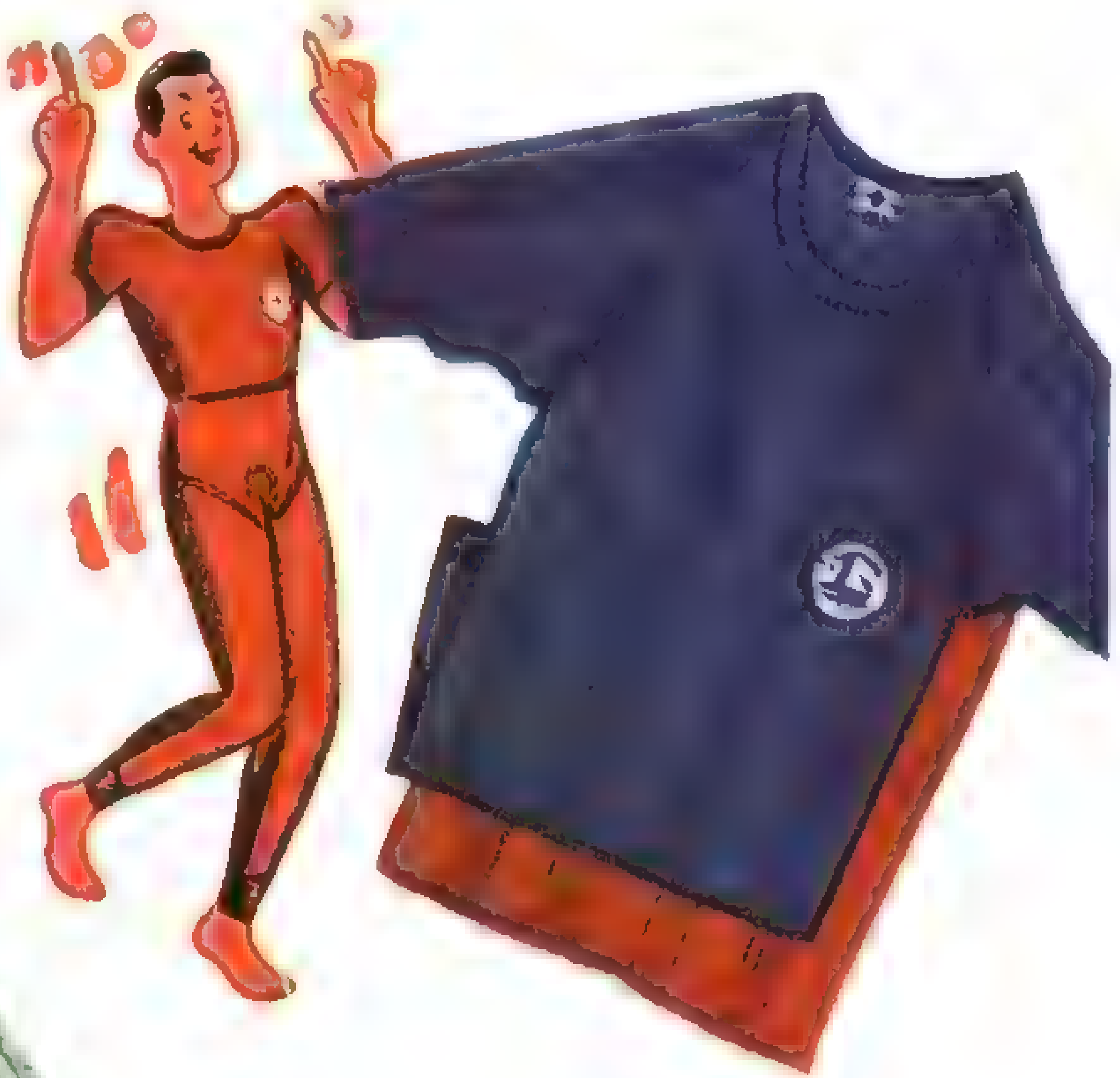

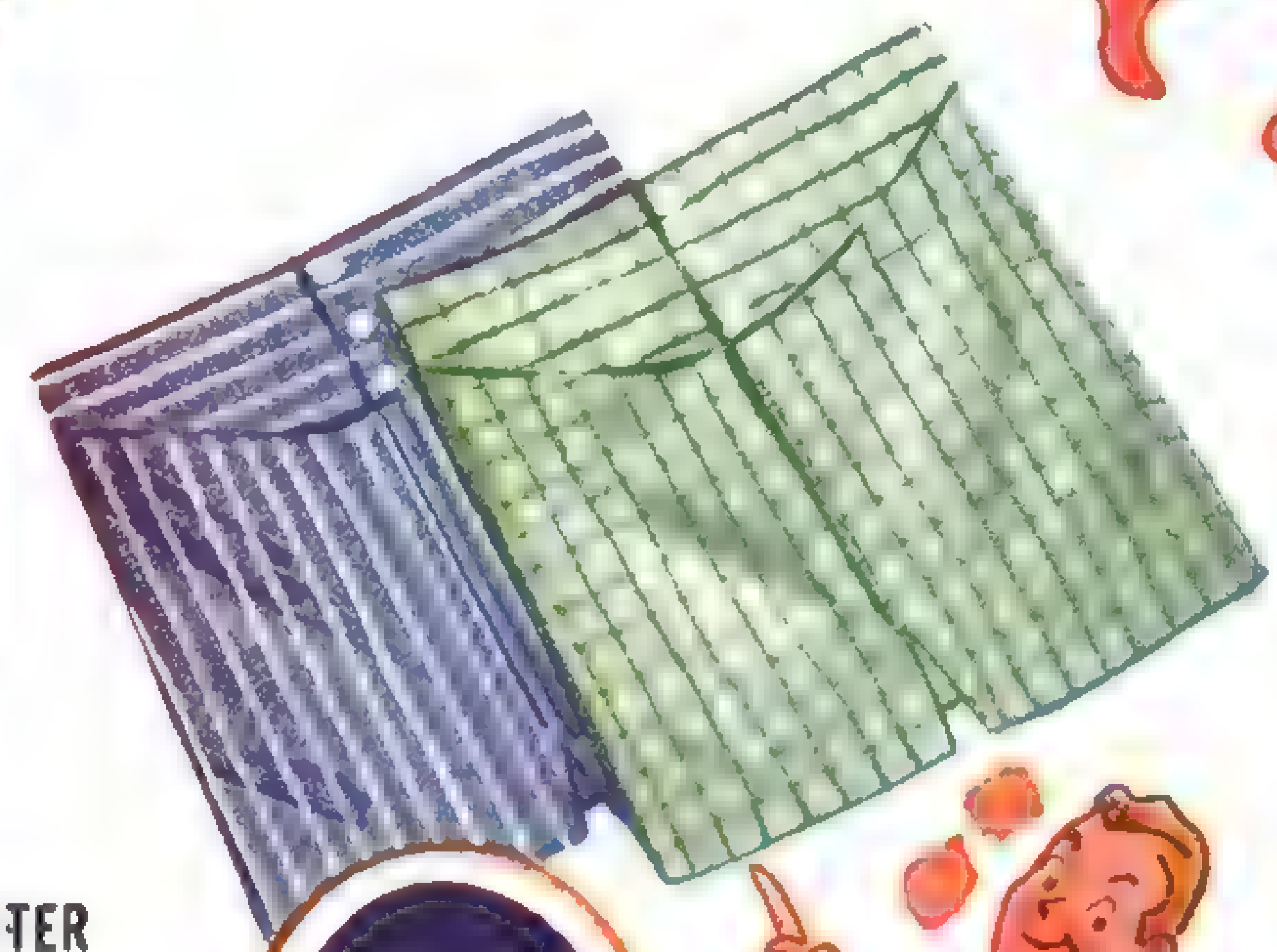

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How to buy a present for a musical minx if you love her $48, or only $1.25 worth

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

Music-makers do not read. To say they are illiterate is an understatement. Science, archeology, pictures, sculpture, literature are closed books to them. Of the history of human thought and aspiration they know nothing. For all rational purposes, they are blind.

If you don't believe it, have a look at the back stands in any symphony orchestra. The first trombone, between toots, rummages through old copies of the *Police Gazette.* The English horns drop notes to finish *G-Man Stories.* The clarinets keep up with *Mutt and Jeff.* Bull fiddlers work crossword puzzles, and the tympanist tackles *Bartender's Guide. Snappy Stories, Master Detective, Pic* and *Click* come to every concert. More trash is consumed during a symphony rehearsal than fifty printing presses can turn out in like time. The intellectual prowess of the average orchestra musician is that of a soda jerker.

Should you need further proof, steal into any opera star's dressing room. There won't be a book in thirty baskets of American Beauties. What stage-door Johnny ever sent a prima donna a book? The only papers that ever soil her hands are checks, press clippings, and piano scores of a half-dozen operas, abridged and simplified, with her part underlined in red. The door man can sing more of the baritone's part than she. She does her vocalizing with the intelligence of a mechanical doll. Of music she knows nothing. She is no more conversant with world affairs than the ordinary professor of political economy.

The autobiography she signs establishes her I. Q. as one point above that of a cinema star and two below a Main Line dowager's. Only a moron could go through the average Italian opera *scena* season in and season out . . . and it would take an imbecile to go on spouting *Addio, addio, addio* for half an hour without stopping. It's no wonder that talking to an opera star develops one's sense of the ridiculous as nothing else will. Their conversation descends to 50,000 variations on I, me, my and mine. Cogitation is unknown; reflection, anathema. Their brainbox resembles a nickelodeon.

Composers are little better. In a recent quiz, one of them identified Dale Carnegie as a patent medicine, *Anthony Adverse* as a British politician, *Gone with the Wind* as a piece by Boris Morros and Gertrude Stein as owner of a New York department store. Their ignorance is so stupendous as to make an Idaho Congressman appear, by comparison, to have the intellect of Socrates.

Even the so-called philosophers of the profession: conductors and instrumentalists, whose ambition prompts them to learn one new piece every five years—are overrated. You have to hustle to the *Detroiter* platform in the Grand Central Station early on Friday nights to get a single detective magazine. The eminent soloists en route to Ford's Sunday Evening Hour carry off the newsboys' entire supply of pulp. The unpolluted male musician takes to muscles and mush, devours *Nine Buckets of Blood* or *Who Looked Over the Transom,* relaxes on *Ace-High* or *Doc Savage.* The nobilities, depths, and philosophical connotations of music concern him little.

There are, of course, people (not musicians) who spend more time probing such things than they do on their Christmas shopping or their income tax returns. You must have sat next to them at symphony concerts. They are the ones who keep their heads deep in analytic programs and who, if they happen to turn two pages instead of one are sad when they should be gay. They belong to that squad who are just learning that music is an art and, as such, has to do with life.

To them, a feast of chin music is more nourishing than a performance by Toscanini. They would sit slap-happy at an inaudible concert if only they could have a book or a pamphlet under their noses and argue about it. They find the love-life of Nellie Melba more exciting than the doings of Madame Curie, the expense accounts of Jean de Reszke more engrossing than the engagement book of Hitler, the paid advertisements of Jan Kiepura more absorbing than the sayings of President Roosevelt. They are the lunkheads who would rather read *Grove's Dictionary* than watch Horace Horsecollar or Dopey.

You must have some of them among your acquaintances. Maybe there's a gal on your list who says she thinks music is just "too too." If you love her $48 worth,

Continued on page 172

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 171

and want to keep her out of your hair and other fellows' laps until Christmas, 1939, give her *The Oxford History of Music* (Carl Fischer, Inc.). This is the standard reference work in English on the development of music. It comes in eight volumes:

I. First polyphonic period, 330-1400.

II. Second polyphonic period, 1400-1600.

III. Music of the seventeenth century: discusses the beginnings of instrumental music, the foundations of the principles of style and form.

IV. Age of Bach and Handel, including chapters on the oratorios, the chorale, the keyed instruments, the orchestra, the rise of virtuosity, and the state of music in Germany, Italy, France and England.

V. Viennese period, an account of composition from the time of C. P. E. Bach to Schubert.

VI. Romantic period.

VII. Symphony and drama, 1850-1900, an erudite treatise on today's best-sellers in the concert halls, and the estate of existing musical forms at the dawn of the 20th century.

Only seven volumes are printed, but the eighth probably will be out before your girl friend gets to it. A perusal of this history (only pundits and bespectacled diggers in musical manuscripts will read it paragraph by paragraph) clarifies many puzzles for the listener. It straightens out musical schools and styles . . . existing forms, how they were born and to what influences they have been subjected. It offers thickly padded charts of the flow of melody practically from the dim ages when man shouted at his mistress and found that she responded.

In it, experts unravel the story of music: the beginnings of vocal polyphony . . . of extemporaneous organ music in Germany when it was not thought necessary to write down pieces, the development of song, chamber music, opera, the sonata form, the concerto, the symphony . . . the influence of romantic literature: the introduction of poetical intentions and characteristic titles and the resultant program music . . . impressionism and word painting . . . Liszt's *lieder* and Berlioz' *chansons* . . . the efforts to press music into the service of melodrama . . . the development and maturing of the operatic overture . . . Dvorak's nine symphonies and Glazunov's eight.

The *Oxford History*, like every history worthy of the name, is not a mere chronicle of events. It is an attempt to trace the sequences of cause and effect, a heroic effort to avoid personal reactions and to observe objective fact. Naturally, such an ideal is impossible to attain, especially concerning contemporary music. While it may be easy to be objective in speaking of Palestrina, Purcell or Bach, it is impossible to attain the same objectivity in contemplating Prokofieff, Stravinsky or Schönberg. As Ernest Newman points out, if the music of a Wagner, a Wolf, a Berlioz, a Sibelius or a Debussy fails to register on an author's sensitized plate, that author cannot probably see clearly the lines of historic force operating through the music of those composers. And, as no cause can be fully understood until its effects are manifest, the significance of the *Eroica* or of *Pelléas* or of the experiments of George Antheil, cannot be perceived by the generation in which they were written, but only by a generation which has before it a whole body of music in which their influence, for good or evil, is plainly visible. Perhaps it is for this reason that the eighth volume of the *Oxford History* has been postponed.

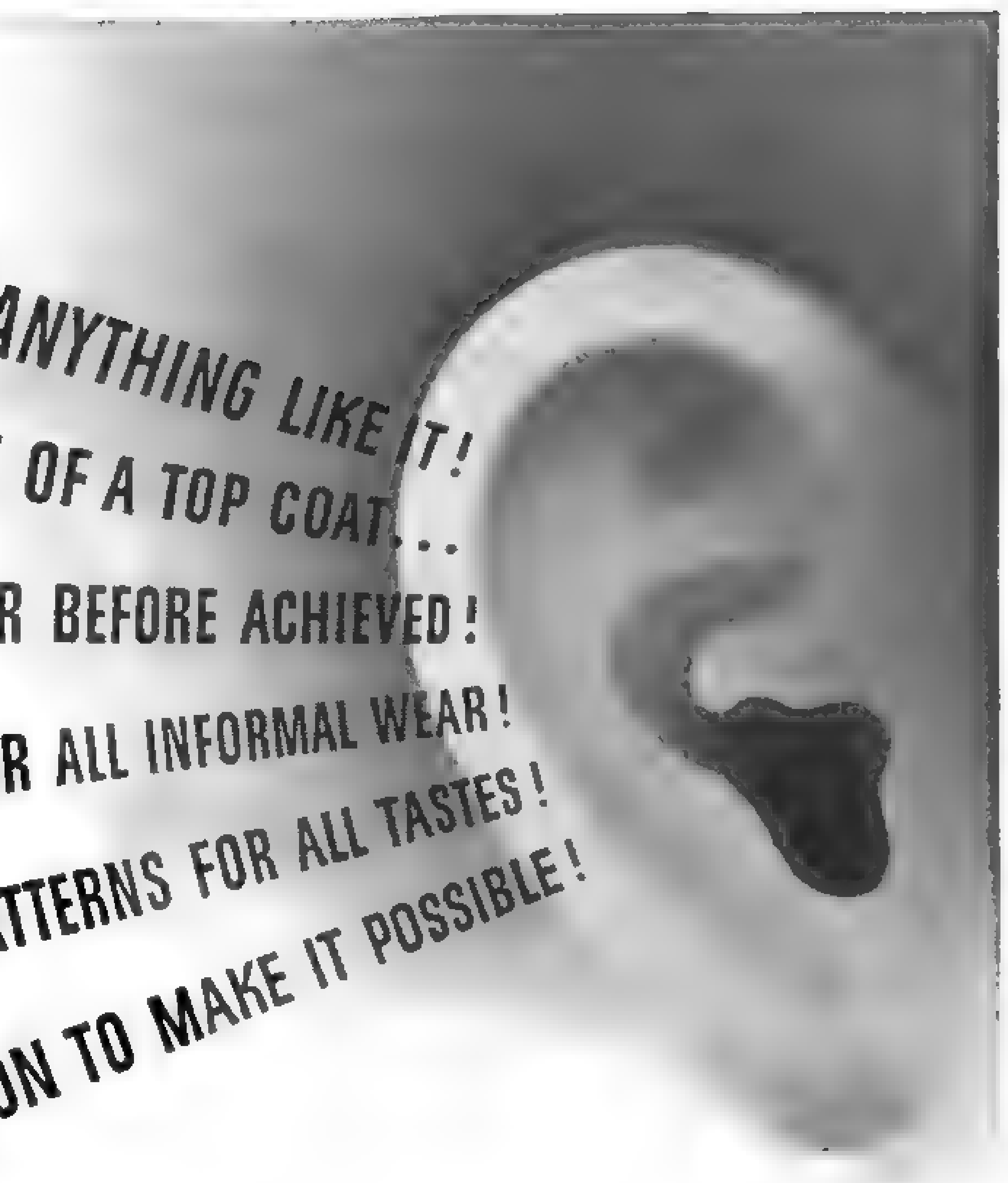
All music, as is obvious to any mature listener, is the slow evolution of an "idea," the full meaning of which will not be apparent until the whole tale of music is complete. There are epochs, of course, but all labels and pigeonholes are artificial; the chain of causes and effects is never-ending.

We know that when a technique is perfected and the materials are at hand, a genius usually appears to forge them into a master-work, which affects the future course of art. It is obvious that, had Henry Ford been born fifty years earlier, he could never have created the successful auto business he did: the storage battery, to name one of a dozen things, was not ready. Likewise, if Palestrina or Bach had been born a century earlier they never could have written the music they did.

"Cycles" of taste also are apparent to the casual observer. Not only are our likes and dislikes conditioned by the locality in which we live, but by the decade. Bach's music, Beethoven's quartets, for example, have both been neglected. This is important only as it indicates that in art, as in life, nothing is static. Therefore, a final, definitive history of music can be written only by the last man on earth. Nevertheless, the *Oxford History* is the best we have to date—and that, despite the fact that Sir Hubert Parry is patently more at home in the seventeenth century than the sixteenth, the inferences attributing the derivation of secular music to ecclesiastical modes are impossible of proof, that since the history is the collaboration of a half-dozen or more experts it lacks continuity so far as the art as a whole is concerned and fails always to trace backwards and forwards the inter-workings of causes and effects.

You can present it indiscriminately to your favorite filly and your school librarian, with the assurance that even though they may never read it through, they will take pride in owning it—and some day the janitor and maid may

Continued on page 174



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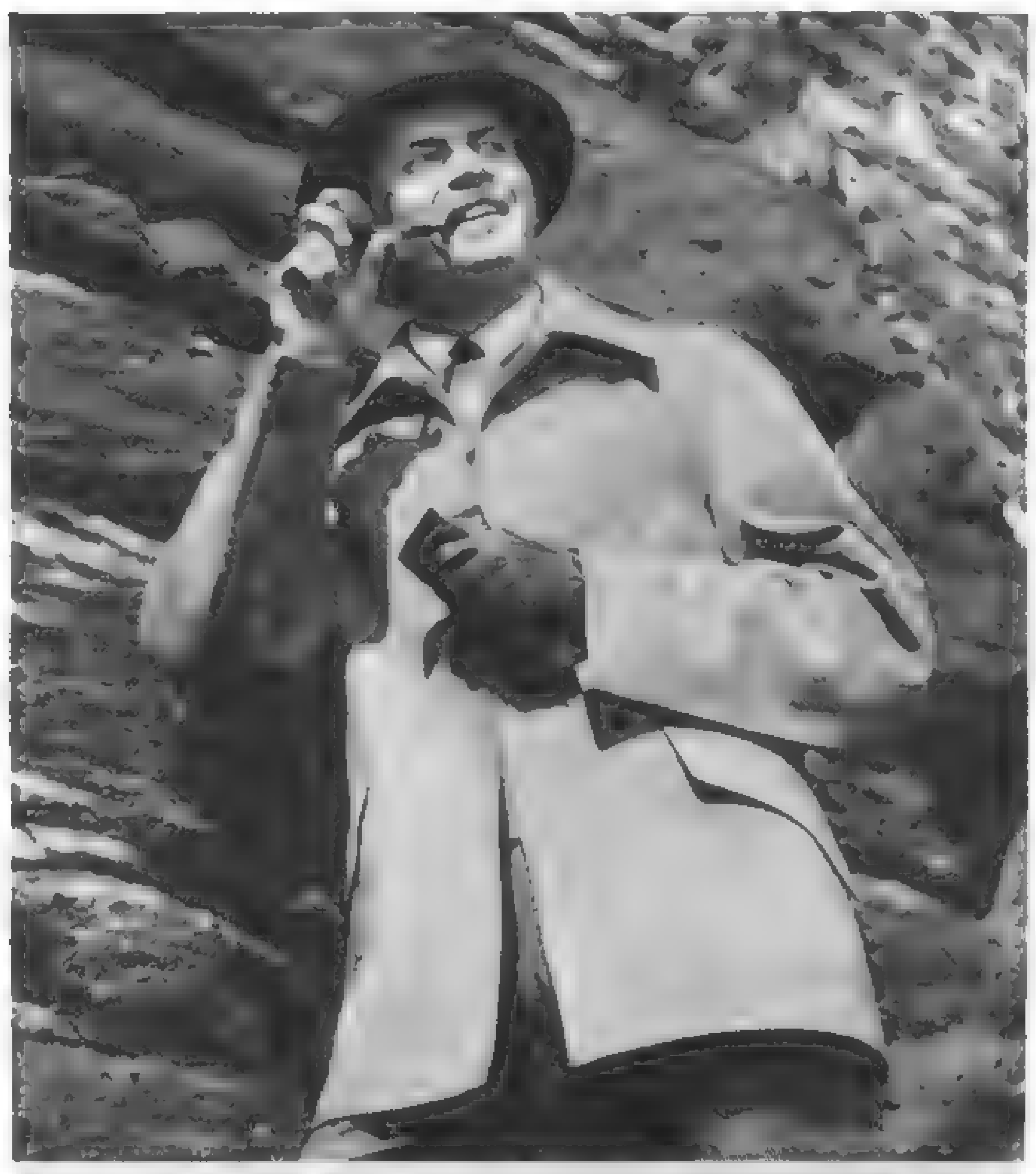

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 171-172

accidentally learn for themselves that the name "virginal," once supposed to convey a delicate compliment to Queen Elizabeth, was used long before to label an instrument played by young maidens in accompanying Hymns to the Virgin, that two hundred years ago the noisier an opera overture was the better, that Handel started the vogue for mass music-making (employing 26 oboes, 6 bassoons and 12 trumpets in his orchestra and getting 128 vocalists and 186 instrumentalists for a Berlin performance of the *Messiah*), that Brahms really wasn't antagonistic to Wagner but copied parts from *Die Meistersinger* himself for a Vienna performance—and countless other commonplace minutiae.

If you know a lass hell-bent on being musical, and you want to gamble $8 on her, give her the volume of the *Oxford History* which exhausts her present interest, and you can add other volumes if your interest and hers last—that is, if you continue gambling.

If you love her twenty dollars' worth get her Tovey's *Essays in Musical Analysis* (Oxford Press—Carl Fischer). There are five volumes, the first two covering symphonies; the third, concertos; the fourth, illustrative music; the fifth, vocal; and a sixth is promised. Selections appear to have been chosen without rhyme or reason. The last volume, for example, mixes up madrigals, the motets of Wilbye and Palestrina, the *B minor Mass*, *Israel in Egypt* with such oddities as Dame Ethel Smyth's *Mass in D*, and tidbits that you hear no place on the globe except in the British Isles. The catch is that the author writes these essays as program notes for the concerts of the Reid Symphony Orchestra in Edinburgh, which he conducts; and therefore writes about compositions which are played there. He also omits compositions you would like to know about, because his orchestra does not play them.

Sir Donald Frances Tovey, in addition to being a conductor and the composer of a Brahmsian cello concerto that drags itself out for an interminable hour and ten minutes, is England's foremost musical scholar. He puts over successfully his own private musical activity because of the respect ordinary folks have for his immense scholarship. Fortunately, we can read, without having to listen to him. His remarks are full of wit, delightful imagery, and are distinguished for what among literary guys is known as style. His analyses are well padded with staves that will, but should not, frighten off duffers who can't play them through on the piano.

* * *

If your musical minx has married herself off to a rival and you still want to remember her, choose one of the three new single-volume dictionaries. All of them announce that they are world-wide in scope and devastating in the quantity and accuracy of material they present. One announces 51,000 references, more than 2,000,000 words in 2,000 pages. They cost five dollars, ten dollars and fifteen dollars, and are worth about what you pay for them.

The cheapest (*Music Lover's Encyclopedia*—Doubleday, Doran, $5.00) is a revision by Deems Taylor and Russell Kerr of Rupert Hughes' 35-year-old handy book about music. It contains a dictionary of musical terms, a biographical dictionary of musicians, a section entitled *Stories of the Operas*, and a series of contributed essays by musical authorities. Its publishers say it is a "Webster's *Collegiate Dictionary*, for the immense population who hear good music on the radio, phonograph, in concert halls, and at Stadium concerts . . . for any student in a school of music . . . for courses in music appreciation." Its new editor boasts the biographical section is "the most completely up-to-date in this or any other country, a storehouse of information for the layman, a useful reminder to the expert."

The Macmillan Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians (Macmillan, $10.00), compiled and edited by Albert E. Weir, offers statistical evidence that it is a "veritable music library in itself." It has, it says, notes on 16,500 composers (14,000 European; 1,240 British; 1,220 American); 4,025 musical terms, 810 articles on musical subjects—you count 'em . . . the plots of 325 grand and light operas, 2,680 articles and references to musical instruments, their parts, accessories and makers . . . and complete records of classical musical programs broadcast over NBC, Columbia, and BBC since 1926. It is factual, short-winded, for the person who takes a plane when he reads.

The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians (Dodd, Mead, $15.00), edited by Oscar Thompson, is a collection of the thoughts of authorities, critical biographies of great composers, and reference articles by Eric Blom, M. D. Calbocoressi, Richard Capell, Olin Downes, Carl Engel, Karl Geiringer, W. J. Henderson, Edward Lockspeiser, Daniel Gregory Mason, Herbert F. Peyser, Henri Prunieres, Otto Strobel and others. It claims to be an "entirely new book from start to finish, in no way a condensation or revision of any earlier volume in the field. It avoids completely, therefore, the tendency of older reference works to follow one another, not only repeating the same facts (sometimes the same errors) but preserving much the same outlook on controversial figures."

If your girl's a lazy baggage, the title *Encyclopedia* may scare her off; yet, if you want her to get information, to know who wrote Beethoven's *Ninth*, or if you only love her $1.25 worth, or if she aspires to be the local Elsa Max-

Continued on page 176

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 171-172-174

well and run a musical spelling bee, or if you can't think of anything else to give her, there's *The Music Quiz* (Stackpole Sons, $1.25) by Gladys Burch and Helmut Ripperger

It contains 18 quizzes of forty questions each, like the following:

> *If someone mentions* Cosi fan Tutte *he is talking about:*
>
> *1. a musical term; 2. an opera; 3. a dance; 4. an oratorio; 5. the famous Milan Opera House.*
>
> *There is a story that a soprano lost her false teeth while reaching for high C. She was:*
>
> *1. Blanche Marchesi; 2. Marcella Sembrich; 3. Lina Cavalieri; 4. Leonora Corona.*
>
> *Some composers have taken to drugs, some to drink, but one of the following took holy orders:*
>
> *1. Hector Berlioz; 2. Christoph Willibald Gluck; 3. Ferruccio Busoni; 4. Franz Liszt.*
>
> *What famous composer's life was saved by a waistcoat button while fighting a duel:*
>
> *1. Jean Philippe Rameau; 2. Francois Couperin; 3. Georg Friedrich Handel; 4. Luigi Boccherini.*

If you, by chance, do them all as I did without pause, you'll be seeing pink elephants and crying out at the end: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

If your wench is interested in the legends that pass as definitive biographies, there wouldn't be space in all of Esquire's Christmas issues for the next two decades to list the books that perpetuate them. All biography, especially musical biography, is more or less fiction. The worst are the so-called "official" biographies—those put out by widows, children and close friends, who have some reason for deleting the raw side of the hero and presenting him as a plaster saint.

At best, we cannot be certain of a man's exact character, even when we live with him a lifetime. How much less, then, do we know when he's been dead two hundred years? During every great person's lifetime, tall tales are fabricated about him. In after years, they take on all the prerogatives of fact and are proclaimed as such by successive generations of biographers.

Still, people like to read them. David Ewen has compiled a number of essays about the various composers, *From Bach to Stravinsky* (Norton, $3.75) and written a most useful account of contemporary musicians titled *Twentieth Century Composers* (Crowell, $3.00). Carl Engel, America's ranking musicologist, breathes life into the great masters and takes them out for a stroll in *Alla Breve* (G. Schirmer, $2.00). The details aren't there, but the characterizations are.

If you want detailed biographies, you can have your choice from Frances Alda (*Men, Women and Tenors*, $3.50) to Franko (*Chords and Discords*, Viking Press $2.75), from Bach to Gershwin. Sanford Terry's *J. S. Bach, a Biography* (Oxford University Press—Carl Fischer, $7.50) is certainly the best in English. Documented and full of photographs made by the author, it tells us all we are ever likely to know about the man Bach and his surroundings. Schweitzer's two volumes illuminate Bach's art, and Sir Hubert Parry's *J. S. Bach: The story of the development of a great personality* (Oxford Press—Carl Fischer, $4.00) concerns itself with the artistic rather than the human personality.

Should your damsel be demure and discriminating, send her Edmund H. Fellowes' *William Byrd, a Short Account of His Life and Work* (Oxford—Carl Fischer, $5.00) and *Orlando Gibbons* (Oxford—Carl Fischer, $2.00). Canon Fellowes has given us the best information we have on two great musicians, whose harmonies deserve to be known everywhere. It should never be forgotten by those who deal in superlatives that Byrd was the greatest composer in England at a time when the supremacy of English music in the world was unquestioned.

Younglings who seek a clearer understanding of Mozart will rejoice in W. J. Turner's *Mozart, the Man and his Works* (Knopf, $4.00).

The story is derived, in large part, from the copious correspondence of the Mozart family, which Constanze did not entirely mutilate in her mad desire to conceal what she thought we should not know. Incomplete though they be, letters give a better picture of a man's private life than any romance.

The two greatest living composers are Sibelius and Richard Strauss. Each has been treated to a sorely needed biography, neither of which—*Jean Sibelius, His Life and Personality*, by Karl Ekman (Knopf, $3.00) or Thomas Archer's *Richard Strauss, the Man and His Music* (Dial, $3.00) succeeds in getting near the inner man.

Mr. Ekman was handicapped in that he could not tell all he knew. It is one of Sibelius's traits that he dislikes making enemies, and, though he is certain that he is one of the greatest composers who ever lived, he will not say how his own symphonies should be played

Continued on page 178

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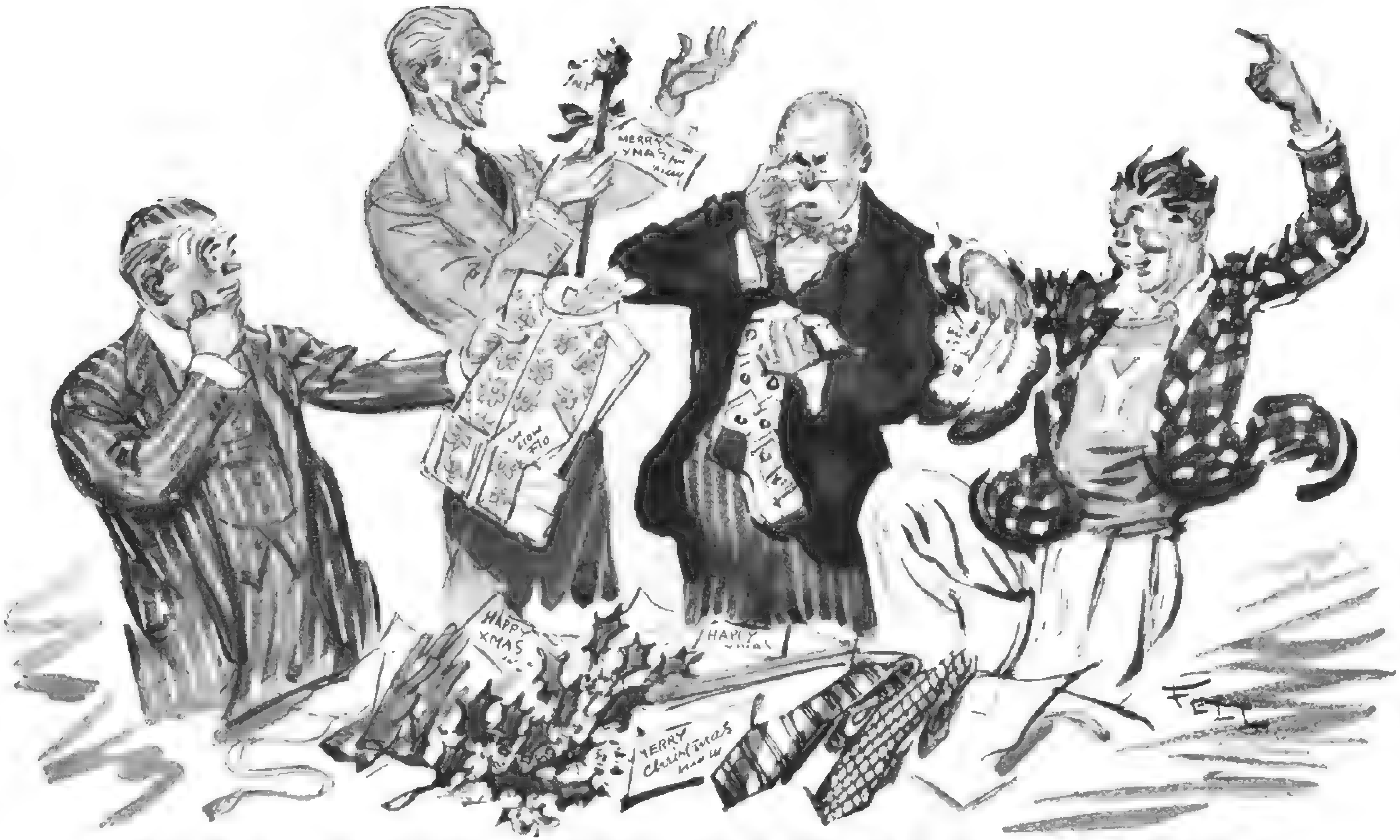

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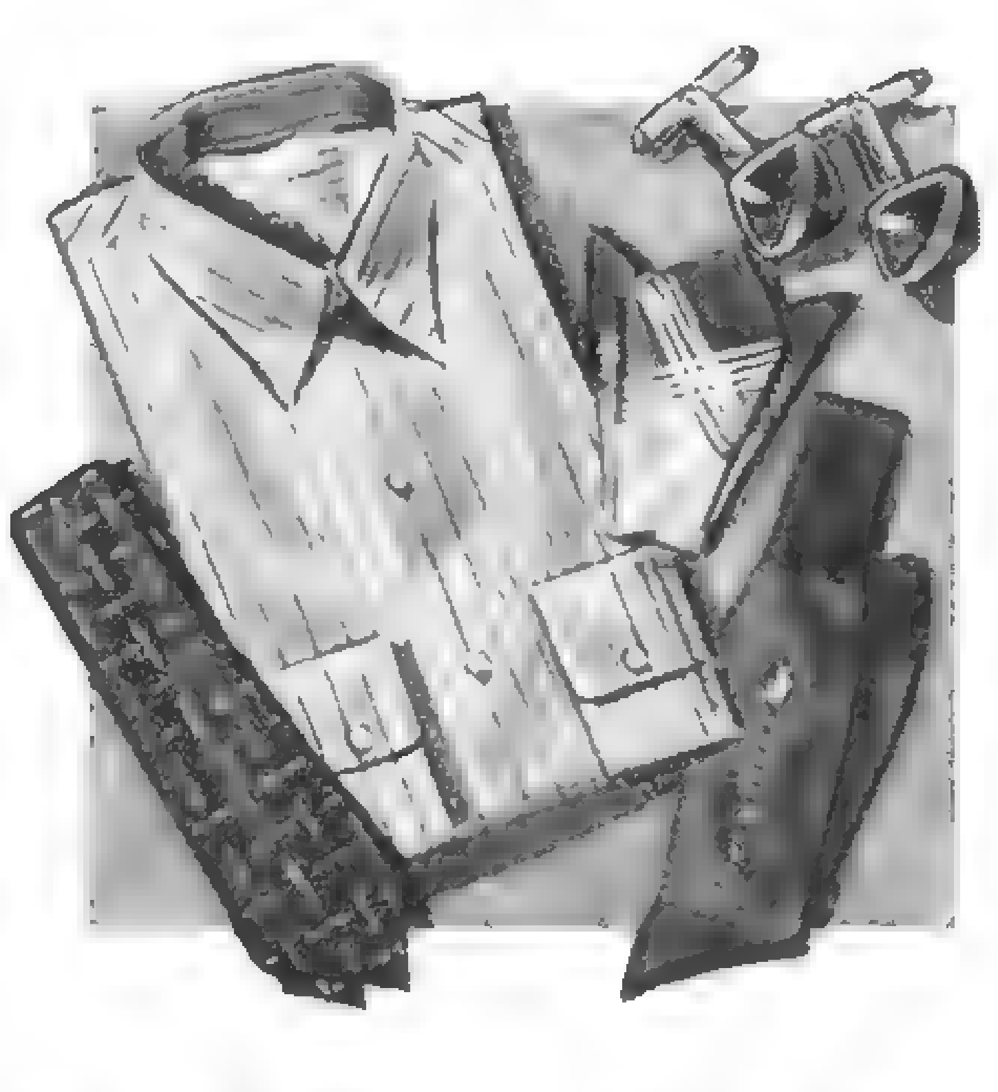
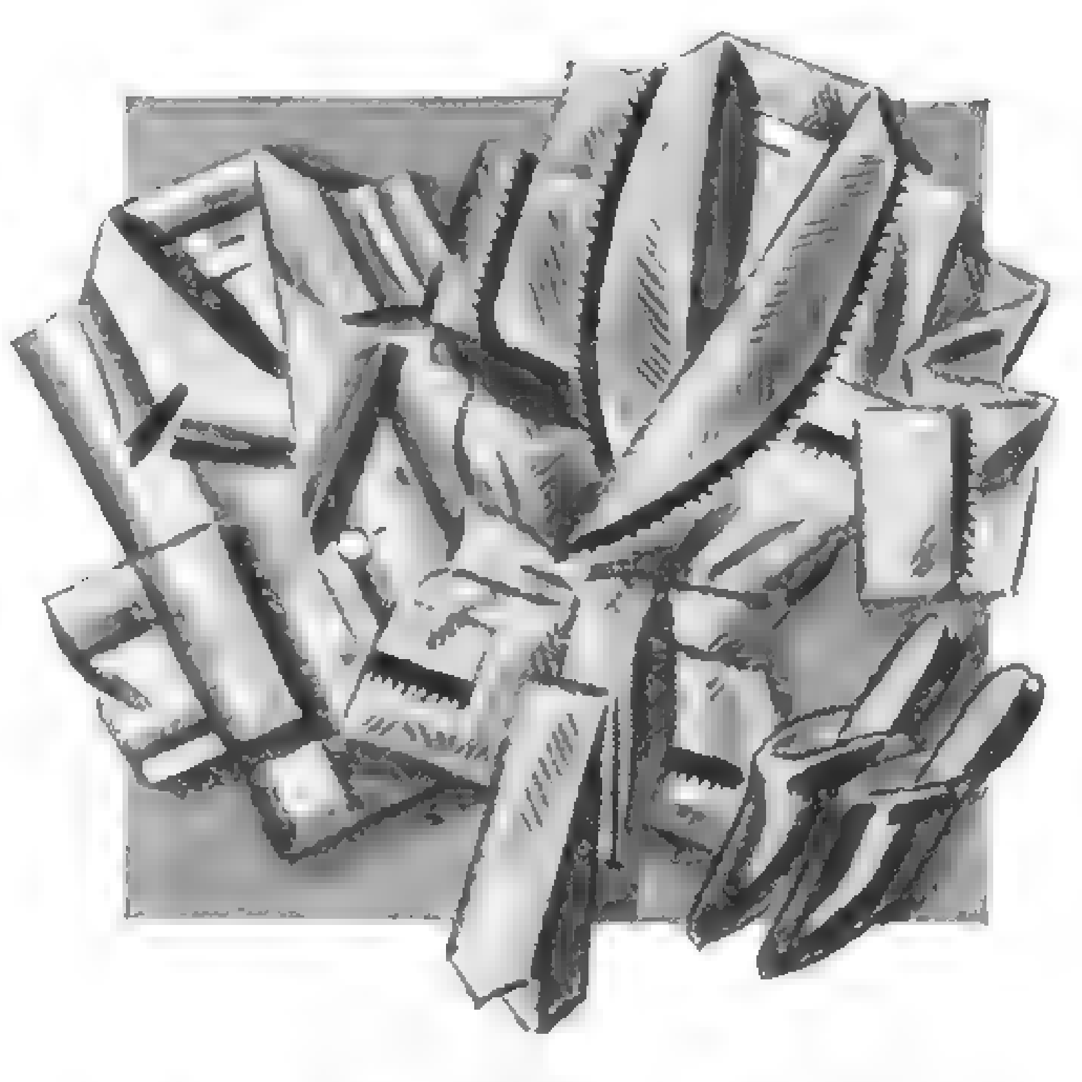
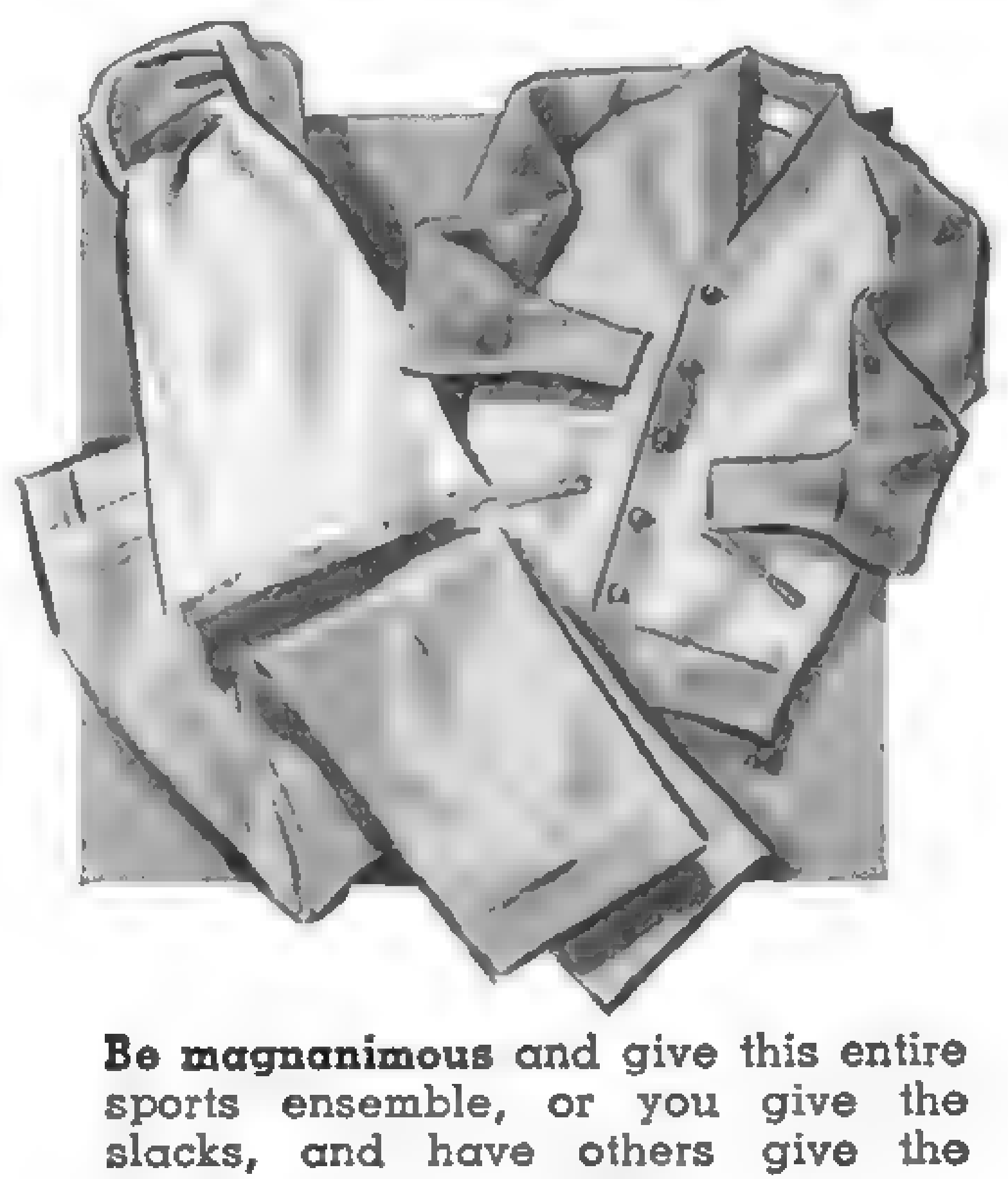


You give the works, or you give the shirt, Uncle Gus the tie, Sister Sophie the socks and handkerchief, and the Girl Friend, the jewelry.



You give the works, or you give the robe, and get others to give the pajamas and slippers designed to go with the robe.



Be magnanimous and give this entire sports ensemble, or you give the slacks, and have others give the sweater jacket and muffler.

TOPS IN "GIVING-PLEASURE"

Give the SPARKLET SYPHON, and you enrich *forever* the life of a fellow-being. SPARKLET is sure to be greeted with hearty satisfaction by any adult (male or female!) who loves genial living.

Here's a quick picture of the virtues of the SPARKLET SYPHON. Bear it in mind when making out your Christmas list.

PRESTO — SODA!

Makes tangy, sparkling club soda, a full quart at a time. The magic operation may be repeated at will. Small chance of running out of soda with Sparklet handy!

WHAT A LOOKER!

A gem of classically simple, streamlined beauty, Sparklet takes a proud and well-mannered place in the most distinguished setting.

HIGHBALL ARTIST

Soda by Sparklet strikes up a beautiful friendship with every good liquor —makes uncommonly delicious highballs.

SIMPLIFIES HOUSEKEEPING

Frees the refrigerator from bottle-cluttering . . . does away with the problem of "empties." And guards the bankroll—by cutting soda-costs in half.

MECHANICAL MASTERPIECE

Squirting soda from a Sparklet Syphon inspires an air of easy-going command. The lever answers your touch as gently as a lamb . . . and the clever spout makes the filling of glasses a sharpshooting cinch.

LIKE THE GRECIAN URN

Sparklet is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Honest—it's practically *immortal!*

Is there any grownup on your Christmas list who doesn't deserve a *Streamline* Sparklet Syphon? Sold by good department stores, specialty shops, druggists, hardware dealers. Packed in handsome Christmas carton. Priced just right.

In buying refill bulbs look for the Red Band that distinguishes genuine Sparklet Bulbs. They're precision-built to team up perfectly with the Sparklet Syphon. Sold everywhere.

Enamel Finish $5.95
Chromium Finish $6.95

THE NEW *Streamline*
SPARKLET SYPHON
The Gift that Gives and Gives

SPARKLETS CORPORATION
Irvington, N.J.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 171-172-174-176

if it offend a famous conductor. He insisted on deleting much of Ekman's manuscript, saying: "What would my grandchildren think?" As far as this account goes, he likes everybody, all persons, all peoples. Sibelians, however, will be grateful for what crumbs of information they get, and there are oblique glimpses into his mind and character. The definitive biography is yet to be written.

Mr. Archer's book is certainly the best that has appeared in English on the greatest Strauss. It lifts a few of the "Seven Veils" that surround the "most unself-conscious of men," sheds light on how his mind functions musically, though it does not tell what the mind is like.

Strauss's seventy-four years are divided into twelve periods, beginning with an account of the momentous days in Munich at the time of his birth. "Only six weeks had elapsed since Ludwig II, the Mad King, had ascended the throne and sent Pfistermeister, his cabinet-secretary, in search of Wagner." The happenings of Strauss's youth, the beginnings of his career, the influences to which he was subjected, his days in Meiningen, Weimar, Munich and Berlin . . . the illness of his lungs that forced him to retire in Garmisch, the failure of his early operas that made him hesitate to attempt other works for the stage and led him to try the tone poems . . . his search for libretti, the impossible one about the "flea who took refuge in a woman's petticoat" . . . his tremendous capacity for work, his difficulties with salaries and royalties, his intention to migrate to the United States . . . all these make up a book that every lover of *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Elektra*, *Till Eulenspiegel* and *Death and Transfiguration* will have.

But maybe your hoyden prefers jazz. Then give her Dorothy Baker's *Young Man With a Horn* ($2.50) or the new book written by Gershwin's friends and edited by Merle Armitage, *George Gershwin* (Longmans, Green, $5.00). If you haven't heard of Bix Beiderbecke, you don't know "swing," and it's time you did. The Gershwin opus contains sixteen reproductions of his own paintings, sixteen portraits and caricatures, a brief biographical sketch, a complete list of his works, and tributes by admirers and friends, including Paul Whiteman, Walter Damrosch, Arnold Schoenberg, Serge Koussevitzky, Otto Kahn, Olin Downes. The Editor says: "Each person invited to write for this book has been given complete freedom, but encouraged to cover whatever aspects of life, work or personality they knew best. Certain writers instead of giving their impressions of Gershwin, have written illuminating self-portraits."

Maybe your gal is patriotic and wants to know about the music of her own country. The best, most comprehensive and, in fact, only worthwhile book on the subject, which doesn't overlook the "foreign invasions" and still hangs on to the home talent angle, is John Tasker Howard's *Our American Music* (Crowell, $6.00). This is a must in every library. Buy it for yourself and you'll stick out your chest and shout, "Glory, Hallelujah!"

If she's maestro-crazy, there's David Ewen's *Man With the Baton* (Crowell, $3.50) and Lawrence Gilman's latest—*Toscanini and Great Music* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). "This is not a biography of Toscanini," says Mr. Gilman. "I am not here concerned with Toscanini's career, nor with his personality as a human being, but rather with his quality of a musician." It is filled with rapturous tributes and will thrill Gilmanites to the core.

Perhaps the girl is hard-headed and wants to make her own romance. If the piano is her instrument, give her Artur Schnabel's memorial edition of *Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas* (Simon & Schuster). She will find everything pointed out to her, except how Mr. Schnabel himself does it . . . and she'll be the envy of her neighbors who think she does it as he does. After all, she will have his markings, his fingering, his accents, his indications as to touch.

If you want song books to put on a piano and use when you feel in the groove, get those compiled by Grace Castagnetta, illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon and published by Simon & Schuster. There's *Christmas Carols*, *Folk Songs of Many Lands* and *The Songs We Sing*. I wouldn't be without any of them. The illustrations are inimitable, indescribable, for "grown-ups of all ages." If songs of the south interest you, there's *Rolling Along in Song*, a chronological survey of American Negro music, edited and arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson (Viking, $3.50) and two books of Negro spirituals arranged by the same author. If you have a yen for the sea, try *The Book of Navy Songs* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50).

Maybe you're bothered by children asking questions. The cheapest answer is Olga Samaroff Stokowski's *The Magic World of Music* (Norton, $2.50). Illustrated by Emil Preetorius, scene-designer and *regisseur* at Bayreuth, no other book intended for children is so intriguing and so beautiful. If your young friends sing, or if you want them to, send Russell's collection of folk songs, *Sing, Swing, Play* (Burchard, $2.00). If you think they'd be interested, try *A Story of Music* by Barbour and Freeman (Burchard, $1.25). It includes a representative list of records of various composers and styles of music, and offers a practical way for beginning the hearing of music. There's also Franceska-Schwemmer's *Great Musicians as Children*

Continued on page 183

"Just write on the card, From one world traveler to another"
DRY
MARTINI & R
ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI

Alcohol by vol. Italy 15.95% — Dry 18%

Know all Men by these Presents

The phrase they use on legal documents fits Martini & Rossi like a glove. A present of a case or a pair of these bottles says without words that the giver knows the world and believes the receiver does too. For Martini & Rossi, the great spiced wine, is enjoyed in every country on the globe and the more you've traveled, the more you appreciate it. Have you ever tried it straight, for example—or with soda? That's the way it's used in fifty countries. Try it—try vermouth straight (and chilled) for variety—and taste what makes a cocktail taste good. You'll like its delicate bitter-sweet flavor—it seems to hold the sunshine of Italian vineyards. And you'll learn that a strong drink is good but *a good drink need not be strong!* Straight, in cocktails, with soda—vermouth is an international appetizer before meals, a universal drink. We mean Martini & Rossi, America's Number One Vermouth.

Sole Agents for U. S. A., W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

3 MOODS IN 1 BOTTLE
(Either Bottle)

1. Be gay—have a Manhattan or Martini.
2. Be moderate—have vermouth straight. Served chilled in cocktail glass.
3. Be conservative—have vermouth and soda. Mixed like a highball, using vermouth instead of whiskey.

MARTINI & ROSSI

THE INTERNATIONAL NAME FOR **VERMOUTH**

COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne

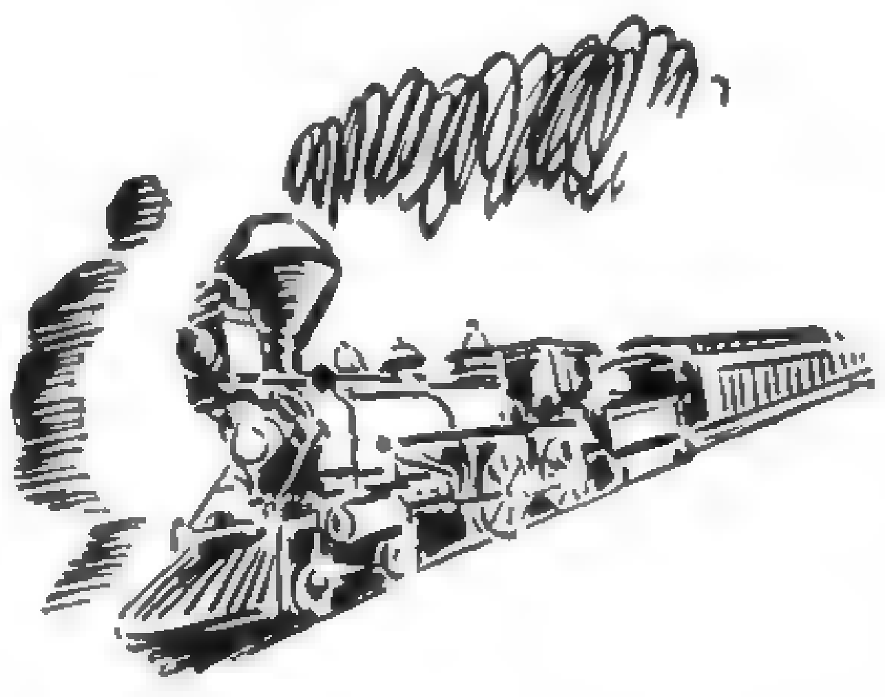
And why it is YOUR kind of drink

- ☆ naturally fermented in the bottle
- ☆ a delicacy of flavor that's hard to match
- ☆ the correct drink—whatever the time or place
- ☆ the price—surprisingly low
- ★ *BRIEFLY*...the perfect AMERICAN champagne

BERN HARD

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

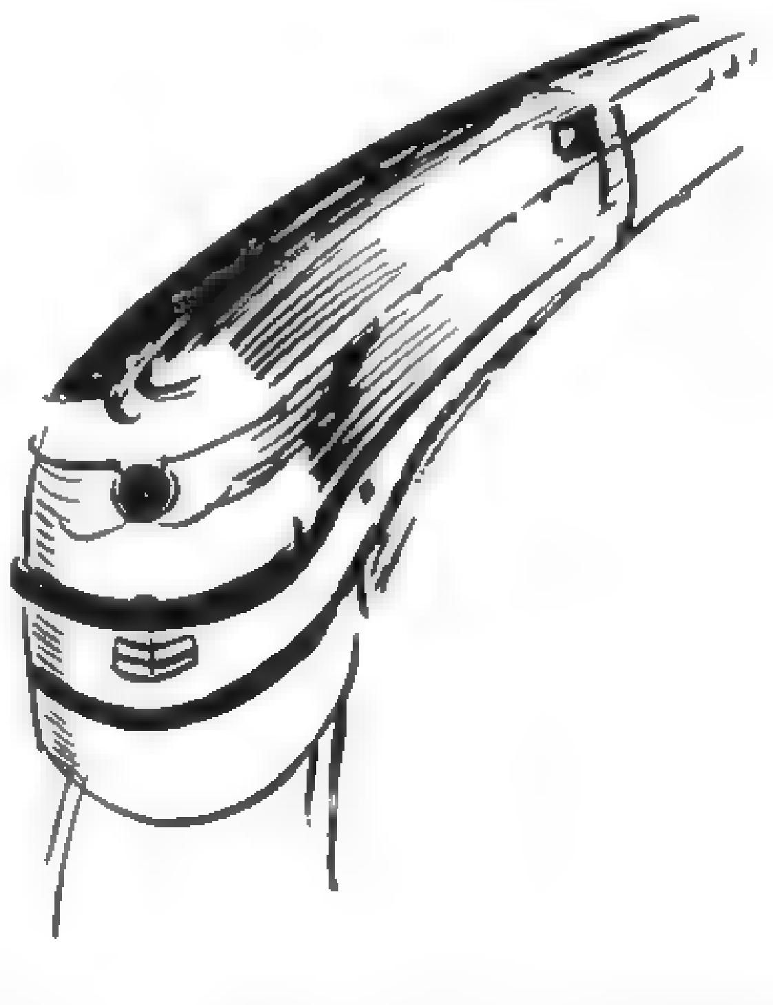


"RAILROADS ON PARADE"

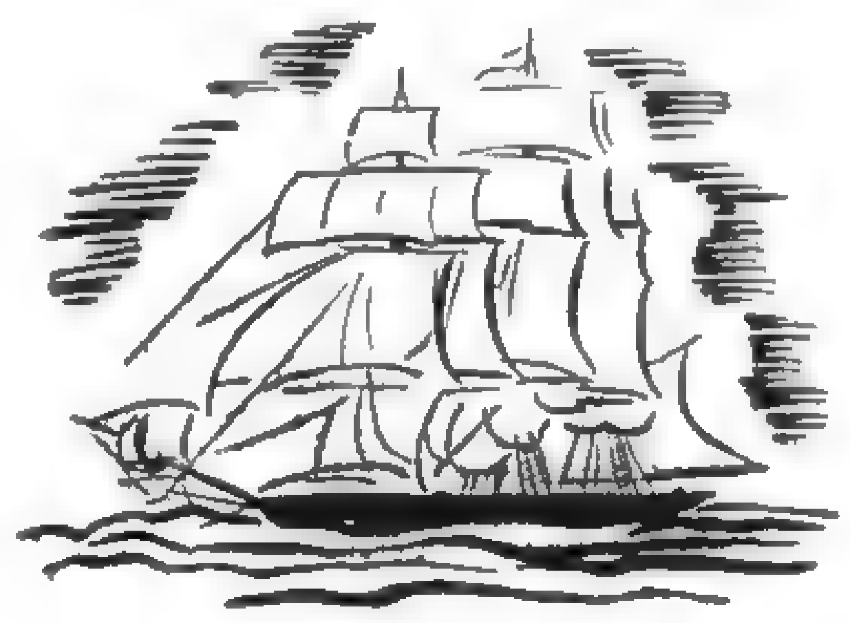
Largest building on the New York World's Fair site will be the Railroad building which will house the largest and most complete display of railway exhibits, American and foreign, ever assembled in world's fair history. The building, comparable in size to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is sponsored by 27 Eastern railroads.

In the extensive "yards" outside, upwards of 3000 feet of tracks will be laid for the accommodation of last-word exhibit trains and locomotives from home and abroad. Among the foreign trains will be Great Britain's new *Coronation Scot* (it will cost $30,000 to haul it across the ocean), an Italian train and 2 giant Soviet locomotives. Seems that the fair people have to lay special tracks for the Soviets... as their regulation track over there is 4′ 8″ wide... while our tracks are an even 5′.

Most dramatic thing will be the mighty pageant, "Railroads on Parade"... a great spectacle to be presented on an outdoor stage, or series of stages 250 feet wide by 100 feet deep. The forestage will provide broad highways for vehicular traffic and standard railway tracks for the "parade" of locomotives and coaches, ancient and modern; the stage proper for a performing cast of 200; and in the rear a channel for the review of early watercraft. Including backstage, 5½ acres will be needed. The amphitheatre for viewing the performance will seat an audience of 4000... who will gladly pay 2 bits to view the 1½ hour show.



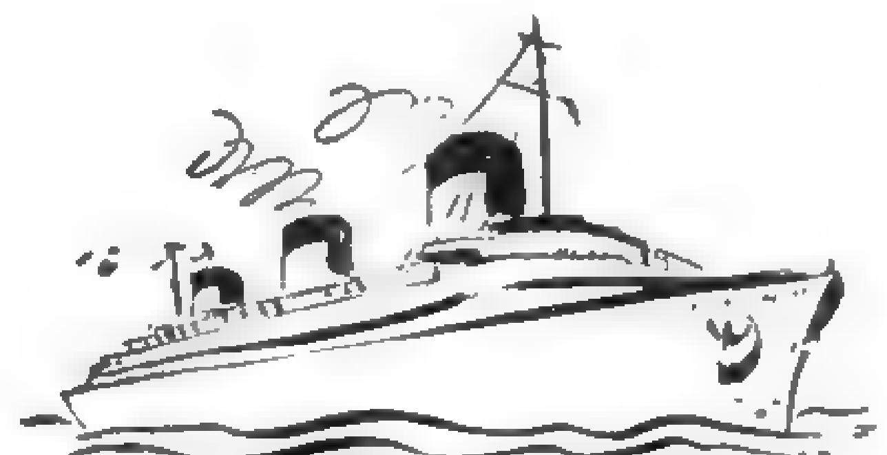
The pageant story begins at the New York waterfront in 1829 with ceremonies attending the opening of the Erie Canal, and goes on through horse-drawn railways, wood and coal burning engines (they estimate that wood and coal bill for the show will amount to about $300 a week). Modern railway operation and service are featured in the final scenes, the old-time day coach in contrast to the comfort and convenience of today's air-conditioned trains. There'll be human scenes, showing life in the engineer's cab and the freight conductor's caboose; dramatic scenes showing the operation of railways under flood conditions and the quick manning of repair and relief trains, the intricate provisions devised for the safety of modern railroad travel.



EDWARD HUNGERFORD, PAGEANTEER

The entire pageant, Railroads on Parade, is the brain child of Edward Hungerford, newspaper and magazine writer, author and showman. Since 1929, when he did "The Iron Horse" in Baltimore, Hungerford has been smitten with "pageant-itus." In 1933 he did "Wings of a Century" at the Chicago World's Fair, and now it's "Railroads on Parade," geared and visioned to the great Fair . . . Prophet Whalen's "World of Tomorrow."

Ed Hungerford fairly lives on railroad trains. Engine smoke is the breath of his nostrils, the throbbing of locomotives the symphony of symphonies to his ears. The library of his home is a "yard" for engine models, ancient and modern, which he has collected or has had built at great expense. Some of them can even traverse on their own steam. Models, too, of clipper ships, steamboats, covered bridges, covered wagons and canal barges run around the tops of his book-cases. His office holds the overflow. He has written literally hundreds of newspaper, magazine stories and books on the romance of transportation and transport development.



Ranger

31
22
711
313
12
301
814
617
Gift Certificate

INSPIRED GIFT!

A Mallory Gift Certificate in a miniature Mallory hat box, procurable at your Mallory dealer's. Most Mallory Hats are $5 . . . Other styles, $4, $7.50 & $10.

Time for a Holiday Hat Check

SPRUCING UP for the Holiday Dress Parade? Then check up on these new Mallorys: The *Velshire Club*, shown below in blue-gray, is one of the new series of princely Velshire Mixtures. These hats have a cashmere-soft look and feel, and the new Mallory *phantom edge*. In short—they're perfect running mates for even the proudest of winter-weight coats.

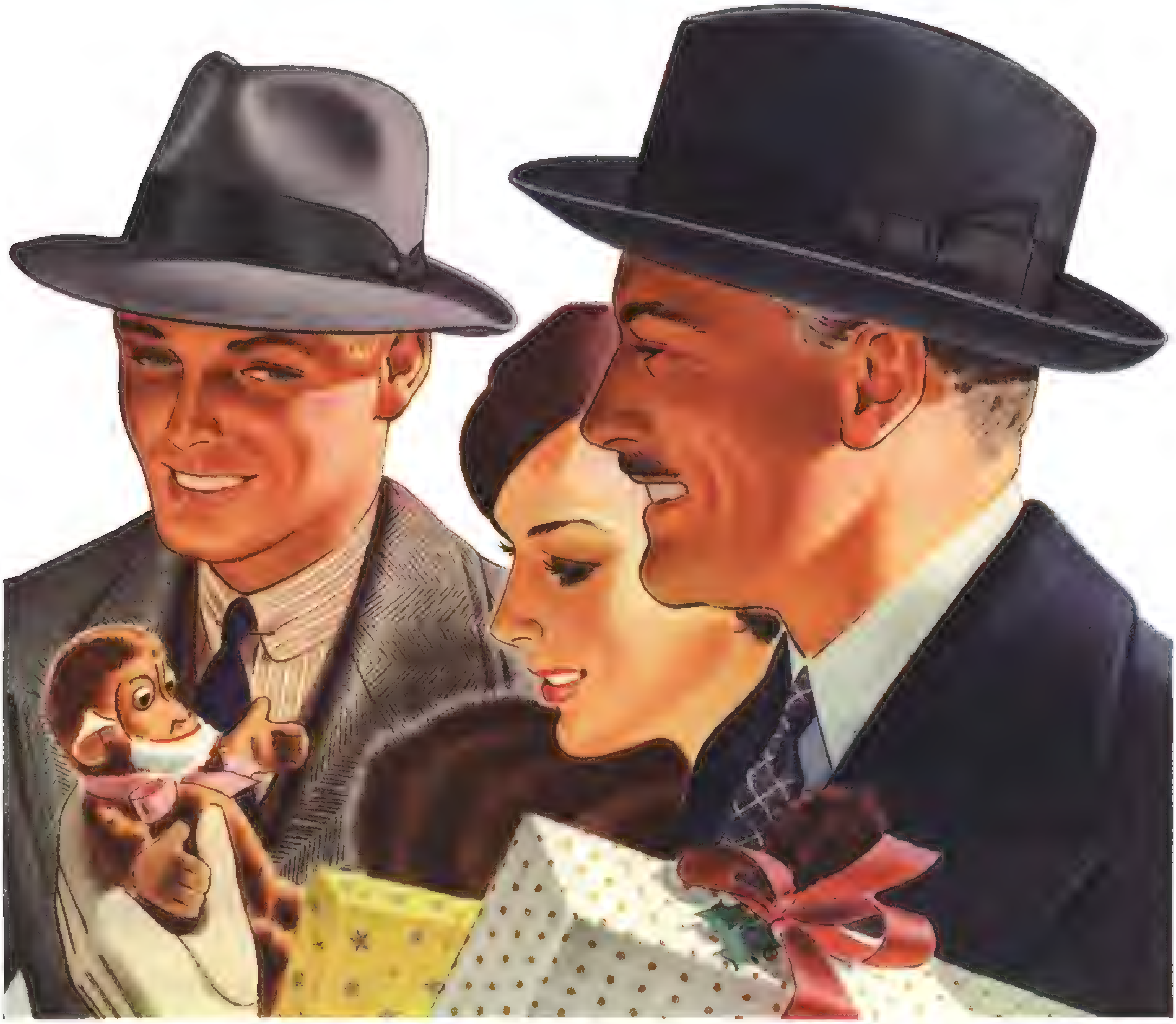
The *Convoy* (right), in a series of nautical blues, introduces a triple-stitched natural brim with a graceful fore-and-aft roll. And it's an option hat. Wear it off-the-face as we show it, or snap it. Either way, the Convoy will give you a handsomely turned-out look. *Velshire Club* and *Convoy*, beautifully lined, are each . . . $5

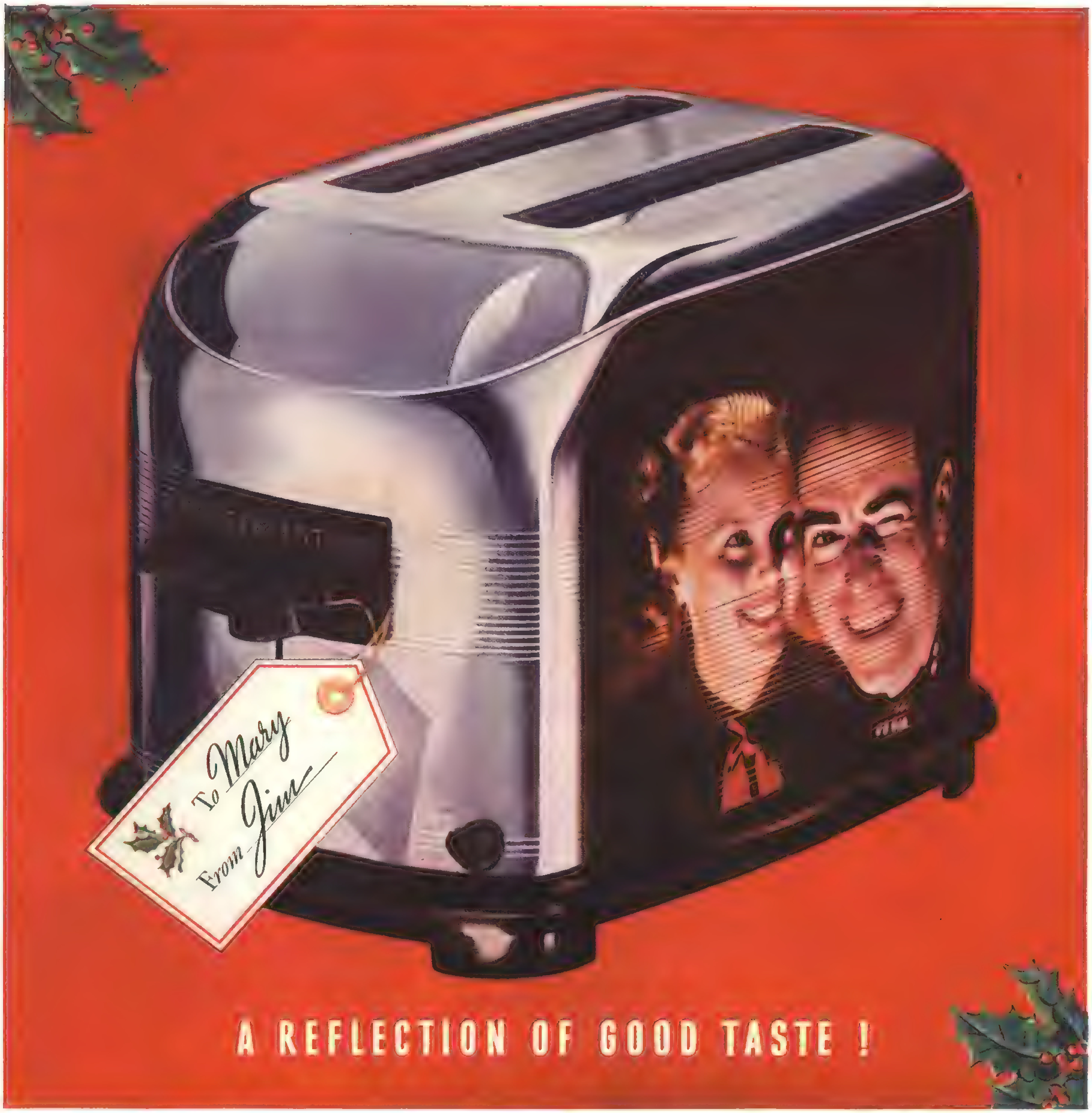
Round out your more formal holiday hat needs from Mallory's array of derbies, homburgs and evening hats—silk and opera. They make noble Christmas gifts, too.

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY

MALLORY

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK




To Mary
From Jim
A REFLECTION OF GOOD TASTE !

Have fun at your own parties! Two newly styled Hospitality Sets make informal entertaining easy

* * *

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS: 2-slice automatic pop-up type toaster, $16.00; 1-slice, $10.50; Hospitality Sets, $19.95, $23.95; folding stand, $5.95; Toast 'n Jam Set, $17.95; Junior non-automatic toaster, $7.50; automatic waffle-baker, $12.50

AFTER all, there's no better way to flatter your wife on Christmas morn than to give her the *best of its kind.* The *new* Toastmaster automatic pop-up type toaster! It reflects good taste on your breakfast table, 365 days a year, with its gleaming modern beauty. And it brings the good taste of perfect toast, each slice browned as you like it, every time. The Flexible Timer runs fast when the toaster is cold, *faster* when it's hot—then pops up the slices and turns off the current automatically. It's a gift! . . . In fact, the new Toastmaster* toaster, *or* the two new Hospitality Sets, *or* the very-latest Toast 'n Jam Set, are just about the *nicest* gifts of the season!

JUST LIKE HOME—*Most good restaurants and hotels serve delicious toast made on Toastmaster Toasters.*

* * *

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Illinois. European Sales Office: Frank V. Magrini, Ltd., Phoenix House, 19-23 Oxford St., London, W. 1, England.

TOASTMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AUTOMATIC POP-UP TYPE TOASTER

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 171-172-174-176-178

(Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) and Madelein Goos's *Beethoven* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), written in story form.

Perhaps it's not children who pester you with questions. For the girl who nudges you in the middle of the *Pastoral* to ask how the orchestra got that way, buy (that is, if it's worth $3.50 to you) H. W. Schwartz's *The Story of Musical Instruments* (Doubleday, Doran) or Paul Bekker's *Story of the Orchestra* (Norton). If she's always wondering what the music means, give her Philip Hale's *Boston Symphony Programme Notes* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50) or Charles O'Connell's *Victor Book of the Symphony* (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) and tell her to do some digging before you call for her.

Maybe you've got a thinker for your side-kick. Then give her Paul H. Lang's *Music in Western Civilization* (Norton, $5.00) or Artur Schnabel's *Bible in Wood.* It's a lecture given by the eminent pianist in Manchester, newly titled *Reflections on Music* and published by Simon & Schuster. If she wants to get it right out of the horse's mouth, there's Aaron Copland's *How to Listen to Music* (Whittlesey House). Mr. Copland tells me his 300-page book can be summarized in one sentence: "Listen for the main theme." Considering that he's an iconoclast among modern composers, it's reassuring to learn that he thinks there is a main theme, and that his amplification on the art of finding it is relatively simple.

If your wench doesn't want to think, try W. J. Turner's *Facing the Music* (G. Bell & Sons, London, $3.75) or Deems Taylor's *Of Men and Music* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). Intensely personal and conversational, both speak for themselves and are considered entertaining from the English and American points of view, respectively.

Should your lassie think she's a warbler, get her *The Art of Singing* (Dial, $3.00), a compilation of the writings of the late W. J. Henderson of the *New York Sun,* whose bed-line was as final as other paper's deadlines. Mr. Henderson was America's foremost authority on the voice: he heard every singer from Patti to Flagstad and knew whereof he spoke. Oscar Thompson has culled salient and illuminating excerpts from his forty-odd scrapbooks and added them to *The Art of Singing,* which Mr. Henderson wrote years ago.

Should your favorite have ambitions for a concert or operatic career, she'll want Mr. Thompson's *The American Singer* (Dial, $2.75) to see how other Americans climbed the ladder before her, and Pierre Key's *This Business of Singing* (Pierre Key Publishing Co., $2.00), to find out how it can be done. Mr. Key's latest *Year Book* ($3.00) will give her the names of managers, teachers, publishers, everybody except concert-hall ushers and charwomen. It lists the who, what and where of the profession.

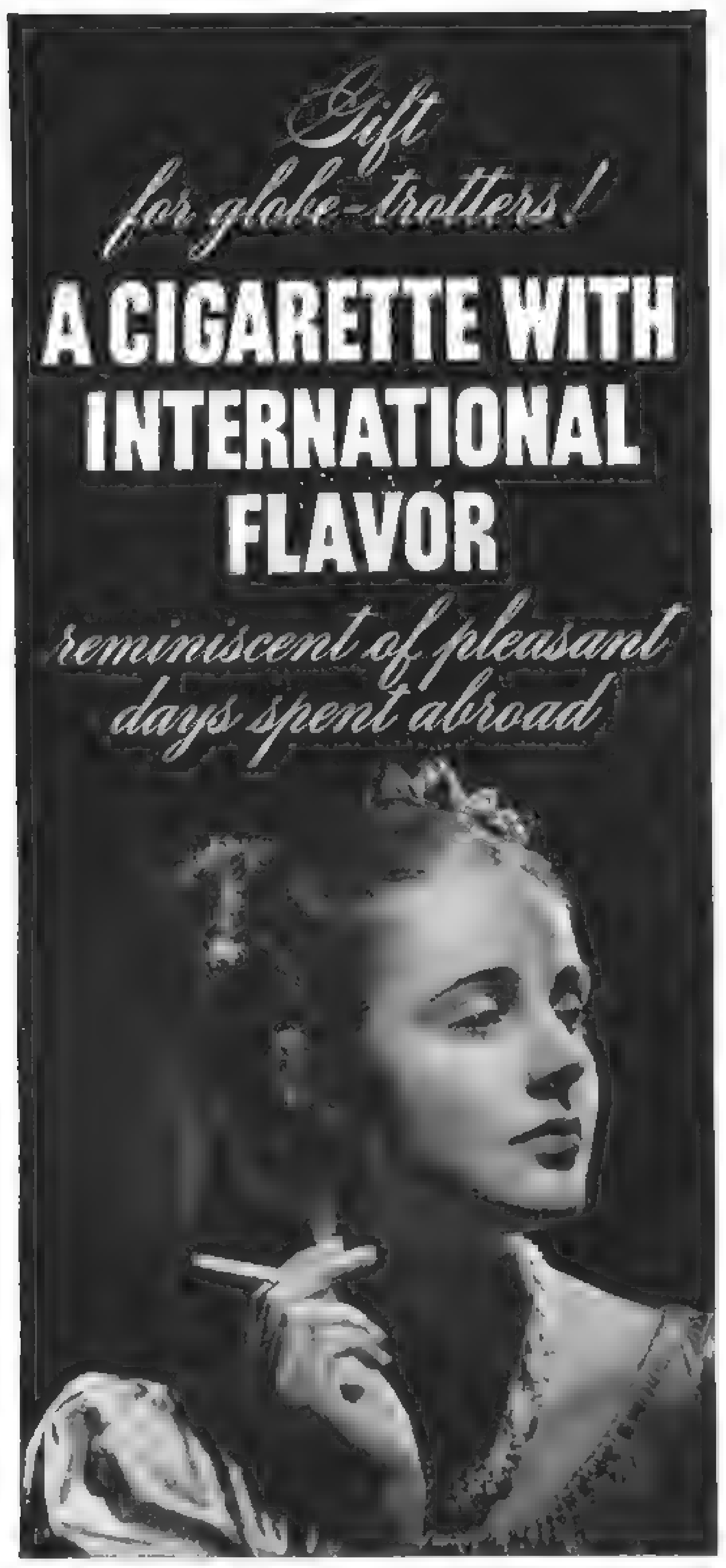
Maybe she doesn't yearn to sing, but merely likes to be in an operatic atmosphere and to listen in on Saturday afternoons. The most you can get for your money is Ernest Newman's *Stories of the Great Operas and Their Composers* (Garden City, $1.59). Its 1,028 pages include three volumes, with enough thought to whet your interest. There's also the last edition of the *Victor Book of the Opera* ($2.00) and *The Metropolitan Book of the Opera* (Simon & Schuster, $3.00), edited by Pitts Sanborn in collaboration with Emil Hibb, with a preface by Edward Johnson. The biographies contain *multum in parvo;* the stories are clearly and concisely told.

Should she want tales for bridge parties, gossip the newspapers don't print—H. Howard Taubman's *Opera Front and Back* (Scribner's, $3.75) is it. In addition to giving you the lowdown on opera stars' salaries—from Chaliapin's $3,000 a performance to Lawrence Tibbett's $60 a week—there are facts about the box office and its crackpot customers, how to buy a new dragon, etc. And it is filled with juicy stories, such as the one about the basso who invited a comely soprano to take a room adjoining his in Baltimore—and the time Emma Calve's bloomers dropped to her ankles in full view of the audience, and one old dowager observed, "If they were clean, it was intentional." This, I can tell, is the book for you.

In sweeter, lighter vein is Rose Heylbut's and Aime Gerber's *Backstage at the Opera* ($3.00). More factual and ambitious is Irving Kolodin's *The Metropolitan Opera: 1883-1935* (Oxford, $3.75).

Your girl may collect records. Then Robert Darrell's *The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music* is tops. Every owner of a victrola should have it. If she's likely to look for obscure facts about contemporary musicians and music, get her Nicholas Slonimsky's *Music Since 1900* (Norton, $4.75), and should she want to talk musical terms—you never can tell—there's Theodore Baker's *Dictionary of Musical Terms* (G. Schirmer, $1.50). It contains 9,000 English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek words. The English vocabulary is exhaustive, but why "want of space" forbade making the foreign vocabulary equally so remains a mystery.

Want of space, however, does prevent me from making this list complete. If you hunt, you can be sure there's a book for every purpose—and a series that will flatten your pocketbook. In these pages, we've only batted at a few, and that with no intention of being authoritative. So don't write in and say you are sure we haven't read all these books. We haven't. We're a musician. ###


Gift for globe-trotters!
A CIGARETTE WITH INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR
reminiscent of pleasant days spent abroad

YOU can pay no higher compliment to a well-traveled friend than to give Craven "A" for Christmas! For this is the cosmopolite's *own favorite* cigarette . . . the one he instinctively calls for at every foreign port.

It is in London at the world renowned plant of Carreras, Ltd. that Craven "A" is made. It is in London, too, that one observes this cigarette predominating the smartest places. At the stately Carlton Club. In exclusive restaurants. At important premieres and social events.

Your first puff on a Craven "A" will tell you immediately that *this* is no ordinary cigarette. Composed of the choicest Virginia tobaccos, properly cured and skillfully blended to produce a distinctive and balanced flavor, Craven "A" cigarettes are firmly rolled—the English way—and cork-tipped to protect your lips.

Craven "A" brings you the full enjoyment of the *pure* tobacco leaf, unadulterated by artificial flavorings. It is an exceptionally mild, mellow and richly satisfying cigarette . . . always smooth, always cool, always easy on the throat.

* * *

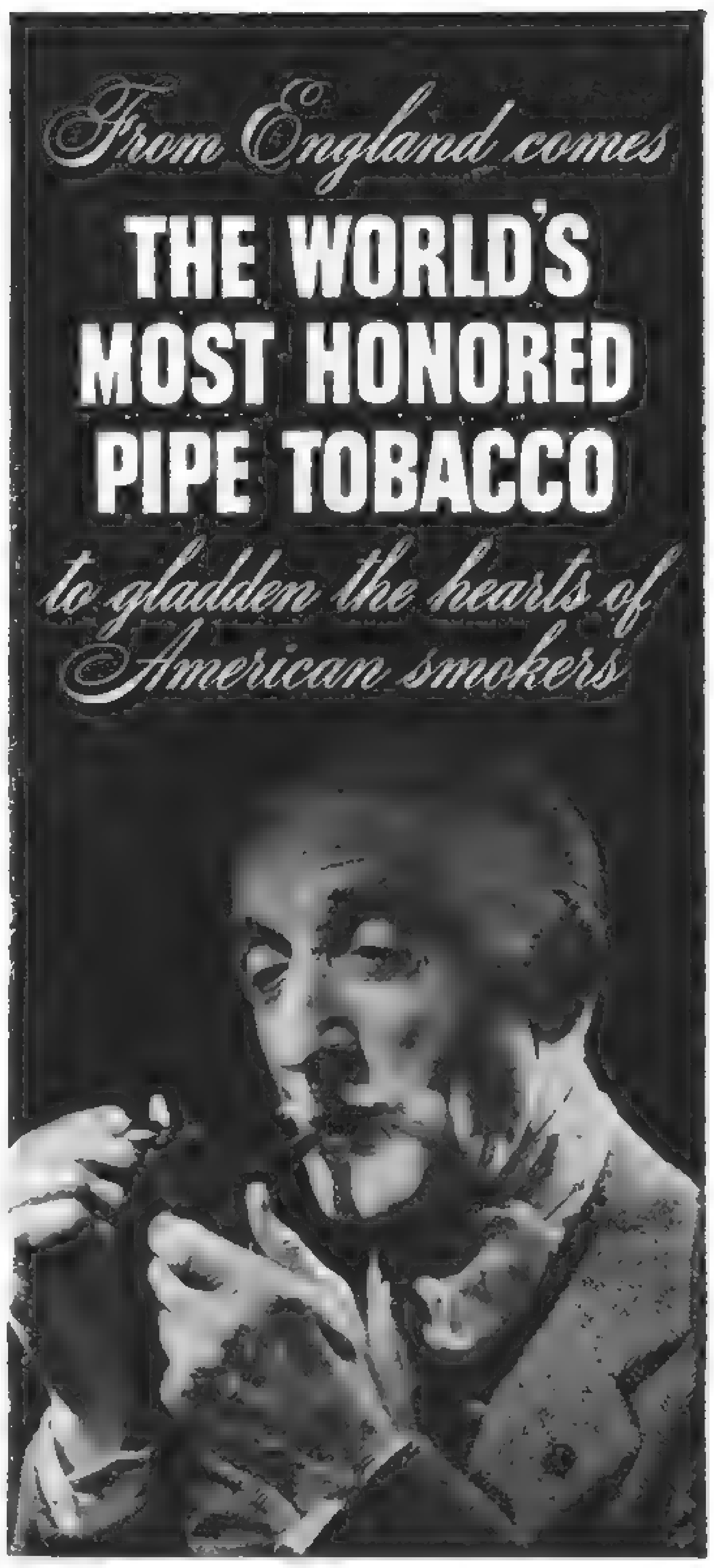
Craven "A" is the world's largest-selling cork-tipped cigarette. It comes in either flat or round shape packings. For those who prefer a plain-tipped cigarette, ask for Craven Plain — available in round packings only.

CARRERAS, LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND
Established 1788

U. S. Agents: FABER, COE & GREGG, INC.
NEW YORK — CHICAGO

Craven "A" cigarettes are available in the United States at the better clubs, hotels and tobacco shops. If your dealer can't supply you, send your name and address, and his, with $1.75 for a tin of "Fifties" to Carreras, Ltd., 247 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

Craven "A"
CIGARETTES


From England comes
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED PIPE TOBACCO
to gladden the hearts of American smokers

CRAVEN MIXTURE . . . what a name to conjure with! Behind it lies a tradition of gracious living and honored patronage that dates back to the third Earl of Craven for whose *personal* pleasure this fine old blend was expressly created some 70 years ago.

Kings, and the sons of kings—old-world connoisseurs—distinguished statesmen and men of letters—have made Craven Mixture their preferred choice during this century and the last. Its fame has spread to the four corners of the earth . . . its name, a symbol of superb smoking enjoyment wherever men of cultivated taste foregather

For here, indeed, is a pipe tobacco with character and *soul!* In its mellow depths is a flavor that challenges the senses . . . an aroma so rich and redolent that it may best be described as *bouquet!*

Craven Mixture is a man's tobacco. Cool. Fragrant. Wonderfully satisfying. A blend immortalized by Sir James M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine" as *"a tobacco to live for."* . . . Available in the United States at the better clubs, hotels and tobacco shops.

TIP TO GIFT-MINDED LADIES:
Forget the doo-dads and fancy gadgets this Christmas! If "he" smokes a pipe, give him a real thrill—a tin of fine old Craven Mixture. It's a tobacco worthy of his finest briar—and very inexpensive!

CARRERAS, LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND
Established 1788

U. S. Agents: FABER, COE & GREGG, INC.
NEW YORK — CHICAGO

IF YOUR DEALER CAN NOT SUPPLY YOU, MAIL THIS COUPON

Carreras, Ltd., Dept. B-E
247 Park Avenue, New York City

I was unable to get Craven Mixture from my dealer. I enclose 35c in stamps for 1½ oz. tin.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City.................... *State*..............

Craven
MIXTURE

1938 GIFT EDITION

FIRST NIGHTER

PAJAMAS BY WELDON

★ Here's the gift he'll give thanks for every night. If he's had some, he'll want more!

★ Whether he is stay-at-home or traveler, conservative or fashion-conscious, young or old, rich or not-so-rich, bachelor or benedict, sophisticate or sophomore, Casanova or celibate, FIRST NIGHTER will be most acceptable. So stop worrying! Give FIRST NIGHTER!

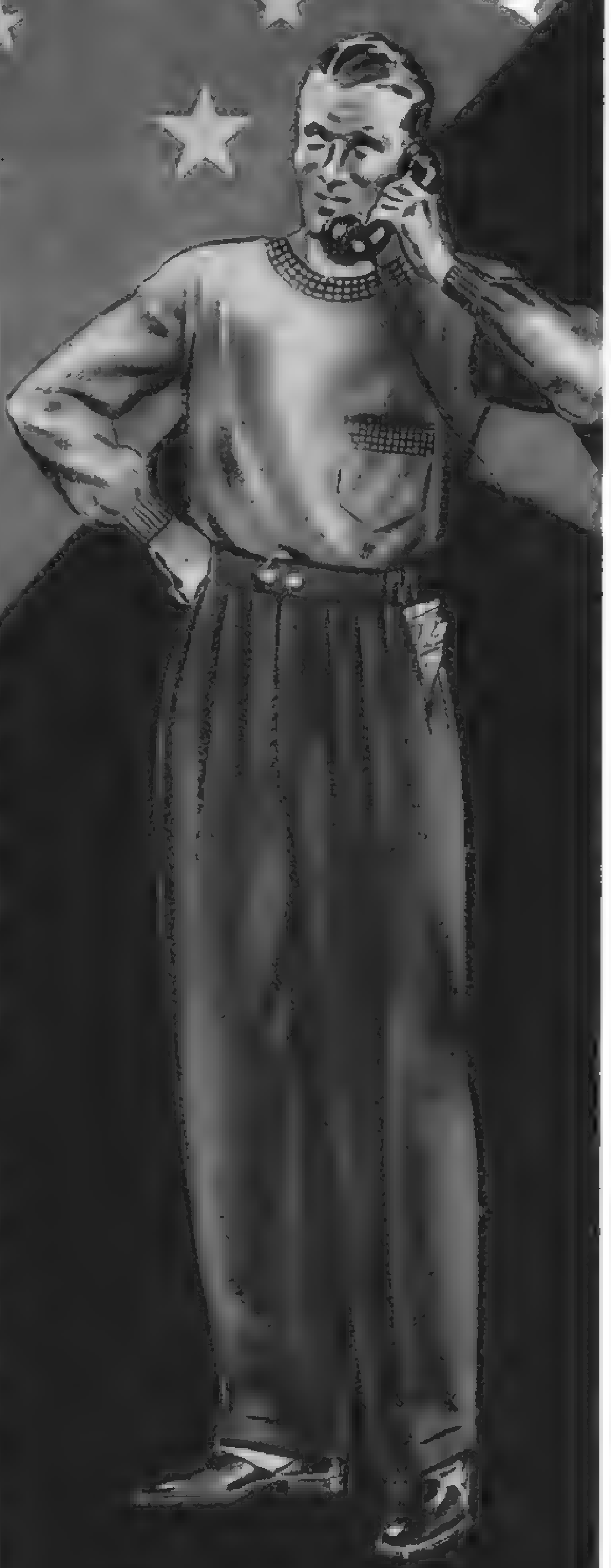
(The Gals Like 'em, Too)

★ The new 1938 Christmas edition features its smart tuck-in top in ombres, two-tones, hairlines, basque cross stripes and solid colors, all in fine knitted mercerized balbriggan. Adjustable waistband and convenient side pockets for cigarettes and handkerchiefs in trousers of harmonizing broadcloth. Regular sizes and "Mr. Long", sized for six footers. Choose them in wine, blue or brown.

$2.50

Ask to see Bal Tuck another popular Weldon pajama innovation! Knitted entirely of fine balbriggan with non skid cuffs on sleeves and trousers. $2.00 and $2.50

WELDON PAJAMAS at your favorite store, or write Lubin-Weeker, 1270 Broadway, N. Y. for name of nearest dealer.



NORMAN McLEOD
DOLE

A MASTERPIECE

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII -

Give Hollywood a Chance

Continued from page 84

difference, it's not so bad for a young guy, first crack out of the box, you might say. The important thing in this business, let me give you a secret, is to get screen credits. It don't make any difference what kind of picture, any picture, it can be perfectly lousy, you'll pardon the French.

So this Maury Dooly, like I say, he's ignorant and he walks in to see Larry for the actors. So Larry, the executive, lining up the show, he says, now who do you want for the boy? So Maury, he says, Pandro Hawks. Pandro Hawks! Listen, I'm pretty tolerant with dumb guys, but for crysakes, this picture's supposed to cost maybe a hundred thousand dollars altogether, beans, a quickie, and that dope Dooly asks for Hawks. Hawks alone gets a hundred thousand for each individual picture.

But Larry, see, he's a practical joker, he says, okay, he don't let on. I tell you this guy McCoy was the real McCoy, like they say. And who would you prefer for the girl? he asks. Francine Boyce, says Maury. Now you know what Boyce gets. McCoy, he never bats an eye, he says, okay, we'll get her too. And the menace? This Maury, there's no fire under him, he says, let me see, I think I should like Wallack Towers. Just like that. Larry says, it will be arranged. And, says Dooly, if he's free, if he's unengaged, I should like Allen De Samschoit to direct. Why, he's free, Larry says, he's available, why, I was just talking to him the other night. The combined salaries of the stars and the director alone come to over a half-million and this picture, my picture, it's supposed to cost altogether a hundred grand. Get the setup? This guy Dooly, he's just plain crazy.

Now you will say, see, that's the motion picture industry for you, like you say. This proves you're right, what am I talking about? Now, wait one minute. Here comes the topper, even though I should not telegraph it in this way. I mean if I was writing this for pictures, I wouldn't give the denouement, the surprise ending, away like this in advance, I know all about that, I was once a writer myself once. But I'm not making up a story for the sake of sweet charity, I'm telling you a true happening, this is the truth, with a moral that will help you out and then again maybe it won't, okay.

Well, when this Maury Dooly walks out of Larry McCoy's office, you can imagine he was a pretty happy guy. Was he happy? Dooly—he's working for Domino now, big producer, got his own unit now—Dooly walks on air. He's got a million dollar setup with Hawks, Boyce, Towers and Samschoit and he can't miss, the answer to every producer's dream. The poor dumb slob! He don't know he's been given the needles!

So he walks out on the lot and he pumps into Harold Laverne—name use to be Lavine. I ain't got no objection to a man changing his name but if he wants a new one, hell, why don't he pick something original? Laverne for Lavine, what the hell, there's nothing there, anybody could guess it. Take me, my name used to be Ginty, a hell of a name for an artist. Brosse got a good sound, so where was I? This Laverne, he's maybe the biggest man in Hollywood, hell I don't have to tell you that, the pictures he's produced. You see anything by Harold Laverne, you know you got quality. Listen, that guy, he's an artist with the cinema, a real artist, that guy, he don't get no salary like you and me, oh, no, he works on a percentage basis exclusively.

So Maury, he runs into Harold and he says, Harold, what do you think, a wonderful thing has just happened to me. So Harold says what? So he says my picture, *Marry The Girl*, McCoy's getting all those big stars for him and De Samschoit.

Well, when Harold hears that, he's fit to be strapped in a straitjacket, he's boiling mad, he's on the needles. But he says, calm and cool, that's very nice, Maury, glad to see you get ahead. And as soon as he leaves Dooly he goes tearing up to the front office for Larry McCoy.

Look here, Larry, Harold Laverne says, dignified, he's got class, never flies off the handle the way a lightweight would. See here Larry, this is what I should call an unethical impasse. I beg your pardon? Larry McCoy says. Naturally, he don't know from nothing, like they say. This *Marry The Girl*, I mean, as you know very well. Dooly tells me you're giving him Hawks, Boyce, Towers with De Samschoit to direct. What do you call that?

After all, I been here long enough, my reputation ain't bad, I rate a better deal. If anybody's getting that lineup, I deserve first call on that talent, don't you agree?

Well, Larry, he's knocked for a ghoul. When he dopes it out that Harold's fallen for the gag too he goes busting off into stitches, he near choked to death. It's a gag, Harold, he tells him. See, I was just working a harmless gag. I was just giving that dumb lummox Dooly the needles.

Oh, yes, that's very interesting to hear, Harold Laverne says. I am indeed glad to hear it was all a gag. Nothing doing. He still believes Larry is trying to pull a fast one over on him and he won't listen to different. I won't take your time discussing the matter, he says. All I want you to know is that my contract takes care of emergencies like this. Either I produce *Marry The Girl* or I walk off the lot. That's my ultimatum. Good day. And out he walks with that.

Well, to make a long story short,

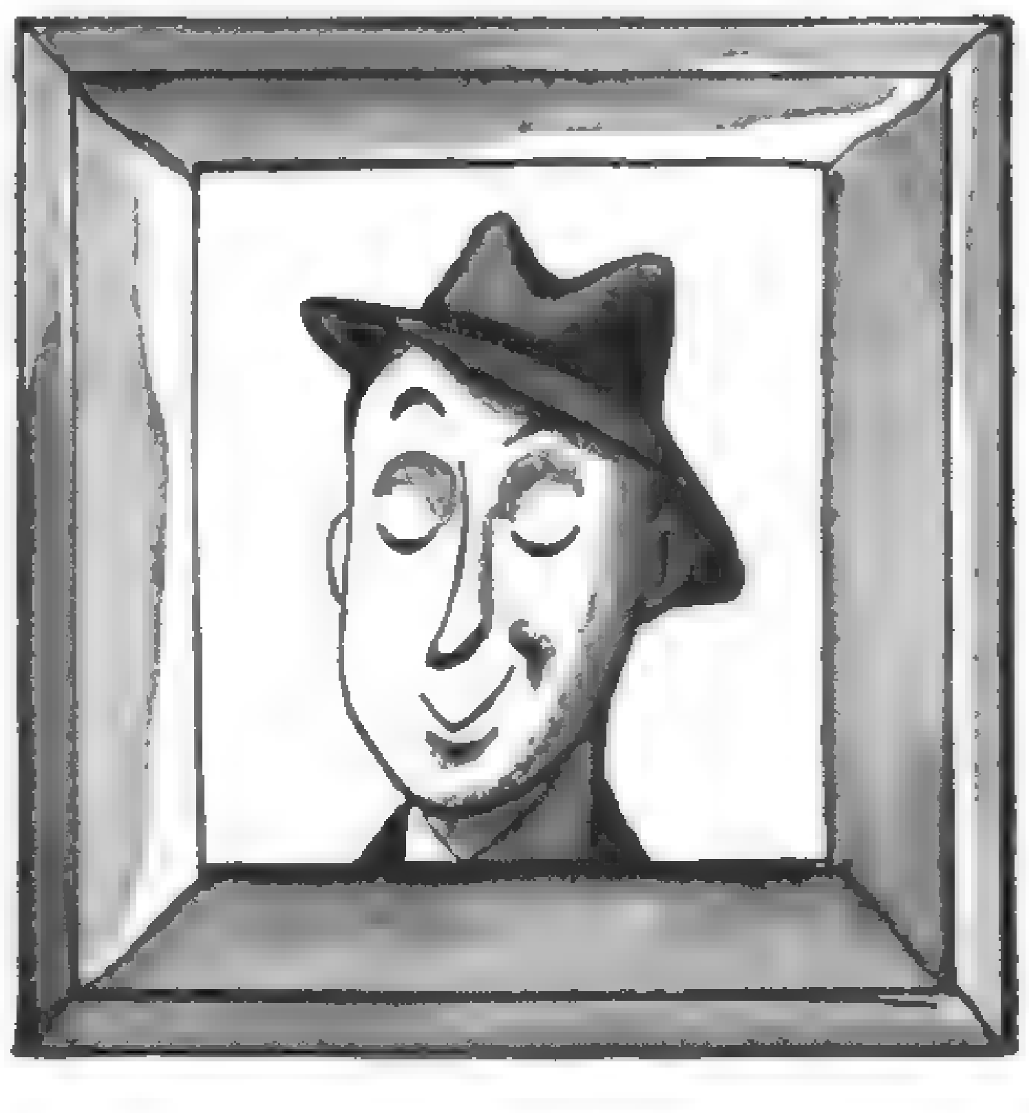
Continued at top of page 186

What's Your Hat-i-tude† *on this Important Issue?*

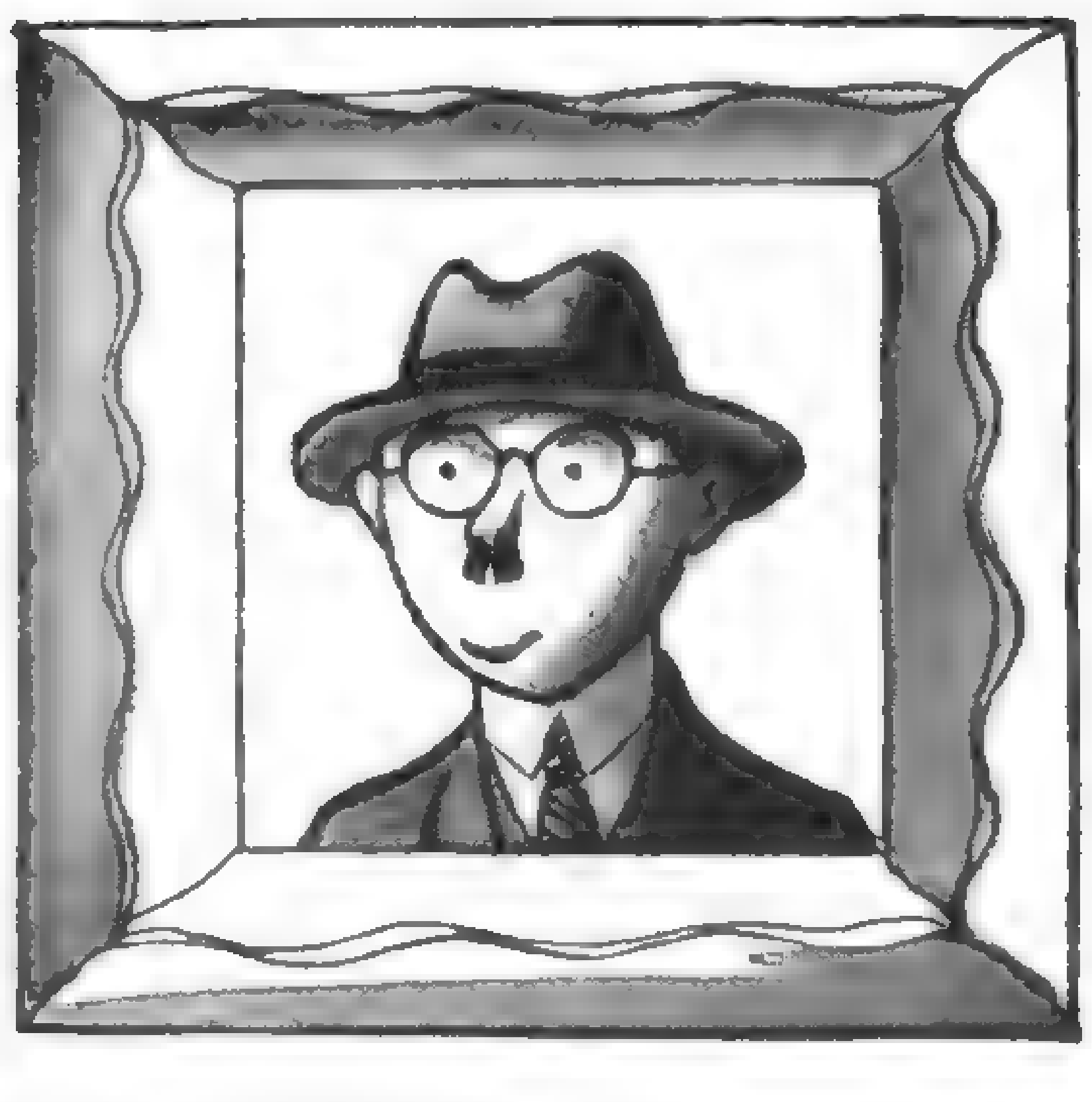
We've Marked These Candidates for the Winter PURGE

THE EGG-CUP... *A hat specially designed for conical craniums. Recommended for men who aspire to the fashionable new "upswept look."*

THE PANCAKE... *Fine if you carry your parcels on your head. Will also protect your neck from a draught.*

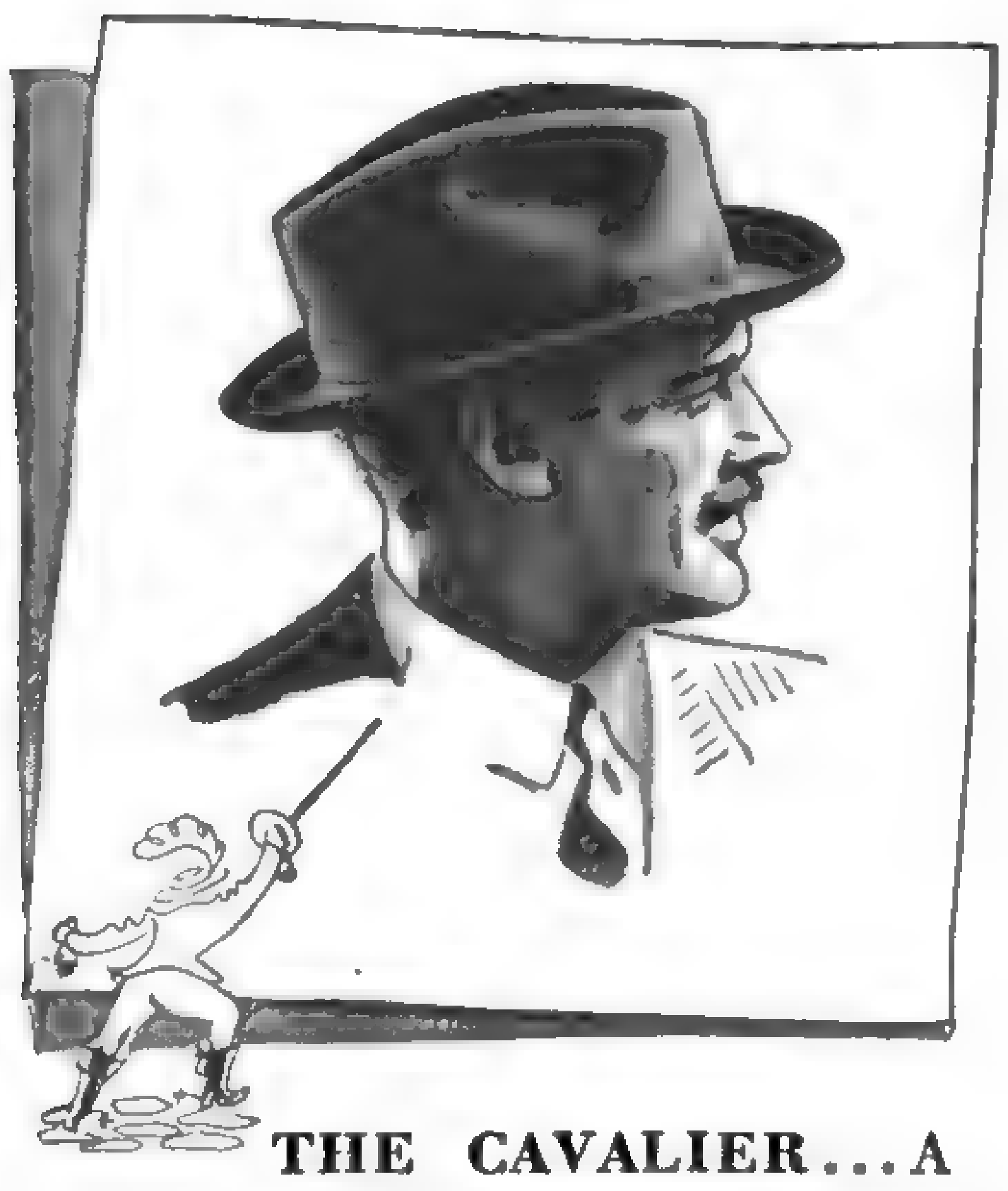


THE EIGHT-BALL... *A saucy little style that sits pretty on any egg-shaped head. Looks best with the brim draped coyly over the left temple.*

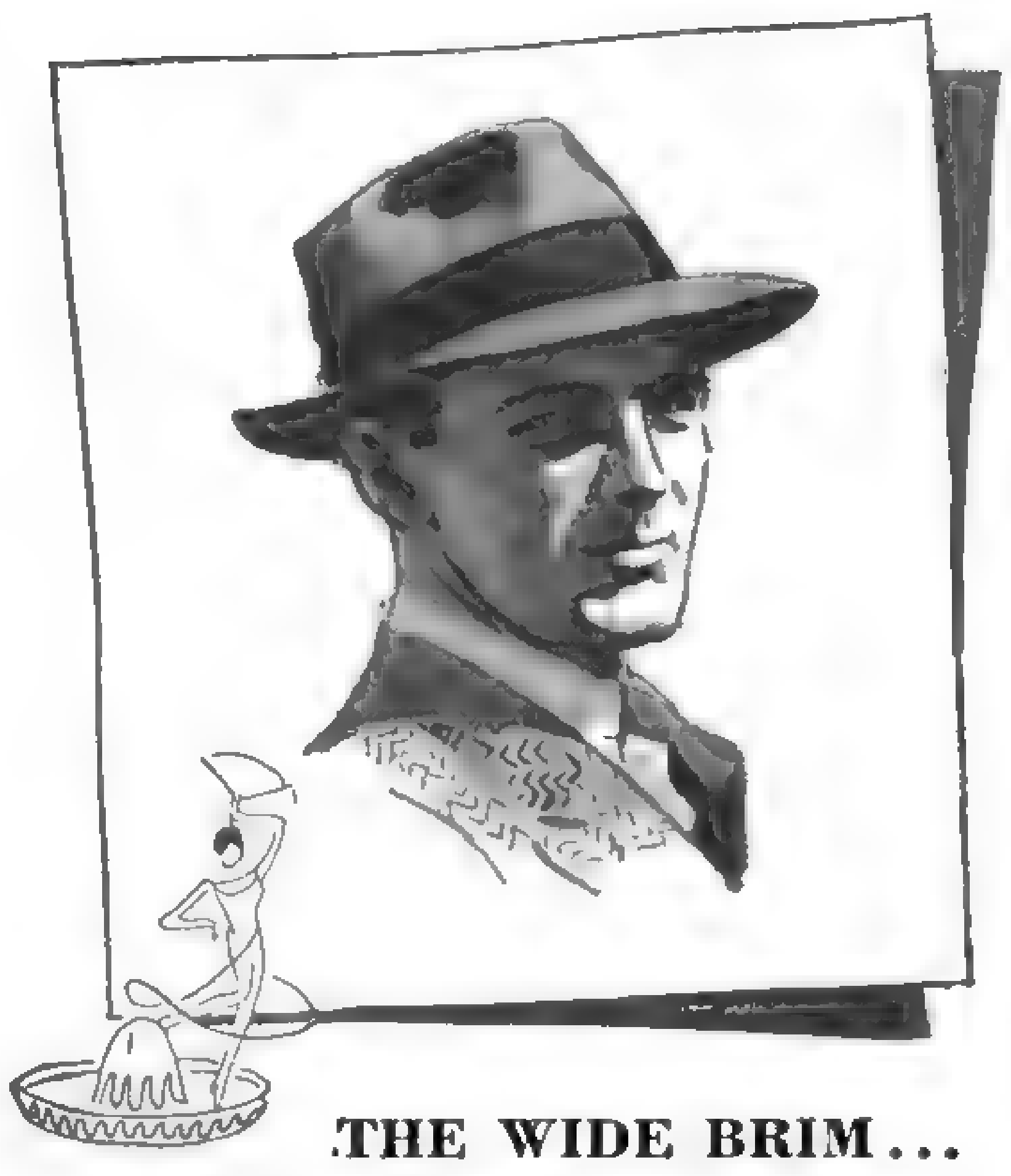


THE EAR-MUFF... *Will keep your face and ears warm. The platter-shaped brim is especially flattering to men with myopic vision.*

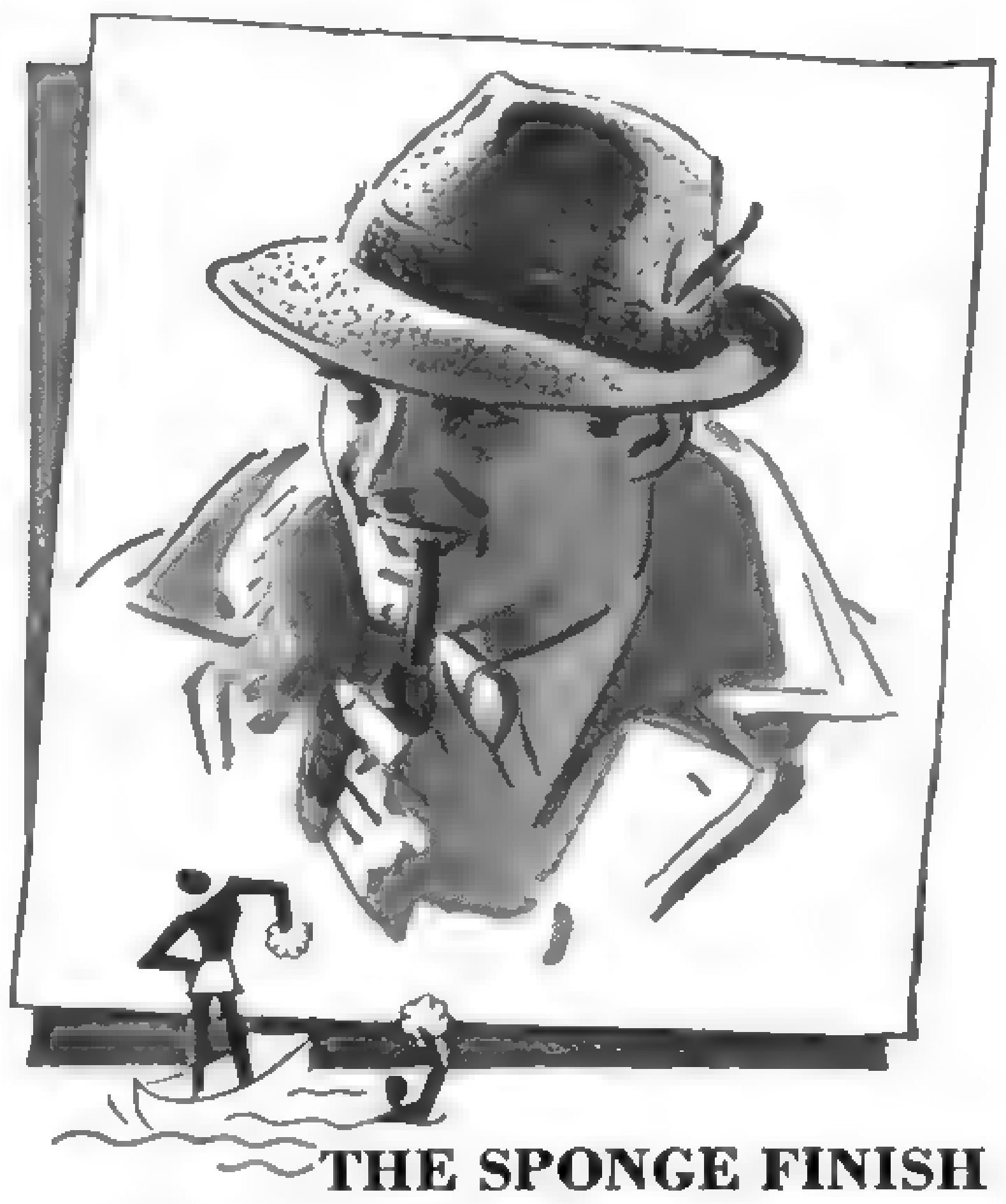
We Endorse These Smart New LEE "Water-Bloc"* Hats for the Holiday URGE



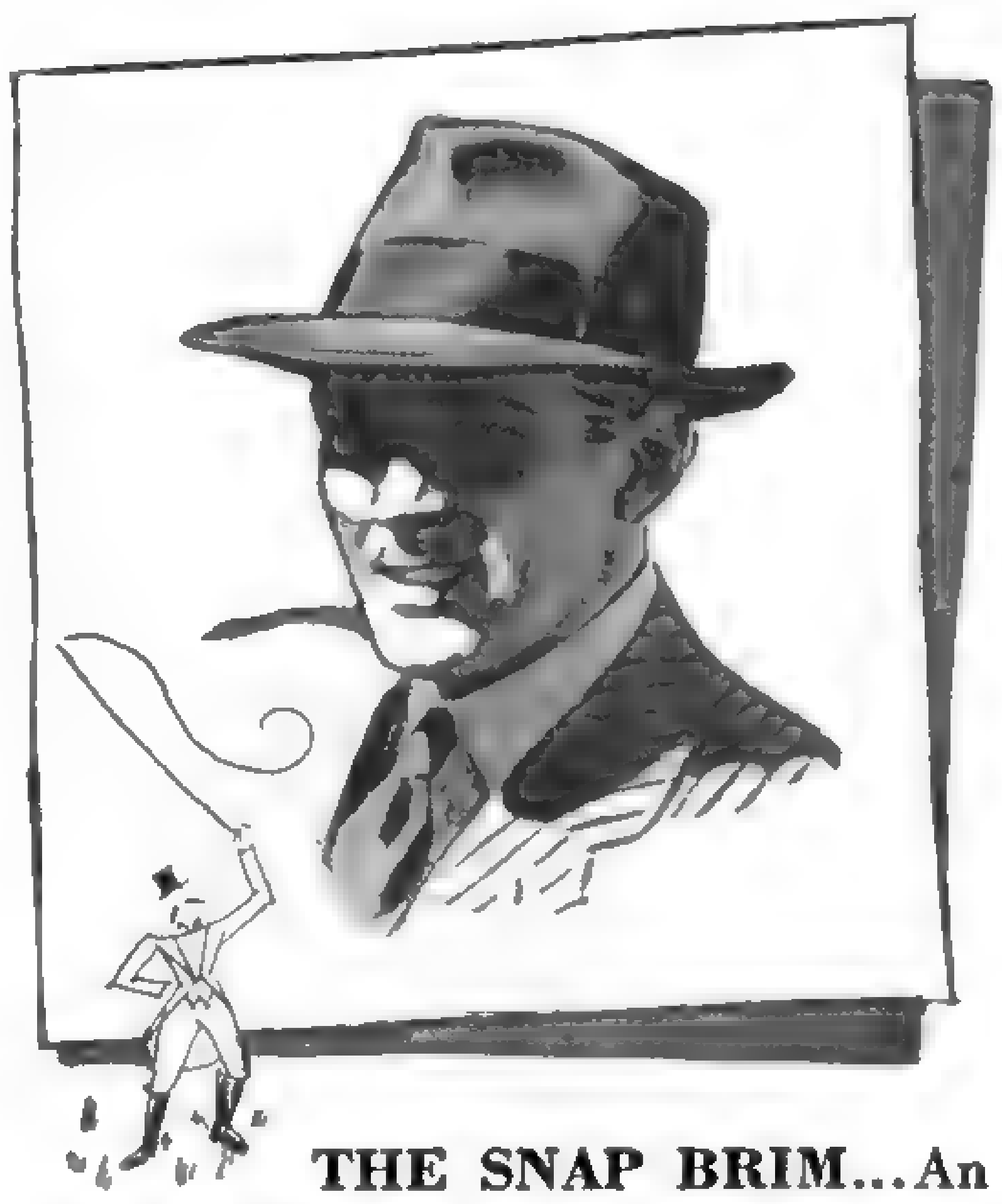
THE CAVALIER... A cultured and distinguished-looking candidate with a background of obvious good breeding. Noted for its versatility. Looks equally well with brim curled up all around, as shown, with front snapped down, or any of a number of ways. Gray, cocoa brown, olive $5



THE WIDE BRIM... A man's man's hat. Note the strong virile character of the new wider brim. A bold and fearless contender in whom you can place your trust. Looks equally impressive turned up, or with brim down as shown. Squirrel gray, medium gray, olive, cocoa brown $5



THE SPONGE FINISH ... A strong Progressive candidate, representing the more advanced and liberal schools of thought. You've never been able to get a hat of this type and quality at anywhere near this price. Gray, green, brown . $5



THE SNAP BRIM... An odds-on favorite, with heavy backing, because it looks well on 99% of the electorate. Has the new wider brim, lower crown, and hand-felted edge that well-informed men will favor this Winter. Gray, brown or olive $5

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†*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Give Hollywood a Chance

Continued from pages 84-184

or as they say, longer, what was the outcome? Larry couldn't make no headway explaining it to Harold, he produced my picture, with Hawks, Boyce, Towers and De Samschoit. *Roses in Arcady*, my picture, that was what they called it, pretty good, you see it? See, one thing about me, I got no conceit, what's the use kidding you, me or the lamp-post. The story in the picture, see, it don't mean a thing. The important thing is the layout. You give me the stars, the sets, get me a first class expensive production, I don't care what the story is, it can be *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, I can make a great picture out of it, me or anybody else for that matter.

So okay, you say, the moving picture industry stinks. You're disgusted. See what happened in my case. Here I was, full screen credit for an A picture, my stock went up overnight, I got to be a big shot. I was just as broke as you in the beginning, just as discouraged, and see, everything has turned out all right after all.

So okay, I been shooting my mouth off, talking this and that. Maybe my little story helps you, maybe it don't, I don't know, it all depends on the individual temperament. But one thing I want you to see. Hollywood is still one field left where you can make the grade if you can deliver. You got a lot of preconceived ideas about Hollywood in your head. Kick them out of your mind and give Hollywood a chance to make good. That's a new way to put it, ain't it, giving Hollywood a chance to deliver instead of the other way around.

My own case, and hell, I don't think I'm so unusual, I'm just an ordinary guy, I got no false illusions about myself just because I'm making twenty-seven hundred a week and my name is J. Edmund Brosse—my own case proves it: you give Hollywood a chance and Hollywood will give you a chance. Fair enough? Okay. ⧺

The Butterfly and the Tank

Continued from page 51

civilian clothes in the place, now squirted another waiter.

I looked around for a place to duck to. This waiter, also, was indignant and the flit gun man squirted him twice more, lightheartedly. Some people still thought it was funny, including the forceful girl. But the waiter stood, shaking his head. His lips were trembling. He was an old man and he had worked in Chicote's for ten years that I knew of.

"*No hay derecho*," he said with dignity.

People had laughed, however, and the flit gun man, not noticing how the singing had fallen off, squirted his flit gun at the back of a waiter's neck. The waiter turned, holding his tray.

"*No hay derecho*," he said. This time it was no protest. It was an indictment and I saw three men in uniform start from a table for the flit gun man and the next thing all four of them were going out the revolving door in a rush and you heard a smack when someone hit the flit gun man on the mouth. Somebody else picked up the flit gun and threw it out the door after him.

The three men came back in looking serious, tough and very righteous. Then the door revolved and in came the flit gun man. His hair was down in his eyes, there was blood on his face, his necktie was pulled to one side and his shirt was torn open. He had the flit gun again and as he pushed, wild-eyed and white-faced, into the room he made one general, unaimed, challenging squirt with it, holding it toward the whole company.

I saw one of the three men start for him and I saw this man's face. There were more men with him now and they forced the flit gun man back between two tables on the left of the room as you go in, the flit gun man struggling wildly now, and when the shot went off I grabbed the forceful girl by the arm and dove for the kitchen door.

The kitchen door was shut and when I put my shoulder against it it did not give.

"Get down here behind the angle of the bar," I said. She knelt there.

"Flat," I said and pushed her down. She was furious.

Every man in the room except the German, who lay behind a table, and the public-school-looking boy who stood in a corner drawn up against the wall, had a gun out. On a bench along the wall three over-blonde girls, their hair dark at the roots, were standing on tiptoe to see and screaming steadily.

"I'm not afraid," the forceful one said. "This is ridiculous."

"You don't want to get shot in a café brawl," I said. "If that flit king has any friends here this can be very bad."

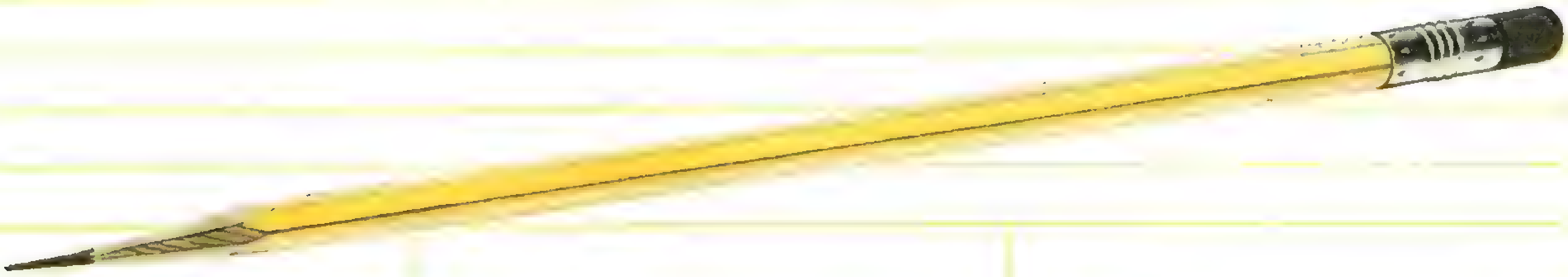
But he had no friends, evidently, because people began putting their pistols away and somebody lifted down the blonde screamers and everyone who had started over there when the shot came, drew back away from the flit man who lay, quietly, on his back on the floor.

"No one is to leave until the police come," someone shouted from the door.

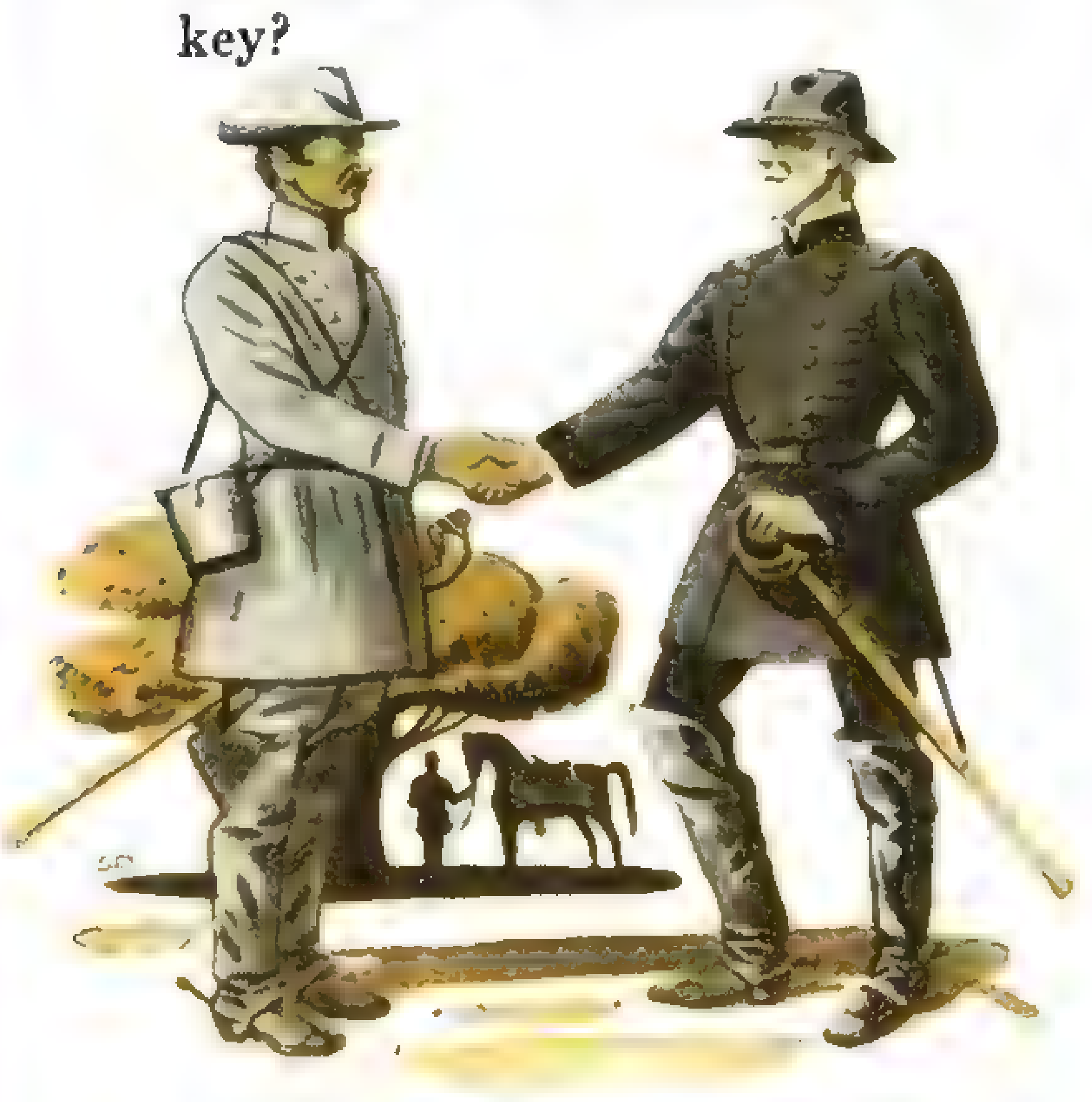
Two policemen with rifles, who had come in off the street patrol, were standing by the door and at this announcement I saw six men form up just like the line-up of a football team coming out of a huddle and head out through the door. Three of them were the men who had first thrown the flit king out.

Continued on page 188

Whiskey Exam for Men

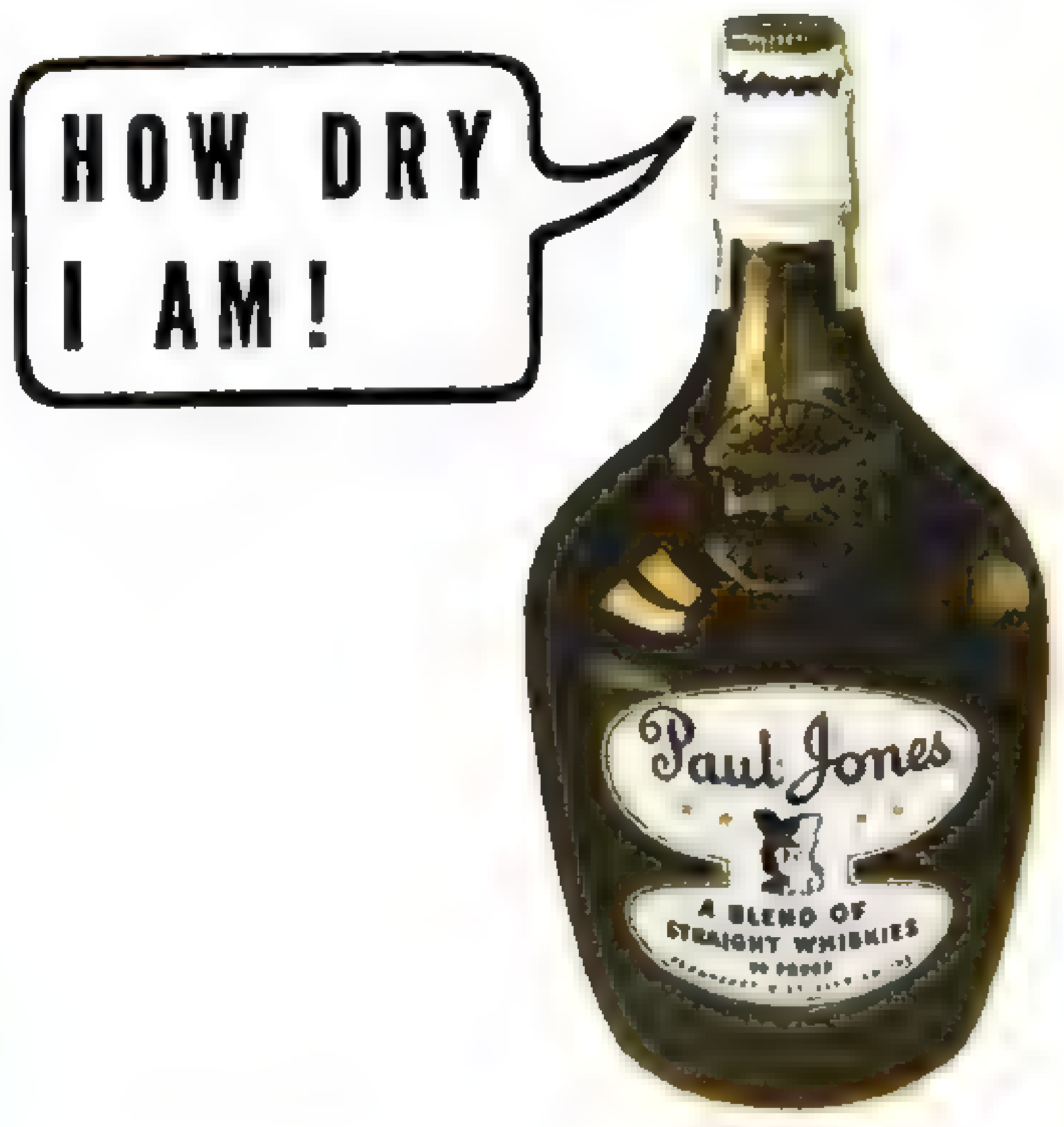


1. **Q:** What year is famous because it marked the end of a war and the birth of an illustrious whiskey?



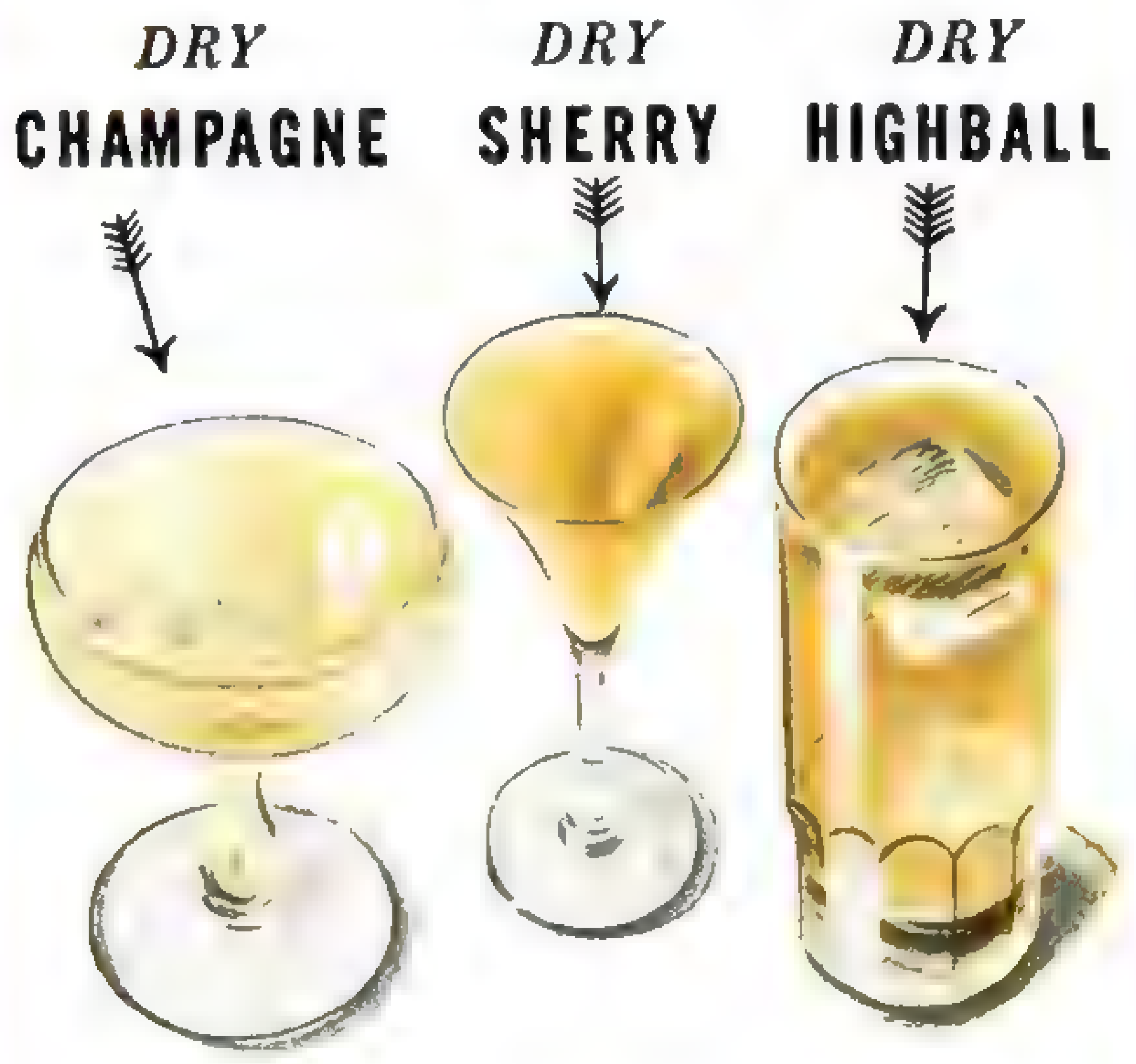
A: 1865—for in that year the Civil War ended and Paul Jones Whiskey was brought forth—and quickly became known the country over as "A gentleman's whiskey."

2. **Q:** What quality is this whiskey especially noted for today?


HOW DRY I AM!
Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

A: Above all, for its DRYNESS. For Paul Jones is a truly DRY whiskey—hearty and robust, as a man's whiskey should be—yet without even a trace of sweetness in its make-up.

3. **Q:** Why does this quality of DRYNESS appeal to so many discriminating drinkers?



A: Naturally, connoisseurs were quick to acclaim Paul Jones, for it brings them the same quality of DRYNESS they've always sought in their champagne, sherry, and highballs, too.

4. **Q:** What is the best way to try a DRY whiskey?

A: That depends entirely on the drink you prefer. You'll find that Paul Jones, because of its brisk, keen-flavored DRYNESS, is very much on the special side, whether you try it straight, in a cocktail, or in a highball.

5. **Q:** When is the best time to try it?

A: We can't think of any better time than right now! So we suggest that you try Paul Jones at your favorite bar—or buy a bottle at the nearest package store *today.* Once you discover how *grand* DRY whiskey can be, you'll say, "It's Paul Jones for *me*—from now on!"

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The Butterfly and the Tank

Continued from pages 51-186

One of them was the man who shot him. They went right through the policemen with the rifles like good interference taking out an end and a tackle. And as they went out one of the policemen got his rifle across the door and shouted, "No one can leave. Absolutely no one."

"Why did those men go? Why hold us if anyone's gone?"

"They were mechanics who had to return to their air field," someone said.

"But if anyone's gone it's silly to hold the others."

"Everyone must wait for the Seguridad. Things must be done legally and in order."

"But don't you see that if any person has gone it is silly to hold the others?"

"No one can leave. Everyone must wait."

"It's comic," I said to the forceful girl.

"No it's not. It's simply horrible."

We were standing up now and she was staring indignantly at where the flit king was lying. His arms were spread wide and he had one leg drawn up.

"I'm going over to help that poor wounded man. Why has no one helped him or done anything for him?"

"I'd leave him alone," I said. "You want to keep out of this."

"But it's simply inhuman. I've nurse's training and I'm going to give him first aid."

"I wouldn't," I said. "Don't go near him."

"Why not?" She was very upset and almost hysterical.

"Because he's dead," I said.

When the police came they held everybody there for three hours. They commenced by smelling of all the pistols. In this manner they would detect one which had been fired recently. After about forty pistols they seemed to get bored with this and anyway all you could smell was wet leather coats. Then they sat at a table placed directly behind the late flit king, who lay on the floor looking like a grey wax caricature of himself, with grey wax hands and a grey wax face, and examined people's papers.

With his shirt ripped open you could see the flit king had no undershirt and the soles of his shoes were worn through. He looked very small and pitiful lying there on the floor. You had to step over him to get to the table where two plain clothes policemen sat and examined everyone's identification papers. The husband lost and found his papers several times with nervousness. He had a safe conduct pass somewhere but he had mislaid it in a pocket but he kept on searching and perspiring until he found it. Then he would put it in a different pocket and have to go searching again. He perspired heavily while doing this and it made his hair very curly and his face red. He now looked as though he should have not only an old school tie but one of those little caps boys in the lower forms wear. You have heard how events age people. Well this shooting had made him look about ten years younger.

While we were waiting around I told the forceful girl I thought the whole thing was a pretty good story and that I would write it sometime. The way the six had lined up in single file and rushed that door was very impressive. She was shocked and said that I could not write it because it would be prejudicial to the cause of the Spanish Republic. I said that I had been in Spain for a long time and that they used to have a phenomenal number of shootings in the old days around Valencia under the monarchy, and that for hundreds of years before the Republic people had been cutting each other with large knives called Navajas in Andalucia, and that if I saw a comic shooting in Chicote's during the war I could write about it just as though it had been in New York, Chicago, Key West or Marseilles. It did not have anything to do with politics. She said I shouldn't. Probably a lot of other people will say I shouldn't too. The German seemed to think it was a pretty good story however, and I gave him the last of the Camels. Well, anyway, finally, after about three hours the police said we could go.

They were sort of worried about me at the Florida because in those days, with the shelling, if you started for home on foot and didn't get there after the bars were closed at seven-thirty, people worried. I was glad to get home and I told the story while we were cooking supper on an electric stove and it had quite a success.

Well, it stopped raining during the night, and the next morning it was a fine, bright, cold early winter day and at twelve forty-five I pushed open the revolving doors at Chicote's to try a little gin and tonic before lunch. There were very few people there at that hour and two waiters and the manager came over to the table. They were all smiling.

"Did they catch the murderer?" I asked.

"Don't makes jokes so early in the day," the manager said. "Did *you* see him shot?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Me too," he said. "I was just here when it happened." He pointed to a corner table. "He placed the pistol right against the man's chest when he fired."

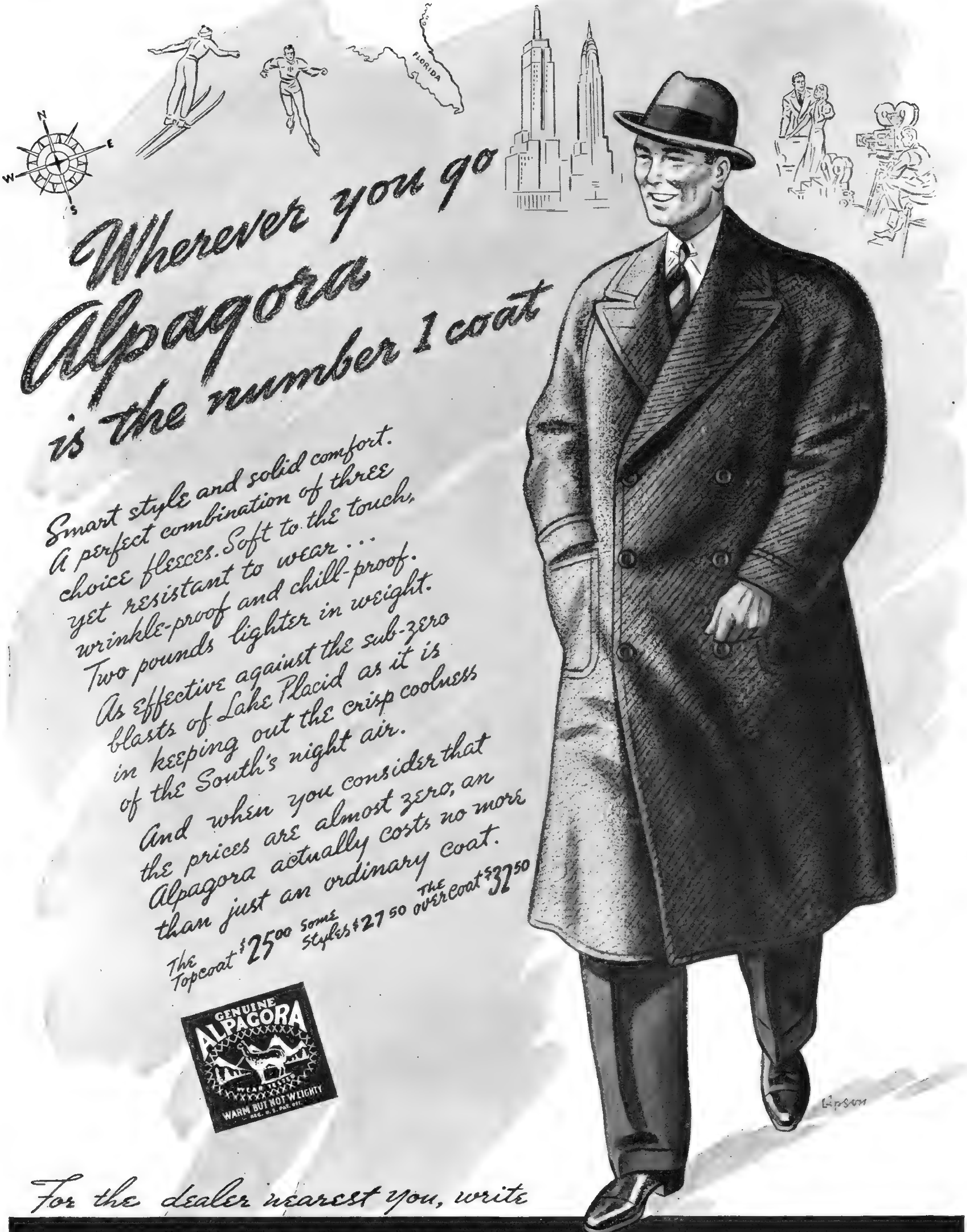
"How late did they hold people?"

"Oh until past two this morning."

"They only came for the fiambre," using the Spanish slang word for corpse, the same used on menus for cold meat, "at eleven o'clock this morning."

"But you don't know about it yet," the manager said.

Continued on page 190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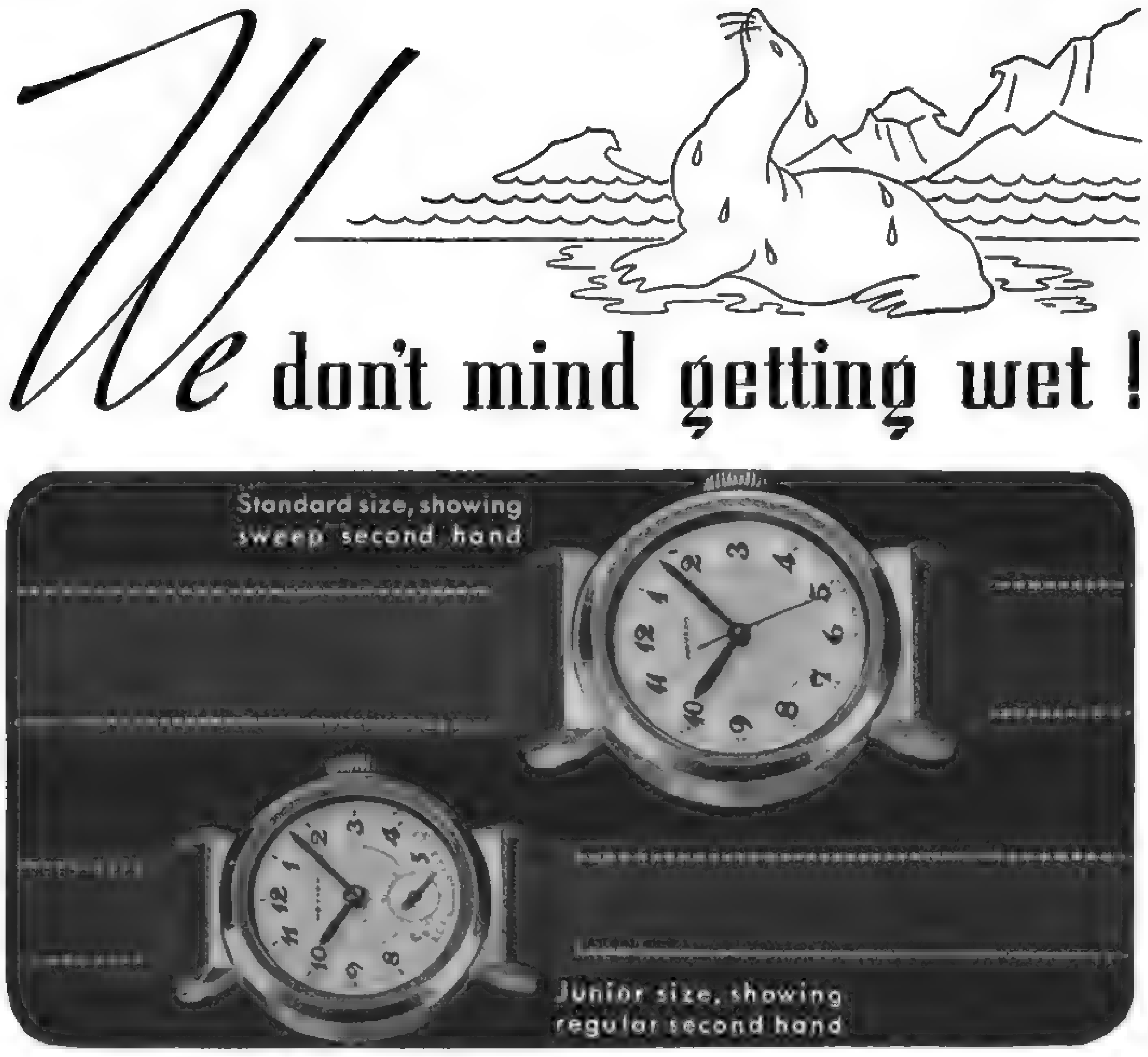
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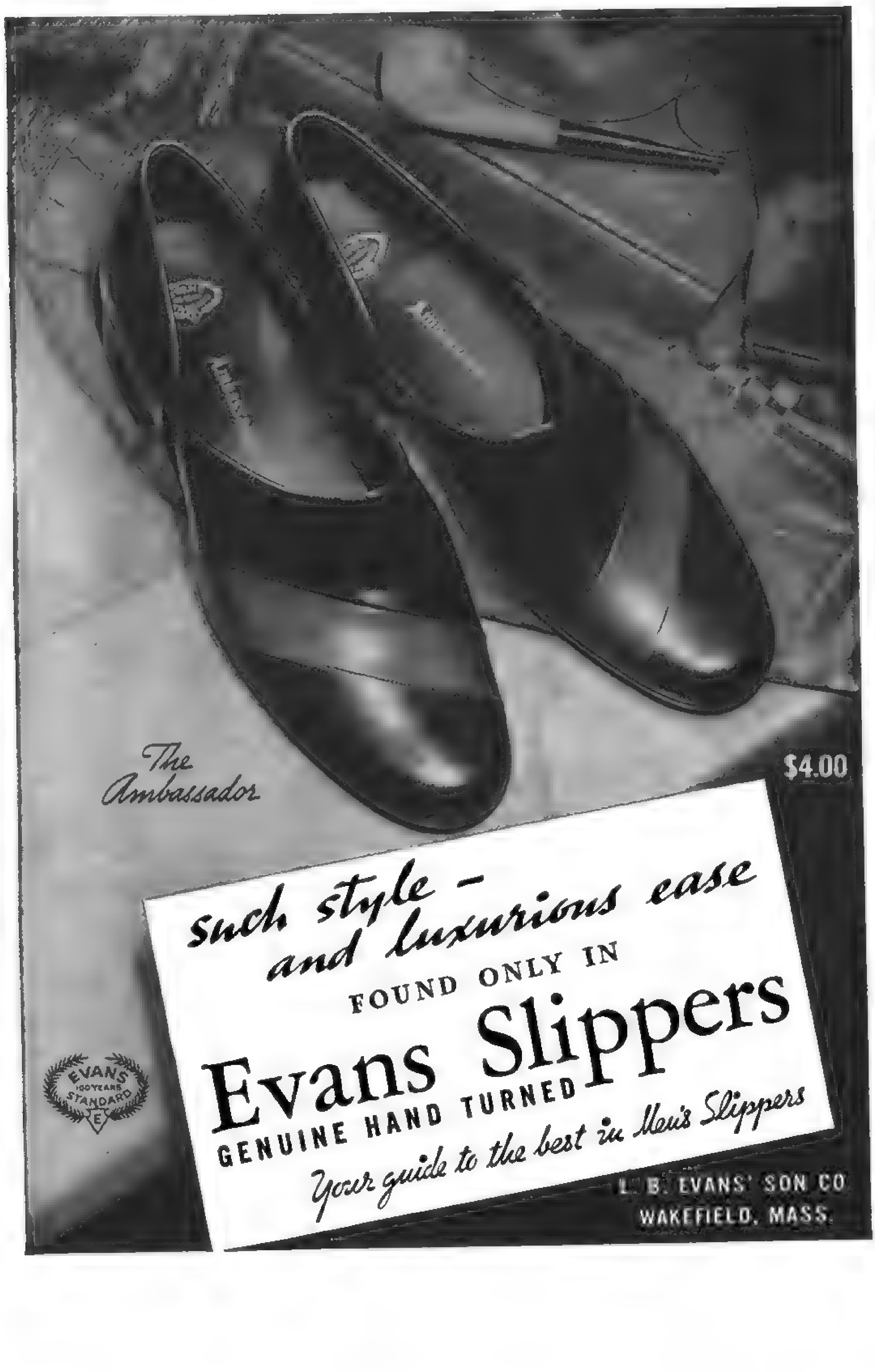


The Butterfly and the Tank

Continued from pages 51-186-188

"No. He doesn't know," a waiter said.

"It is a very rare thing," another waiter said. "*Muy raro.*"

"And sad too," the manager said. He shook his head.

"Yes. Sad and curious," the waiter said. "Very sad."

"Tell me."

"It is a very rare thing," the manager said.

"Tell me. Come on tell me."

The manager leaned over the table in great confidence.

"In the flit gun, you know," he said. "He had eau de cologne. Poor fellow."

"It was not a joke in such bad taste, you see?" the waiter said.

"It was really just gaiety. No one should have taken offense," the manager said. "Poor fellow."

"I see," I said. "He just wanted everyone to have a good time."

"Yes," said the manager. "It was really just an unfortunate misunderstanding."

"And what about the flit gun?"

"The police took it. They have sent it around to his family."

"I imagine they will be glad to have it," I said.

"Yes," said the manager. "Certainly. A flit gun is always useful."

"Who was he?"

"A cabinet maker."

"Married?"

"Yes the wife was here with the police this morning."

"What did she say?"

"She dropped down by him and said, 'Pedro, what have they done to thee, Pedro? Who has done this to thee? Oh Pedro.' "

"Then the police had to take her away because she could not control herself," the waiter said.

"It seems he was feeble of the chest," the manager said. "He fought in the first days of the movement. They said he fought in the Sierra but he was too weak in the chest to continue."

"And yesterday afternoon he just went out on the town to cheer things up," I suggested.

"No," said the manager. "You see it is very rare. Everything is *muy raro*. This I learn from the police who are very efficient if given time. They have interrogated comrades from the shop where he worked. This they located from the card of his syndicate which was in his pocket. Yesterday he bought the flit gun and *agua de colonia* to use for a joke at a wedding. He had announced this intention. He bought them across the street. There was a label on the cologne bottle with the address. The bottle was in the washroom. It was there he filled the flit gun. After buying them he must have come in here when the rain started."

"I remember when he came in," a waiter said.

"In the gaiety, with the singing, he became gay too."

"He was gay all right," I said. "He was practically floating around."

The manager kept on with the relentless Spanish logic.

"That is the gaiety of drinking with a weakness of the chest," he said.

"I don't like this story very well," I said.

"Listen," said the manager. "How rare it is. His gaiety comes in contact with the seriousness of the war like a butterfly—"

"Oh very like a butterfly," I said. "Too much like a butterfly."

"I am not joking," said the manager. "You see it? Like a butterfly and a tank."

This pleased him enormously. He was getting into the real Spanish metaphysics.

"Have a drink on the house," he said. "You must write a story about this."

I remembered the flit gun man with his grey wax hands and his grey wax face, his arms spread wide and his legs drawn up and he did look a little like a butterfly; not too much, you know. But he did not look very human either. He reminded me more of a dead sparrow.

"I'll take gin and Schweppes quinine tonic water," I said.

"You must write a story about it," the manager said. "Here. Here's luck."

"Luck," I said. "Look, an English girl last night told me I shouldn't write about it. That it would be very bad for the cause."

"What nonsense," the manager said. "It is very interesting and important, the misunderstood gaiety coming in contact with the deadly seriousness that is here always. To me it is the rarest and most interesting thing which I have seen for some time. You must write it."

"All right," I said. "Sure. Has he any children?"

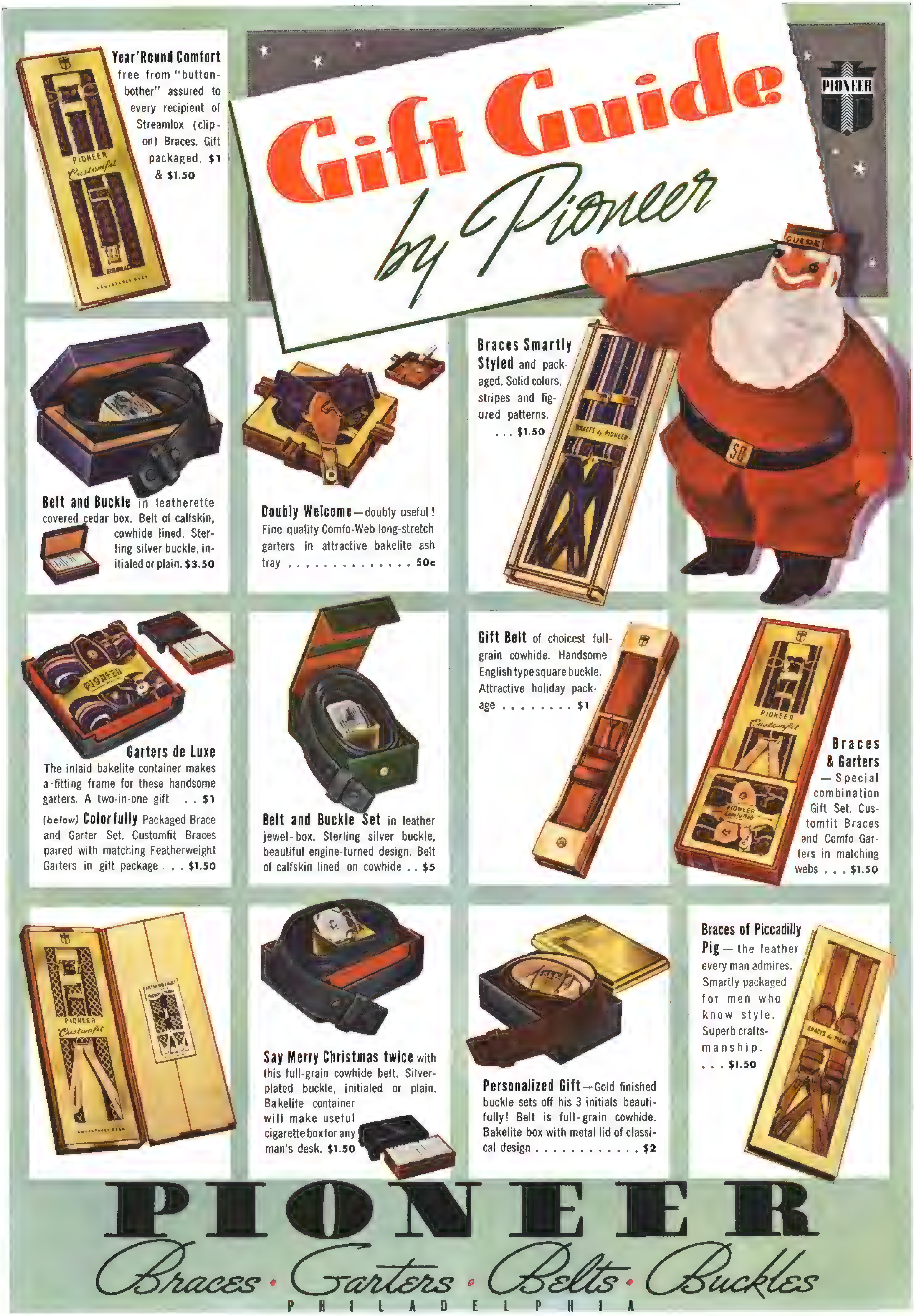
"No," he said. "I asked the police. But you must write it and you must call it The Butterfly and the Tank."

"All right," I said. "Sure. But I don't like the title much."

"The title is very elegant," the manager said. "It is pure literature."

"All right," I said. "Sure. That's what we'll call it. The Butterfly and the Tank."

And I sat there on that bright cheerful morning, the place smelling clean and newly aired and swept, with the manager who was an old friend and who was now very pleased with the literature we were making together and I took a sip of the gin and tonic water and looked out the sandbagged window and thought of the wife kneeling there and saying, "Pedro. *Pedro*, who has done this to thee, Pedro?" And I thought that the police would never be able to tell her that even if they had the name of the man who pulled the trigger. ♯



Gift Guide by Pioneer

Year'Round Comfort free from "button-bother" assured to every recipient of Streamlox (clip-on) Braces. Gift packaged. $1 & $1.50

Belt and Buckle in leatherette covered cedar box. Belt of calfskin, cowhide lined. Sterling silver buckle, initialed or plain. $3.50

Doubly Welcome—doubly useful! Fine quality Comfo-Web long-stretch garters in attractive bakelite ash tray 50c

Braces Smartly Styled and packaged. Solid colors, stripes and figured patterns. . . . $1.50

Garters de Luxe The inlaid bakelite container makes a fitting frame for these handsome garters. A two-in-one gift . . $1

(below) **Colorfully** Packaged Brace and Garter Set. Customfit Braces paired with matching Featherweight Garters in gift package . . . $1.50

Belt and Buckle Set in leather jewel-box. Sterling silver buckle, beautiful engine-turned design. Belt of calfskin lined on cowhide . . $5

Gift Belt of choicest full-grain cowhide. Handsome English type square buckle. Attractive holiday package $1

Braces & Garters — Special combination Gift Set. Customfit Braces and Comfo Garters in matching webs . . . $1.50

Say Merry Christmas twice with this full-grain cowhide belt. Silver-plated buckle, initialed or plain. Bakelite container will make useful cigarette box for any man's desk. $1.50

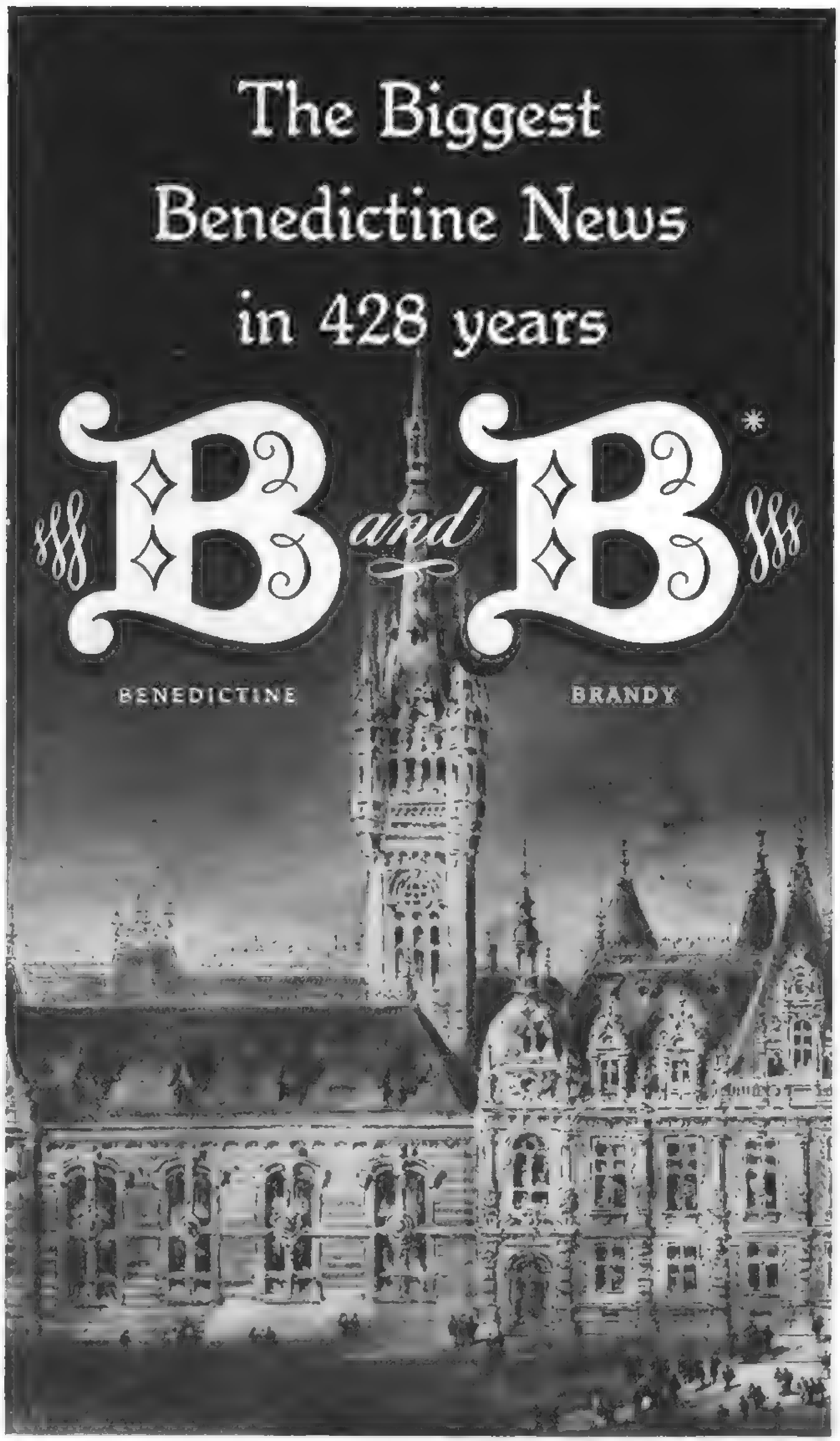
Personalized Gift—Gold finished buckle sets off his 3 initials beautifully! Belt is full-grain cowhide. Bakelite box with metal lid of classical design $2

Braces of Piccadilly Pig — the leather every man admires. Smartly packaged for men who know style. Superb craftsmanship. . . . $1.50

PIONEER

Braces · Garters · Belts · Buckles

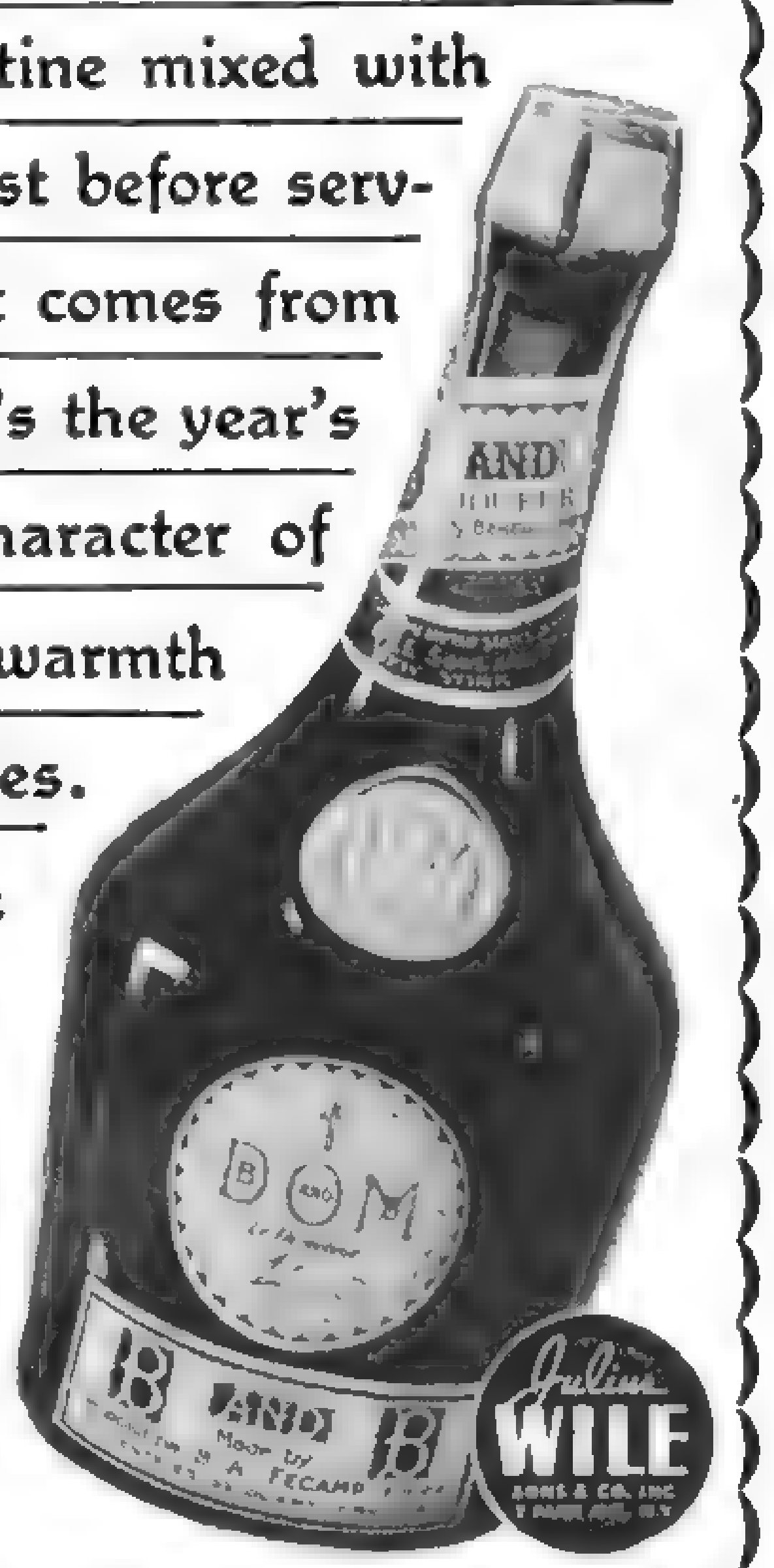
PHILADELPHIA



The Home of Benedictine at Fecamp, France

A New Liqueur—D. O. M. Benedictine
and selected French Cognac Brandies

Since Benedictine's magic flavour was created in 1510, its makers have produced no other liqueur. Now, 428 years later, a new liqueur . . . Benedictine's own bottled B and B . . . comes from the quaint abbey town of Fecamp. You may have had Benedictine mixed with brandy before. But B and B's mixed just before serving can't compare with B and B that comes from Benedictine's own century-old vats. It's the year's flavour sensation . . . the unique character of Benedictine deftly combined with the warmth of selected French Cognac Brandies. Yet B and B costs no more than Benedictine! Get B and B today. Both Benedictine liqueur and B and B liqueur are 86° proof.



JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC.
2 PARK AVENUE, N. Y., SOLE U. S. AGENTS

*TRADEMARK REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE SCRIPTURES IN 1008 LANGUAGES

We dropped into the Bible Society headquarters on Park at 57th . . . and our investigation certainly gave us pause! On the ground floor we beheld as imposing list of unusual geographical names as we'd ever encountered . . . which turned out to be a chart listing the languages into which the Bible has been translated.

SCRIPTURES IN SAKATA

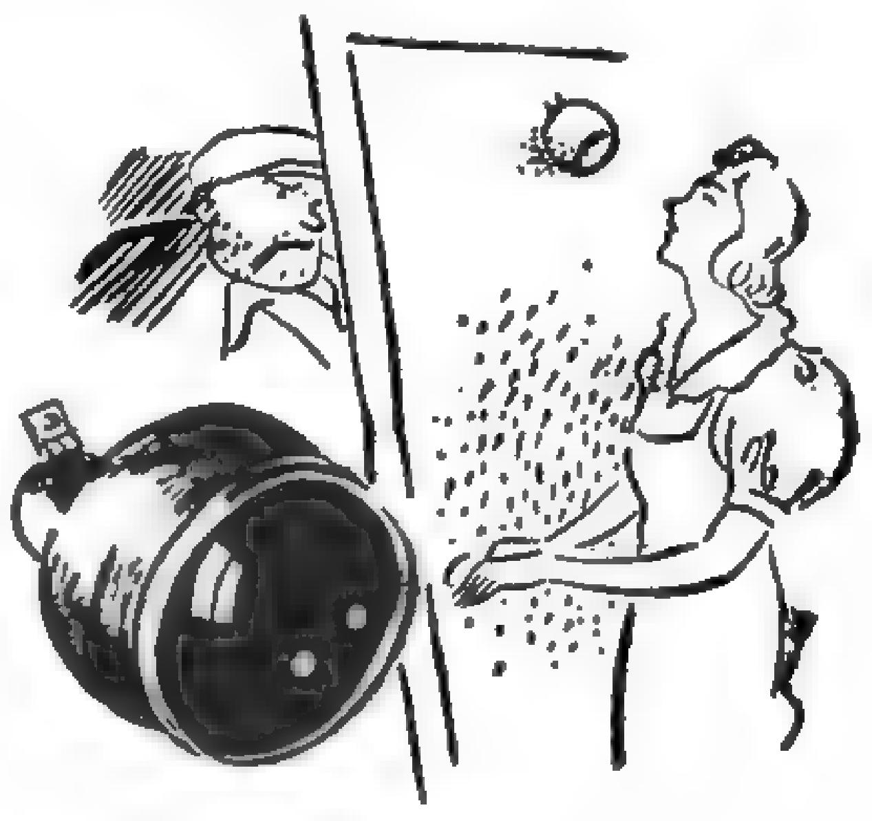
The 1000th tongue was Sakata, a spot in Africa just under the Equator. The entire bible has now been translated into 197 languages, the New Testament into 211 and at least a book of the Bible or selections therefrom in the rest of the languages. Thanks to the Bible Society Missionaries, the Scriptures are now found in the languages of at least 9/10ths of the people of the world.

Translations take years of patient labor and devotion on the part of the missionaries. Most of them hail from England and America. Every language must first be reduced to *writing*, and be provided with a grammar and a dictionary, before the translation can be successfully done. Missionaries must live with a people for a long period of years, win their trust and friendship before the arduous task can be accomplished.

One missionary in Africa spent months trying to find out the native word for "throne." One day the Chieftain appeared in all his trappings and seated himself on the stump of a tree, surrounded by his henchmen who bowed low before him. In excitement the missionary pointed to the tree stump . . . the natives shouted out the name . . . the long sought word for "throne."

Last year, in the Philippines, the Bible was translated into Samareno, which makes 8 languages in the Philippines alone, in which the *entire* Bible has been published. They figure that a new language is added every month. The Bible Society's part in this work is to collaborate with the missionaries who do the work, sometimes aiding them financially, as well as reading proofs of their manuscripts and finally getting the books printed and delivered to the fields at the least possible cost. A fair proportion of the society's budget is given each year to this work.

The American Bible Society was instituted in 1816 with the object of encouraging wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Its program is now world-wide, and includes the translation of the scriptures into languages and dialects of the people; the publication in styles suitable and convenient at the lowest possible price; the distribution of the Scriptures throughout the world at cost or free, as a missionary program. The society is supported by subscriptions . . . an annual is $5 . . . life, $100.

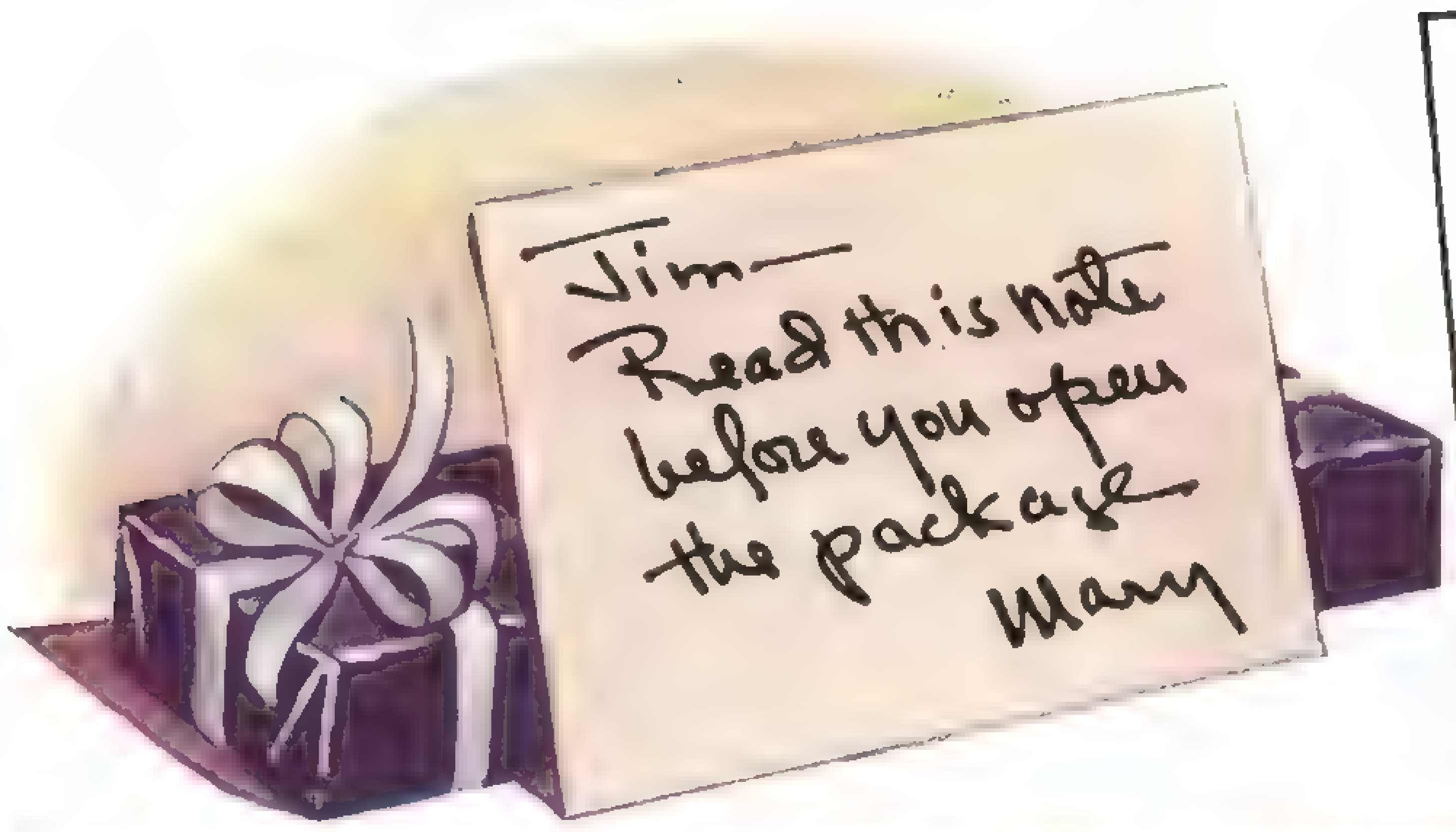


PEEK EASY

In modern apartments you never know who is trying to gain admittance at your door. There's a new protective device that can be easily installed on your door within a few minutes. This seeing eye enables you to give a good look through a peep hole (only ⅜″ in diameter at outside opening) to determine who awaits without. Police departments and surety companies heartily endorse the gadget. Makes you think of the old Speak Easy days when you knocked and asked for Ernie.

CHEESE OF KINGS

Centuries ago, when France was known as Gaul, the renowned emperor Caesar declared Roquefort to be a food finer than any served at a Roman banquet. Charlemagne, considered roquefort a flavor fit for the gods . . . and so forth. Natives of the picturesque village of Roquefort, France, love to tell the fascinating story of the discovery of Roquefort more than 2000 years ago. Seems that a shepherd boy, taking his flock to graze, was caught in a sudden rainstorm, and took refuge in one of the near-by caves, setting his lunch of black bread and cheese on a ledge. After the storm, he went home, forgetting his lunch. Upon returning several weeks later, he remembered his lunch and found it still upon the ledge. The cheese, made of sheep's milk had become veined with fine green lines. He tasted it . . . found it good, and thus a new delicacy was born. Ever since that time, Roquefort cheese has been cured in the caves where the magical winds blow and the rain water trickles through the crags. Ever try scooping out tomatoes and filling with chopped boiled ham, bread crumbs, Worcestershire sauce and a plentiful dose of Roquefort? Bake in oven 15 minutes. Or lima beans done in a casserole with layers of Roquefort? Or baked fish with Roquefort? This is a good one: 2 cups flaked fish (halibut, cod, sole, etc.), 2 eggs, 2 tbsp. crumbs, 3 cups milk, ⅓ cup roquefort broken up fine, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup mashed potatoes. Bake about 30 minutes.



Dear Jim,

Do you remember last Christmas? I gave you some neckties. You said they were very pretty, but there was something in your voice that sounded like a little boy that Santa Claus had forgotten. I went upstairs and cried.

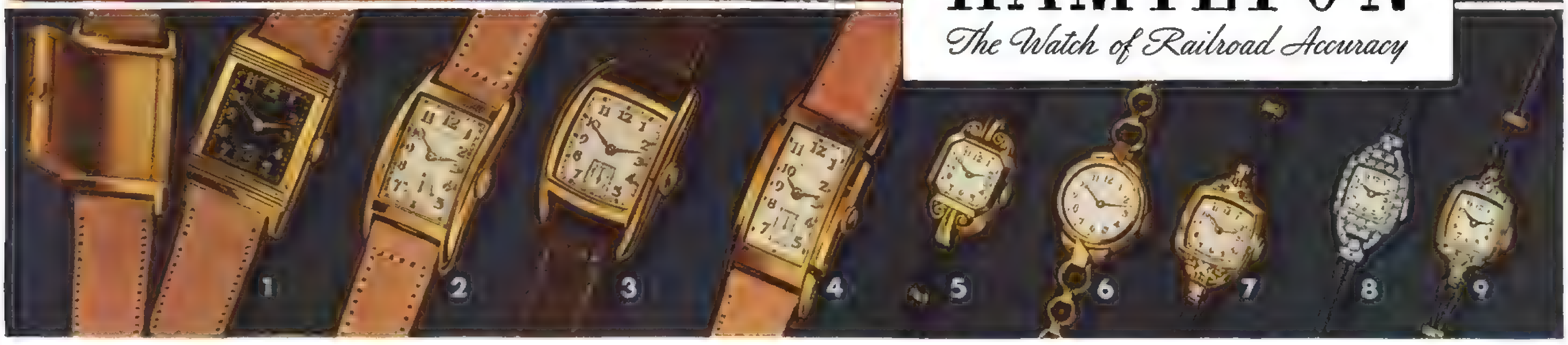
I thought how wonderful Christmas must have seemed when you were Dicky's age. And how it had gradually become a day when you did everything for us, and got nothing for yourself.

I've waited a whole year to give you something that would really bring back the feeling of Christmas the way you used to know it. I think this Hamilton Watch will do it. And I hope it will remind you for many, many years that Dicky and I think you are the finest fellow in the world—even though we sometimes forget to say so.

Your wife, Mary

HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



1. ***New reversible idea!*** A flip of the finger and over she goes! OTIS (two views). 17 jewels. 14k gold filled, natural yellow only. With applied gold numeral dial, either black or silver finish . . . $65.

2. ALLISON. 19 jewels. 14k natural yellow gold. 18k applied gold numerals. $90.

3. DODSON. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, natural yellow. 18k applied gold numerals. $40. With black enamel numerals, $37.50

4. DICKENS. 17 jewels. 14k gold filled. With 18k applied gold numerals, $52.50

5. DIANE. New decorative motif. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, white or yellow. Silk cord, $40. Gold filled bracelet. $42.50

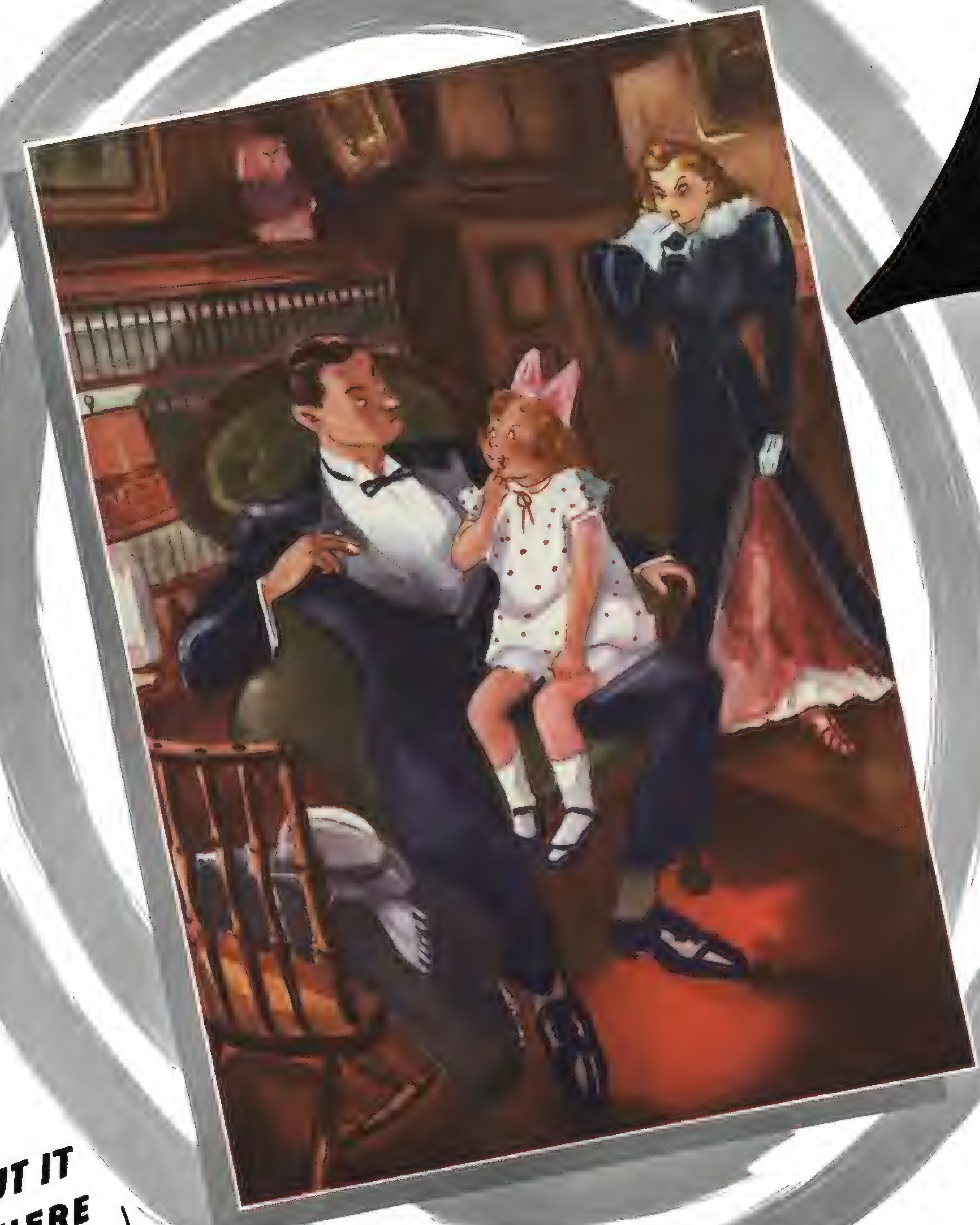
6. MAXINE. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, white or yellow. Gold filled bracelet. $42.50

7. LEILANI. 17 jewels. 14k yellow gold, *with new carved white gold decorative relief.* With 18k applied gold numerals, $55.

8. ROWENNA. 17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum set with 42 diamonds . . . $250.

9. LADY HAMILTON (A6). 17 jewels 14k gold, either white or natural yellow 6 diamonds are set in white gold . . . $75.

HAMILTON MAKES ONLY HIGH GRADE WATCHES. $37.50 TO $5000. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER. HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, 883 COLUMBIA AVENUE, LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA



PUT IT HERE

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

"Gag-Lines," Esquire, P. O. Box No. S, Chicago, Ill.

Gag-Line for Cartoon in December Issue:____________________

*My Name is*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________________ *State*__________

GAG-LINE WANTED!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO SHARE IN $\$5,000^{\underline{00}}$ IN CASH PRIZES!

• C'mon funsters, punsters, gagsters and witsters! Cut yourself a piece of *cash!* . . . Here's your last chance to grab off one of the big pieces of change Esquire is offering to its readers for submitting just a few words . . . Whether you're clever or not, take a chance. It costs you nothing . . . The threesome pictured on the opposite page is the third and final cartoon in this untitled series. Cartoons No. 1 and No. 2 appeared in the October and November issues of Esquire . . .

Study the scene on the opposite page. Can you think up either a humorous or a serious gag-line for it? . . . Jot it down on the entry blank and shoot it in! It may return to you one of the monthly prizes (as high as $100) or one of the grand prizes (as high as $1,000) *or both* . . . Could anything be sweeter?

THE RULES: A new cartoon without a title has appeared in the October, November and December issues. Awards of $1200 in prizes will be paid each month to the persons who submit the best gag-lines for each of these cartoons. Total monthly prizes $3600. In addition, grand prizes of $1400 will be awarded for the best gag-lines of all submitted.

1. Gag-Lines must not exceed 15 words.

2. Originality of thought, appropriateness, cleverness of idea and clearness of expression will count. Handwriting and decoration will not be considered.

3. Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Phil Baker have consented to serve as a Committee of Judges. Esquire reserves the right to augment this Committee. Entrants agree to accept the decision of the Judges as final. In event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. This offer is open to everyone except employees of Esquire-Coronet, Inc., and their families.

5. Suggestions may be submitted on the coupons published for convenience or on a facsimile. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they wish but each entry must be submitted on a separate coupon or facsimile. Name and address must appear on each entry.

6. All entries submitted become the property of Esquire and may be used in whole or in part as the publishers see fit, without consideration. No entries will be returned. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

7. The October and November contests have closed as stated. All entries for the December contest must be received by midnight, December 15, 1938. Address entries to "Gag-Lines," Esquire, P. O. Box No. S, Chicago, Illinois.

THESE FAMOUS WITS WILL ACT AS JUDGES:

Jack Benny

Fred Allen

Phil Baker

• THE PRIZES •

Monthly Prizes:		
5 First Prizes.......	$100.00 Each..	$500.00
5 Second Prizes.....	50.00 Each..	250.00
10 Third Prizes......	25.00 Each..	250.00
20 Fourth Prizes......	10.00 Each..	200.00
40 Prizes each Month.............		$1,200.00
Three Months' Prizes.......		$3,600.00
Grand Prizes:		
1st Grand Prize.......	$1,000.00	
2nd Grand Prize......	250.00	
3rd Grand Prize......	150.00	
		1,400.00
TOTAL PRIZES.....		**$5,000.00**

☞ ***Mail your GAG-LINE on this coupon***

I Write, If You Please

Continued from page 101

insanely, and launched a staccato torrent of words:

"I want you to go out and get yourself a lot of prophylactics and contraceptives. I've got a story for you to work on. You look healthy. You ought to be able to handle it."

I forced a weak smile of confidence.

"Up on the West Side," he went on, "there are a lot of little joints that call themselves private dance studios. Well, you know damned well what they really are. You'll see them all over the streets in those brownstone-front houses. Each one has a little sign in the window and apparently anyone can get in.

"I want you to take the next few days and hit every one of those joints. Take every kind of treatment you can get. Just be careful of your plumbing. I want a hot series on what goes on in those hook-shops. With pictures, if you can get them. Pictures we can print. Go ahead. Get some money downstairs and get started."

In less than an hour, I stood on 75th St. and pondered which of a dozen "private dance studios" I should patronize first. I chose one with clean window curtains, damned the Boss briefly, and went in. A bumpy blonde, with paint so thick she looked like a fugitive from a wax museum, answered my knock. Cordially, she asked me to come in. She closed the door behind me, locked it, and drew the window blinds. I lit a cigarette and stood nervously in the center of the room, making mental notes of everything: soft lights, a few easy chairs, a phonograph, and a *couch.*

"My name is Sonya," the girl said.

"How do, Sonya?"

"Did you want a half-hour or an hour lesson?" She was briskly businesslike.

"Oh, I don't know," I jittered. "What do you suggest?"

"Well, a half-hour is three dollars, an hour is five dollars. Of course, we can do much more in an hour."

"Oh . . . of course. I guess I'll go for an hour."

"Okay. I'll take the money now, please." I gave her five dollars, which she stuffed into her stocking. I watched her in dismayed anticipation. I steeled myself for what I had never believed was a fate worse than death. Sonya smiled coquettishly, went to the victrola, and put on a record. She came back to me and took my clammy hand firmly.

"Do you dance at all, or do you want a beginner's lesson?" she asked.

For a full hour, I danced. At every moment I was poised—and a little eager—for something else to happen. At the end of the hour, Sonya said that I danced quite well, thanked me, and asked me to call again.

For the next three days, I danced. I danced in every sort of musty front parlor with girls of every shape and size. I danced until my feet were swollen. They all followed the same formula. They all danced—but that's all.

Spiro listened to my report impatiently.

"You stink," he said, and dismissed me by turning his back.

Not long after, he gave me an opportunity to redeem myself by assigning me to prove that all advertised massage parlors were in reality houses of prostitution. I visited half a dozen of them. I winked, I leered, I ogled, but to no avail. I was massaged and pummeled and rubbed until I could scarcely walk. All that I managed to prove was that when you asked for a massage, with no matter what intonation or facial expression, you'd get a massage.

Such are the crumbs of adventure with which the ordinary reporter is rewarded. Occasionally, there is slightly more personal risk involved. There was, for instance, the time that Spiro decided upon a crusade against the dangers inherent in the broken-down automobiles which could be bought at any used car lot for as little as ten dollars.

"Go out and buy yourself a jalopie for about twenty bucks," the Boss said. "Drive it around in traffic and over all the bridges and then write me a story on what happens when one of those damned things is turned loose on the innocent public. Don't kill yourself or anybody else, but don't be too damned cautious. I want this to be a good story."

I picked a used car dealer at random out of the telephone directory and asked him to deliver his best twenty-dollar item to my house. I drew an antique touring car, circa 1921. It was a cold January day when a photographer and I apprehensively climbed aboard the old wreck, but to our utter amazement it responded to the self-starter with a contented, warm purr. When we came to the first traffic signal, I muttered a profane prayer, shut my eyes, and bore down on the brake pedal. The car stopped so short that we nearly went through the windshield.

Fortunately for my precious hide, the twenty-dollar jalopie was as perfect in every gland as any car I had driven. Of course, I shut the motor off on Columbus Circle and let traffic pile up while the photographer made some pictures, and I gave a peddler fifty cents to dump his cart of bananas in front of the car for another shot. But I made the mistake of telling the Boss what had actually happened.

"Damn it all, can't you ever get what you're sent out after?" he bellowed. It is Spiro's habit to demand and expect the impossible from his reporters. The amazing part of it is that every once in a while he gets it. Once, he got the impossible even from me.

That was during the excitement

Continued on page 198

HEIDSIECK & Co
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The socially accepted
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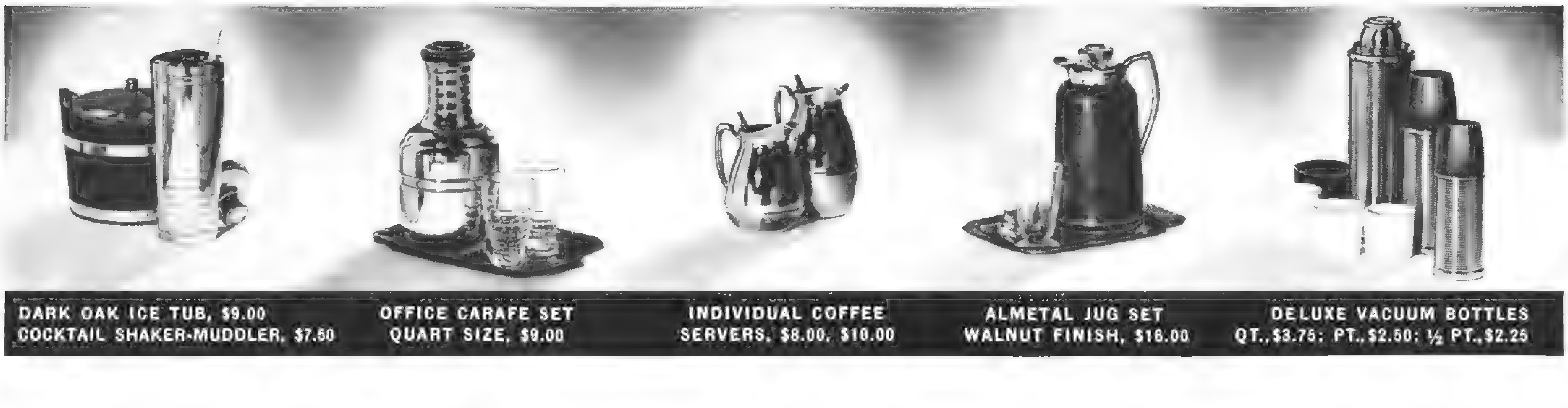
Distinguished Gifts

The what-to-give question vanishes instantly when you see *Thermos* brand Vacuum Ware. *Thermos* gifts are beautiful . . . ever so practical . . . and always welcomed. Here are a few suggestions: **1.** Picnic Case with sandwich box and two *Thermos* brand quart vacuum bottles, $7.56. **2.** Chromium Ice Bowl, keeps ice cubes perfectly, $12.00. **3.** Gallon Ice Pail, for a large evening, $12.50. **4.** Quart Jug Set, in choice of colors, $12.00. **5.** Smart Spherical Jug Set in colors or black-and-chromium, pint size, $9.00. See these smart *Thermos* brand gifts at your favorite shop . . . or write The American Thermos Bottle Company, Norwich, Connecticut.

THERMOS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Stated Capacities are Approximate



DARK OAK ICE TUB, $9.00
COCKTAIL SHAKER-MUDDLER, $7.50

OFFICE CARAFE SET
QUART SIZE, $9.00

INDIVIDUAL COFFEE
SERVERS, $8.00, $10.00

ALMETAL JUG SET
WALNUT FINISH, $16.00

DELUXE VACUUM BOTTLES
QT., $3.75; PT., $2.50; ½ PT., $2.25

"Santa knows, it's plain to see,
How very much it means to me
To know that I'll arrive in town
With my new, romantic gown
All fresh and crisp and
wrinkle-free!"

HARTMANN Luggage

Hartmann "Sky-Robes" $9.75 to $115.00

Feel the warm glow of giving the gift you'd like to get

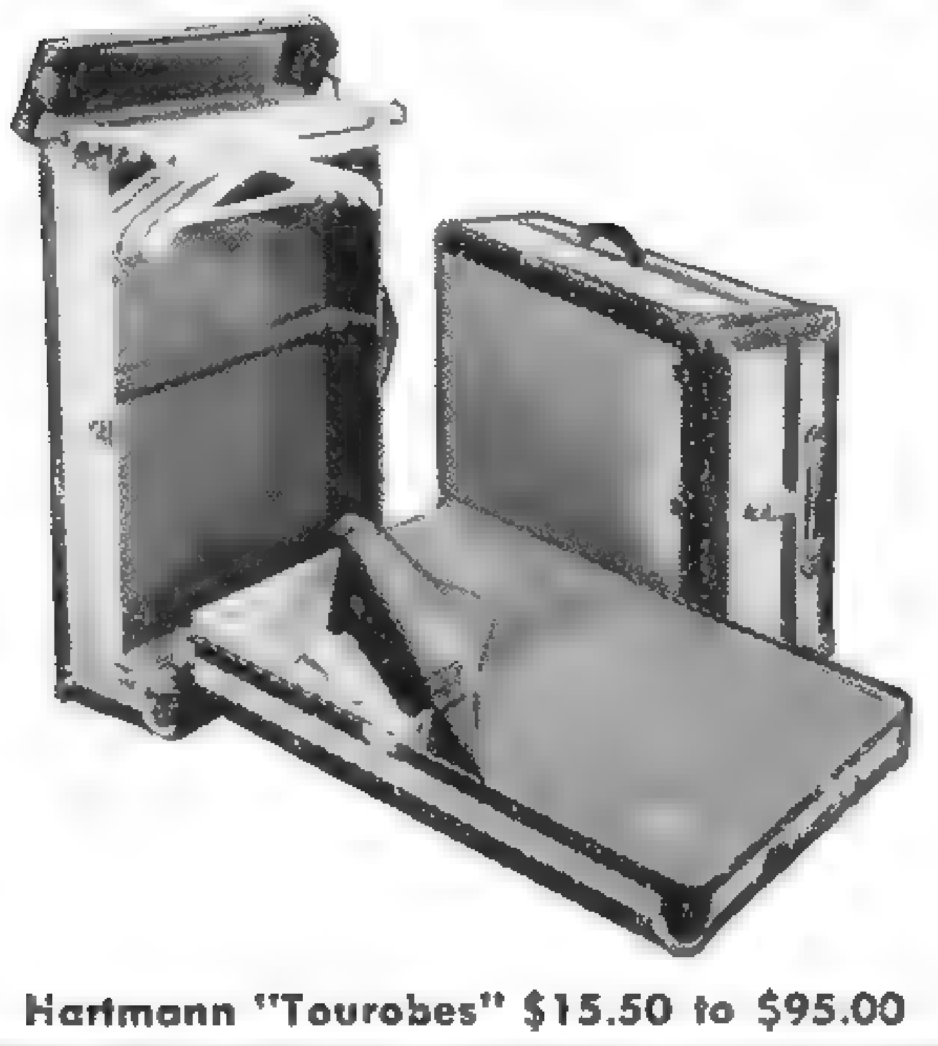
HARTMANN

America's finest luggage for 60 years.

"Dad is glowing,
Full of pride,
For now, he says,
(His eyes a'twinkle)
His suits will arrive
With nary a wrinkle!"

Hartmann "Knocabouts" $16.50 to $200.00
Hartmann "Knocabout O'Nites" $20.00 to $155.00

HARTMANN Luggage



"I'm just as grateful as I can be
For this "Tourobe" they gave to me;
It keeps the wrinkles from my clothes
And thus ends all my packing woes!"

HARTMANN Luggage

Hartmann "Tourobes" $15.50 to $95.00

"She shall be happy wherever she goes.
When she carries her nighty,
cosmetics and hose,
In a new Hartmann Train Box
On train trip or flight
It holds all the things she
needs overnight."

HARTMANN Luggage

Hartmann "Train Boxes" $17.50 to $38.50. Fitted $23.50 to $52.50

I Write, If You Please

Continued from pages 101-196

following the holdup of an armored truck carrying the $500,000 Rubel Ice Company payroll. The coup had been so well executed that the crime experts diagnosed it as the work of some expert gang. There were those who thought they detected in it the masterful touch of Bill Bailey. Bailey had been the notorious first lieutenant of the suddenly late Vannie Higgins, Brooklyn's star badman. After Higgins' demise, Bailey, for reasons best known to himself, had dropped from sight. There was romance in the idea that perhaps Bailey had come back.

"I've got a tip on where we can find Bill Bailey," Spiro said to me, one morning.

"That's great, Spi." I supposed he would want me to take a company of marines and go look for him.

"I want you to go out and see him and ask him if he pulled the Rubel stick-up. Of course, he'll probably deny it, but ask him anyway. Whatever he says will make a good story. You never can tell what you'll get."

"No, you never can tell what I'll get," I said, mirthlessly.

Spiro laughed uproariously and slapped me on the back. "Go ahead, kid. Good luck."

I went to the address in Bay Ridge that Spiro had given me. It was a tiny saloon. At first, the bartender denied having ever heard of Bill Bailey. I acted mysterious and urgent, growing bolder as it appeared that the tip was wrong. Then a small man standing at the end of the bar beckoned to me and I followed him into the back room. He locked the door and stood against it.

"I'm Bill Bailey," he said. "What's on your mind?"

When I found my voice, I said, hurriedly:

"I'm a reporter. See, here's my press card." He examined my card.

"*Journal*, hah? Sit down at that table 'til I get back. I want to talk to you."

Bailey went out to the bar. I sat down at the table and, vainly trying to unknot my stomach, quietly sweated. In a few minutes, Bailey returned. He locked the door and came to the table. He carried a bottle of Scotch and two glasses. He sat down and glared at me.

"I don't like reporters, see," he said, finally. I squirmed and tried to look less like a reporter. "But I got a brother, see. And he's the best damned cartoonist you ever saw. Better than any of those bums on your paper, see. So what I want to know is can you get him a job."

"Sure, Mr. Bailey," I gushed, "that is, I'll do my damnedest. Just tell him to call me at the office and I'll get him an appointment with somebody."

"Awright, kid. That's the kind of talk I like to hear. Let's have a snort," said Bailey very sociably.

We had many snorts. Bill Bailey and I became very drunk. Before long, he had decided that I was "regular" and I asked him whether he had engineered the Rubel job. He was flattered, but constrained to deny it. He spent an hour analyzing the technique of the crime. When I staggered out of that saloon, Bailey bid me a fond good-bye and assured me that I was one of his closest and most trusted friends. Roaring drunk, I returned to the office and, with the help of a sober rewrite man, violated all of Bailey's confidences for the City Edition. The Boss said, "Great work," and gave me a ten dollar bonus and a by-line.

The following day, Bailey phoned and warned me that if I valued my health I had better stay out of Bay Ridge as long as he lived. A few weeks later, Bill Bailey died—of pneumonia.

Of course, not all of the occasional petty brilliance of newspaper work is produced by the City Editor's lopsided cerebration. Sometimes, the ordinary reporter touches the fringe of events so great that everyone even remotely concerned becomes a personage. For example, my own Aunt Sophie became the prime oracle of Flatbush because I covered the Hauptmann Case from start to finish.

That was the best example of the misconception that a reporter working on a story knows the whole story in its every inside, unpublished, censored, and secret ramification. And it is quite natural for the garden-variety newspaperman to make the most of this illusion. It is one of the intangible emoluments of the harebrained trade.

"I am covering the Hauptmann Case"—words, during those stirring days, sufficient to bring anyone to breathless attention. Words that conquered drawing rooms, transformed important men into fawning acolytes, reduced women to worshipful submissiveness. I covered the Hauptmann Case, but I covered it in the way we journalistic slaveys always cover a story of the first magnitude. I covered minute angles, so far removed from the crux of the story that I had to resort to the late editions each day to replenish my sensational parlor talk. The only one who was acquainted with all the developments all the time was the rewrite man who sat in the office and wrote the running story as we on the outside gathered and phoned in the fragments.

I spent days in the office of District Attorney Foley and heard him say, "No comment," to most questions. I watched the police pull apart Hauptmann's house in the far Bronx and learned that a beer stube around the corner had good ale and a friendly waitress called Toots.

During the habeas corpus proceedings, I stood in a phone booth in the corridor, keeping a wire

Continued at top of page 200

This is a practical Christmas

even Santa wears SHORTS with *Grippers*

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

the Laundryproof fasteners that end button bother

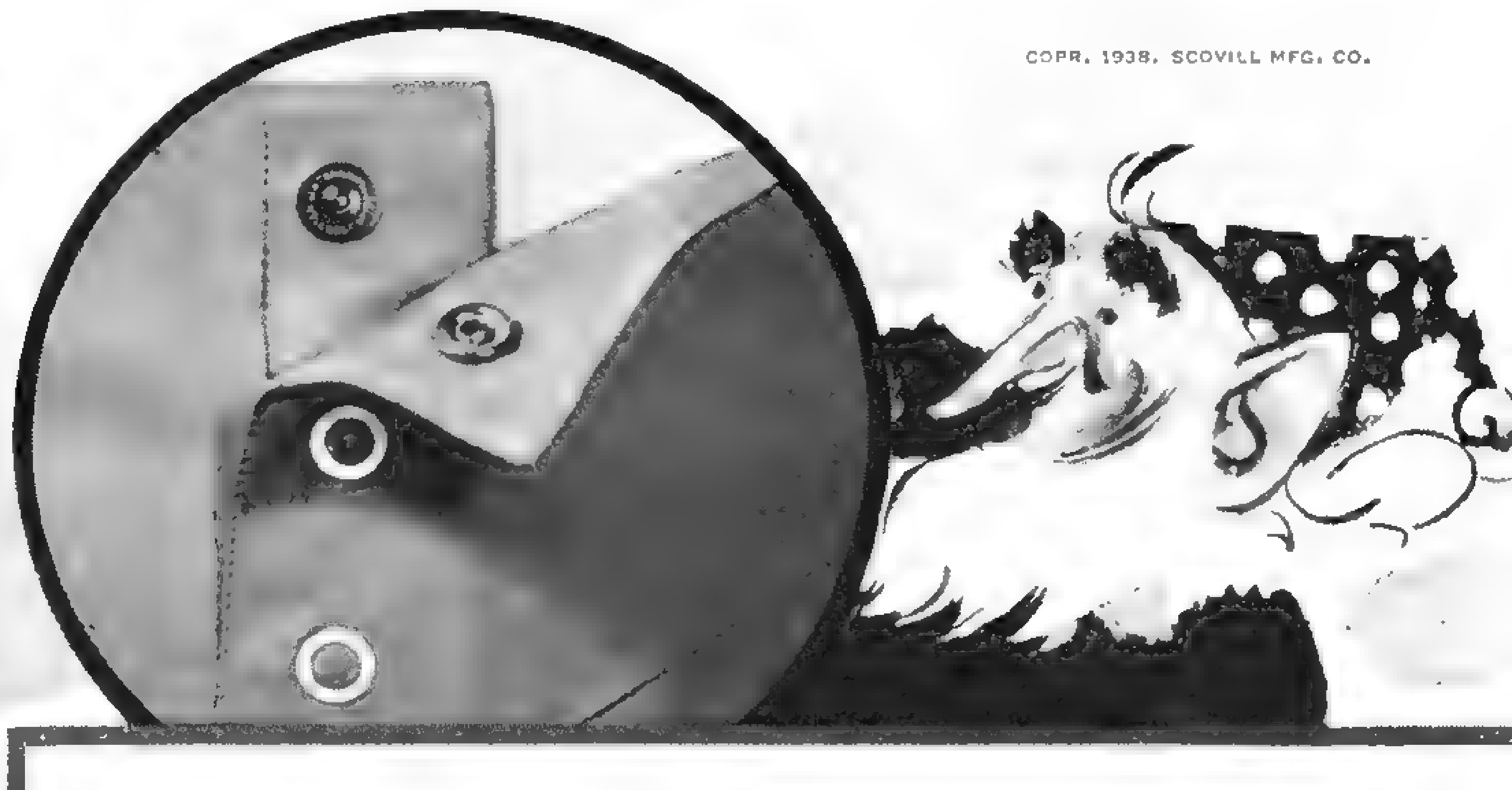
Give him a practical gift—shorts with Grippers instead of buttons!

He'll appreciate the brisk efficiency of Grippers 365 days a year. Grippers are troubleproof and laundryproof.

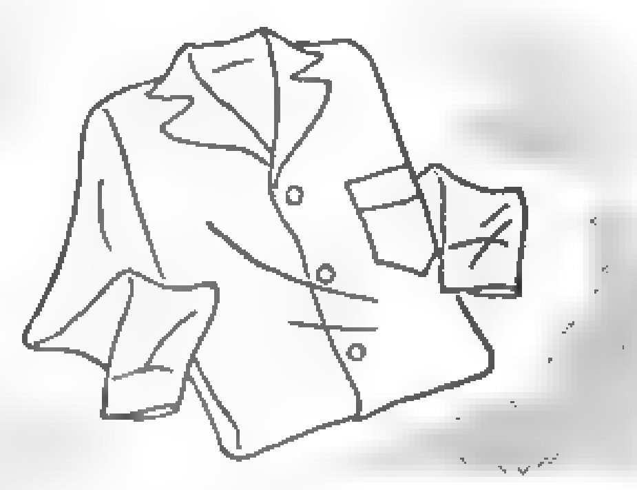
Grippers are approved by The American Institute of Laundering. And guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

Shorts with Grippers are now being featured by leading men's stores and department stores from coast to coast. Be sure to insist on genuine Grippers. Genuine Grippers are plainly marked.

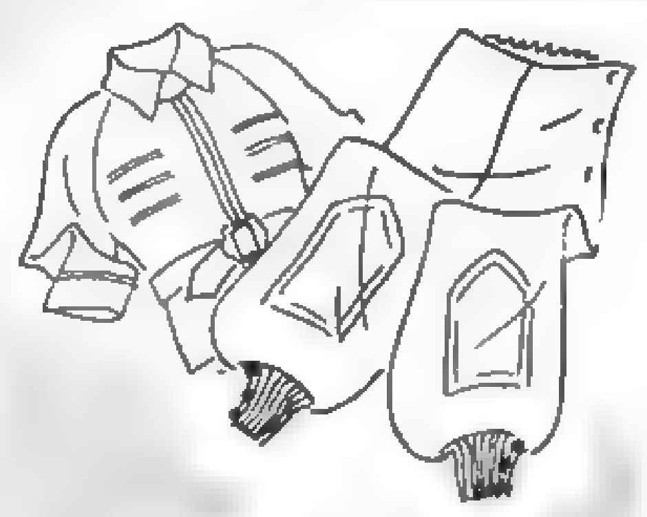
COPR. 1938, SCOVILL MFG. CO.



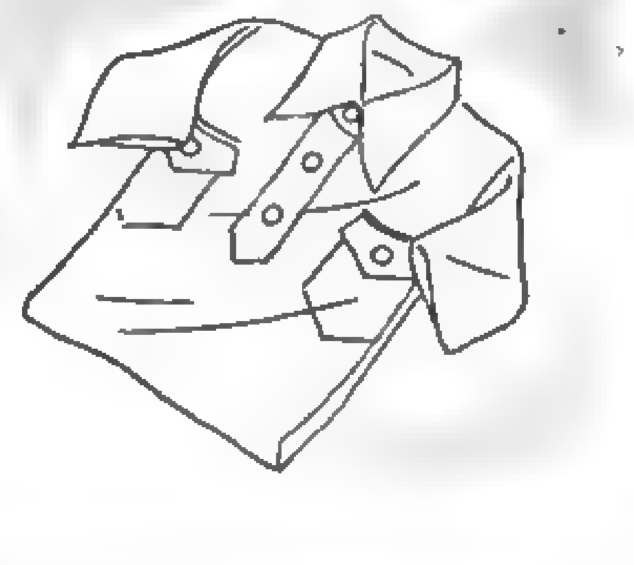
Other Practical Gift Suggestions



PAJAMAS—for men and women and children. Grippers on these practical "evening clothes" are a source of continued satisfaction.



SNOW SUITS with Grippers on the knitted cuffs overcome tugging difficulties—eliminate children's well-known dressing worries. They make snow suits a practical self-help garment. The cuff unsnaps so it opens full width of the garment.



SPORT SHIRTS with Grippers are all set for rugged wear. Grippers are decorative—but, most important, they're anchored on for a long life of faithful and convenient service.

All leading brands of shorts are now equipped with Grippers. Ask for your favorite brand at your favorite store.

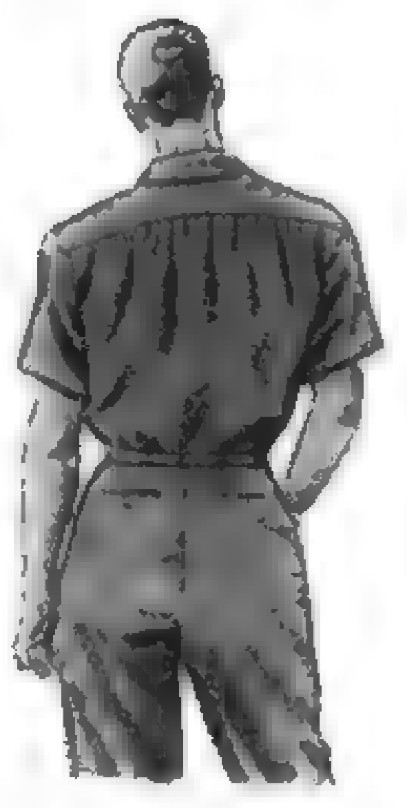
SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division • Waterbury, Connecticut

McGREGOR
SPORTSWEAR

FOR POINTS SOUTH

When *Wollman* developed cool "Grin-Gola" with non-crushable, crease-resistant finish—a Crown Tested Spun Rayon fabric—*McGregor* said, "Just the thing for southern beaches!" Result: this trim shirt-and-slacks ensemble. The SHIRT, with new yoke back, short sleeves and sports collar, is finished for wear either outside or inside the trousers. The TROUSERS boast *woven* chalk stripes, pleated waist, competent belt of the same material. Full range of matching shades . . . cleanable, durable, fast color because they're CROWN TESTED. A high style ensemble so new that you'll want to pack at least *two* "sets" in *your* gladstone. It's called the Tunis Ensemble. Retail price $15.

Note neat Rugby collar, new full fly front, ample twin pockets . . . and how well shirt looks tucked in!



Calling attention to comfortable new yoke back. As smart a piece of shirt-tailoring as you'll see this winter season!

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CROWN RAYON

If not on sale in your city, send waist size and money order to D. Doniger & Co., 303 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn
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I Write, If You Please

Continued from pages 101-196-198

open to the city desk. Another reporter from my paper stood near the door of the courtroom. When he raised his hand, I shouted into the telephone:

"He's on the stand!" And hung up.

Night after night, I kept vigil at the Bronx jail, waiting for Hauptmann to be removed to Flemington. One night, I followed screaming sirens over dark Jersey roads to Flemington, arriving just after Hauptmann had been safely locked up. For weeks, I rummaged through the Bronx, investigating all men named Hans. There were a lot of men named Hans in the Bronx, I found. I don't remember the purpose of that inquiry, or perhaps I never knew.

Then came the trial. I interviewed the family of each juror as he was chosen. I followed and harassed witnesses in the Sourland Mountains. I drove Mrs. Hauptmann to the hairdresser. I played with little Mannfred, made him pose for pictures, and came to dread his constant whining for the chromium accessories on my car. I wrote features, side lights, and side-bar stories. I accumulated a mess of by-lines and padded my expense accounts unconscionably. I played poker, shot crap, and got drunk, but, like dozens of other reporters on the story, I never went inside of the courtroom.

And I never saw Bruno Hauptmann!

Yet, when Aunt Sophie or anyone else would ask me the inevitable question, "Do you really think he's guilty?" I would purse my lips, assume a confidential manner, and launch into an opinion no better founded than that of anyone who had read the newspaper accounts carefully. I am sorry that I was too lazy to write a book on the inside story of the Hauptmann Case.

So lives the average New York newspaperman, scraping along on the shabby prestige and specious glamor of his job, coasting unproductively through the dreary intervals between the Hundredth Days, perhaps hoping vaguely for a foreign assignment and a crack at the big-time cable stuff.

You who know us only from motion pictures and romantic books will doubtless come back with the old bromide:

"Oh, you newspapermen all talk the same way—always grousing about your jobs. But once printer's ink gets into your blood, it's there to stay. You really wouldn't leave the newspaper business for a million dollars."

Maybe you're right. All that I can say by way of rejoinder is: Make me an offer. ⋕

Jam in the Nineties

Continued from page 102

early-day Negro pioneers.

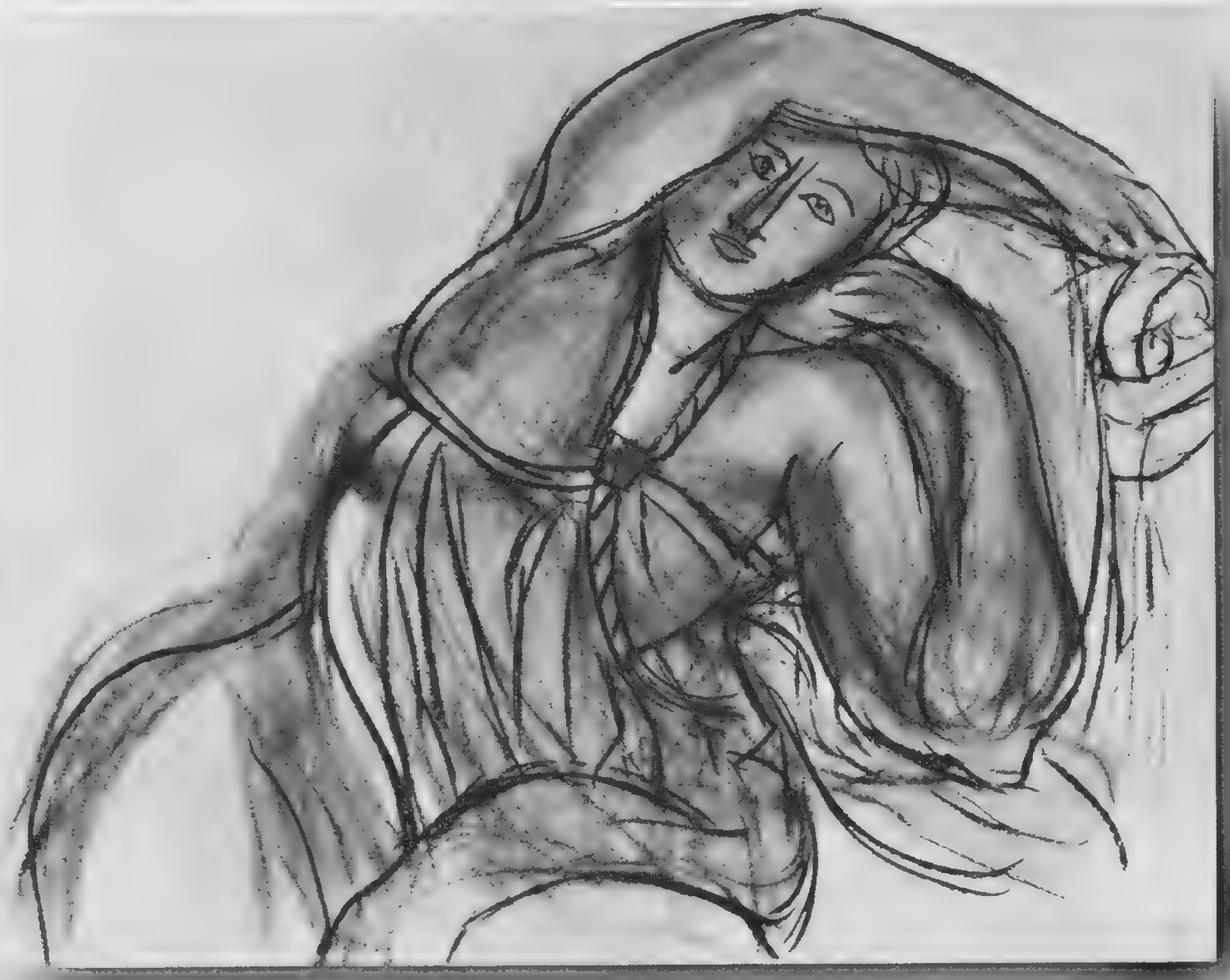
This shunting aside naturally made the Negro draw into himself. With no outlet to exchange ideas on music other than with members of his own race, he became more and more essentially Negroid in musical feeling and in interpretation. Jam sessions are as old as the hills among them—it was their only medium of expressing themselves, of learning—and it was the training school for the colored boy who hoped some day to become an accomplished musician. None of them had enough money to study their instruments, learning everything they knew from these early jam sessions, improvising and going ahead purely on natural ability. All of them patterned their playing after some musical giant who was the legendary John Henry of his day, some powerful cornetist or piano playing fool whose exploits on his chosen instrument were known throughout colored America. Camp meetings, funerals and lodge dances gave the embryo musician his first chance, and much later, about 1908 I believe, when the T. O. B. A. (Theatrical Owners Booking Agency) was formed, these musicians as well as entertainers had an opportunity to play before small theatres in the colored sections of various cities.

Before that time, minstrels and itinerant peddlers of tunes would go from town to town, but because of the precarious way in which they made a living, many towns never had an opportunity to hear them. Now this was all changed. Bessie Smith, Mamie Smith, Ma Rainey, Ida Cox, Clarence Wiliams, Butterbeans and Susie, all great names in the "blues" constellation to Negroes throughout the United States, were swinging and playing the blues years before white America recognized them. Tom Turpin of St. Louis, Scott Joplin, Jellyroll Morton were the early great swing pianists, and by great I mean that their pieces were as intricate as Bach. They wrote trick arrangements, exciting tempos, difficult passages, and at this time the great Handy was writing. *Atlanta Blues, St. Louis Blues, New Orleans Blues, Memphis Blues, Beale Street Blues, Rampart Blues, Market Street Blues*—all these were written before 1912—just about the time Benny Goodman was six years old.

And later—the great flood of records, records that are now collector's items to the swing enthusiast. A respectable family of the nineteen twenties would not be found dead with any of these abominable discs in their homes.

The old Decca records, Columbia, Okay, but particularly the Paramount and Black Swan or Race records as they were called. This meant especially made for the Negro race as few white people would ever buy them. I quote

Continued on page 202



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Harvey's "Dry"—A light-bodied, non-sweet sherry—perfect before dining and with the fish course.

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Jam in the Nineties

Continued from pages 102-200

from old catalogues of mine and the names are authentic. *Red Hot Mamma* and *Drunk Man's Strut*, *Lonnie Johnson's Blues*, *Salty Dog Blues* (which had particularly low-down lines), *Mr. Freddie's Blues*, *Barrelhouse Blues*, *Toad Frog Blues*, *Ride Jockey Ride*, *Death Letter Blues*, *Mean Man Blues*, *Lemon Jefferson's Blues*, *The Woman Ain't Born*, *Grave Yard Bound*, *Long Gone Blues*, *Black Hand Blues*—the list is endless. *Mecca Flat Blues*, named after a row of disorderly houses in Chicago and even *Tickler*, which is a swing standby today.

It has been given various names —*Squeeze Me*—*The Little Boy in the Boat* and *The Bulldagger's Dream* and at the present time it is called *Rolling* or *RollEm*. It was written by a Negro musician in Detroit many years ago — was never set to music until about 1920 and is now featured by both Bob Crosby and Benny Goodman.

All through the nineteen twenties, this endless stream of Blues records—and who bought them? Dealers did not and the chances are ten thousand to one that you haven't five of them in your collection. They were a solace to Negro domestics, who after working for hours over laundry tubs, mopping floors and shining brass, would go to the dingy comfort of a one-room flat in the Negro tenements and there put these records on their victrolas. It was a release from things white — they could hum—pat their feet—and be all colored. "Blues blues—jes' as blue as ah can be—Nogood man done lef'—and lef' po' me."

These were true expressions, expressed as illiterates would talk and they were sung husky and plaintively. Even Negroes often tire of Spirituals, no matter how good they are. They wanted something earthy and salty, something that touched their lives intimately —they wanted to hear a Negro man moan on his guitar and cut loose on a piano—they KNEW this man—he was probably just like Joe or Tom or Ed who ran off with some no good gal in Memphis and left her stranded here in this flat. True, *Japanese Sandman* and *Avalon* and the others were nice but none of them meant anything to a Negro domestic—all salvation and happiness and roses and cottages were for whites—but the blues. "Lawd, lawd—they's cullud—and cain't No body take that away fum us."

Sporting houses were possibly the next best bets for these records and they bought them by the armful. The records sold for fifty cents with a top price of seventy-five and they were continually needing replacement as the patrons would play certain favorites over and over again until the grooves in the discs were worn down. Every joint from New Orleans all through the Delta up to St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago, Detroit, on out to the coast had stacks of these records. Dim lights —and the blues—the lowdown gutbucket blues—heady music as intoxicating as any of the wares for sale.

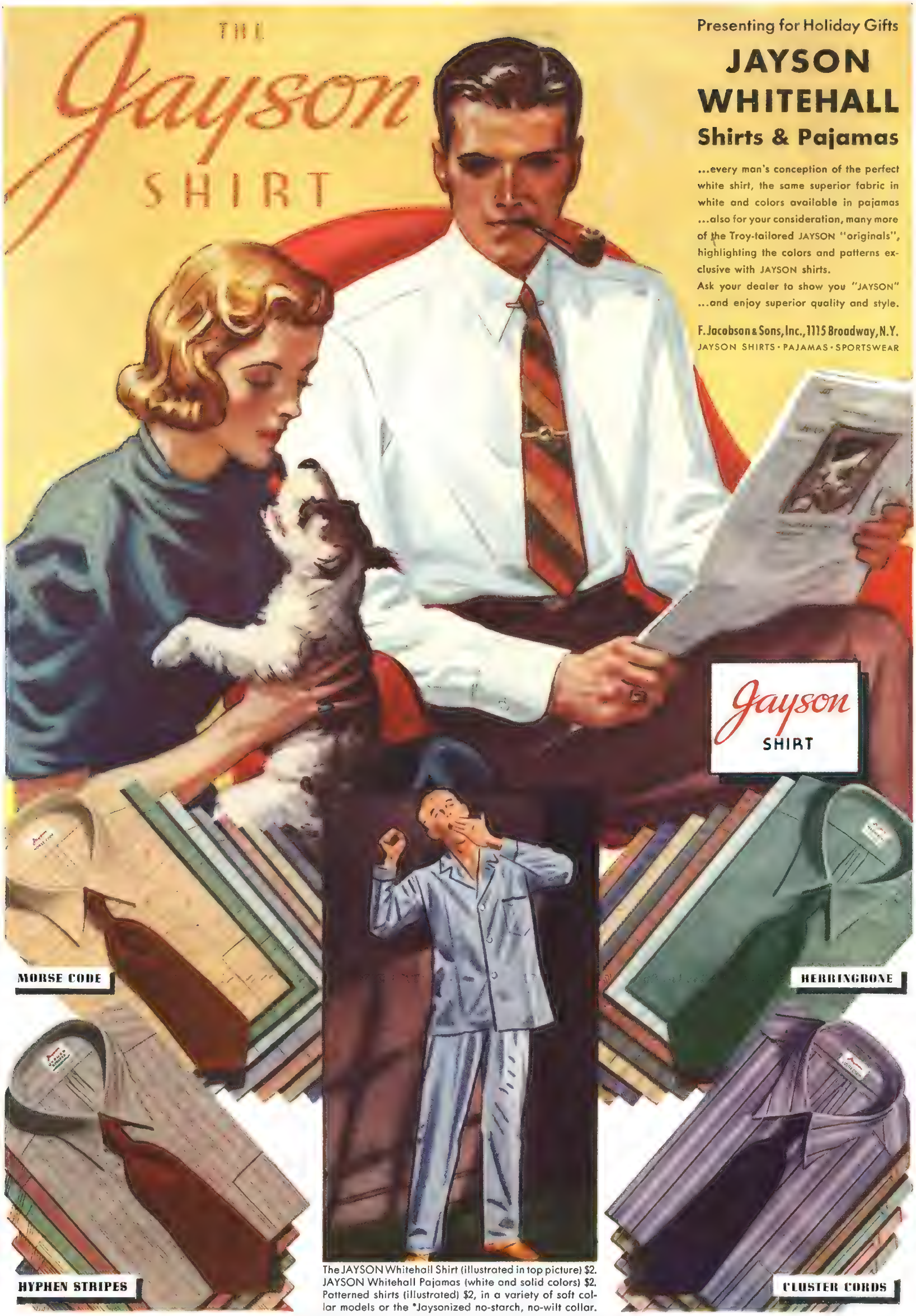
Perhaps Jellyroll Morton, so named from his famous blues, *The Jellyroll Blues*, was the first Negro and the first man, black or white, to play blues with an orchestra and to devote his whole life to perfecting them. He along with, though much later, Charlie Creath, Bennie Moton, Fletcher Henderson and a host of creative geniuses played St. Louis and turned out records by the score that were decidedly frowned upon by many white musicians. This was my first actual contact with these men. St. Louis being a river town, was one of the main points touched by this small band of pathfinders.

They streamed up from New Orleans and Memphis and played jazz the length and breadth of the Mississippi and many was the hot sticky summer night when I, along with many of my friends, listened breathless as these masters of weird melodies shot their golden notes out over a muddy river. Perhaps we were the first jitterbugs—but we had no white companions then—just a bunch of colored kids who loved to listen to these masters.

During the summer, on Monday nights, the Negroes of St. Louis were privileged to use the older of two paddle-wheel steamers for their boat excursions. I remember the names of both of them—*The J. S.* and the *St. Paul*—The *St. Paul* was the one we used. Lodges and fraternal orders of all sorts would get together and have a benefit—to this day I have never found out what the benefits were for—but they always meant plenty of ice cream and cake for us, and above all—music, the blues. Music that was decidedly frowned upon by respectable Negro and white families, but we kids loved it. These boat rides usually ended up in fist fights, knife fights and bottle throwing contests. Drinking St. Louis corn, packed on the boat like cattle, bunnyhugging to the tunes of Jellyroll Morton, some too ardent boy friend would cut in on another's girl—then fireworks! I can still see an excited crew, red-faced and panting among a sea of black faces, trying to restore order—and then the clear strains of Charlie Creath's trumpet drowning out the noise and the scuffling. Charlie Creath of the one lung (he had literally blown his other lung out in New Orleans proving his superiority over other trumpet players)—Charlie had cut loose on the *St. Louis Blues*.

Fights and even gun play meant nothing to these musicians who had seen it all too often—Charlie was playing a monumental solo—OH PLAY IT, MR. CHARLIE, PLAY IT—. The trumpet was in the clear now, it would not be denied—sweet and

Continued on page 207



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...every man's conception of the perfect white shirt, the same superior fabric in white and colors available in pajamas ...also for your consideration, many more of the Troy-tailored JAYSON "originals", highlighting the colors and patterns exclusive with JAYSON shirts.

Ask your dealer to show you "JAYSON" ...and enjoy superior quality and style.

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The JAYSON Whitehall Shirt (illustrated in top picture) $2. JAYSON Whitehall Pajamas (white and solid colors) $2. Patterned shirts (illustrated) $2, in a variety of soft collar models or the *Jaysonized no-starch, no-wilt collar.

Other JAYSON Shirts $2.50 and up. Other JAYSON Pajamas $2 to $10. JAYSON Sportswear $2 to $7.50. *made under Celanese patents

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AND SAY "THANK YOU" every time he grips the wheel . . . because these gloves are fine for driving . . . made from the sturdy, imported skin of a mountain goat . . . tanned to a luxurious softness for *comfort* and long wear . . . saddle-sewn, rip-proof seams for *strength* . . . exclusive streamlined back and contrasting stitching for *style*...reinforced welt cuffs for quick, *easy pull-on.* In grey, black, brown or cork-tan, **$2.95**

If you can't get the "Driver" at your men's wear store, order from us. Enclose $2.95, specify color and size, and your gloves will be promptly mailed, postpaid.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

SEX ON TREASURE ISLAND

All World's Fairs are ballyhooed as great cultural and scientific shows, which, of course, they are. However, rarely have they been without a little sugar coating in the way of sex. The 1893 Chicago World's Columbian Exposition had that Siren "Little Egypt"...which, in those days was *something!* So did the 1894 Midwinter fair in San Francisco. The famous St. Louis Fair had, we have been told, Annette Kellerman...a sensation in her seal-tights. The 1915 Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco had sex appeal on a wall—the celebrated painting of Stella, a gorgeous nude, dressed in nothing but the flamboyant curves of the day. Chicago's Century of Progress, had, of course, Sally Rand, who handed fans and fannies down to posterity. San Diego Fair produced Mademoiselle Zorinne, the Nudist Queen.

What the 1939 Fairs, New York and San Francisco, will uncover in the sex line, is something we have not been able to find out as yet. New York seems to have nothing in the way of sex appeal unless you count G. Whalen, and so far, San Francisco has produced nothing too radical...save Zoe Dell Lantis, the Pirate Miss and her bevy of "Theme" gals.

HOW WILL IT COME OUT?

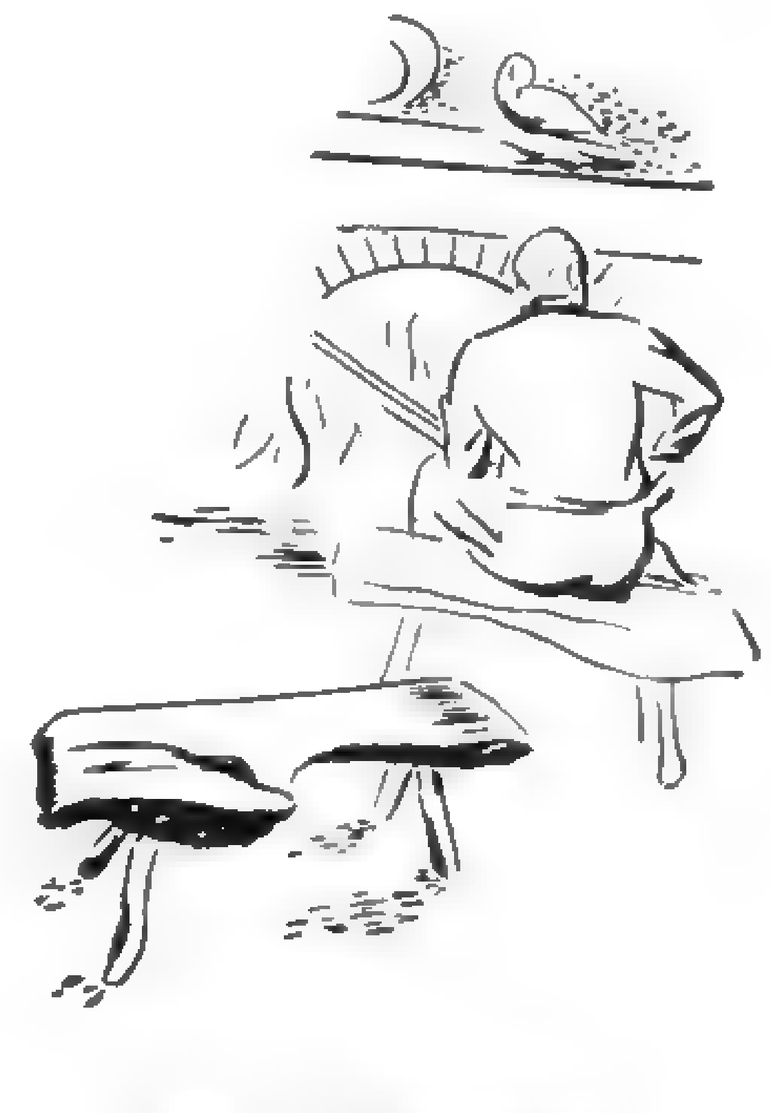
One of the exhibits which promises to get a goodly quota of spectators will be put on at the Golden Gate show by the University of California. This will be a "heredity doll"...to wit: Suppose you and your wife are contemplating offspring. Naturally you wonder what kind of an eugenic triumph will ensue. You just step up to the heredity machine, push a number of buttons, indicating color of your eyes, hair, complexion, height, etc...and out pops a doll which will look the way your own che-ild will look...if and whereas.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE HORMONE IN YOUR HOME?

In the Hall of Science at the San Francisco Golden Gate Exposition they'll give you a new slant on sex via the hormone. The part the hormone plays in sex determination is revolutionary. Beginning shortly after conception, test injections of hormones have resulted in birth of male or female young as desired. Just put in your order for a boy or girl! The exhibit will show how synthetic sex hormones are manufactured. They are so potent that a few crystals or a fraction of a drop is sufficient to treat hundreds of patients. These hormones have been used successfully for rejuvenation, in relieving sterility and in normalizing masculine women and lavender men.

GAY WAY

Months ago, when San Franciscans were getting ready for their Fair, they had a contest to determine a name for the midway, or fun zone. A lot of people thought it ought to be called "The Barbary Coast," but local sentiment was against this, since old-time 'Friscans remembered the Barbary Coast as stigma on the name of their fair city. The winning name turned out to be "Gayway." Next morning, after elaborate announcements to that effect, San Francisco people were shocked to learn that the term "Gayway" is universally recognized as the name of red-light districts in Memphis and other Southern cities.



ON THE BENCH

We have here a maple log made into a bench, brainchild of a Yale grad who started whittling them for his friends' country houses and hunting lodges. His rustic endeavor went over so big, he has now gone into production in a big way. Just takes a likely maple log, hews it in twain, adds 4 sturdy little legs and the deed is done. Fine for rumpus rooms. No splinters.

PLEASURE AND PURPOSE

Neat way of removing a breath (onions, tobacco, beer, etc.) is via a certain chewing gum which actually *does away* with the odors, rather than covering them with a stronger one. So if you are a gum addict, you can have a chewer and remover at the same time.

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The world knows no finer Scotch than Haig & Haig. Its exalted reputation is built upon magnificent quality that has been consistently maintained. In this celebrated liquor you'll find Scotch at its glorious best.

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Haig & Haig

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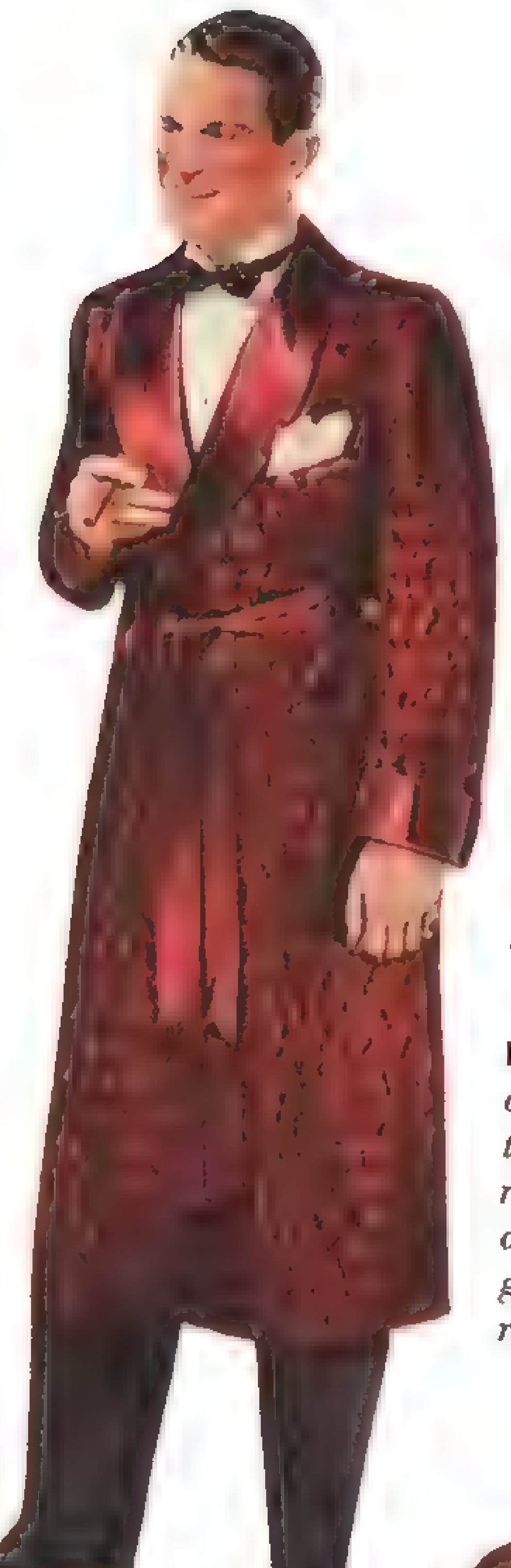
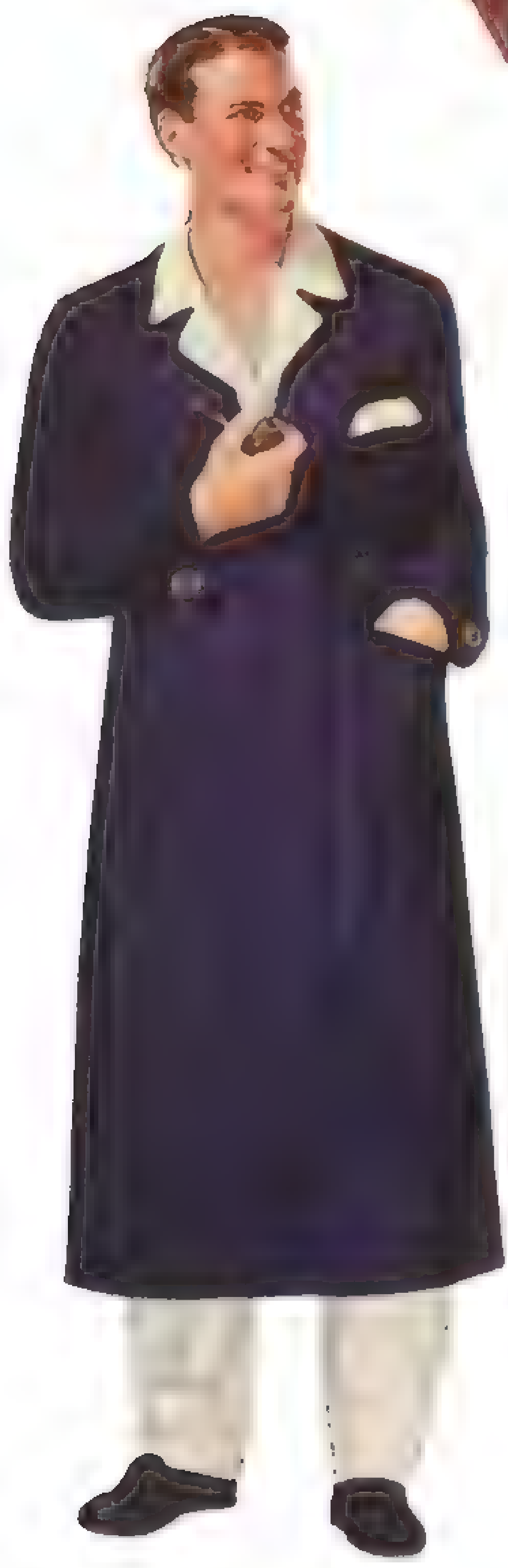
Rabhor Robes

Rabhor Robe

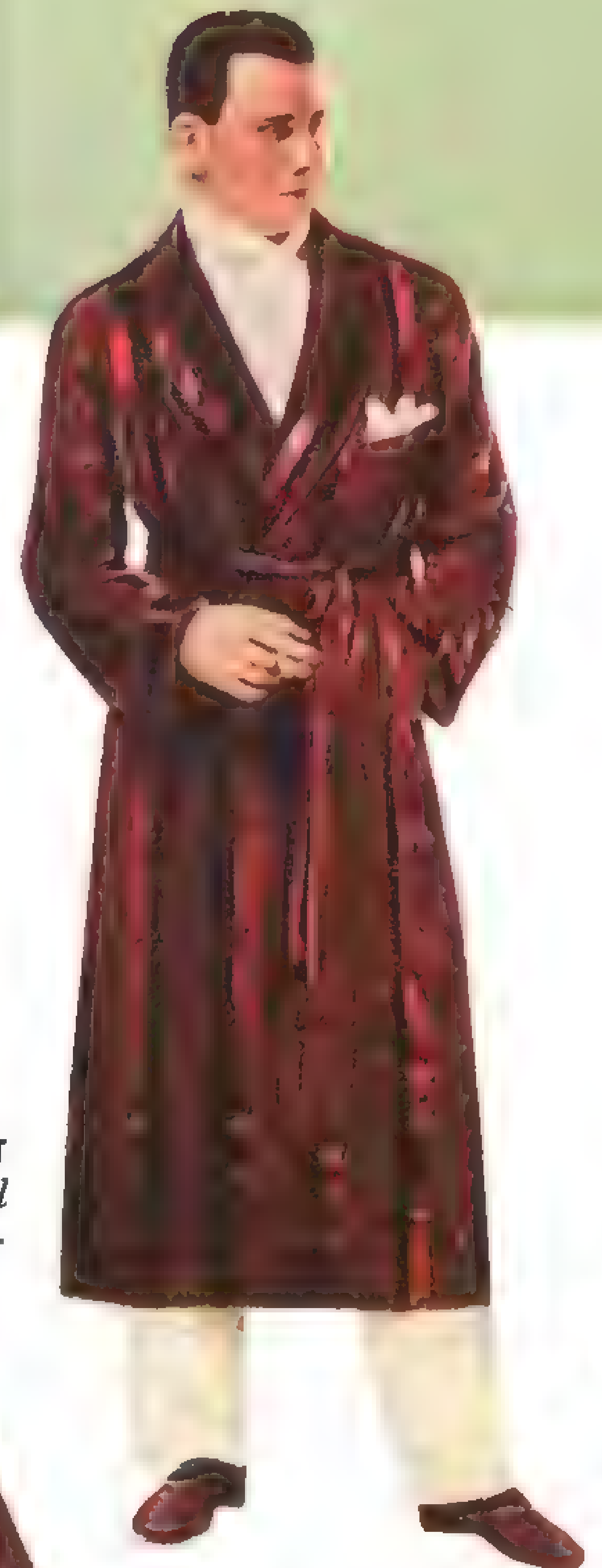


DELUXE SUSKANA—*of rayon and silk two toned brocades, Crown rayon satin lined. Colors: wine, navy, brown, green, also black with red or silver.*

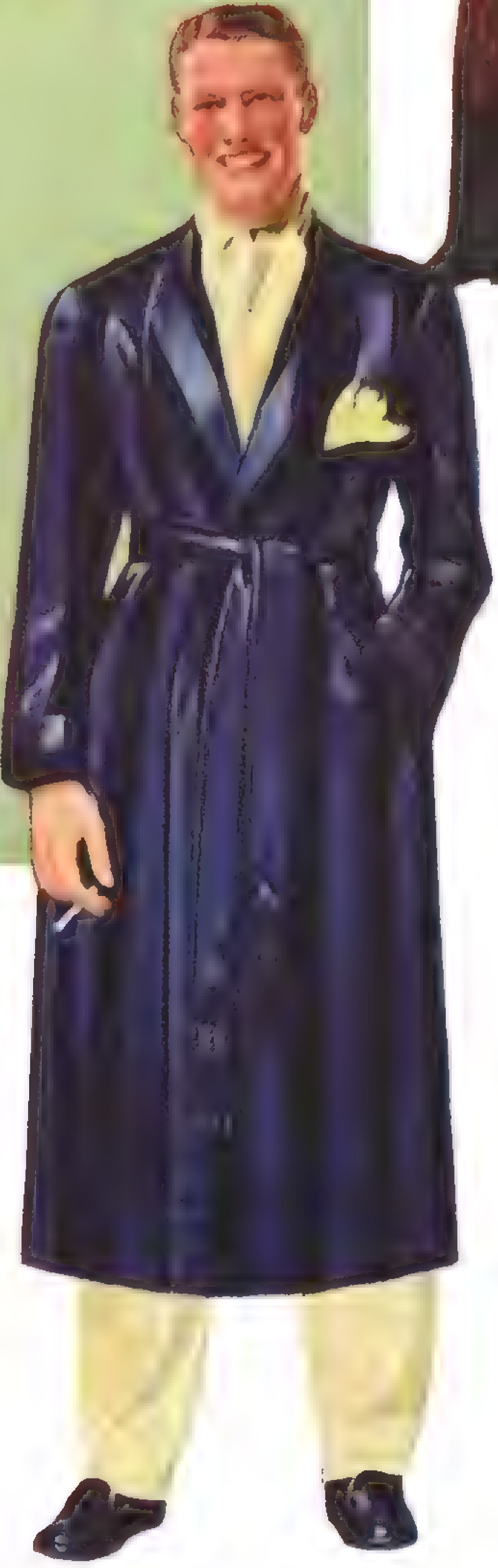
A MAN'S IDEA OF A CHRISTMAS GIFT



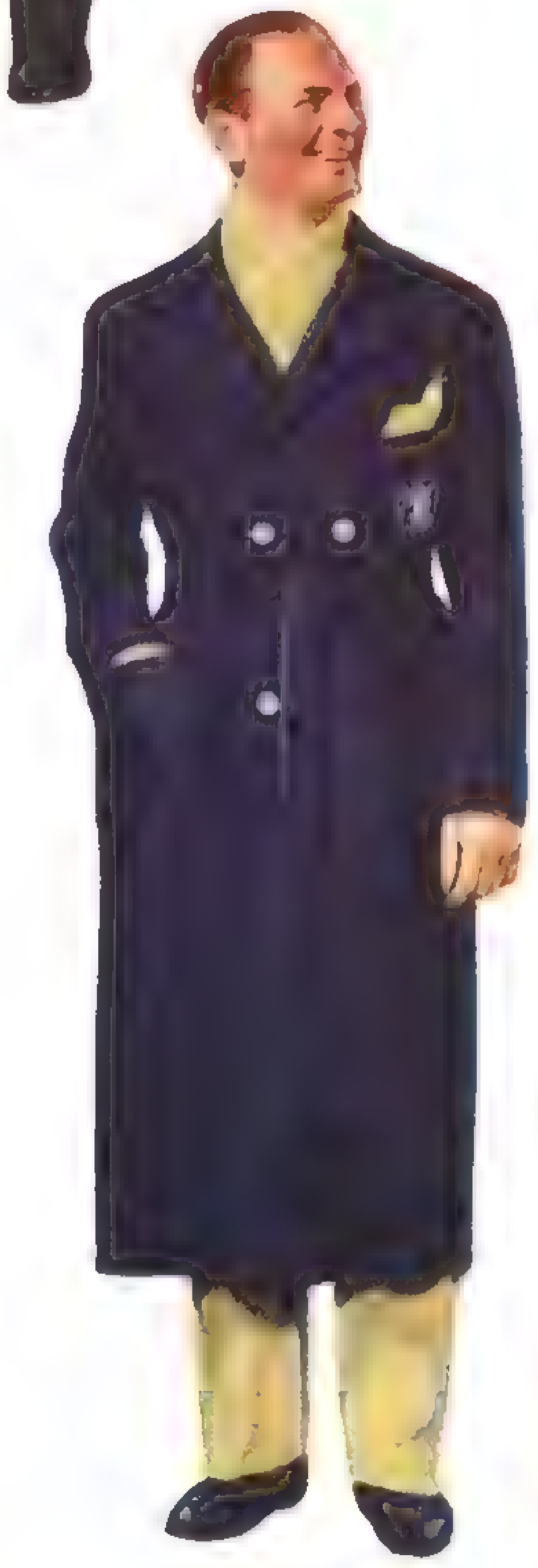
YOURS TRULY *Robe, of* **ARLINGCREST** *all wool flannel. Swank three-initial Kum-a-part cuff buttons. Colors: maroon, blue, brown, green.*



SUSSEX—*of* **CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRIC,** *silk lined. Colors: wine with black, navy with wine, green with light green, black with silver.*



ALDEN — *of* **CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRIC,** *silk lined. Colors: blue with powder, wine with blue, blue with wine, black with garnet.*



MONOGRAM — *of* **PARKELLA** *all wool flannel. Handsome one letter monogram on breast pocket. Colors: blue, maroon, brown.*

CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED
CROWN RAYON

His Christmas gift should fill out his robe wardrobe. Perhaps he needs a luxury robe. Maybe he's minus a good warm bathrobe, or a travelling robe. He needs them all and Rabhor makes them all...man-sized to fit, tailored with craftsmen's care. Featuring fabrics famous for quality, including Crown Tested rayon fabrics, check-tested and approved for all wearing qualities,—Arlingcrest deluxe all wool flannels, Parkella all wool flannels, and Suskana silk warp jacquards. Priced in smart stores everywhere from $7.50 to $25.00.

Jam in the Nineties

Continued from pages 102-200-202

hot, the staccato notes splintered among the crowd and even the boy wielding the knife was transfixed. Someone bellowed out, "Oh play it Mr. Charlie, play that thing!" There was laughter and the tenseness disappeared — the trumpet was laughing now—"What's a few cuts—doctor below deck'll fix 'em up and BOY—does you realize we on'y got a half-hour t'dance?"

The crowd that had formed a semicircle to watch the men fight surged forward and blended together—they were one—Charlie had won another fight.

Then and there I decided I would quit drawing and become a trumpet player or anyway a jazz pianist. Drawing was a silent art—a lonely one—but a musician, why he could work wonders before a crowd and everybody could SEE him while he worked. I remember practicing diligently by the hour on my piano lessons. True they were such exciting things as barcaroles, but in some unfathomable way I knew that sooner or later they would lead me to the *Beale Street Blues* and I would burst forth like Athena, a finished jazz pianist.

These early Negro geniuses were evolving the present-day SWING. Many of the popular tunes of the day were written by whites as well as Negroes but there was this undercurrent of music—this music behind even the blues—this forbidden land as it were, that only a kid with all eyes and ears could catch. There were glimpses of it on these stolen boat rides when a lean black man would become intoxicated with the rhythm of his playing and break off into a magnificent solo—leaving the piece that the orchestra played entirely and swinging out into musical no-man's-land. He was swaying the crowd—he was "sending" them, as the jitterbugs say today, and I was an apt disciple—I was willing to be "sent."

This was a masterful exhibition on the spur of the moment of technical virtuosity fused with inspirational playing. If that wasn't swing—then there's no such animal.

The bunnyhug was accepted by conservative St. Louis, with only an occasional raising of eyebrows, but on the levee front, where I was forbidden to go—HERE was where music was really played. How well I remember a heavy black fellow they called Bootstrap—I never heard him called by any other name—who frequented the dives on the river front. He and I were buddies. He had always wanted to draw and I had always wanted to play the piano. Bootstrap and his stubby fingers, playing effortlessly on the black and yellow keys (I do not remember a single piano in any of the river joints that had white keys, all were yellow with age) had a habit of hunching his shoulders over the piano and rolling the bass. And he knew every word of every gutbucket piece that was ever played on the levee front. All the words were unprintable. "Dat's de belly rub, kid—ain't got no name, but jes de belly rub"—and he'd float exciting chord after chord together, all of them below middle C.

People just shut their eyes and swayed when Bootstrap attacked a piano.

Coming home from one of these enthralling sessions, I had worked up to the *Double Eagle March* and used to give fair exhibitions on *Dardanella*, I inadvertently started to play Bootstrap's piece in the sanctity of our parlor. Faltering, but nonetheless, the Belly Rub. My aunt Edith, who was teaching me, rushed downstairs and asked me where I had learned such trash. Needless to say I was silent—a friend taught me. The Belly Rub was banned from the house and I was smartly rapped on my knuckles.

That surely must have been the way most of America felt toward these early Negro troubadours who had brought their musical creations forth. I do not mean the composers, both Negro and white, who wrote for Tin Pan Alley or the hundreds who were writing the popular music of the day, I mean the true jazz disciples, the gutbucket boys who were as expressive in their field as any Beethoven was in his. It was not polite music—fit only for beer joints and brothels. Finding no ready reception for their pieces, they played them where they felt they would be appreciated and the joints and brothels did appreciate them.

Swing is electrical, it electrifies people and causes mass hysteria—creating an animal enthusiasm to ears not trained to hear essentially good music. Thus your jitterbugs. They can't stand it when the minor chords and melodies break down their inhibitions — they have to give vent to their feelings in shouts and body gyrations. That's what the noted composer Will Vodery told me. Vodery is a Negro who arranged all of the music for Florenz Ziegfeld's shows and discovered George Gershwin for America in 1916 and brought him to the attention of Ned Wayburn.

Will Vodery very definitely does not like swing music. "Well what do you think, Cab?" I asked the dapper Cab Calloway, who with Will Vodery is writing the new show for New York's Cotton Club and who was the first one to call swing fans jitterbugs. Cab smiled and nodded to Vodery—Vodery must have been traveling fast, going down through the years, remembering all of the men I have mentioned, blending the old with the new, and his eyes lighted up as he chuckled — "Elmer, your friend Bootstrap was nearer to the truth than anybody; Swing is still the Belly Rub." ⧻

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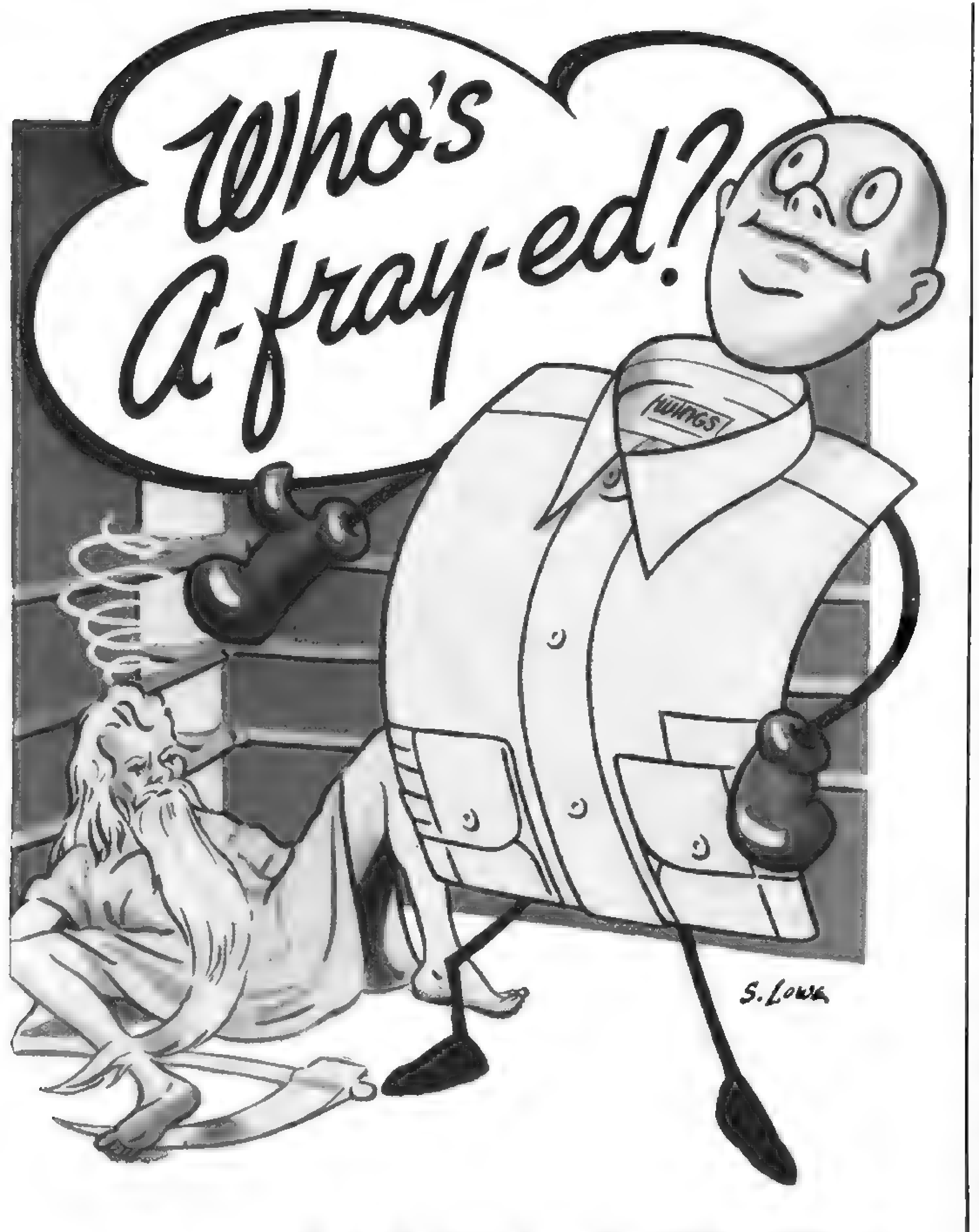

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AT ALL MEN'S AND DEPT. STORES

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The New Coat

Continued from page 66

and looked out. "See, what did I tell you?" the proprietor said.

"Come on, wear it, mom," Packy urged her.

Just a moment longer she hesitated. "All right," she said firmly. "I'll wear it. Put my old coat in a box, please."

And then they started on the way home with Packy carrying the old coat while she walked very straight beside him, holding his arm. It seemed to him that she held her head a little differently: it seemed to him that an elderly man and a fat woman passing by turned and looked at them. "If only your father likes it—if only he doesn't say anything," she said. They began to share a strange sense of guilt and expectation. But it was hard for Packy to keep on thinking of his father, for when they were passing the bunch of boys in front of Molsen's store they all gaped at his mother. And he felt very proud. All these neighborhood boys came from poor families: their mothers and even their sisters rarely got a coat like the one Mrs. Powers was wearing. They opened up and made a little path for her and Packy on the sidewalk. "Good night, Mrs. Powers, hello, Mrs. Powers," they said. Their voices sounded respectful and wondering. And suddenly to Packy this path through the group of boys became a magical intimation of a new dignity and importance for his family and him in the neighborhood.

But when they were on the stoop of their own place his mother said, "Maybe your father won't say anything. Maybe he'll like it."

"You'll knock his eye out. Just wait."

"I don't know," she said. Her hand was trembling as she fumbled with the key in the lock.

She let Packy go on ahead of her to the living room. He looked around, his eyes bright, a big grin on his face. His two young sisters were playing checkers at the little table by the window. And in the corner, in the old worn overstuffed chair, his father was sitting reading the paper, his gray hair and his glasses showing above the edge of the open newspaper.

"Where's your mother, Packy?" his father said, putting down the paper. He had the face of a man who was not quite beaten, but who hardly ever dared to think that anything could happen to enrich their lives.

"She's here. I was down to the store—" Packy began.

"I'm here," she called from the hall. But she did not come in at once. This made them all turn and look at the hall door. Then she came in slowly, that uneasy, nervous yet lovely smile on her face making her look like a shy girl. She came right into the room, making the coat sway a little as she had done before the mirrors in the store, and the little room, the only kind of a room Packy had ever known, which had seemed mean and unimportant when he first came in, seemed suddenly to brighten.

But his father got up slowly, the paper gripped tight in one hand, the blood all gone from his face.

"How do you like it, Jim?" she asked.

"You—you bought it?" he said, staring at her.

"Yes."

"What with?"

"I saved for it."

Suddenly he threw the paper at the chair. "You must be crazy," he shouted. And he suddenly rushed out of the room. While the mother and children stared at each other they heard him sitting down at the end of the kitchen table. The two little girls looked at their mother miserably and rushed over to her, ready to cry.

"Never mind, mom," Packy said to her, when she looked at him with the desperate eagerness still in her eyes.

She couldn't give up easily, and she walked through to the kitchen with Packy and the two girls following.

Their father was sitting at the table with his arms folded across his chest. One of his fingers was rubbing his silver sleeve band; and he was staring at the floor.

"Don't you want me to keep it?" she said gently.

"I think you must be out of your head, woman," he shouted.

"Jim," she said quietly. "I haven't had a coat for thirteen years."

"You've been nursing this idea along?"

"Yes."

"And what'll people think of us with you going around with a coat like that."

"I don't care."

"What'll they think of me? Where'll they think I get the money to buy a coat like that?" he shouted. He actually seemed to be frightened: he frightened them all: he had been poor so long he was scared people would even think he had some money.

"Jim, year after year I've made my own coats. I've worn them and said nothing, though there have been times when I wished I'd never learned to sew. But I've always hoped I'd someday be able to buy a coat. I've saved a bit of money here and there—money I should have spent on myself and didn't—You've never missed it. You'd never have been able to manage at all on what we've had to go on if I hadn't done it for you. But I wanted a coat like other women," she said. She could go on further. Year after year she had nursed this dream along. "All right," she said. "That's the end of it."

Her eyes were dead now. Slipping the coat off she let it sag over the back of a kitchen chair, and they all looked at it silently as if it were something shameful

Continued at top of page 210

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The New Coat

Continued from pages 66-208

and profligate, a betrayal of their family.

"There it is," she said.

"What'll I do with it? Don't leave it there."

"Take it back—I don't care," she said. But her eyes were full of tears and she couldn't help looking again at the brown folds of the coat. Then she turned: she brushed past the children with her long stride: they heard her going into the bedroom: they heard her throwing herself on the bed.

And yet the father and the children kept on staring at the coat.

"You got it wrong, pop," Packy said timidly.

"Got what wrong?" he asked harshly.

"About how it looks to people. Why, gee, coming along the street—the kids at the corner—"

"Shut up," his father said, his chin cupped in his hand, his elbow on the table.

Breathlessly Packy and the children waited, for their father never moved. They began to grow scared of the silence. After a long time he sighed. Packy didn't know what his father was actually thinking, yet he felt somehow it had to do with their lives together, maybe it was about things he had thought at one time they were all going to have, and it had to do with their mother's dream of having someday a fine store coat.

At last he turned slowly, staring earnestly into each one of their faces, scaring them more. And then as he sighed he looked puzzled.

He got up and picked up the coat and looked at it. "Mary, Mary," he called to his wife.

When she didn't come he turned to Packy, fumbling a little, almost humble. "Take the coat to your mother, son," he said. As Packy took the coat his father's voice suddenly seemed to grow terribly urgent, "I want her to keep it—we all want her to keep it," he said. He seemed to be telling them to remember that with the coat in the house things could happen, things could change. "Didn't she look mighty nice coming in the door, didn't she?" he said.

Hungary: Horseman's Heaven

Continued from page 65

and see what the others are doing, and help your horse over the barriers. But until you are halfway through, just jump the fences and let everything else go hang! . . ." Count Kinsky obeyed the trainer and won the race with Zoedone!

Next year the count started again in the Grand National on the little mare, and although he was very heavily handicapped, he came in third. Then in 1885, despite detectives guarding Zoedone day and night, she was poisoned by some Borgia of a bookmaker. The mare fell heavily at the first hurdle and even though Kinsky remounted he had to pull out and abandon the race by the time they reached Beecher Brook.

But the greatest of all Hungarian horsemen was Count Móric Sándor who lived about a hundred years ago. His exploits seem incredible but there can be no doubt that they did actually occur. However, he was distinguished not only for being the most foolhardy horseman Europe ever knew, but also for having married Prince Metternich's daughter, and for possessing a tremendous fortune. He built a beautiful castle in Budapest, opposite the king's palace, and habitually rode on horseback up the stairs to his bedroom. When he accompanied his wife, who was seated in a carriage with a friend, he rode horseback. And when he wanted to say something to the lady sitting on the far seat of the coach, he did not bother riding around in back—he simply jumped over the ladies' heads. Then, when the mood struck him, he would have a groom bring his horse up to his room in the morning, and mounting, he would ride to the balcony and leap down to the street. He labored under the misconception that horses belonged in the interior of houses, and when he announced that he was going visiting, hostesses quickly put away everything fragile. However, when he rode into a session of the Upper House, it was too much even for the horse-loving Hungarians and he was severely reprimanded by the President of the Lords.

Hungary's Regent, Horthy, is sometimes called "The Admiral on Horseback." Although a navy man, he is a famous rider, and on every state occasion is mounted on a white charger even though he wears his admiral's uniform. The Regent's brother, the late General of Cavalry István Horthy de Nagybánya, was also a riding enthusiast and used to organize an annual mounted tour of Hungary, in which mostly foreigners participated. Horses were provided by the State studs for the foreign riders, the tour generally lasting six weeks. Each night the travelers would be put up at one or another castle owned by Hungarian aristocrats, whose hospitality knew no bounds when it came to entertaining foreigners.

Principles of horseback riding are taken most seriously by a Hungarian horseman. For example, he never rides on a Sunday—horses must have a day of rest too; when riding with a woman, he invariably places himself at her right, which is the proper side according to Hungarian etiquette; when he gallops away from a company, he doesn't turn back again, but waits for his companions to reach him. These, and other such rules, are as much a part of a horseman's training as the actual technique of riding.

Stirrups in Hungary are not

Continued on page 212

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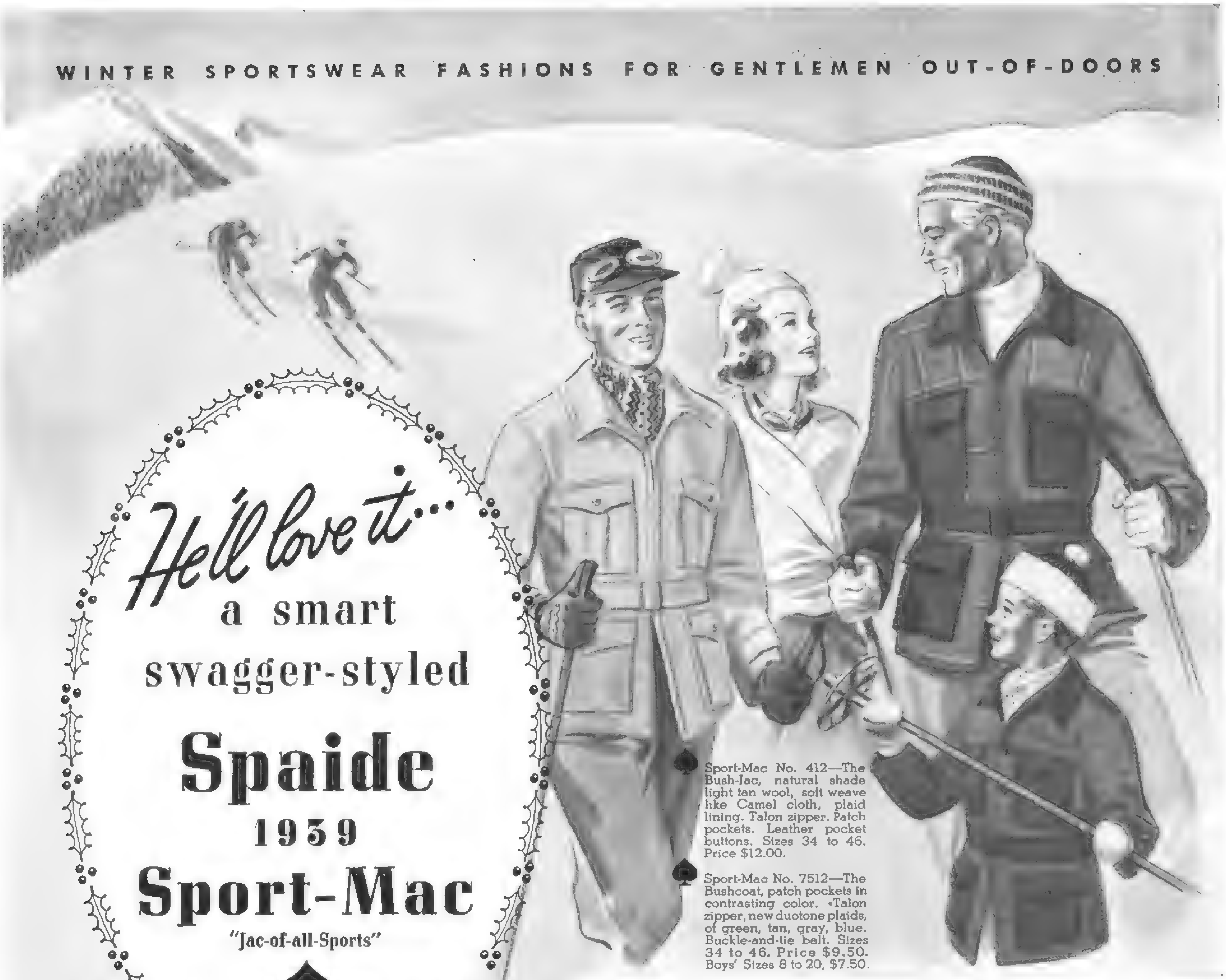

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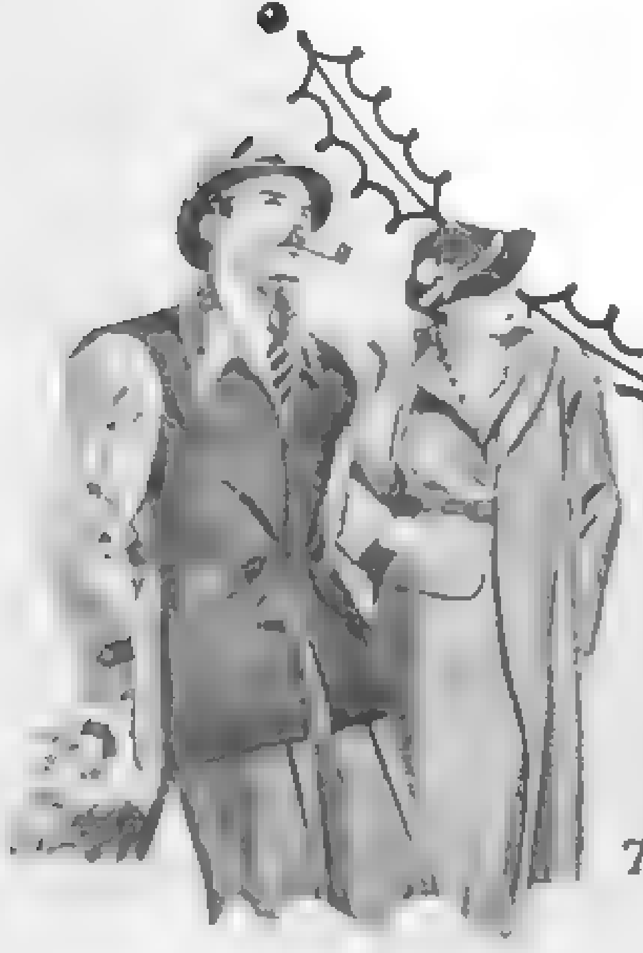

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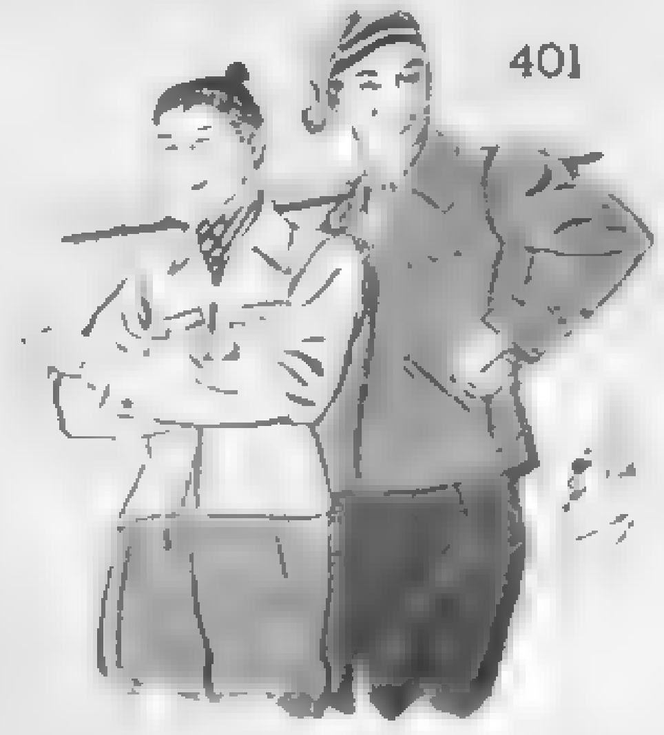

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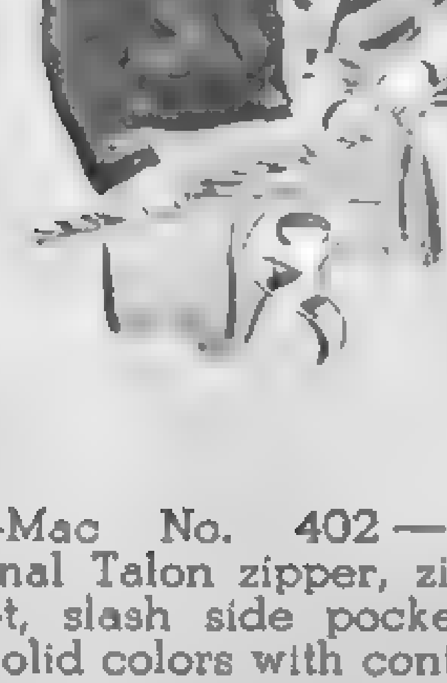

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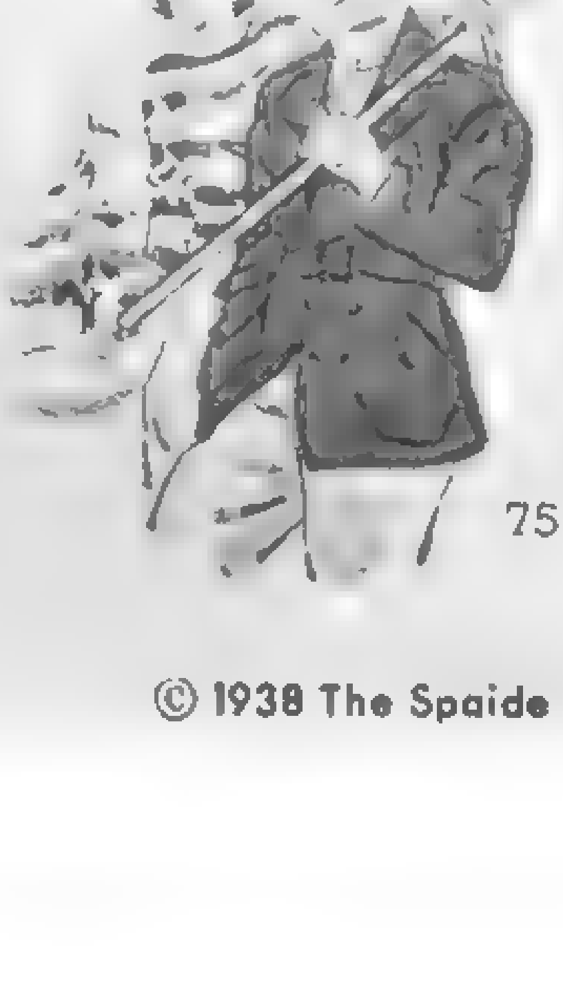

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Hungary: Horseman's Heaven

Continued from pages 65-210

quite as short as in Italy; the new school and the old school riding manners are happily blended, but it is still maintained in Hungary that a rider should hold the horse with his knees, and not with his calf as is often done in America after the fashion of the modern Italian school. A rider must readjust the length of his stirrup while sitting in the saddle and moving. He should use both hands in riding; but if he employs only one, it should naturally be the left hand. His elbows must be close to his body, motionless and unrigid, and his wrists must be very supple, responding with ease to every movement of the horse's mouth.

As to jumping, many good Hungarian horsemen hold the reins in the right hand and use the left for balancing on the horse's crest. The stirrups are kept shorter than usual, and are not allowed to swallow the boots; the rider should stand on his toes. The hands play an important part, since they must give perfect freedom to the horse at the take-off, yet try to help him when landing by exerting a slight pressure on the reins, to restore a possibly lost balance. Hungarian horsemen "carry" their horses over the tall fence also with the aid of their hands.

In Hungary hands are taught to ride even as the man is. We shall never forget the beatings we suffered at the age of ten, when our riding master would administer painful lashes on our hands if they were not kept quiet, or if they did the wrong thing! There is also great stress laid on soft, flexible, unrigid backs that move with the horse automatically, effortlessly and constantly. But heads must be erect, and eyes must look ahead, between the horse's two ears. The rider must sit well down in the saddle; that is, relax and make himself a bit heavy, and actually control the horse's backbone with his own to some extent. He may rise in the stirrups only on a few occasions: when jumping, or when galloping at full speed. When going up or down hill he may also rise and lean a bit forward, although it was only within the last generation that horsemen realized that rising going down hill was making it easier for the horse. In Hungary, horses are held between the knees, and the calf hangs softly and flexibly, continuously encouraging the horse and keeping him in check at the same time. In America, many riders hold the horse with their calves, and the knees do not play any role. This is neither an attractive form of riding nor is it very effective, since a bucking or rearing horse can throw this type of rider much easier than one who rides with his knees.

In the Hungarian cavalry they used to put a coin between the soldier's knee and the saddle to see if he was really holding on properly. If, during a short trot or gallop, the coin slipped, the soldier could not go out promenading with his peasant girl on the following Sunday. But if the coin was found in place upon the return of the horseman, he was acclaimed a good rider—and the girl had her Sunday promenade.

A Hungarian rider, properly schooled, never mounts a horse that wasn't led around the court or paddock a few times after saddling. It is not a superstition that horses just coming out of the stable must not be mounted immediately; it is really dangerous to get into the saddle at this time, because a horse takes a long breath and puffs himself up when saddled, to avoid a tight girdle. When he comes out of the stable, his belly is still swollen, and if the rider gets on him, he may throw himself backward, and both horse and rider have a good chance of breaking their respective necks; if the horse has been walked, the swelling subsides and the animal feels normal.

Before mounting, the Hungarian puts four fingers in flat between the girdle and the horse's belly to make sure that the girdle is snug without being tight. If the four fingers squeeze in without trouble, the animal will be comfortable during the ride. And a good horseman will always mount with his back to the head of the horse, and, naturally, from the left or the near side. (The right of the horse is called the off-side.) Even when leading the creature, such a rider knows that he must walk on the left—never in front—of the horse. Horses should never be looked straight in the eye, neither should one stand before them, facing them directly. Horses do not like to be stared at, no matter whether they're in America or in Hungary.

It is the worst form in Hungary to "drive" a horse, to ride him fast when it is unwarranted, and to make him perspire too much. Generally, the horse is walked about ten minutes; then he trots for another ten or fifteen; a short gallop follows, and another five minute trot immediately after the gallop. Walk again; then a longer trot, and walk. Finally a faster gallop, and a long walk back to the stables; during this last walk the horse has a chance to cool off and dry. Hands at all times must be very gentle and firm. As a matter of fact, many Hungarians ride without gloves, in order to feel the reins better.

Hungary is a horseman's paradise, for at the annual auctions staged by the various studs, a "finished," schooled-to-perfection animal of mixed but excellent breed, can be bought for as little as $120, while a classical hunter thoroughbred costs around $200. Wonderful unschooled Lippizas and pure Arabs may be purchased very cheaply—and if one has a friend in the cavalry, the colt will be schooled exceedingly well within four months. For this there will be no charge; only the comment: "We love to do it; the horse is our life." ⧺

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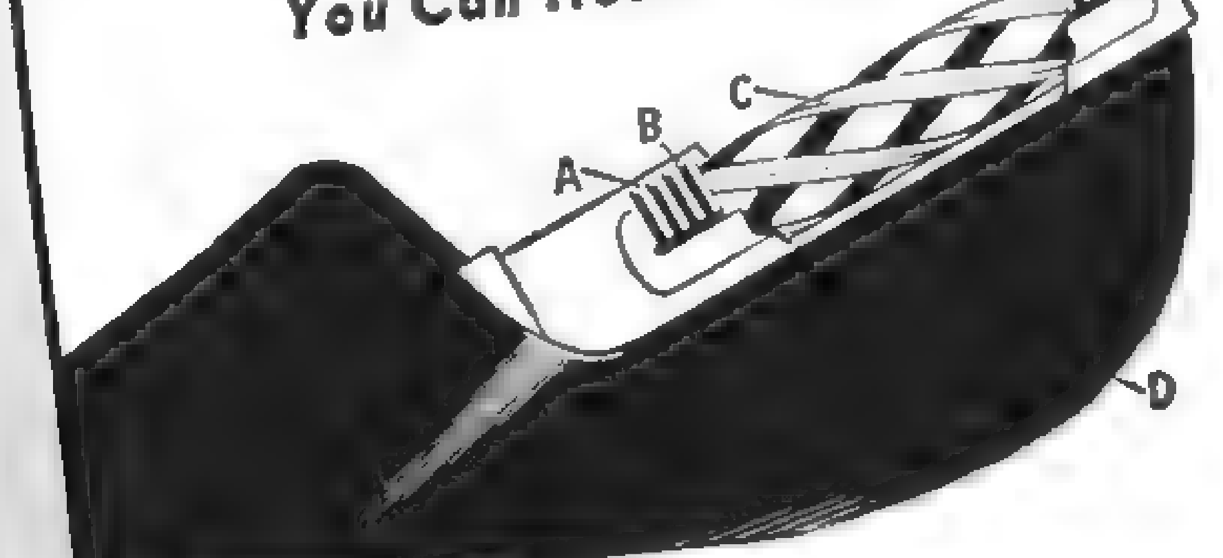

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The Good Samaritan and the Law

Continued from page 96

to nurse her; she told no one of the aunt's illness; and she deliberately refrained from calling for medical assistance. Under such circumstances, the court held, "it would be a slur upon and a discredit to the administration of justice if there were any doubt of the legal principle" that, because of the relationship of the parties, "the prisoner was under a moral obligation from which arose a legal duty" towards her aunt.

In this country the United States Supreme Court has held that a ship captain may properly be convicted of manslaughter for willful failure to stop his ship and to lower a boat to rescue a sailor who has accidentally fallen overboard.

And the owner of a barge carrying railroad cars from one point in Virginia to another was held liable in damages a few years ago for the death of a deckhand who fell overboard and was drowned. It was shown in that case that the man was seen swimming or treading water and heard to call, "Throw me a line." Though a lifebuoy and a heaving-line were near at hand, no attempt was made to use them, and the man was left to drown. "We have no doubt," said the court, "that a legal obligation rests upon a ship to use due diligence to save one of the crew who, by his own neglect, falls into the sea; and that the owners are liable if, by failure to perform this duty, his life is lost." But that obligation, the court points out, arises out of "the peculiar relationship of the seaman to his ship." And, wherever the law imposes liability of this kind, it is because of the relationship existing in the particular case, as that of parent and child, master and servant, or carrier and passenger. The "hit and run" driver is penalized for not giving aid to his victim because he is the one responsible for his injuries. In the absence of some special relationship there is no penalty and no liability.

But what about the shepherd and the man who lost his eye—the Good Samaritan who injures the person whom he is trying to relieve?

In the case of the shepherd the ancient court ruled, it is said, that the complainant should be cast back into the pool and kept there until he was again half drowned. If he could then save himself, he might prosecute his suit against the shepherd. If he failed to save himself, well, as we say nowadays, that would be just too bad. He chose not to submit to the test.

More in point, so far as we are concerned, is a case in which a large department store in New York was sued for damages because of negligence towards a woman shopper taken ill while in the store. Employees took charge of the woman and placed her in an infirmary in the store; but they left her there for six hours, it was alleged, without medical attention.

She later died, and it was claimed that the neglect to call a doctor or to send her to a hospital contributed to her decease.

The store, of course, contended that it owed the woman no duty, that its acts in removing her to the infirmary were purely voluntary, and that it could not be held liable in any sense for her death. The learned judge who passed upon these contentions, however wrote: "We will assume that the defendant owed the woman no duty; that it could have let her die. But, if a defendant undertakes a task, even though under no duty to undertake it, the defendant must not omit to do what an ordinary man would in performing the task. . . . The defendant assumed its duty by meddling in matters with which legalistically it had no concern." It was accordingly held to be liable.

The cases involving this particular point are not very numerous. But the law is, in substance, as indicated in the case just described.

Though you are not legally bound to act the Good Samaritan, if you assume so to act, you must act with care. You cannot start the job and not finish it. But if you use reasonable skill and such care as an ordinarily prudent person would use under the same circumstances, you are not liable if, in trying to save him, you put out the drowning man's eye, or if the runaway horse you are trying to stop falls and breaks a leg.

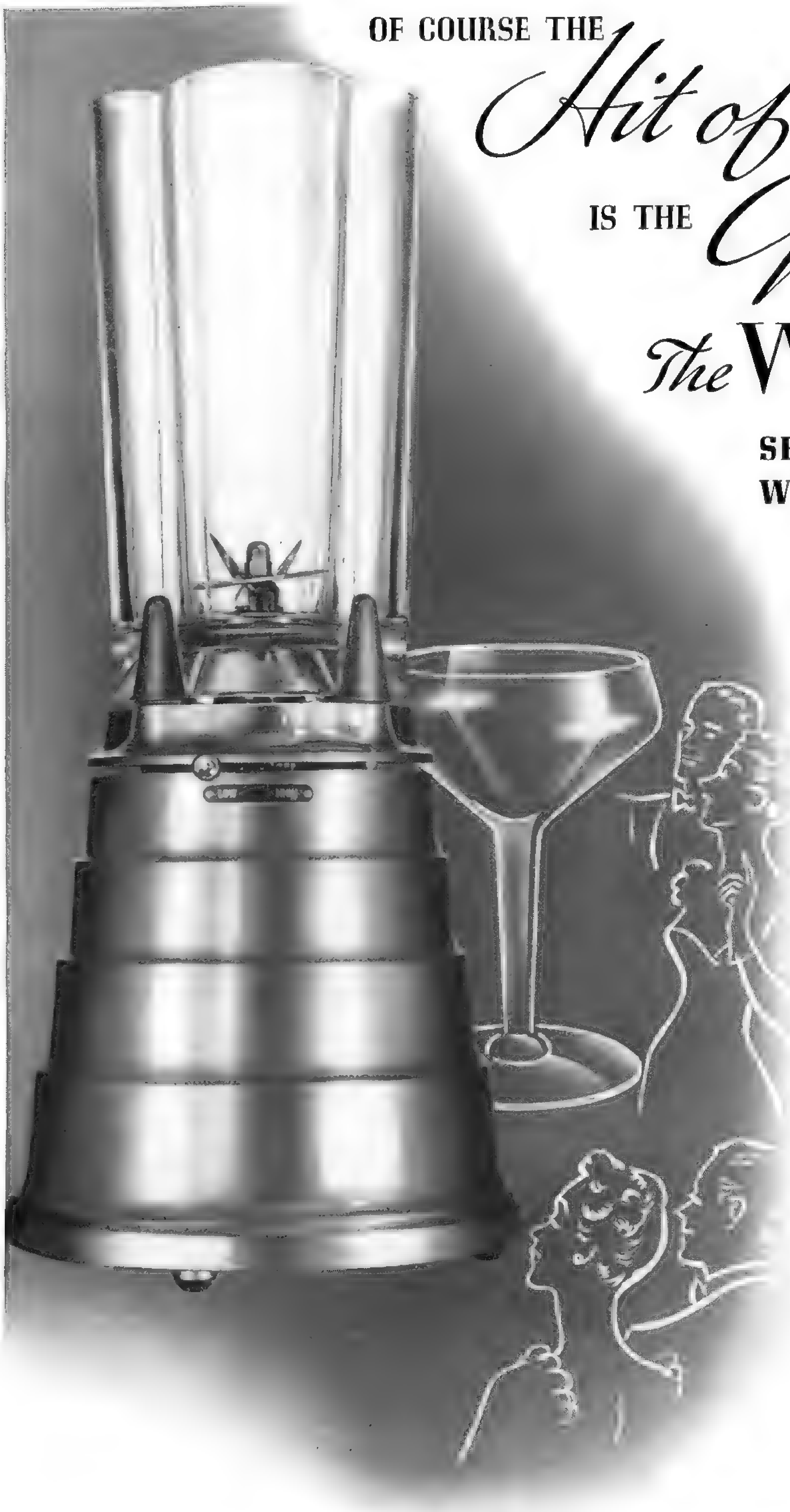
But take the reverse situation—imagine a case in which the Good Samaritan is injured or killed. Is anyone liable to him or to his widow and children? Can anybody be held accountable for his blinded eye, for his broken limb, or for his lost life?

An interesting case presenting this question arose in Maryland about ten years ago. A stevedore engaged in the loading of a ship was overcome down in the hold by fumes generated by the fertilizer that was being loaded, and a fellow worker, seeing his condition, undertook to fetch him out and was also overcome. Later the latter sued the shipper of the fertilizer and recovered judgment for the injuries he had suffered.

In a similar case, when a boy chasing a baseball that had gone into an open ditch belonging to a public utilities company, was overcome by gas in the ditch and his rescue was attempted by a passer-by, who was also overcome, the would-be rescurer was held to be entitled to recover from the company for his injuries. He suffered for being a Good Samaritan but was compensated for his pain.

Among the most common cases presenting this question of the right of an injured rescuer to recover for his injuries, or of the right of the legal representative of such a rescuer to recover for his

Continued on page 216



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The Good Samaritan and the Law

Continued from pages 96-214

death, are cases involving attempts by parents and others to rescue children and grown persons on railroad tracks. A case of that kind that is often referred to came before the highest court of New York nearly seventy years ago. It was one in which recovery was sought for the death of a husband who had died from the effect of being struck by a train while trying to save the life of a little child playing on the track.

A jury returned a verdict in the widow's favor, and the railroad appealed, contending, in a word, that the rescuer had acted so recklessly that he alone was responsible for his death and that no one else could be held liable. To this the Court of Appeals replied: "Under the circumstances in which the deceased was placed, it was not wrongful in him to make every effort in his power to rescue the child, compatible with a reasonable regard for his own safety. . . . The law has so high a regard for human life that it will not impute negligence to an effort to preserve it, unless made under such circumstances as to constitute rashness in the judgment of prudent persons."

As these words imply, the rescuer, or his legal representative, cannot recover under all circumstances. If the rescuer acts so recklessly and with so little regard for his own safety as to amount to rashness, there cannot be any recovery in the event he is injured or killed.

But, as the Alabama Supreme Court once said, "It cannot be said to be a rash or reckless act if the appearances justify a belief that he could effect a rescue, even though he should have reason to believe, and in fact did believe, that he might fail and receive grievous injury himself."

This defense that the rescuer was guilty of such negligence as to bar a recovery—of contributory negligence, as the law calls it—is regularly interposed in cases of this kind. There was a case, for instance, in Massachusetts a number of years ago in which the plaintiff had been injured while attempting to rescue a man who was being gored by a bull belonging to the defendant, and the defendant raised this defense. But the Supreme Judicial Court disposed of it with this pointed declaration: "The law does not require cowardice or absolute inaction in such a state of affairs. Neither does it require that the plaintiff should have acted with entire self-possession, or that he should have taken the wisest and most prudent course, with a view to self-preservation, that could have been taken. He certainly may take some risk upon himself short of mere rashness and recklessness."

The same plea was interposed in Minnesota in a case in which the plaintiff sought to recover for injuries he had sustained while trying to warn and save a miner standing near a lighted fuse leading to a charge of dynamite. The ensuing blast had killed the man, and the defendant mining company argued that the plaintiff had acted so recklessly in running towards the imminent explosion that he was not entitled to recover. Rejecting this argument, the Minnesota Supreme Court answered: "The law is neither harsh nor exacting. Persons are justified in assuming greater risks in the protection of human life than would be sustained under other circumstances."

When a mother voluntarily grasped her child for the purpose of freeing it from a live electric wire and she herself was seriously injured by a charge transmitted through the body of the child, a Colorado court remarked: "The instincts of a mother, when she sees her child in distress, will lead her to rush headlong to its rescue without stopping to count the cost or to measure the risk which she is incurring; and to say that an act to which her affections irresistibly impelled her should be charged as something imprudent and unnecessary would be to shock a sentiment which is universal to mankind."

But what is the basis of the defendants' liability in these cases? By what line of reasoning is a railroad company held liable for an injury to a man trying to rescue a child on one of its tracks, or a gas company to a stranger who jumps into a ditch to pull out a boy who had no business there in the first place?

The answer is *negligence*. Whoever the defendant, he can be held liable only by proving that he was guilty of negligence either towards the person in danger or towards his rescuer.

In the stevedore case, for example, the fertilizer shipper was held guilty of negligence in that he should have known that the fertilizer would generate a dangerous gas; in the case of the boy chasing the ball, the gas company was negligent in leaving an open ditch with leaky pipes in it; in the railroad cases the companies were guilty of negligence in the operation of their trains, in their failure to guard their tracks properly, or in some other respect; in the case of the bull, the owner was negligent in the handling of the dangerous animal; in the case of the miner injured by the dynamite, the company was negligent in not warning the one who was killed of the danger to which he became exposed; and in the case of the mother and the electric wire, the company was negligent in permitting a live wire to be in a situation where a child could get hold of it.

The rule under discussion was thus expressed by a Texas judge: "The person whose rescue is attempted must be in a position of peril by the negligence of the defendant." Hence, where an intox-

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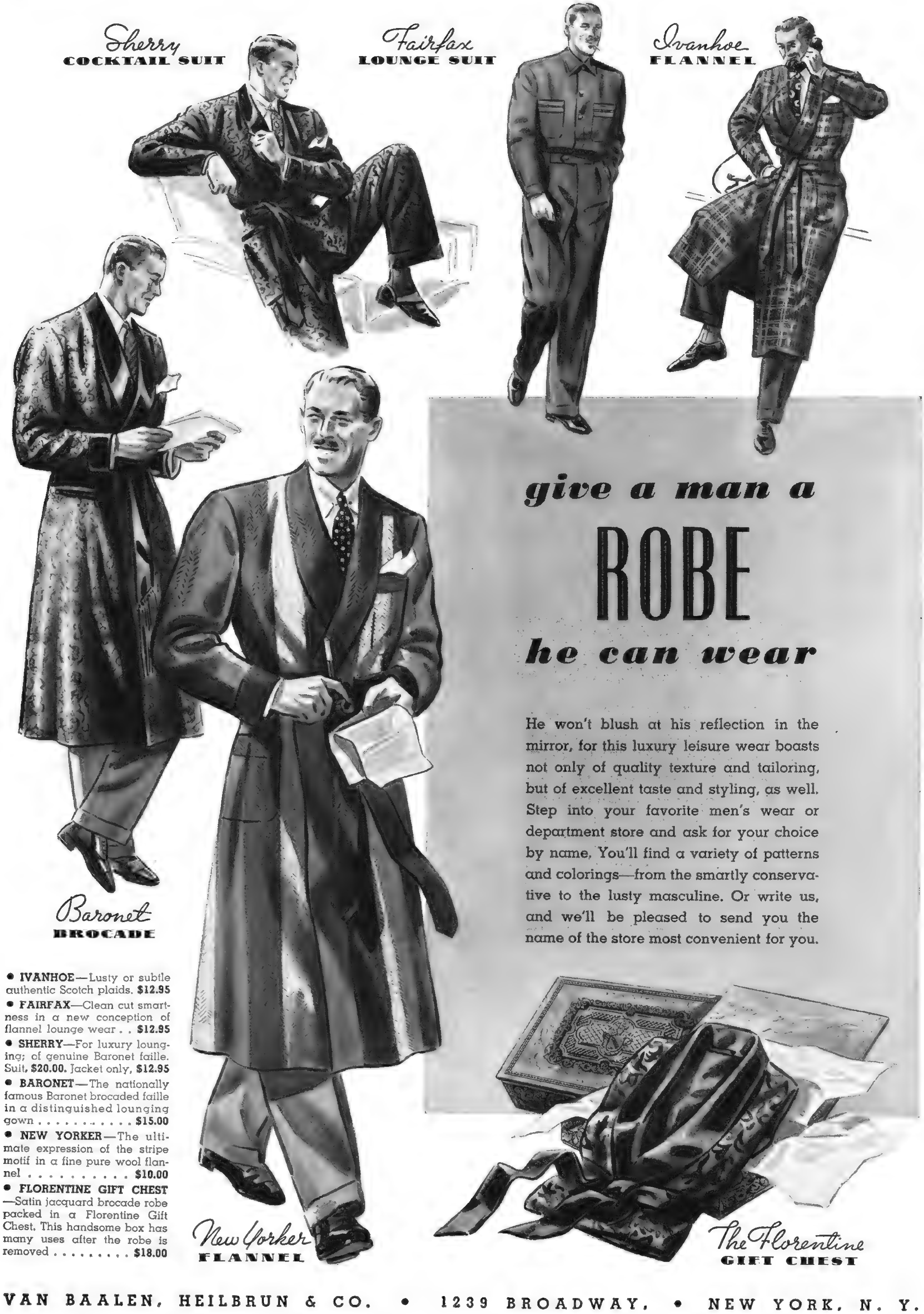
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The Good Samaritan and the Law

Continued from pages 96-214-216

icated man wandered upon a railroad track and a companion was injured while trying to rescue him from an approaching train, there was held to be no liability because it was impossible to show that the railroad or its employees had failed to use proper care towards either of the two men.

The rule, in a nutshell, is that in order for the Good Samaritan to recover there must be danger to the person to be rescued, there must be negligence either as to that person or as to the rescuer, and there must not be such recklessness on the part of the rescuer as to constitute contributory negligence. Given these conditions, the danger of the person to be rescued operates as the rescuer's excuse for acting, and the negligence that caused that danger operates to give him his ground for compensation. As Judge (later Justice) Cardozo wrote in 1921:

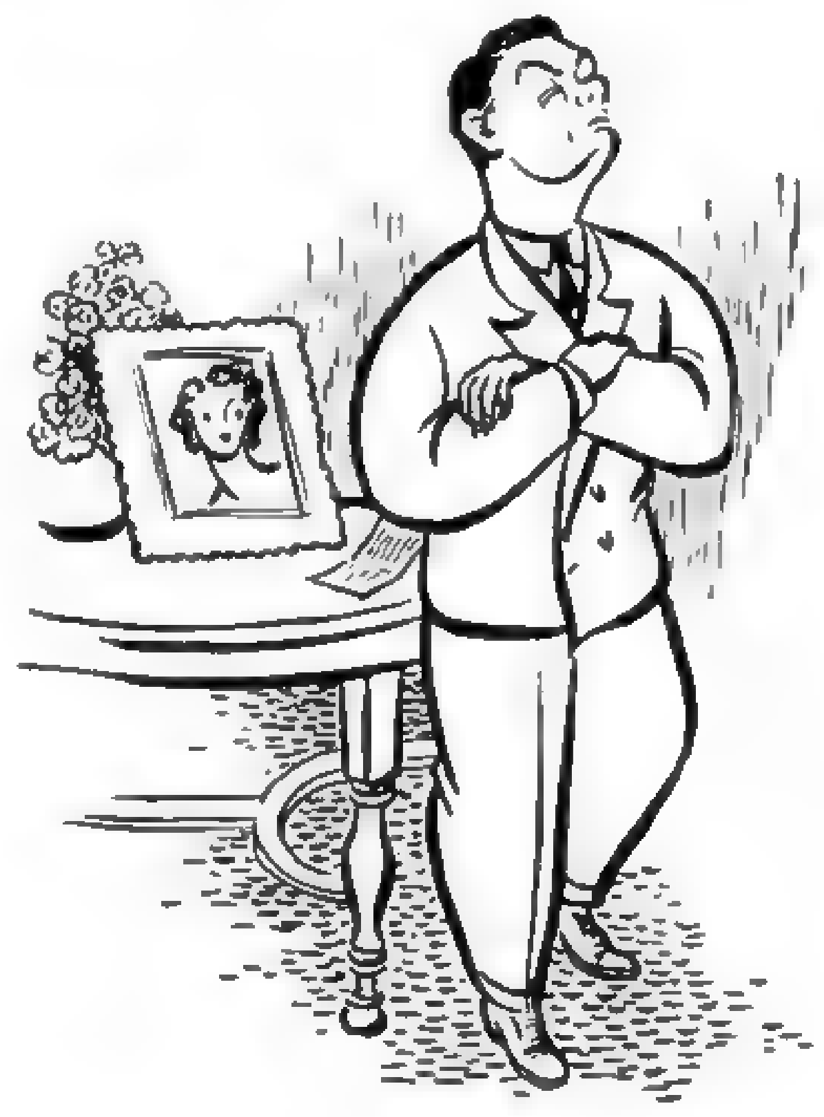
"Danger invites rescue. The cry of distress is the summons to relief. The law does not ignore these reactions of the mind in tracing conduct to its consequences. It recognizes them as normal. It places their effects within the range of the natural and the probable. The wrong that imperils life is a wrong to the imperiled victim. But it is also a wrong to his rescuer. The state that leaves an opening in a bridge is liable to the child that falls into the stream, but liable also to the parent who plunges to its aid. The railroad company whose train approaches without signal is a wrongdoer toward the traveler surprised between the rails, but a wrongdoer also to a bystander who drags him from the path. The risk of rescue, if it be not wanton, is born of the occasion. The emergency begets the man. The wrongdoer may not have foreseen the coming of a deliverer. He is accountable as if he had."

A man is not penalized under the law for trying to be his brother's keeper. The law looks with favor upon him who finds time and dares, to be a Good Samaritan. #

Dangerous Curves

Continued from page 69

body—I mean tie up, settle down, and resign herself to being a young matron socially-prominent somewhere or other however obscure. Perhaps it was her sporting nature that made her fix on me, because I've been a famously tough case for so long;—easily lured into Lover's Lane but jibbing at the mere shadow of the altar. Anyway, Miss Betty worked on me this way. First of all, when we met (for the hundredth time in ten years) at a party, she started straight in by suggesting I should *not* take her home. But when I did (she has an apartment of her own) she behaved the way she had the other times, which was lots of fun, but then she said I had to go because she had to work, but I always did her good and I was actually the only one that could. I said what did she take me for, a tonic or the Duchess of Windsor? but she started to typewrite while she phoned the office, and took no more notice of me than if it was last night's moonlight. Naturally this did something to my vanity and I said "Listen, are we friends or—"



"I can't recollect. But you must go anyway because my fiancé is due here any minute."

"The hell with your fiancé!" (male jealousy).

"I'll call you some other time." (Dismissal)

She looked so attractive—sitting there in a wrapper, typing away with those pretty hands of hers that I said "When'll that be?"

She touched the back spacer, didn't look up, and said "Not until I'm married."

"To your fiancé?"

"Who else?" (Still not looking up—something about the back of her neck I always liked.)

"Well?" she said, not caring, it seemed, if I kept on standing there or went out of the door; but she did look up, and there was something about her eyelids I always liked.

"What time's he coming?" I raged.

"Any minute now—I told you." Her voice was a bit husky; it was that huskiness in her voice I always liked.

"Well, I guess he's going to have a nice surprise finding me here—"

She didn't answer me. That piece she was typing—letter or whatever it was seemed to interest her again.

"What'll he say when he finds me here?"

She didn't answer this either. Her wrapper was giving her trouble on her left shoulder—something about that left shoulder of hers—

"What's his name anyway?" I said. "You can tell me that anyway?"

"I might—" She took out a sheet of paper, pushed a fresh one in, and typed something. Then she took the whole sheet out and handed it me. There was a name on it. My own!

And—well, of course, she was right! #

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Shirts (*small, medium, large*)
Pants *waist* (27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38)
Pants *inseam* (28-30-31-32-33-34-35)
☐ Gabardine ☐ Bedford Cord
Colors
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

The Young Warrior

Continued from page 95

girl had gone back to the wagons, he said, and the young man was watchful once more. He had been so close to them he could have touched them with his spear. They had had a long talk, and he thought that they had decided something, he said. We watched awhile longer, then went to our camp. There Crooked Nose and I described what we had seen, and we laughed about the lovemaking.

The next morning the train came to where a road branched off northwards, to the American settlement at the Silver Mine. The settlement was only a few hours' ride away, beyond a range of hills, and we knew that there were soldiers there. We were afraid that the wagons might turn that way, but they went on by.

Very shortly after that I was sitting in a clump of oaks watching the wagons pass. I saw the young man riding a chestnut horse, even better than the one he had had the day before. He dropped back, behind the spare horses, then worked over to the right, the north side of the valley, near the cliffs. He had his gun across his saddle, and acted as if he were hunting.

Pretty soon the girl rode out to the right. She, too, was well mounted, on a buckskin. She idled, looking over the country, and by and by drifted behind the oak clump in which I was hiding. As soon as she was hidden from the wagons, she whipped up her horse and rode fast to the cliffs, meeting the man in the mouth of a little canyon. I signaled to the others, then I went ahead to where I could see these two. They spoke together for a moment, then they went north, up the canyon, riding hard.

We assembled on top of the cliffs, looking down into the canyon. Nantai was pleased.

"They are running away," he said. "This afternoon, they can reach the Silver Mine; there they will marry each other. This is fine. They are bait."

He told Crooked Nose to follow well in the rear. Then he made us ride along the high ground, where the going was difficult. He had us take great care so that if anybody followed the couple, he could see no sign of an enemy on the trail.

We came to the head of the canyon, and climbed up to the flat country on top. Pretty soon we saw them. They were traveling at a steady trot now, well ahead of us. We made a wide circle around them. Then we reached a long valley, leading up to a sort of pass, a notch, where the piñon and oak brush were thick. We went into that notch, and lay in wait there. Nantai gave us our instructions.

We could watch that couple coming towards us. It made one want to laugh. They were looking at each other much of the time while they rode, they were thinking only of each other and getting married. Then we saw Crooked Nose, slipping along behind them. Nantai gave the mourning dove call, so Crooked Nose came up on a high place and signaled that no one was following. Then he hid himself. We lay there, thinking of the surprise we were about to cause.

They came along blindly, so close to where we lay that you could see their strange, colorless, American eyes. Then Nantai whooped and we opened fire. We put four arrows and a spear into the man, one arrow into the woman. The man came down dead. We pulled the woman off her horse. First she fought and screamed, then she stood still, then she tried to break away to get to the man, whom Nantai was scalping. Comes Fighting and Short Bow held her, the rest of us stood watching her.

We wanted to keep her until later, but Nantai said there was no time for that. He asked us, "Do you want fun or horses?" Then he put his spear through her, and Walks Slowly took the scalp. Just then Crooked Nose called like a hawk, so we knew others were coming. Nantai had us drive the two horses we had taken, and our own, on to the north through the notch, making a clear trail. Then we hid the animals, and came back to hide near the bodies.

Two men came along riding fast. One was the plump, chief man I mentioned, the woman's father. The other was the trapper. The plump man just watched the tracks and sometimes looked ahead, the trapper kept looking all about him, watching everything. We could see that he was a scout, and that we should have to lie very still when he drew near. It was he who saw the bodies first, when he was about a hundred paces away. They were partly hidden by the brush. He exclaimed, and reined in his horse.

The other man cried out. He did not stop, although the trapper called to him. He galloped right up to them, jumped off his horse, and knelt down by his daughter. We could have killed him easily then, but the trapper had dismounted, too, and was standing with his rifle ready. So we stayed quiet. How well Nantai had foreseen this, how wise he had been to make us ride in the hard going, away to one side, so that there was no sign of us, how wise to kill that girl so that we were not burdened!

When nothing had happened for a long time, the trapper came up slowly. The plump man was still kneeling, saying things in a low voice. The trapper still looked around, until he saw the tracks heading north. Then he said something to the father, and bent over, touching his shoulder.

That way, they both faced to the right, the side on which I was. We on the right lay still. Nantai, Short Bow, and Horse Frightener rose up on the other side and loosed their arrows. That was all there was to it, it was so simple.

Then we went over them for

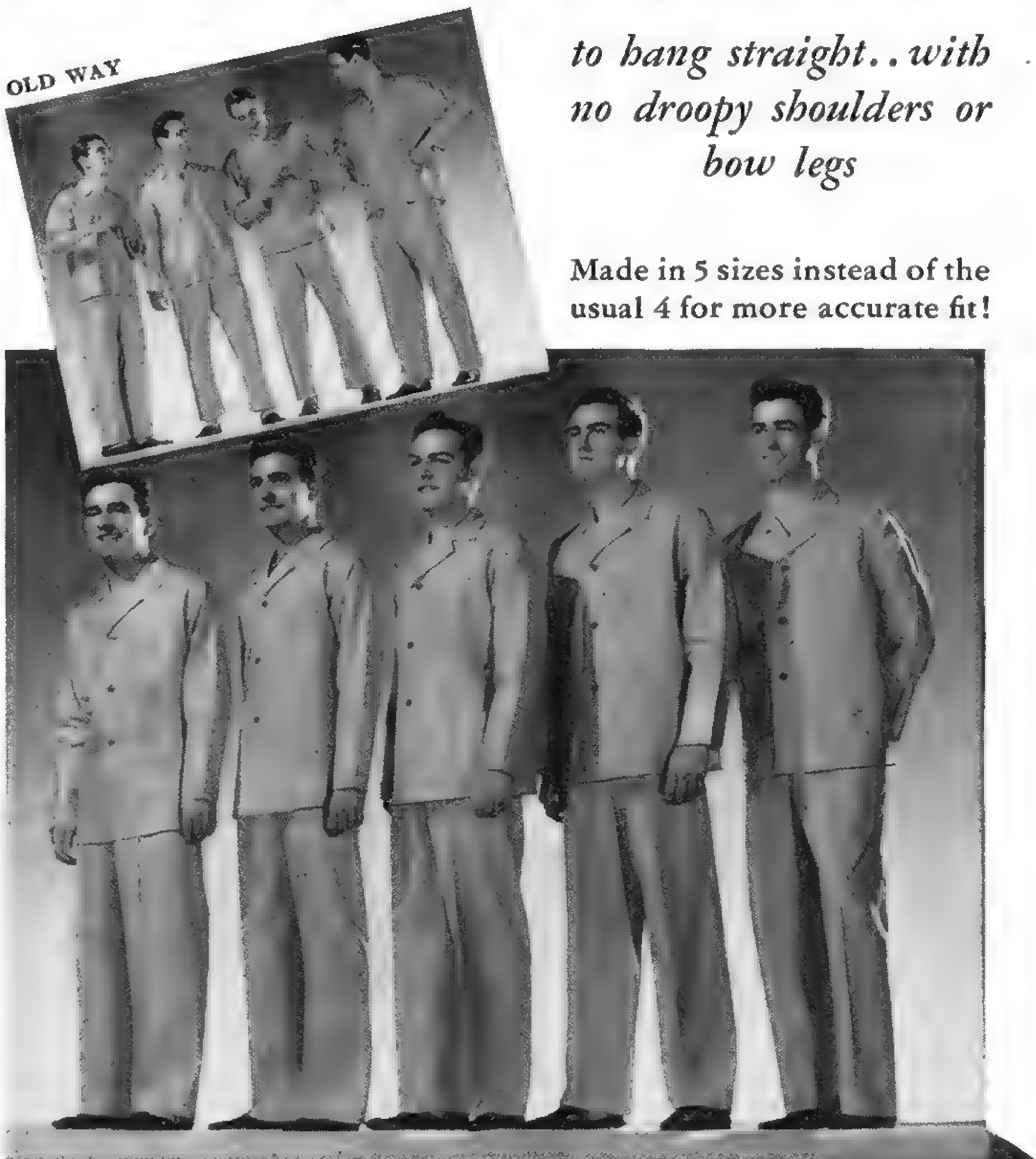
Continued at top of page 220

NOW! Glover creates an utterly new type of *Pajamas*

CUT ON CUSTOM SUIT LINES

to hang straight.. with no droopy shoulders or bow legs

Made in 5 sizes instead of the usual 4 for more accurate fit!



GLOVER "TAILORED MAN" WAY

THIS tells of a revolutionary development in the making of fine pajamas. Especially do men of medium height or above get a far truer fit . . . new freedom, new sleeping comfort without bagginess . . . a new smartness suggesting the easy style of an "English drape" suit.

We scrapped all previous ideas of pajama cutting in creating this "Tailored Man" line. "Pajamas are suits," we said. "Let's cut them like suits." So we re-styled the coat to hang straight, with no hike-up in front. We put fullness in where it is needed, and took it out where it is just excess cloth. We eliminated the usual overhang of the shoulder seam, so the sleeve hangs from the shoulder like a suit coat.

A Wholly New Kind of Fit!

Then we cut our trousers with wide legs, *shaped* them to hang straight like suit trousers, made them with two-seam legs instead of the one-seam construction that gives a bow-legged look. And we made sleeves, legs and coats longer! Finally we sized them so you can buy *according to your shirt or chest size,* and be fitted!

Naturally, it costs more to make Glover "Tailored Man" Pajamas, but you'll be surprised at how little. Prices start at $2.50. So if you'd look like a bridegroom to your wife once more . . . or give a Christmas gift that's "tops" . . . or enjoy a greater sleeping comfort than you've ever known . . . go to the men's wear department or store showing Glover "Tailored Man" Pajamas and choose from the many smart new patterns! H. B. Glover Co., *880 Merchandise Mart, Chicago*

with
Adjusto-Band Waist

TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS
BY *Glover*

If you don't find them, write us.

Come on Skeptics

HERE'S NEWS ABOUT ELECTRIC SHAVERS

I'VE TRIED 'EM BEFORE and *I know the idea's good, but I can't get a good shave with an electric razor.*

I'LL SHOW YOU WHY. *Now look. Am I using it right? Most electric razors leave a stubble or chafe my face.*

SAY, IT WORKED! *But then any razor might work on my cheek. Wait till I get down where the going is tough.*

HERE'S THE TEST *right on the spot I usually nick and scrape. My beard is toughest right here.*

IT WORKS! *This* **CASCO** *"75" has got something. It took the beard off and my "sore spot" isn't sore.*

SURE I WAS WRONG! *I'm willing to admit that speed can give me a shave like nothing else can.*

HERE'S WHAT THE CASCO "75" WILL DO

1 It cuts long hair, short hair and stubble with equal ease.
2 Flat against your skin, it can be used up-and-down, side-to-side or with a rotary motion.
3 It trims side-burns, mustaches, neck-line and over the ears easily.
4 Perfect for women to use under the arms and on the legs.
5 It requires no skill—no practice—no training period.

HERE'S WHAT THE CASCO "75" WON'T DO

1 It won't "nick" or burn your face. The combing edge acts as a guard to protect your skin at all times.
2 It won't stall and sputter when the going gets tough. The powerful brush-type motor is self-starting.
3 Your CASCO "75" never needs oiling. The bearings are sealed in oil.
4 It won't interfere with radio reception. No buzz or crackle.
5 No repeated cleaning and brushing. Stubble is automatically blown out. Long hair doesn't interfere with cutting efficiency. Remove it easily by unscrewing the shaving head.

SPEED DOES IT... 80 TIMES AS FAST

A NEW PRINCIPLE IN ELECTRIC SHAVING

The Casco Products Corporation has been manufacturing precision instruments for automobiles for 20 years. Engineers in this company have been studying electric shaving for a long time.

One after another, Casco Electric Razors were made and discarded. The Casco "75" is the seventy-fifth attempt—which has *everything* that shavers need for a smooth, comfortable shave.

Here's a new principle in electric shaving. A real self-starting brush-type motor is the heart of the Casco "75." It develops amazing speed to whirl the shearing blades 80 times as fast as the ordinary shuttle-type razor.

Try Casco "75" Electric Safety Razor. Ask Santa Claus for it. Or plan to give it to fussy shavers this Christmas. Sold in leading department, drug, jewelry and electric stores. It sells for $10—complete with cord and pigskin zipper pouch. If your local supplier does not have it—send $10, on a "satisfaction or money-back" basis. Address The Casco Products Corporation, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

$10 Complete

The CASCO "75" weighs only eleven ounces. Handsome, durable, Tenite case fits the fingers. Precision-made and fully guaranteed!

CASCO '75' ELECTRIC SAFETY RAZOR

The Young Warrior

Continued from pages 95-219

goods of value. While we were doing that, Crooked Nose came up. We were all much interested by the way the woman was dressed. Her skirt was really two skirts, one for each leg, and under it were many layers of clothing, mostly white. We examined them, wondering why anyone should make herself so uncomfortable, and joking about how hard she would be to undress. Then Nantai told us to stop fooling. We took our plunder and the captured horses, and swung back in a wide circle to the road.

We found the wagon train late in the afternoon. It had gone a few miles, and then stopped, to wait for its leader, we supposed. Now its leader and two more of its men were dead. We stayed quiet till after dark. They had fewer men to stand watch, and no one with real experience. A little before dawn two of us started shooting from one side, with the new rifles we had captured. The rest of us came along on the other side and ran off sixteen of their horses.

We met together on the south side of the valley, and rode all that day, making camp in comfort at sunset. Then we divided what we had taken.

On the back of her saddle, that woman had tied a bundle containing a dress of beautiful, smooth material. This new headband of mine—look—is a part of it. She also had more of those clothes for wearing underneath, of fine materials. Horse Frightener put on some of them, and we joked with him. I received that headband, this coat—it belonged to the father—this new rifle that loads from the back, and four horses. Then we came home at our leisure, talking over all that we had seen, and finding much to laugh at. ⁜

An Adventurer Retires

Continued from page 52

our eyes from our food they fell on a leper, but it was better than Monte Carlo.

This is typical adventure; you live like a native for eleven months and stick your money in the Bank of Ethiopia, saving silver thalers so you can go back to a little village in central France where you left your books and a paint box, and the next thing you know you find yourself in Djibouti.

With a sun-burnt curve of sea front before you and the Somaliland desert behind, you sit down to think it over. When the Italians arrived in Addis Ababa they took the bank.

The charred hulk of a French liner, half-submerged, sticks out of the water like a grim memorial to disaster. Haile Selassie passed it when he left that port for the last time.

You get fever in Djibouti but you haven't the price of quinine, and quinine is the rent you pay on life.

There's a telegraph office but they don't send telegrams collect. Mail leaves twice a month.

You live in an Arab's house and day after day you watch the waterfront shimmer in the heat with the Belgian officers who are stranded with you and remark that Djibouti is the home of derelicts.

The decayed boats fall to pieces along the beach and waves wash through the ribs of a rotting Arab dhow in the shallows. You wonder if you could make that dhow float before your letter comes.

You get thin in the heat and can't eat or sleep or bother to shave or even wash, and when the fever comes you think you're looking at the world through the "prop" of a pursuit job again.

Then something gets in your eyes and your eyes get sick, but a bottle of Optraex costs fifteen francs—and you're an adventurer waiting for a letter, you're not Dick Haliburton.

When you get in trouble in a strange land there's nothing to do but wait or connive your way out as best you can. If you go to your consulate you'll have to get yourself out anyway, plus some more trouble for having bothered the consul, so you go down to the brothel for the French army instead where you know you'll get sympathy and a café-turk even if you haven't fifteen francs.

You may even get the loan of a hundred-franc-note in the French brothel.

I think the third republic must have been paying those women, because everyone I knew borrowed from them. They didn't seem like prostitutes; they were old comrades:

Twice a month a white boat came for a day and you watched it sail off with tears in your eyes; then you went to the *bureau de poste* to see if you had a letter.

If the day happened to be Sunday they opened the *poste* anyway. What the hell! Little Madame Beau and the man with the handle-bar mustache hadn't had anything to do for two weeks except play with the pet lion they had chained to the door. Lieutenant Duguy used to wet postage stamps on the lion's tongue.

From the post office everyone went into seclusion to read their mail. The riff-raff went to Riga's hotel and the elite went to the honky-tonk.

The girls knew what you were expecting in the post and who from; they knew everyone's business, and they could tell by your face whether it came or not. If it didn't they said: "Better luck on the next boat," and gave you their *L'Illustration* to read.

When the letter eventually came you gave them the stamps.

The tables and seats in that co-

Continued on page 222

PRESENTING: Transit Modes and Styles

America fashions her transportation along ultra-modern lines . . . . .

Still the public carrier supreme, surface cars carried more than half of America's 13¼ billion transit riders in 1937. Streamlined, rubber mounted, rapid accelerating models are the new darlings of trolley riders, have already been put into operation in many of our country's larger cities. They furnish backgrounds of up-to-the-minute modernity for multi-hued car advertisements.

Serving residential as well as busy urban areas, motor buses were the 'private limousines' of more than 3 billion Americans last year. Motor bus routes in the United States total more than 30,000 miles, ten times the breadth of the continent. Motor bus riders are volume buyers of car advertised products.

More than 35 million buyer-riders a day, that is the saga of American transportation. A multiple-mass market spending over 2 million dollars daily in fares alone, many times 2 millions for myriad goods and services. Car advertising provides comprehensive, repetitive coverage of that vast market at the lowest cost known among the five major producing media.

Doubling in duality, the modern trolley bus emphasizes flexibility in traffic, draws power from overhead wires, needs no trackage, is economical in operation. The result:—fast speeds, quiet operation, increased passenger pay loads. 265¾ million riders in 1937, an increase of 85½ million over the preceding year. UP went the indicator line upon many a trolley bus advertiser's sales chart.

Behemoths of the world underground, subway trains carry the subterannean passenger traffic of New York, Philadelphia, Boston. Operating on rigid time schedules, they transport office workers, business executives, shoppers central-city bound. A great, metropolitan, car advertising audience.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.

Headquarters 745 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK *Telephone* ELdorado 5-6700

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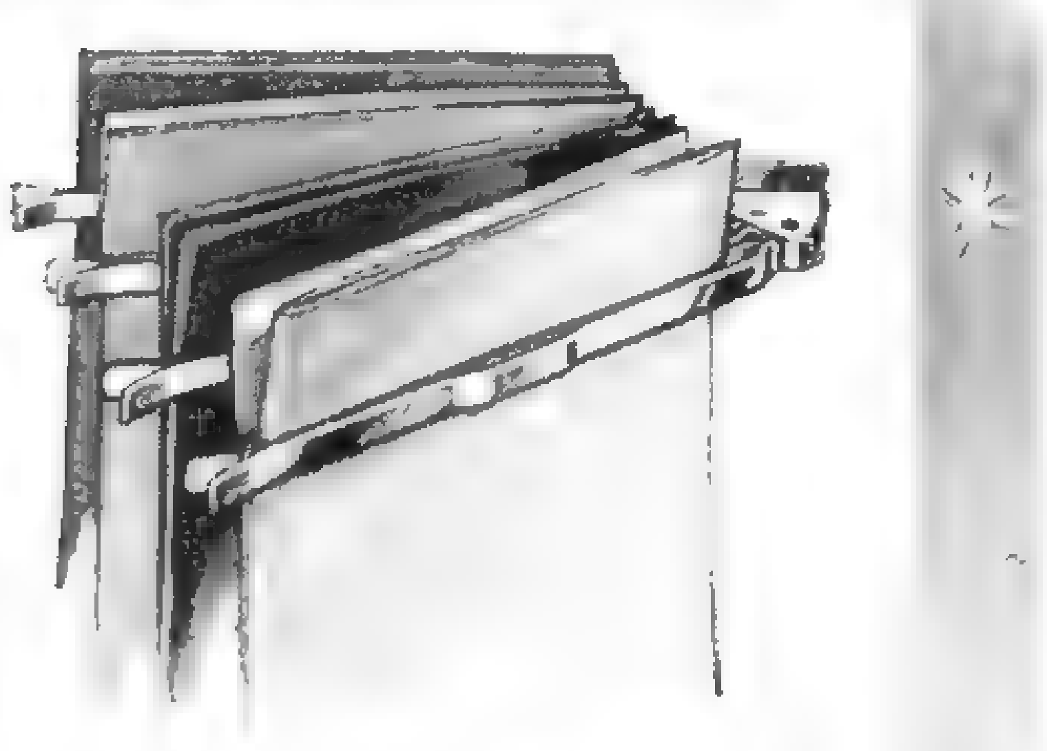
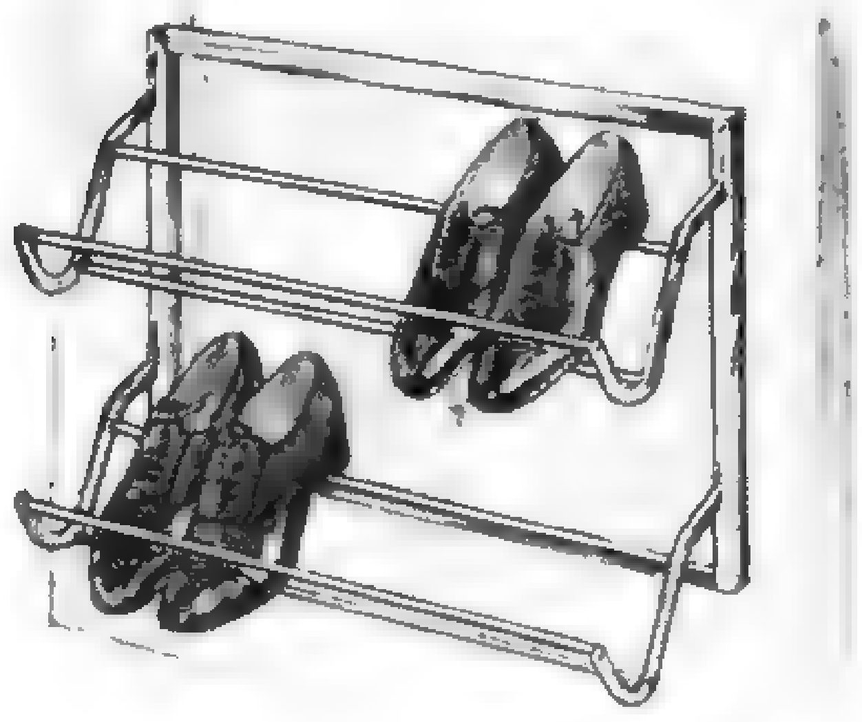
STOP RACKING YOUR BRAIN
BY RACKING HIS CLOSET—
WITH K-VENIENCE FIXTURES

TROUSER HANGER . . $1.75



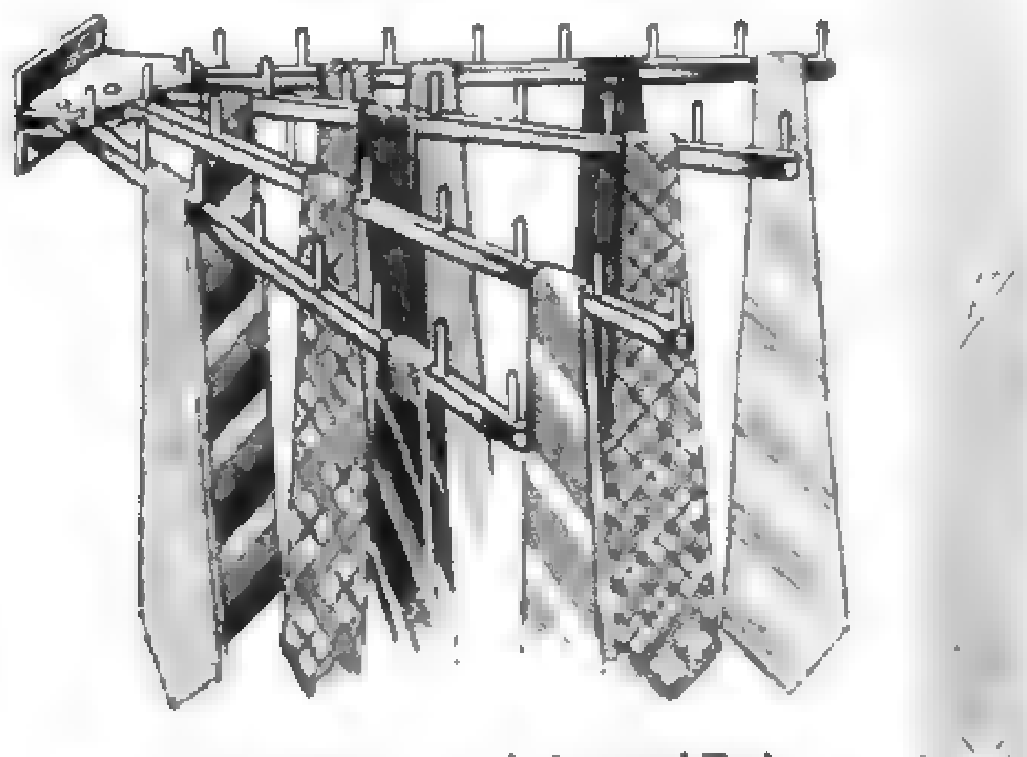
A great time and clothes saver he will bless you for! Trousers slide in and out of swinging clamps easily and quickly, hang full length, keep in press. Nickel finish; smart gift box.

SHOE RACK $3.00



No more fumbling on the closet floor and he'll sing your praises plenty! Keeps shoes in easy reach, neat array, securely in place. Holds 4 or 5 pairs. Nickel finish; gift box.

TIE RACK $3.00



A sure way to a man's heart! Takes care of his entire tie collection, keeps them handy, orderly, wrinkle-free, in full view. Arms swing individually. Polished nickel finish; gift box.

—At dept. and hdwre. stores or use coupon—

KNAPE & VOGT MFG. CO.
Dept. 12-E, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Please send at once:
☐ #550 Trouser Hanger(s) . . . . @ $1.75
☐ #783 Shoe Rack(s) . . . . @ 3.00
☐ #773 Tie Rack(s) . . . . @ 3.00
☐ All Three—*Special Combination Price* 6.95
Also catalog of 40 space-saving K-VENIENCE closet fixtures—"How To Double Closet Capacity."

NAME . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

An Adventurer Retires

Continued from pages 52-220

educational center were set in concrete so the soldiers couldn't throw them at each other. The beer was warm because Docteur Huchon said iced drinks would give you dysentery. A black boy sat on the floor and pulled a cord to swing the mat-fans suspended from the ceiling, and every half-hour he tossed a bucket of water across the cement floor to cool it off.

Bearded soldiers, dirty Somalis, turbaned Arabs, the foreign community, and Madame learned to lift their feet unconsciously and let the tidal wave with its fleet of match boxes, cigarette butts, burnt matches, and crumpled packages of Gitane-bleu sail under and then put their feet down again without taking their eyes from a last month's *Paris-soir*. I'll be damned if I call that adventure.

Out of desperation you hook up with a Cherif from Yemen. The Imam is building up an army of sorts, and the Cherif takes you to Hodeidah.

Hodeidah is pretty bad too, but it's also better than Monte Carlo. Instead of kissing fat ladies' hands for tea you kiss the Koran, and the Koran can't talk.

Just about the time you forget what the taste of ice and the face of a woman is like a military mission of Italians comes in to work for nothing and you find out you're going to get your pay in Paradise. *C'est l'aventure, mes amis. Que voulez-vous?*

You reach Port Said on the deck of a freighter and the British Intelligence Officer who comes aboard treats you like a Prince, a launch at your service and everything. It's a pleasure to help a man like that.

When you reach Alexandria you're a bloody adventurer and probably a spy—and you can't get off. All of your life will be like that.

In Greece you don't click, so you go to Turkey. Turkey has gone nationalist too. They don't trust you and wouldn't want you if they did, but you meet a lovely lady on the boat.

After the months in Abyssinia and Somaliland and Yemen your heart is hungry and that woman tosses a hand-grenade in your scheme of things. She comes into your life like spring to a barefoot army. To change her annexation to *de jure* from *de facto*, you ask her to marry you.

It's time to be serious now. No more flying out in bombers to shake night up like a cocktail, or running across the map to the places where wars are and color and noise and boasting and the variousness of adventure. You're going to get married and have a little boy and play with electric trains.

It's going to make you dull in time and narrow of vision. It's the road that leads to a job in an office, but it's worth it for that woman.

And you know what she says? She says: "Marry you, Hal? I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth, but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll go to Bucharest and Budapest and Vienna with you."

Arm in arm you lean over a ship's side and watch Istanbul, like a water-color frontispiece from *Arabian Nights*, disappearing in the distance.

There is sunlight on the water and sunlight on the minarets. There must be a million minarets all straight and white and slender, shimmering in the light and pointing straight to Allah. Life is all poetry and color and one woman and many minarets. The beauty of it makes you feel your heart has just taken a bath and become clean again, like the Caaba stone on the Day of Judgment.

Adventure is months of loneliness with sometimes the loan of a few days of beauty. The stories you tell in the cafés when it's all over are only the highlights with the long months sifted out.

The next consul you meet has something to say about immoral young ne'er-do-wells who live with women they aren't married to. He'd be jealous if you lived with a goldfish.

Eventually a day comes when the end of your money is in sight again and the lovely lady of a little while throws a kiss from a train window and then the train pulls out. You wander back to a hotel room suddenly gone all empty.

From it you go to a coffee house gone all empty too. Life has become like an evacuated town and its streets are silent.

A revolution starts in Spain and you pack your bags. The lady marries a lawyer and goes to adventure films in the movies.

The first side you try won't have you because Italians are running the show and they have your name on the list, from Abyssinia, so you shrug your shoulders and join the other. At best a soldier of fortune is only a military prostitute, until he becomes a General or gets the Legion of honor.

As soon as you get yourself in you start thinking of your friends and remember how George cabled you twenty pounds when you were broke in Geneva, so now you repay the favor by getting George in with you.

Two weeks later when you bury George, Hugh says casually: "Thank God we won't have jittering-George with us to put me in a state of chronic nerves anymore."

Spain gets you down. Every street is no man's land when someone is likely to pick you off from a window. You never know who the enemy is or where. The Russians will try to get you shot to strengthen their own position and some *agent provocateur* will try it so he can collect on you.

If you go home with a senorita you are likely to get your throat cut, and if you make a forced

Continued on page 224

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SKI-TESTED
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White Stag "Sun Valley" Jacket. Natural, Navy, Tan. Chest 36 to 46. $8.95

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BURTON'S ADIRONDACK POPLIN
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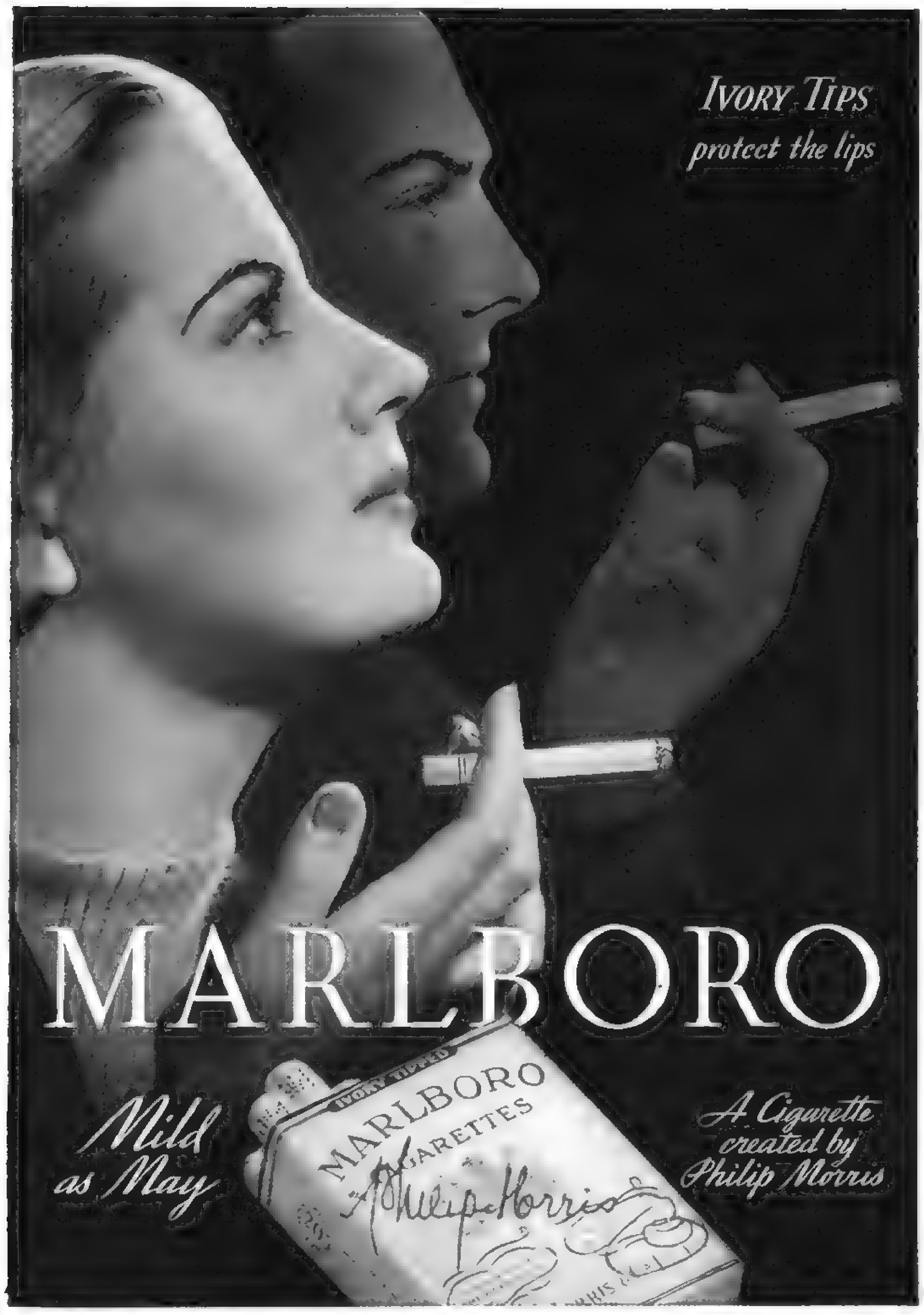

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An Adventurer Retires

Continued from pages 52-220-222

landing behind the enemy lines you are sure to get it cut, but that's all right. You don't expect a war to be Utopia.

However one day your plane crashes and the anarchists want to shoot you for sabotage. That's the end.

When you get out of Spain you find the globe has suddenly become smaller. You can't go to Italy or Germany now. You've worked for the Reds in Spain so none of the Balkan kingdoms will have you. Portugal will take your finger prints if you go there, and if you go to Austria you'll be shadowed.

An American military attaché and his assistant become friendly. They're fine fellows and you like them, but when you get through telling them all about the antiaircraft fire in Spain they assign an informer to find out if you are up to anything new, and you find yourself in trouble for knowing what you told them. You can't win!

Somehow you don't mind the breach of friendship and the lack of faith that puts you on the "outside," but you do feel insulted that they belittle your intelligence by assigning such a dumb informer to report on you; only a lieutenant too.

In the eyes of your countrymen if you don't work you aren't respectable. Your consulates regard you as an undesirable who is likely to cause them a lot of writing and ruin some bridge games someday. You are never a potential friend who may be able to help them.

The man who is a pariah and an outcast in the eyes of his countrymen becomes a dangerous international character in the eyes of the authorities of whatever country he is traveling in. Your passport has too many stamps and visas. Obviously you are a master mind serving Paris or Rome or Berlin or Moscow, depending on what country you are in.

They make inquiries at your consulate and the reply is almost sure to plant you in the enemy camp. Why is it our officials abroad are so quick to remember a man's obligations to his country and so sure to forget a country's obligation to a man; that as long as a man is honest and labors to acquire respect and position even though it is in another land in an unconventional manner it is his country's obligation to at least not harm him? Besides, it's poor business. Anything should be better than having him on relief.

You try working for an African potentate for awhile and you decide to leave that job for Hubert Julian. One phase of your work is being photographed in uniform with "the Prince." These pictures are captioned: "His Highness, the Nawaub, and Chief-of-Staff, in London," and sent back to Africa to convince his wife's family that he is busy.

That Nawaub trusted no one. If he sent you on a mission he sent someone else to watch you and another man to watch your watcher.

He never told you what all the mysterious conferences were about until he got in trouble; then he sent you to get him out, and you never knew what "deal" he was transacting on the side until someone had sold him a gold brick and he would call on you to try to get his money back.

Whenever he went out in public you went along to give him face, and at first you would try to give the impression he was "your man" when people stared at you. That never worked. He was a tall Negro, straight as a ramrod and with the air of one who is accustomed to command.

He could stand up and look an English butler right in the eye. Best thing to do when he insisted on going into exclusive restaurants with you was address him as Your Highness, loud enough for everyone to hear. That pleased him, satisfied the head waiter and excused you.

A hundred pounds was nothing if he felt like giving a small party, but to get your pay you had to sell him a brass crown studded with red and green glass, that you found in a theatrical costumer's window.

From being Chief-of-Staff, Military Adviser, and Chief of Protocol to H. H., the Nawaub of T———, you drift into the most logical business for a soldier of fortune at large. It's the arms and munitions game.

A true soldier loves a gun as an Arab loves a horse. It's a pleasure to talk guns and touch guns. Guns are power. They are the bricks empires were built with, but don't let Senator Nye deceive you into thinking there is big money or easy money selling them.

To get votes you have to fight something. Big Bill Thompson picked on the King of England and Hitler baited the Jews. Mussolini attacked the savages, and there weren't any other windmills left for Senator Nye. Besides, they don't make guns in North Dakota.

Since Nye and Cordell Hull put Skoda and Schwartzlauser and Vickers on their feet and left the Mauser market to the little countries with cheap money and peasant labor you have to wait months in a hotel lobby; you have to bribe, lie, drink, talk and give dinners to close a small deal at one per cent profit.

A Jew in Anvers is buying your guns and swears they're for some little banana country in South America, so you present his papers and apply for the permit of exportation.

Someone in the war office finds out the papers are faked and the guns are destined for Spain. Someone else gets the profit and you clear out for China.

China is the dream of every

Continued on page 226

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Every Ronson Lighter is

1. An unfailing servant
2. A well-groomed companion
3. A life-long friend and
4. A warmly welcome gift

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The illustrations picture just a small portion of the wealth of handsome RONSON styles for pocket, handbag, desk and table. Prices to suit any pocket. At your jeweler's, department store or any shop selling smokers' fine articles... A postal card will bring you the free, picture-full book "What's New in RONSON"; please give dealer's name... Address Dept. 37, RONSON, Newark, New Jersey.

Choose a RONSON for everyone on your gift list.

EVEN THE LEAST EXPENSIVE RONSON HAS AN "AIR". AN AIR OF ELEGANCE AND VALUE. ADD USEFULNESS AND THE FACT THAT TO PROFFER A LIGHT WITH A LIGHTER* IS CONSIDERED TODAY THE "SMART THING TO DO" AND THE RONSON BECOMES THE PERFECT GIFT—FROM EVERYONE—TO EVERYONE.

*Particularly with a RONSON

An Adventurer Retires

Continued from pages 52-220-222-224

soldier of fortune who hasn't been there.

Every stranger who arrives in China is regarded as either an adventurer or a missionary, except Mrs. Harkness. She comes to chase baby pandas and she's a business woman.

If you say you're an aviator looking for a job, Bert Hall's reputation still packs enough wallop to knock you colder than a mother-in-law's kiss, but that's nothing against Bert—in China.

It's a mystery why the American Consulate goes to such expense and trouble checking up on new arrivals in the Orient without doing anything to check up on the Russians they send out to do the checking.

Climbing into the pale of respectability in Shanghai is like trying to crowd into a lifeboat that's already full, with someone from the Treasury Department, or another department, waiting to hit you over the head with an oar.

In all fairness to everyone, it's very logical. I'm not telling you this to complain; I'm only telling you to forget adventure and be a mug. Get a job that works you so hard and pays so little no one will envy you; then you'll be okay. If you wander beyond your own horizon you'll be a "black sheep" in the next one.

The men who control American business in Shanghai are old-timers and most of them have a history that has both B. O. and halitosis, but now they are figures in the community and are rated by their race horses.

A new-comer has first to overcome the whispering campaign that he is in the dope business, if he's a business man, and a spy, if he is trying to sell military equipment or work for the government.

Within a week the rickshaw coolies in front of the Cathay are saying: "Look out for that guy. The American consulate is watching him."

An official, when asked about an exporter who is trying to "break in," says: "We haven't anything on him yet, but give us some time. He'll end badly." And so our national prestige stays where we put it.

No one has to worry about the soldier of fortune who gets a job with the Chinese government. He won't last. The man above him will be a returned student who has been waiting for this chance and the men below him will be Chinese who consider it a loss of face to accept any advice from a foreigner. The two put the screws to the man in the middle.

The man in the consulate who furnishes your reference makes about one-third the pay of a third-rate aviator, and the Russian who furnishes him with his information knows what to furnish and how much if he wants to keep having his expense accounts okay'd.

You figure out the answer.

If you go to Paradise you're lucky you won't need a passport. The British would probably go in for nothing, but you would have to buy a visa, and then when you got it you'd get your book stamped: "Not good for travel in Heaven."

I give up! China or Chile, the end is the same. There's always something.

Prometheus was an adventurer. He didn't want to live as other men, so he started a revolution in his way. He revolted against drabness and darkness and the monotony of things as they were.

What happened to Prometheus for longing for color and warmth and fire happens to all of us.

I've had enough! I'm going to leave dash and color and romance to Carl Laemmle's war-scarred towns with a soda fountain and a damned good restaurant behind them.

There's a little village in the Alps Maritimes where the mayor wears blue pants with patches on the knees, and red wine is a franc and a half a bottle. Maybe I can be a gendarme.

Sure, it's been a great show, going to bed in one capital and waking up in another. When Generals sent for me I never knew whether it was to give me a decoration or have me shot.

In less than two years I was under fire in three wars, in three countries, on three continents. There were soldiers marching and planes falling and guns pounding away at little white towns, but there was only one short space of happiness and contentment.

I've almost forgotten what it was like, standing on the balcony of the Grand Geubi, watching the little Emperor send his armies out.

The night Franco moved his Moors up to the gates of Madrid and captured the streetcar terminus seems like a crazy dream now, and the day P. Y. Wong called me in his office, up in Hankow, and sacked me under charge of espionage seems pure flattery to my importance and doesn't matter.

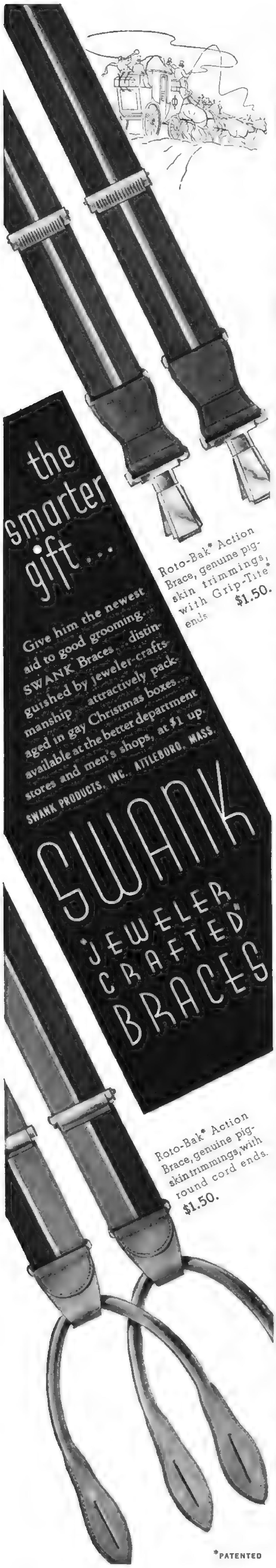
All the memories and cities and strange places were wasted because there isn't anyone now to whom I can say: "Do you remember?"

Back in Paris the old friends linger over coffee and liqueurs and amuse their friends with the stories. When the stories are finished they call for their hats and sticks and gloves and go out in the night and home. My home is in the café, and when I leave I go out in the night.

It's been a fine show, for everyone but me!

Now I'd like a job as a lighthouse keeper somewhere where it's warm, or a night watchman some place where the light isn't too bad for reading.

When I was young I prayed: "Give me a short life in the saddle, Allah; not a long life by the fire!" But Allah is wise. Allah O akbar!



Give him the newest aid to good grooming... SWANK Braces... distinguished by jeweler-craftsmanship... attractively packaged in gay Christmas boxes... available at the better department stores and men's shops, at $1 up.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Roto-Bak* Action Brace, genuine pigskin trimmings, with Grip-Tite* ends $1.50.

Roto-Bak* Action Brace, genuine pigskin trimmings, with round cord ends. $1.50.

*PATENTED

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"Carefree"
Give her this all-wool flannel Slack Suit from Hollywood
by Reliance

$5.95

It's CAREFREE! The suit that Hollywood plays in — loafs in — wears from morn 'til night — that gives you devastating mannish swagger—and luxurious comfort! It's a grand Christmas gift— still grander to *own*. And it's a magic stroke of value. $5.95.

Pleated, tailored slacks with permanent sewed-in creases — zipper plackets — shirtwaist blouse. Downy 100% all wool flannel. Sizes 12 to 20. Colors: Navy, Wine, Luggage Brown, Royal Blue.

Ask your dealer for "Carefree" Suits—if he doesn't have them, mail the order blank below.

Reliance Manufacturing Co.
Sterling Division
210 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill,
Gentlemen: Please send me Parcel Post Prepaid .. .."Carefree" Suits (in sizes indicated below) at $5.95 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders outside U.S.A. and Possessions not accepted.
☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D:
Post Office Delivery Charge of 17 cents on C. O. D.
Sizes (12-14-16-18 or 20) ☐☐☐☐☐
Colors: ☐ Navy ☐ Wine ☐ Luggage brown ☐ Royal blue
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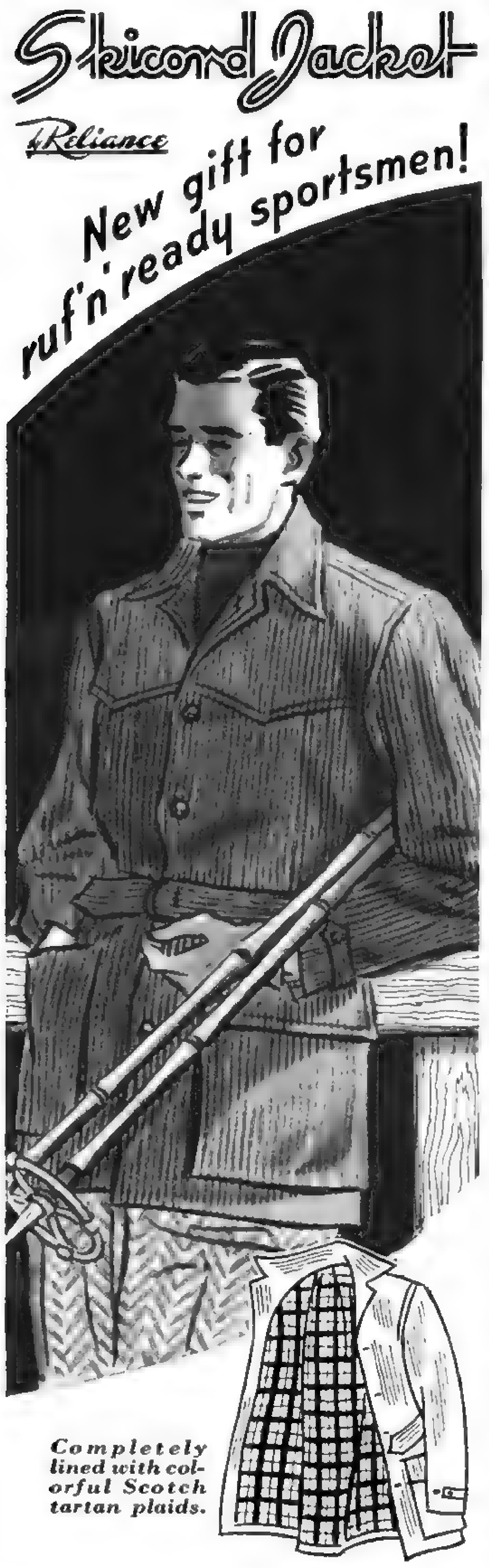
CITY................................STATE ....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New gift for ruf'n'ready sportsmen!

Completely lined with colorful Scotch tartan plaids.

The coat for a man's man —styled for action, built for iron wear, and lined with tartan plaids for extra warmth. The gift of gifts for skaters, skiers, and indoor loafers. The value of values at only

$4.95

Two roomy saddle pockets, action sport back; gunpad yoke; storm sleeves. Completely lined. Small, medium and large. Colors: Tobacco Brown and Heather Green.

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Post Office Delivery Charge of 17 cents on C. O. D. Orders outside U.S. and Possessions not accepted.
Sizes (☐ small, ☐ medium, ☐ large)
Color (☐ Tobacco brown ☐ Heather green)

NAME.......................................

ADDRESS.......................................

CITY.......................STATE...........

There Ought to Be a Law

Continued from page 116

ity to compete with the professionals of the trade.

During the course of the week Porky heard readings of fifty-six manuscripts ranging all the way from two-gun stories rejected by the woodpulps to essays which had missed fire with the more austere literary quarterlies. Gradually he began to pick up the technique of successful listening: the quick catch of the breath, the admiring chuckle, the emphatic nod of the head, the impulsive exclamation. Approval could safely be laid on with a trowel, he learned, but it saved time and trouble to ask a few leading questions and let the author supply his own praise.

The bosses of the state political machine were skeptical when he reported his findings. In their eyes Porky Hannigan was only another ward heeler, a mere corporal when it came to the higher strategy. But after the beating their front men had taken in the last election they were not in a mood to overlook a single bet. Hadn't a mayor of Chicago once won thousands of votes on a campaign against King George V?

Yet it was not until after they had continued Porky's investigations on a large scale that they began to suspect the full possibilities. In the past there had always been the dreary problem of trying to appeal simultaneously to such antagonistic elements as capital, labor and agriculture, the eternal triangle of the political drama. Please one of them and you made enemies in the other two jealous factions.

But a state-wide canvass of opinion disclosed that among 67,081 farmers, workmen and small businessmen only one illiterate hillbilly confessed to no personal interest whatever in creative literature. (In 1941, upon becoming aware of this distinction, he dictated a ghost-written autobiography which went into three large printings.)

Not only did the magic carpet of rejection slips reach from coast to coast, but it promised never to wear out with the hardest political usage.

The trouble with the ordinary platform was that it couldn't stand up under prosperity, its political failure being in exact proportion to its legislative success. For even the longest depression came sooner or later to a regrettable end, and a contented voter was anybody's—or nobody's—man at the polls. On the contrary, the indignation value of the rejection slip was timeless. It went on forever, regardless of economic conditions.

Naturally the public was not taken into the confidence of political strategists, and it seemed a mere incident when the first Congressman was elected in November, 1938 on an anti-rejection-slip campaign. Several other candidates lost out by a narrow margin on similar platforms, being defeated only by such standard panaceas as old-age pensions or the promise of a $5,000 income for every voter. The more sophisticated magazines, little dreaming of the Nemesis which was soon to overtake them, enjoyed a bored snicker at the expense of the "semicolon brigade," as they still dared to term the nation's disappointed authors.

But the real groundwork of nation wide organization did not begin until after the 1938 election. It was during the next two years that a victory was won which did not become fully apparent even to the opposition until 1940. Being experienced politicians, the leaders of the Anti-Rejectionists avoided the error, so common to political amateurs and reformers, of trying to start a third party. Wherever possible, they simply "stole" the existing Republican machine, particularly in districts where it had been snowed under in the 1938 election.

So many charges of corruption have been made that it is practically impossible to sift out the facts.

At any rate it is certain that the Anti-Rejectionists found some means of learning the names and addresses of authors who had recently had a manuscript bounce. The postman had no sooner left the bulky, self-addressed envelope at the door when a suave representative of the new political faith called to express a few well-chosen words of condolence. Invariably these trained field workers listened sympathetically while the composition was read aloud, their comments running the gamut of approval and admiration.

Meanwhile thousands of free scholarships to literary correspondence schools were being given away in order to sow a crop of future rejections. Indeed, it has been charged that many of the recent schools are secretly operated by the Anti-Rejectionists themselves for political ends.

Thus when the returns of the 1940 national election were announced, even such tested literary expressions as "the bolt out of the blue" would have been inadequate to measure the nation's astonishment.

The Anti-Rejectionists, well aware that they had not yet reached their full strength, made no serious attempt to capture the presidency; but they had elected eleven governors as well as a formidable minority in both houses of Congress.

Now that it was too late, the old-line Republicans, robbed of their name and organization, hastily combined with the New Dealers and conservative Democrats. All former differences were smoothed over as the united parties rallied their forces for a last desperate stand in the 1942 Congressional election.

Unfortunately for their purposes the Anti-Rejectionists had already

Continued on page 228

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From swank country clubs and Park Avenue firesides, comes this indoor-outdoor coat. Made of soft and fleecy CAMELTONE, lined with lustrous rayon satin. Smart, luxurious—a style king for every occasion. For good hosts—crack bridge players, and smart sportsmen. A superb gift and a downright sensational value.

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Hand stitched pockets and collar; action sport back; side vents; adjustable cuffs. Small, medium and large. Colors: Camel, Silver Gray, Yale Blue.

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Post Office Delivery Charge of 17 cents on C. O. D. Orders outside U.S. and Possessions not accepted.
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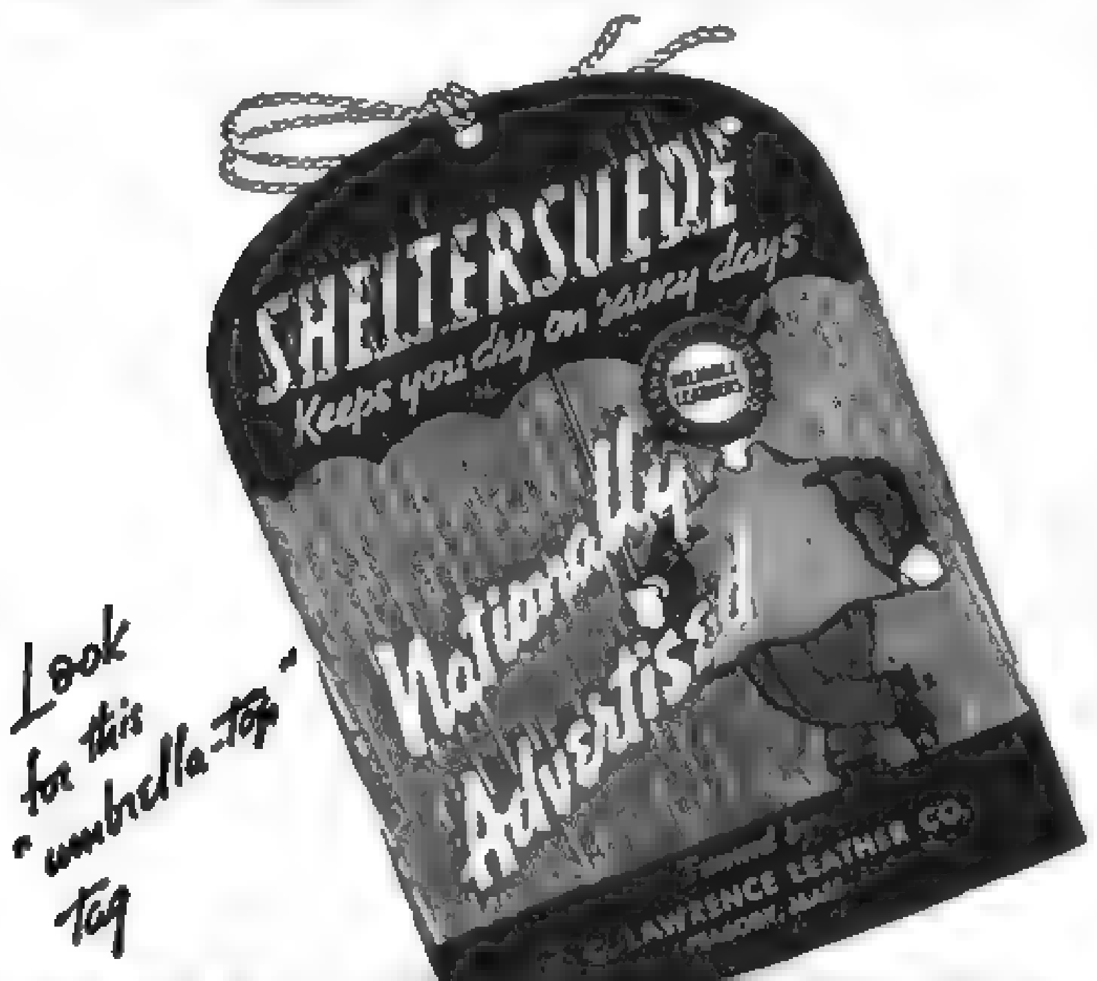


A. C. LAWRENCE LEATHER CO.
Peabody, Mass.

There Ought to Be a Law

Continued from pages 116-227

cornered most of the nation's unemployed press agents. This became evident in the Spring of 1941 when the first National Manuscript Week was launched with fanfare which far exceeded the publicity given to Rutabaga, Used Car and other long-established Weeks.

Nearly every newspaper in the country published tantalizing photos of pretty Eves clad only in a few leaves from unwanted stories or poems; and literary consumers were exhorted to help create new markets for the nation's rejected authors.

For virulence and mud-slinging the 1942 campaign undoubtedly surpassed any election contest since the Reconstruction Era. A Congressional majority was at stake, and the most hideous accusations were made by both sides. But once again the crusading authors demonstrated their superior organization and publicity machinery. Despite all protests, they managed to hang the popular name "Rejectionists" on their opponents, always with the intimation that the old parties had been to blame for the disappointments suffered by writers. One cartoon of wide circulation showed a fat politician wearing the conventional checkered vest and gloating as a Simon Legree figure of an editor, a great diamond blazing on his finger, attached the fatal slip to a manuscript. An inset in the background portrayed the struggling young author writing beside the cradle of a sick child while his haggard wife bent over the washtub.

Excitement reached such a pitch that editors were burned in effigy in literary centers of the Middle West; and great bonfires of rejection slips became as much a feature of the campaign as the log cabins and cider barrels of a famous historical election.

By October the outcome was so obvious that even the columnists and political experts were able to make fairly accurate predictions. In line with their forecasts the Anti-Rejectionists at last won a slight majority in both houses, though still lacking the votes necessary to override a presidential veto.

The inevitable result, of course, was a legislative deadlock which has kept Congress in continuous session ever since; and at this writing, early in 1944, it appears that adjournment will come only in time for the late summer electioneering.

The events of the struggle at Washington are too recent and memorable to justify a detailed review, yet issues cannot be ignored which are likely to decide the coming presidential election. Essentially the contest boils down to a question of whether the Anti-Rejectionists can finally make good on their slogan, "Put literature on a parity with business, labor and agriculture!" If, as the Rejectionists claim, the farmer and workman will ultimately prove more loyal to the plow and lathe than their newly acquired portable typewriters, the authors are due for a first smashing defeat this fall. Moreover, with the national debt now at a hundred billions, there is growing alarm over the prospect of Government subsidies to magazines on such a scale as to enable every aspiring writer in the country to achieve publication.

The Anti-Rejectionists, in turn, retort that business, labor and agriculture long ago won important exemptions from the obsolete law of supply and demand. The extension of equal economic rights to authors, it is claimed, would produce enough added spending power to compensate for the subsidies by improved industrial conditions.

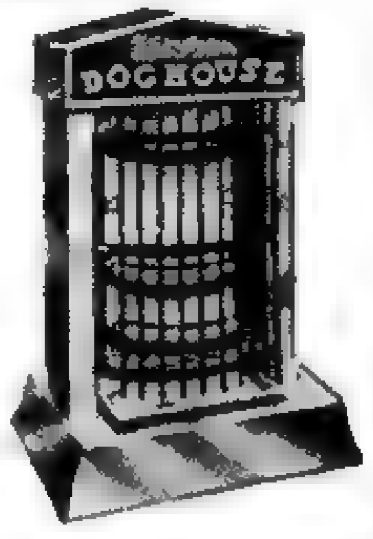
So if the authors prevail in the coming election it is fairly certain that their first move will be to pass an act similar to the one narrowly defeated in 1943 after a ten-month struggle. The main features of that bill, it will be recalled, were pegged prices for manuscripts and compulsory acceptance by editors. Production was to be nationally regulated, with writers to be compensated for remaining idle during periods when the market was glutted.

It is now conceded that the bill might perhaps have overridden a presidential veto except for its sales tax on foreign authors' works, both classical and modern, as a means of financing the subsidies. Opponents argued that a student's Browning or Dante would cost $7.49 as a consequence, and booklegging would soon become as much of a national evil as bootlegging in the 1920's. When it was proved that even the Bible would be affected, the opposition of religious lobbies resulted in four million telegrams being sent to Washington the day the measure was finally killed.

The political historian of the future will perhaps be able to judge the truth of the grave accusations exchanged on the floor of Congress during the heat of debate. The authors, for instance, have been charged with financing several new periodicals founded for the sole purpose of rejecting worthy manuscripts, thus fanning the flames of political unrest. In reply they allege that their opponents have raised a slush fund to embarrass prominent Anti-Rejectionists by the acceptance of contributions for publication in leading magazines.

But if current literature has suffered, as both sides freely admit off the record, there is no denying the fact that the tone of American politics has benefited. The publisher's tea has acquired a new significance in national affairs, while the old type of ungrammatical ward heeler is rapidly passing in most sections of the country.

A dramatic example of the mod-



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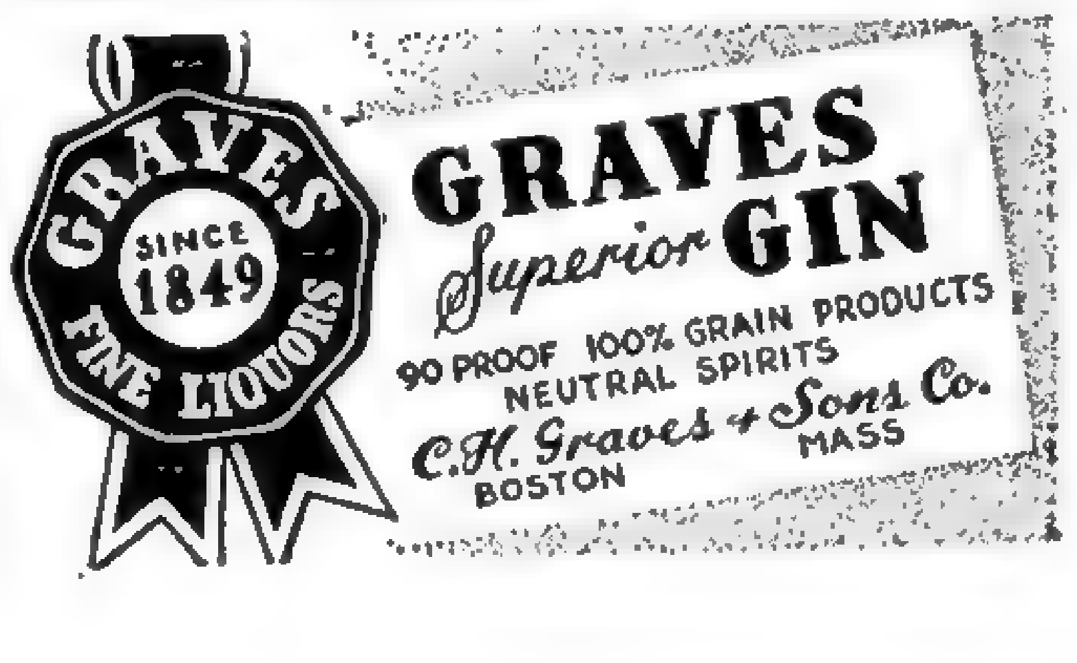

ern *genre* of politician may be found in the career of the man who is credited with having started the movement. In 1938 Governor Hannigan was considered so unimportant that he was awarded a mere field worker's job by the ungrateful bosses of his party. Yet it was this very exposure to culture and refinement which enabled him to succeed where they were soon doomed to failure. Before long his conversation sparkled with the latest adverbs and Dorothy Parker stories while they were still talking the old backroom argot of vote getting.

Spurned by his party leaders in the 1942 primaries, he was elected governor after a brilliant independent campaign in which he promised free lectures to the women's clubs of the state. Hence it is predicted by those in the know that Hannigan is likely to emerge as the Jim Farley of the 1948 national campaign.

So many upsets have been recorded in the last few years that it was not generally realized until 1943 that the original cause of the literary revolution had become almost extinct. For O. Henry himself could scarcely have conceived a better ending than the absurdly high prices which have recently been offered for the few remaining specimens of rejection slips. Most of them vanished long ago in campaign bonfires, of course, and during the past several years popular opinion has forced all magazines to return manuscripts with a warm personal letter of encouragement.

Author Lester Bunn, of Keokuk, appears to be the only writer in the country who was canny enough to foresee such an eventuality. Boasting that he has been writing steadily since 1911 without an acceptance, he now has a collection which includes even such museum pieces as slips from the *House of David Review* and the *Poland China Breeder's Gazette*. Ironically enough several of the nation's most famous editors are among the collectors who have made bids, but the shrewd owner is still holding out for his own figure.

"Until they meet my requirements," quipped Author Bunn, "I am rejecting all offers." ⧻

Program for a Ballet-Pantomime

Continued from page 119

pers elbowing each other about, squabbling and trying on dresses. However, all business pauses while the girls display their rings to all with smug smirks and grimaces. Great sentimental effect. One large lady swoons at the sight of such diamonds.

Down center is a large rack marked WEDDING GOWNS—$9.98, loaded with fantastic garments. Each girl tries on a number of these aided by a frenzied swirl of shoppers, themselves in grotesque states of disarray. At length both girls spy the biggest and showiest wedding dress of all, an outrageous confection of cellophane, spangles, bits of mirror, etc., etc., and equipped with a long train.

This, they both decide, is the dress they want, and they proceed to fight over it, the shoppers taking sides. The manager, a big tough woman, appears and tries to pacify the girls, but to no avail. Failing, she goes off and returns with a big pair of scales in which the diamond rings are weighed. There is considerable excitement as the scales balance—the rings weigh exactly the same.

It now seems that the fight is on again, but the manager quickly produces a duplicate dress, so that both girls are satisfied. Now all is harmony. The girls put on their dresses, the shoppers trick themselves out as bridesmaids, and they form two wedding processions, going out right and left.

Gas and Oil

A roadside filling station on the edge of a dark forest. A glittering motor car rolls into view. The attendants spring to attention and whirl about with feather dusters, cans of water and hoses for air and gas, etc., etc. A very haughty chauffeur gets out and condescendingly points out a flat tire. Activity is redoubled.

Three beautiful blonde girls in evening dress push out of the car, interested, curious, excited. The chauffeur shushes them back, but they won't go. He is very much distressed and flutters about unhappily. Shyly, hesitantly, boys and girls in overalls and gingham dresses appear from behind the trees and bushes. They admire the girls from the car extravagantly. Very quietly the boys in overalls, particularly three of the tallest, start a little music with instruments such as a cigar-box violin, a musical saw, an old whisky jug, a washboard, etc., etc. (pantomime) while the orchestra works in suggestions of *Pop Goes the Weasel*, *Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown*, *Turkey in the Straw*, etc. The chauffeur is very haughty and disapproving and tries to get the girls back in the car, but without any success. The music becomes louder, more exciting, more rhythmical. People dance. The blonde girls fling off their wraps and dance with the three boys, while others take up their instruments. Even the filling station attendants join in.

Suddenly the chauffeur realizes the girls have disappeared with the three boys. He tries to stop the dancers but they ignore him, and only push him about when he tries to look for the girls. After a time the music dies down, the dancers melt back into the trees and the chauffeur and attendants are left alone. Then the girls drift back from different directions, disheveled and hysterical with laughter. The chauffeur bustles indignantly, packs them back into the car, slams the door and gets into his seat. Curtain. ⧻

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 122

whom I'd have strangled out of a sense of decency to the humanity Christ died for. If our Lord had never been human, had never drunk wine, had never allowed a woman's hair to clean his feet, had never pitied a miserable little bitch selling herself in a narrow street, half the people who now believe in Him would have sput on Him long ago. No, Shaughnessy, I am not with you, I am agin you. You can laugh at me when I call my servant Rosieanne instead of Rose, when I go mad for fresh vegetables and mashed potatoes, or when I read *The Independent*, but I believe that when I go down on my knees on the stone floor of that old Church out there, and ask God in my own way to forgive the human weaknesses of these poor slaves of ours, that I am doing more good than all the Calvinistic seekin'-out and spyin' and Vigilance Committees you propose. There now, I have said my say, and in me heart I'm agin you."

To the girl Nora, a character that leaves an impression as profound and as touching and as phosphorescent as the Brigid of *Shadow and Substance*, Father Shaughnessy observes, "The evil you assimilated in a pagan land is deep in you, woman"; whereupon this challenging answer: "What I have in me that won't let me stoop I didn't get in England, for England hasn't got it to give. I got it here. It was in Aideen when she rode by Oscar's side at the battle of the Garva. It was in Cu Chulainn when he tied himself to a pillar before he'd stoop to death. It was in Ossian when he rode back on Niam's white horse and found the land full of priests like you and little men like that poor schoolmaster there, and it's in me now, making me refuse to come to your council table and swallow the ancient draught of humility." And at the play's conclusion, when the old Canon gently says to her, "It's the music of the rebellious world you hear, my child, the music of the new deadly sirens. Ulysses tied himself to the mast, do you remember? Your mast is a sensible little man like Denis and the flag of the Church on top of it. Dreams, Nora, should be left on the right side of the blankets. You're not going back to England, I hope," —it is so she replies:

"No, I will never leave Ireland again. There's something here that is nowhere else. It's away back far and away deep down. A man going down a moonlit road from a fair may know it, or a child reading on a broken window sill of Niam or Aideen or Maeve, but they will tell you no name for it. They will look away from you and the tears will come with a sudden wild rush, but the cry is within them forever, and neither money nor mating will make them happy. I am like that, Canon. It's my only sin, and this is my only true confession. There's great loveliness in a child, you say. Do you think I don't know? But I'd destroy him from his beginning. I'd call him Finn or Ossian and want him to grow into a man that would drive a sword into the heart of all that law and custom have blessed. Would you have that, Canon? . . . I must find out. I must follow the steed till I see that face that is turned away, and then I will know. If you want the firelight, Denis, go to it. I must be away.

"I must see the face of the queen that rides it, and find out who she is—if she is Niam or Aideen or Brigid or the Mother of God, or all of them in one. Then I will know and love. Oh, the ruin that's in you, Denis, and the falling down, and the whole horrible shame of the little black men. . ."

In these few quoted speeches you get the force, the flavor and the flower of the play, a play that edges its indignation with an alleviating humor and that dramatizes its colloquies into at least two scenes—one at the end of the second act, the other at the climax of the fourth—that should shake the emotion out of any audience that witnesses them. That is, as I have said, provided only they are played as they should be, which isn't an easy job.

What minor faults the script betrays may readily be corrected. The third act, as it stands, is largely a mere episode and, as in the case of the third act of the *Shadow and Substance* script, should be cut down and dovetailed with the present fourth act. Carroll has also somewhat overdone the allusions to the legend of the white steed; some of these should be deleted lest repetition induce in an audience a tendency to snigger. Then, again, Carroll has a love for stage directions that call upon his characters to "sit dejectedly, face buried in hands." 'Raus mit 'em.

But small matter. *The White Steed* is still another credit to the Irish drama and this article, whether it bores you or not, is of necessity still another testimonial to the becoming monotonous Irish genius.

Just by way of giving you a little novelty for your money, however, I may confide to you that Carroll's one-act play, *Coggerers*, which is announced to figure in Mr. Dowling's projected short-play theatre, when and if it gets going, isn't anything much to tell the boys at the pub about. Employing the familiar device of statues come to life, in this instance those of Parnell, Emmet, Tone, Mitchell and Fitzgerald, it resolves itself into little more than a rather damply sardonic titbit involving an old scrubwoman whose son is killed in the cause of Irish freedom. But —and here is where we return to the same old recurrent motif— announced for the same program is a one-act play by Sean O'Casey, *The End of the Beginning*, that is a masterpiece of low-comedy writ-

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ing. If a funnier, bellybustinger, whiskerticklinger, riproaringer short play has ever been written by anyone at any time anywhere, I don't know of it. The spectacle of a couple of rummy codgers trying to run a house in the absence of the wife of one of them is, as O'Casey shows it to us, the damnedest piece of hilarity that has come the way of the theatre in a coon's age. I have read the script half a dozen times and each time I have laughed louder and more obstreperously than the time before.

When it gets to the stage, if they get a couple of good Irish comedians to play it, I warn the management they had better leave six seats vacant on either side of me. ⧻

The Dark Wanderer

Continued from page 57

him, a wanderer without a land, a place, a home, a fireside without even a smile, a wanderer like the eternal wandering Jew or some spirit dragging itself wearily through a timeless purgatory.

No words were necessary between us. We seemed to understand without that crude convention of speech. The cold grey winter afternoon soon folded upon itself and a dark slate evening sky brought an enveloping dimness upon the room, upon the black bearded peddler by the fire and upon everything about us. We were immersed in the shadow of the eve.

And as the light folded upon itself, strange and fanciful visions unfolded in my mind.

* * *

I saw a man walking slowly against a dark sky. He was bent under a heavy pack and he walked across dim horizons, a black figure. A single bright star glistened high in the sky and it was in this direction that he seemed walking. But he walked so slowly and there was so much land and so much sky....

And in the grey sky a lot of stars were trying to shine but only one glistened out brightly. And something strange was going on in the sky.

Great shadows were moving. Three heavy shadows were crossing the wide open space. Soon, very soon, their shapes became more defined.

A man was at a plow and two great dark oxen were dragging it and turning up deep furrows in the sky. And as the furrows were cut, little stars, as though they were bright pebbles, rolled to the surface and sparkled brightly. One could see the path of the plow by the lines and lines of liberated stars. The three dark shadows, two oxen and the man guiding the plow moved slowly. When they came to the end of that great field they turned about and crossed again.

With every new furrow cut into the great black, fresh stars glistened.

Soon a whole section of the sky was sparkling with stars. The figure of the wanderer bent under his pack seemed to grow smaller on the long horizon. He walked on wearily step by step. He seemed to go in the direction of the one large star that burned so brightly and he did not look up to see the great shadows of the man and the dark oxen.

More and more little stars made their appearance in the sky but the large one, the bright one, could not be dimmed by the presence of these little ones. Again and again the oxen crossed the sky and the laborer at the handles of the plow directed its course.

Something much stranger was added to this vision. Something difficult to explain. As the plow crossed the sky back and forth it had missed a whole long narrow section somewhat oval in shape, though oddly pointed at the ends. The plow avoided cutting into this dark area. And as more and more stars were turned up from this vast field and the whole sky grew brilliant with a million sparkling points this long streak seemed to grow darker and its outline clearer. At length it was sharply defined and one could see that there was a wave at the upper line, that it had sharp tapering ends.

At last it was clear. This great starless section across the sky was lips. They were dark and serious. They were silent. No smile curled the ends that tapered off into the great distance.

They were lips hard and cold as though they had been chiseled in dark granite on an Egyptian tomb. But what they signified I could not know. Were these lips that had once spoken words eternal, words of a prophet? Or was this the silent evidence of those thunderous words that once were heard in the sky? No. Perhaps on this night, the one night, when we unfold the cherished memories of those we have known and spoken to, whose lips have touched the wine and issued words of cheer, here perhaps are all—all rolled together into one great symbol of . . . No, they are dark—black! They could not be part of those dear loved ones. They are part of something else, something dyed deep in mystery.

I glanced again at the whole scene. The oxen were gone. The plow and laborer also had vanished. And even the silhouette on the horizon of the wanderer with his pack, he too had disappeared. Nothing remained but a vast expanse, a million stars and the great black portion of the sky—the lips.

* * *

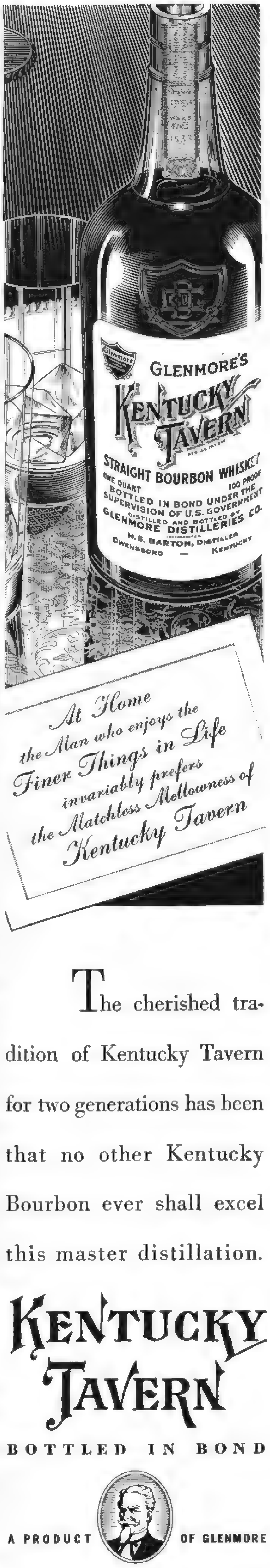
It had grown darker. He seemed to stir. I rubbed my eyes and lit the lamp.

"Perhaps I had better go," he said.

"My wife could offer you a bowl of stew," I said. "There is enough for three and there would be enough for another."

He smiled. "Perhaps later," he

Continued on page 232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The Dark Wanderer

Continued from pages 57-231

asked, "you might allow me to come back to warm myself again?"

"Of course. Certainly you are welcome."

"If I am returning this way and see a light in your window—later . . . It is a cold night."

He lifted the pack upon his shoulders and departed with slow weary steps.

As soon as he was gone my wife came into the room to be near the lamp because she was sewing a small warm flannel shirt for our little boy and she wanted to have it finished in time because . . . At least it would be something on Christmas morn. Her needle moved rapidly through the soft cloth.

She told me then that she did not like the looks of the peddler, that she felt strangely nervous when he was here and was happy to hear him depart.

"What did he have in the bundle?"

"I don't know. I failed to ask him what he was selling. It did not seem to matter."

And then I told her that the man seemed to have a strange power. He could tell what I was thinking about and more than once he replied to my inner thoughts. This and more, for while he was here I saw a strange vision such as I had never seen before. It was no vague fancy. All that seemed to happen with the plow and oxen was clear and intense. But the meaning of the dark lips in the sky I could not explain.

Perhaps this is something I should have asked him about. Perhaps he knew the meaning and somehow or other was trying to make me understand. Later, if the light is burning he may possibly return, for surely his weary eyes held a secret that he was anxious to disclose.

We ate our supper and soon it was time for the boy to go to bed. He knew it was Christmas Eve and in the morning it would be Christmas Day. He knew it as well as we did but not a word of this was said for he was a good boy and he wanted us to know that he expected nothing and that he was a big boy now and . . . He knew.

And I would not have to wait for him to awake in the morning and cry out with a laugh, "Now you know! Ha, ha. It's only a joke. There is no Christmas!"

But it's a lie. He knows and I know too that two dollars' worth of loot stuffed into a stocking does not make a Christmas. How deep is the understanding of silence? This much he has already spared me. I am grateful.

As soon as he had gone to bed my wife put a flatiron on the stove. The flannel shirt was finished and only a few wrinkles would need to be ironed out before she could place it in the bed with him. This shirt was made with her own hands, her own fingers, with the love of a mother for her son and the richest man in the world did not have a shirt so fine for his little boy.

"You know dear. It is Christmas Eve." But the words that came from my mouth were high in pitch and nervous. I kissed her.

Now at last all the travelers on the many roads that form a network over the rude surface of our globe have reached their happy destination. Now on Christmas Eve they are home with those they cherish. The fires burn brightly for there is something with us, something that makes us reach out with tenderness to all living creatures—all humanity.

And the young little people are snugly tucked in their beds dreaming their dreams of kings of old, of crusaders in quest of the Holy Grail, of children in the forest overtaken by darkness but walking on hand in hand without fear, for the good fairies are watching over them and they hold in their hands magic wands. And against a magic wand no evil power can prevail. And in the morning as early as possible they will awake for it will be Christmas Day. And joy will be boundless. In all the countries of the world it will be Christmas Day. And here too in this little hut held together by weathered boards and a few rusty nails it will be the same.

When the little shirt was ironed she placed it in the bed beside him and passed her hand along the edge to see that the covers were secure. She was weary and decided to go to bed and I said that soon I would be along but I wanted to read a little from one of the books on the shelf. But really I had so many things in my mind that I did not feel sleepy.

And besides possibly later, if there was a light in the window, he would return. Dark wanderer, peddler or no matter what he may be, this was Christmas Eve and a little warmth from the fire could not be denied. And those great dark lips in the sky—perhaps he knows the meaning of this mystery.

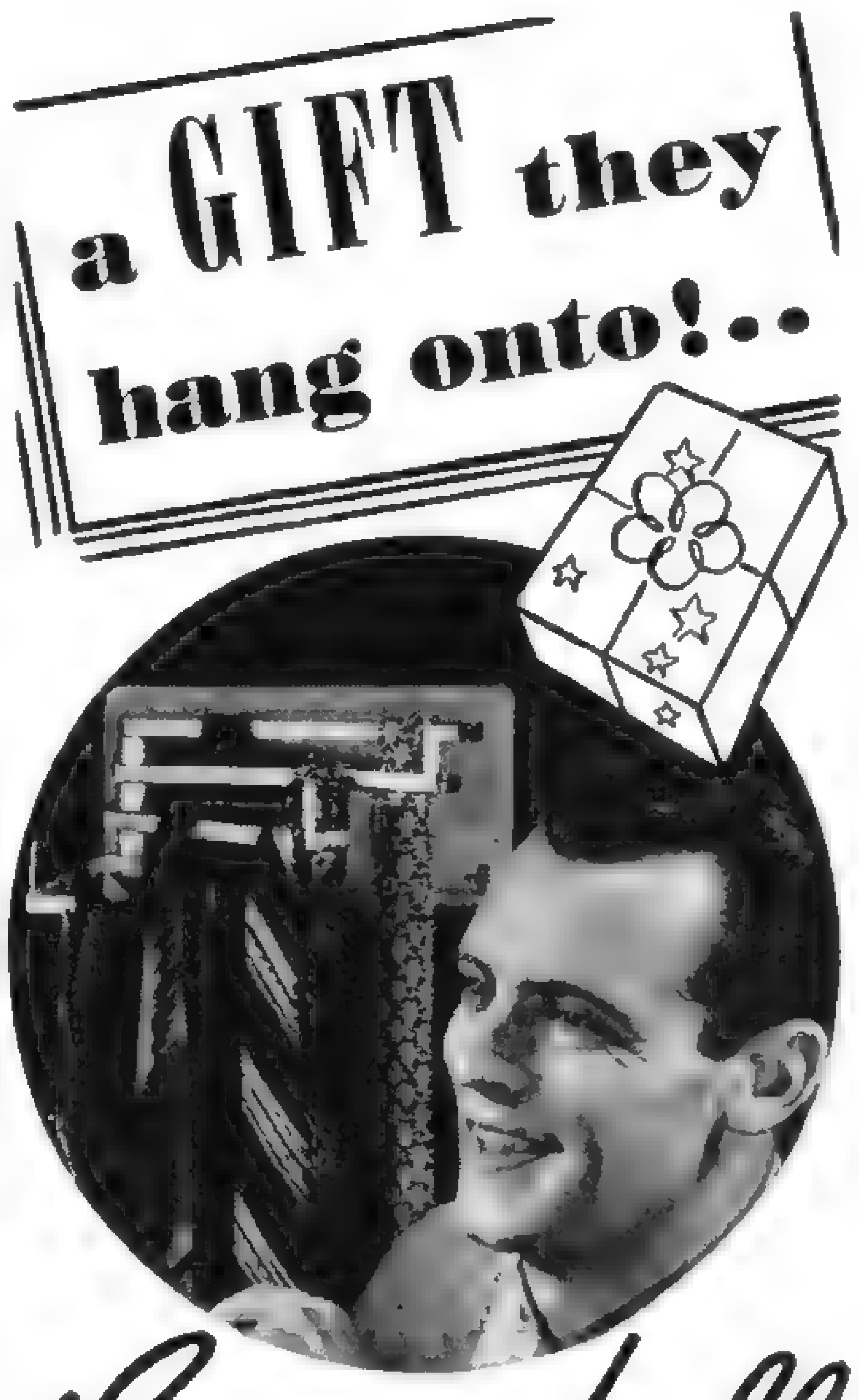
As midnight approached I kept glancing at the clock. In a few minutes the new day would be here and we could call to each other with a welcome "Merry Christmas." But the night was still and the dark mystery of the vision was constantly in my mind. But soon it will be light and so many hearts will beat so gaily and throb that one, one, one pulsing note, only one added again to one, an overflowing all-embracing stream of . . . As last year and the year before and a thousand years before that all humanity on this one day . . .

A gentle tap, a faint knock, came from the door. I did not want to call out for fear of waking my wife and boy and I went to the door.

It was he, the dark wanderer. I bowed and he entered.

"Cold outside."

"Come warm yourself," I said. He removed his pack and came



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to the fire. His face had the same coarse features I had noticed before but the eyes with their pink sensitive lids seemed weary unto death.

After he rested a while and warmed himself I thought perhaps it would be good on this special day to offer him a drop of our homemade wine. I said nothing but rose to get two small glasses, but he knew what was in my mind.

"No," he said rather sharply. "You cannot. You cannot drink wine with me. You would regret it for long, so long. Oh, and you do not know the power of regret!"

"The power of regret?" I asked.

"Yes. Such a load is not relieved even by death."

The force of his words brought me back to my chair by the table. Now perhaps I could find out what was written in the sky, what were the words written with the plow dragged by dark oxen as the soil turned up hundreds of diamond-like stars.

He probably knew my thought but he was silent and his head was bowed so I could not look into his eyes.

I heard a slight rustle from the other room and in a few moments the boy was standing on the threshold with the flannel shirt in his hand.

"Daddy, can I wish you Merry Christmas now? It's after twelve o'clock."

"Yes, son. I can wish you Merry Christmas also but you should be in bed and asleep."

"I know Daddy, but I heard you talking with someone and I saw there was a light and then I found this."

"Put it on, son. Your sweet mother made it for you. And in the morning you must give her a warm kiss. And you must also say something to this gentleman here warming himself."

The boy went a step or two toward the stove and called out cheerfully: "Merry Christmas, sir."

He raised his bearded head and opened his lips to reply but the words were hard for him to form and his voice trembled as he replied: "Merry Christmas." A lump rose in his throat which he could hardly swallow and tears swelled his eyes. He turned his head aside.

My boy came over to me and sat in my lap. He placed an arm about my neck and said: "You know what, Daddy? I decided that when I grow up I want to be just like you." He smiled broadly and I smiled in return. Nothing greater could any dad receive from his boy on Christmas Day.

I glanced at the wanderer and his words that he spoke so sharply about "the power of regret" still rang in my ear. If he could tell me what that meant it might lead to the dark lips.

He rose and drew from the inside of his coat an old leather wallet. He shook it. "Silver," he said in a coarse voice. Then he opened the wallet and poured the coins on the table before me. They were old coins of a foreign stamp and unlike any I had seen.

"Count the silver," he ordered.

But I looked into his face to find the meaning of this.

"Count ten."

I counted off ten coins.

"Count ten more."

Ten more I moved from the pile.

"Count the rest."

Exactly an even ten remained. All told, thirty silver coins. I looked closely and saw that they were stamped with the head of a Roman emperor. Then it came to me suddenly and I looked into his eyes. It was true, here were thirty pieces of silver. This was the price of eternity. Here before me the tortured wandering power of regret.

He gathered the coins up quickly and tied them into the wallet. Then he took a deep breath and raised his bundle and said: "Before I went I wanted you to know. . . . Now you know."

He opened the door and stood under the clear winter sky. A star was shining brightly in the heaven and he left the road and walked slowly across the field in the direction of the star.

We closed the door. I looked at my son wearing the flannel shirt my wife had made for him. I looked searchingly into his face to see if he possibly could have understood this strange event for, if only he had, it would be something that all his long life he would remember.

Here on this very table had been the thirty pieces of silver. And my hands? I counted them!

I poured some water into a basin and washed my hands with yellow soap.

"Why are you washing your hands, Daddy?"

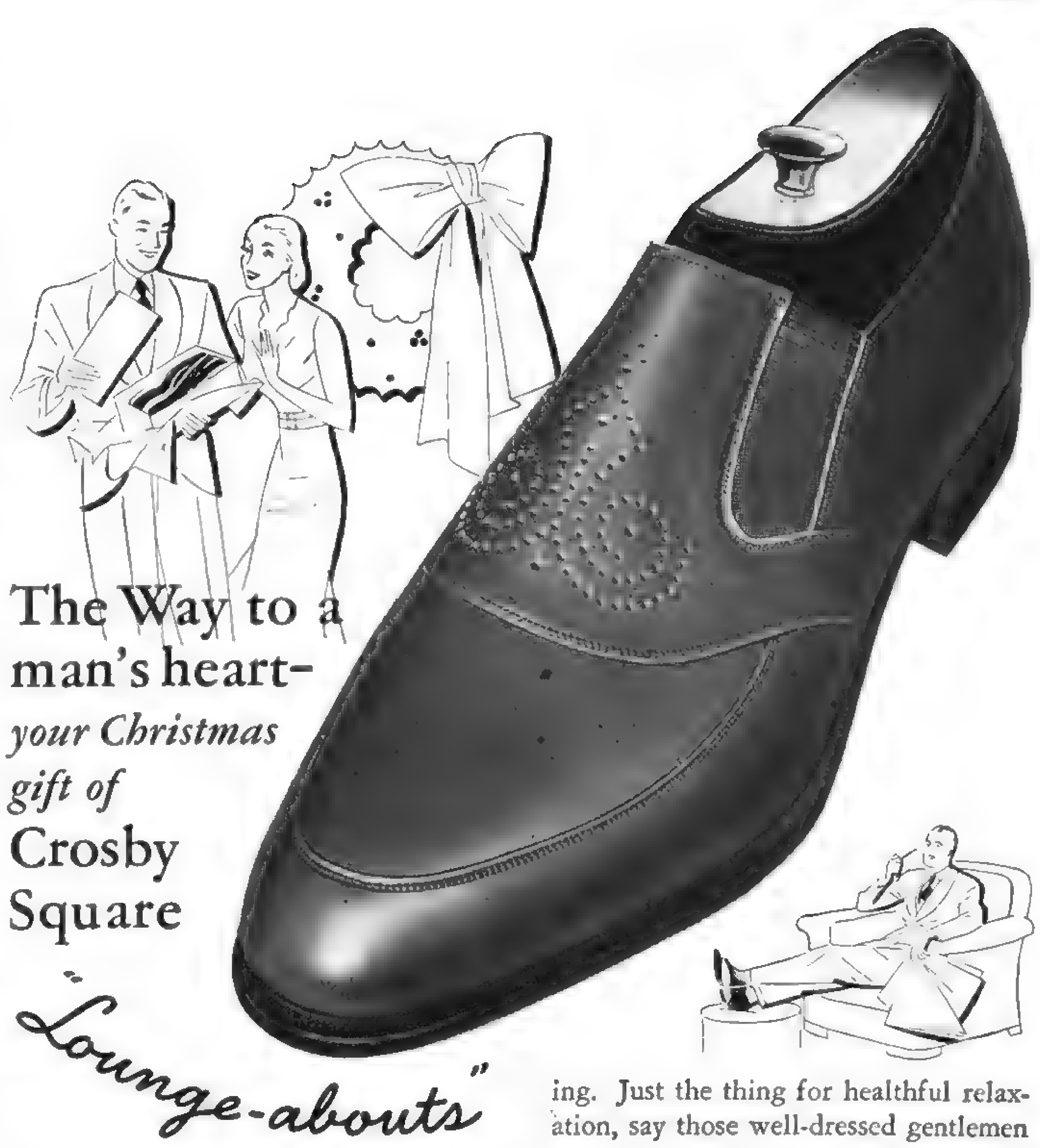
"On account of the money. You would not understand."

How is it possible that he is the same person today as he was on the day when he gave that black kiss of betrayal and collected his silver—thirty pieces. Is it possible that he has wandered for two thousand years with weary step, without a place, without a home, with no rest? Is it possible that he prays for death but must be punished with life? Would death ever wash out such a crime? His eyes spoke in eloquence of tortured pity.

This was the power of regret. And the great black lips in the sky over the weary wanderer were surely only one thing. The black kiss of Judas.

But why did he choose to come to us tonight? I do not know.

We looked out of the window and caught a final glimpse of his dark figure silhouetted in the moonlight against the sky. The load he carried bent him down. A star burned brightly overhead and a long dark streak hung over him in the sky. And it was here in this place of the vast heaven that only a short while before I saw the shadowy great plow and the oxen and the hundreds of little stars surrounding a great dark field—the black lips. ##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The Voice of Cain

Continued from page 83

any bear was the sunset, cold and primeval in that ancient forest. It gave me a sense of isolation that I had never known before. Night noises deepened the feeling. My campfire that night had to perform the extra function of warming a rather chilly soul. During the afternoon of the second day my loneliness grew into terror, for nature which had been aloof became antagonistic—I was being stalked by some animal! Immediately I was fearful of every noise in the underbrush, nervous under trees, wondering what kind of beast it was and if/how/when it would attack. About an hour later I saw it—a wildcat—and I was immensely relieved, because a cat won't attack a man unless he is on horseback. It is the horse that they want, not the human being, but they usually manage to get both. Now I knew I was not in danger, but still I wished the creature would go away and not be so interested in my affairs. When I pitched camp that night he was still with me, I could see his eyes on the other side of the fire. Somehow I managed to fall asleep and was in the midst of nightmare when suddenly . . . something jumped down on my chest! I woke up so quickly that I had taken my pistol from the holster and fired three shots before I even realized I was awake. I leapt to my feet. First I assured myself that my throat had not been clawed, then with much perspiring I looked around me. And there, only a hop from where I had been lying, was the thoroughly dead body of a rabbit.

Obviously I never related this to the boys at Cain. I merely showed them the fine black bear that I bagged on the way home—not three city blocks from the settlement!

The people of Cain had a backwoods sense of humor, which means that there was always a fall-guy and that his fall was liable to hurt. Folks just loved to put a rattlesnake in your cooking kettle, to cover it with the lid, and drop in for a visit when you were about to prepare dinner. I don't know why but I never found this very funny.

But there is something funny that I must tell—the Cainites were rich. In fact, they were exceedingly wealthy. It seems that they had bought their land for practically nothing per acre and had later discovered that there were large deposits of natural gas below the surface. By some means the petroleum companies had also learned of this and had sent representatives to Cain in order to buy the rights. The companies had exploited many a Kentucky farmer by buying the rights to his land at a ridiculously low figure. The Cainites refused to sell, not because the price was absurd but because they did not wish the intrusion of drillers. Now they know the true value of the gas and they are more than ever determined not to sell. But some day they will and the petroleum company will have to pay an honest figure.

The sex mores in Cain were interesting. As I have already indicated, there was a scarcity of women; I understand that this is usually true of pioneer settlements. Now, under ordinary circumstances, hill folk are quietly adulterous. The affairs are not important in their lives and as long as they are conducted in a discreet and unaffectionate manner, nobody objects. Not so in Cain! Sex was taken very seriously and adultery demanded revenge. Nor could you get away with seduction, for an intact, marriageable girl was, from her father's point of view, property of inestimable worth. Bidding ran high on such girls. The ugliest of them—although few mountain girls are ugly, their mountain complexion and carriage redeeming even the ill-featured—could obtain any bachelor in Cain and demand that her husband bring with him a dowry. Incidentally, these mountain belles had a habit of popping all of a sudden into puberty and doing this at an early age.

Thus Crystal Bean, an eleven-year-old child in fall, became in winter suddenly a woman and was besieged by suitors. She was married to a stalwart young man whose name just happened to be Piddle More.

You may be interested to know that there was no one in Cain qualified to perform these marriages and that therefore the couples lived in sin until the arrival of some itinerant preacher, who proceeded to tie the requisite number of marital knots. Of course many a couple had produced several children by the time the preacher arrived, but that did not stop the bride from blushing, the bridegroom from being nervous, and the entire community from cracking the usual nuptial-night jokes.

The same pristine enthusiasm was accorded to funerals. Mountain folk have a wailing good time at "groundings"; they throw themselves into the graves and tear their hair, despite the fact that they have a sensible, unneurotic attitude towards death and that on the morrow the widow will go about her business with a calm, unstricken air. They so much enjoy these "groundings" that when the preacher comes the coffins are exhumed, and with all the original gusto the funerals start again from scratch.

Once a month I would saddle my mule and ride to Bloody Mountain for my mail. Each month my wife's letter would be more impatient: when did I intend to return or should she join me in Cain? Frankly, I preferred to have things remain just as they were but she was not satisfied with such a tame solution. On my sixth trip

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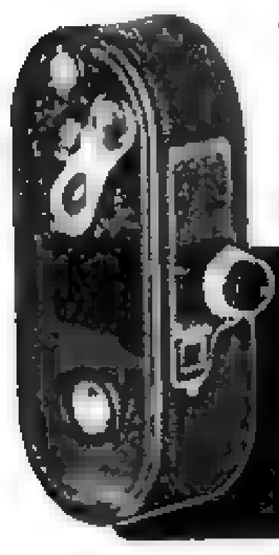

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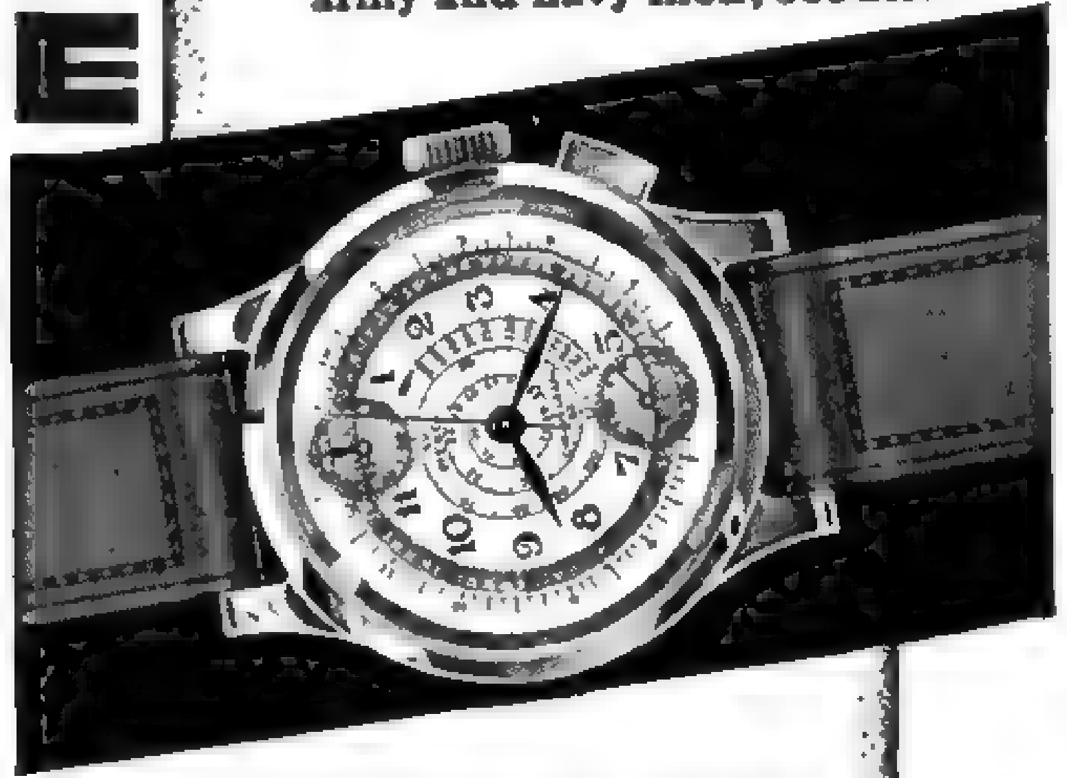

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I found this following message:

"Unless you return immediately, I shall buy a white horse and enter Cain in the garb of Lady Godiva. From what you have told me of the Cainite males, I think they will be properly appreciative, particularly since I do not wear my hair long but in a shingle bob, *as you may remember.*"

It was a most frightening prospect. Even without the Godiva stunt, Nan's appearance would lead to trouble in Cain. Either I would have to shoot several men or else several men would shoot me. Therefore, I shaved off my beard—one always grows a beard in such surroundings—and went back to New York. Where a man protects his home with a double-barreled lock instead of a shotgun. Where I never see a wildcat —or even a rabbit. Where no one is polite to me, and I long to go back to Cain. #

Leiningen Versus the Ants

Continued from page 99

ditch. Many thousands were already drowning in the sluggish creeping flow, but they were followed by troop after troop, who clambered over their sinking comrades, and then themselves served as dying bridges to the reserves hurrying on in their rear.

Shoals of ants were being carried away by the current into the middle of the ditch, where gradually they broke asunder and then, exhausted by their struggles, vanished below the surface. Nevertheless, the wavering, floundering hundred-yard front was remorselessly if slowly advancing towards the besieged on the other bank. Leiningen had been wrong when he supposed the enemy would first have to fill the ditch with their bodies before they could cross; instead, they merely needed to act as stepping-stones, as they swam and sank, to the hordes ever pressing onwards from behind.

Near Leiningen a few mounted herdsmen awaited his orders. He sent one to the weir—the river must be dammed more strongly to increase the speed and power of the water coursing through the ditch.

A second peon was dispatched to the outhouses to bring spades and petrol sprinklers. A third rode away to summon to the zone of the offensive all the men, except the observation posts, on the near-by sections of the ditch, which were not yet actively threatened.

The ants were getting across far more quickly than Leiningen would have deemed possible. Impelled by the mighty cascade behind them, they struggled nearer and nearer to the inner bank. The momentum of the attack was so great that neither the tardy flow of the stream nor its downward pull could exert its proper force; and into the gap left by every submerging insect, hastened forward a dozen more.

When reinforcements reached Leiningen, the invaders were halfway over. The planter had to admit to himself that it was only by a stroke of luck for him that the ants were attempting the crossing on a relatively short front: had they assaulted simultaneously along the entire length of the ditch, the outlook for the defenders would have been black indeed.

Even as it was, it could hardly be described as rosy, though the planter seemed quite unaware that death in a gruesome form was drawing closer and closer. As the war between his brain and the "act of God" reached its climax, the very shadow of annihilation began to pale to Leiningen, who now felt like a champion in a new Olympic game, a gigantic and thrilling contest, from which he was determined to emerge victor. Such, indeed, was his aura of confidence that the Indians forgot their stupefied fear of the peril only a yard or two away; under the planter's supervision, they began fervidly digging up to the edge of the bank and throwing clods of earth and spadefuls of sand into the midst of the hostile fleet.

The petrol sprinklers, hitherto used to destroy pests and blights on the plantation, were also brought into action. Streams of evil-reeking oil now soared and fell over an enemy already in disorder through the bombardment of earth and sand.

The ants responded to these vigorous and successful measures of defence by further developments of their offensive. Entire clumps of huddling insects began to roll down the opposite bank into the water. At the same time, Leiningen noticed that the ants were now attacking along an ever-widening front. As the numbers both of his men and his petrol sprinklers were severely limited, this rapid extension of the line of battle was becoming an overwhelming danger.

To add to his difficulties, the very clods of earth they flung into that black floating carpet often whirled fragments towards the defenders' side, and here and there dark ribbons were already mounting the inner bank. True, wherever a man saw these they could still be driven back into the water by spadefuls of earth or jets of petrol. But the file of defenders was too sparse and scattered to hold off at all points these landing parties, and though the peons toiled like madmen, their plight became momently more perilous.

One man struck with his spade at an enemy clump, did not draw it back quickly enough from the water; in a trice the wooden haft swarmed with upward scurrying insects. With a curse, he dropped the spade into the ditch; too late, they were already on his body. They lost no time; wherever they encountered bare flesh they bit deeply; a few, bigger than the rest, carried in their hindquarters a sting which injected a burning and paralyzing venom. Screaming,

Continued on page 236

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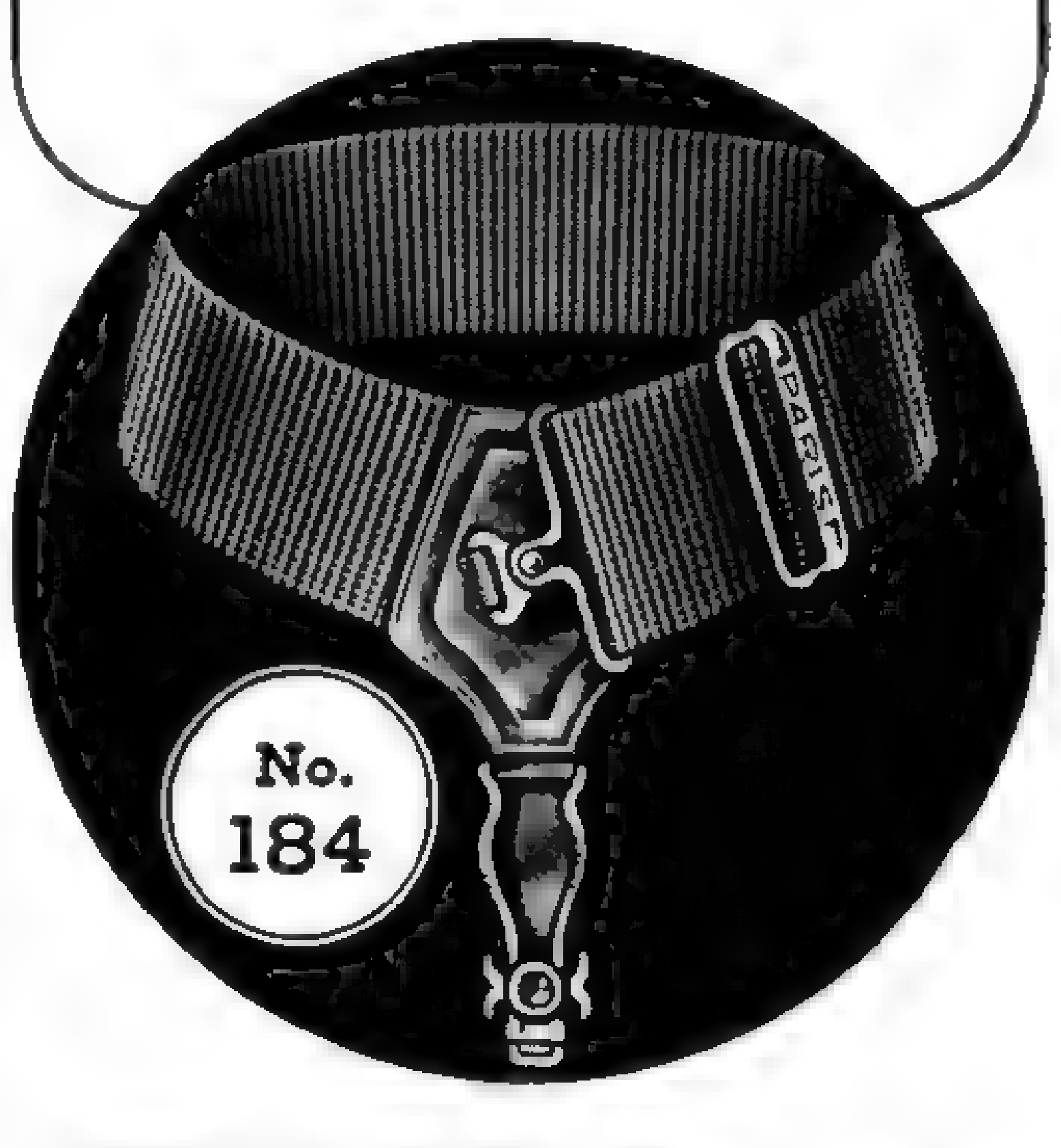

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Leiningen Versus the Ants

Continued from pages 99-235

frantic with pain, the peon danced and twirled like a dervish.

Realizing that another such casualty, yes, perhaps this alone, might plunge his men into confusion and destroy their morale, Leiningen roared in a bellow louder than the yells of the victim: "Into the petrol, idiot! Douse your paws in the petrol!" The dervish ceased his pirouette as if transfixed, then tore off his shirt and plunged his arm and the ants hanging to it up to the shoulder in one of the large open tins of petrol. But even then the fierce mandibles did not slacken; another peon had to help him squash and detach each separate insect.

Distracted by the episode, some defenders had turned away from the ditch. And now cries of fury, a thudding of spades, and a wild trampling to and fro, showed that the ants had made full use of the interval, though luckily only a few had managed to get across. The men set to work again desperately with the barrage of earth and sand. Meanwhile an old Indian, who acted as medicine-man to the plantation workers, gave the bitten peon a drink he had prepared some hours before, which, he claimed, possessed the virtue of dissolving and weakening ants' venom.

Leiningen surveyed his position. A dispassionate observer would have estimated the odds against him at a thousand to one. But then such an onlooker would have reckoned only by what he saw—the advance of myriad battalions of ants against the futile efforts of a few defenders—and not by the unseen activity that can go on in a man's brain.

For Leiningen had not erred when he decided he would fight elemental with elemental. The water in the ditch was beginning to rise; the stronger damming of the river was making itself apparent.

Visibly the swiftness and power of the masses of water increased, swirling into quicker and quicker movement its living black surface, dispersing its pattern, carrying away more and more of it on the hastening current.

Victory had been snatched from the very jaws of defeat. With a hysterical shout of joy, the peons feverishly intensified their bombardment of earth clods and sand.

And now the wide cataract down the opposite bank was thinning and ceasing, as if the ants were becoming aware that they could not attain their aim. They were scurrying back up the slope to safety.

All the troops so far hurled into the ditch had been sacrificed in vain. Drowned and floundering insects eddied in thousands along the flow, while Indians running on the bank destroyed every swimmer that reached the side.

Not until the ditch curved towards the east did the scattered ranks assemble again in a coherent mass. And now, exhausted and half-numbed, they were in no condition to ascend the bank. Fusillades of clods drove them round the bend towards the mouth of the ditch and then into the river, wherein they vanished without leaving a trace.

The news ran swiftly along the entire chain of outposts, and soon a long scattered line of laughing men could be seen hastening along the ditch towards the scene of victory.

For once they seemed to have lost all their native reserve, for it was in wild abandon now they celebrated the triumph—as if there were no longer thousands of millions of merciless, cold and hungry eyes watching them from the opposite bank, watching and waiting.

The sun sank behind the rim of the tamarind wood and twilight deepened into night. It was not only hoped but expected that the ants would remain quiet until dawn. But to defeat any forlorn attempt at a crossing, the flow of water through the ditch was powerfully increased by opening the dam still further.

In spite of this impregnable barrier, Leiningen was not yet altogether convinced that the ants would not venture another surprise attack. He ordered his men to camp along the bank overnight. He also detailed parties of them to patrol the ditch in two of his motor cars and ceaselessly to illuminate the surface of the water with headlights and electric torches.

After having taken all the precautions he deemed necessary, the farmer ate his supper with considerable appetite and went to bed. His slumbers were in no wise disturbed by the memory of the waiting, live, twenty square miles.

Dawn found a thoroughly refreshed and active Leiningen riding along the edge of the ditch. The planter saw before him a motionless and unaltered throng of besiegers. He studied the wide belt of water between them and the plantation, and for a moment almost regretted that the fight had ended so soon and so simply. In the comforting, matter-of-fact light of morning, it seemed to him now that the ants hadn't the ghost of a chance to cross the ditch. Even if they plunged headlong into it on all three fronts at once, the force of the now powerful current would inevitably sweep them away. He had got quite a thrill out of the fight—a pity it was already over.

He rode along the eastern and southern sections of the ditch and found everything in order. He reached the western section, opposite the tamarind wood, and here, contrary to the other battle fronts, he found the enemy very busy indeed. The trunks and branches of the trees and the creepers of the lianas, on the far bank of the ditch, fairly swarmed with industrious insects. But instead of eating the leaves there and then, they were merely gnawing through the stalks, so that a

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thick green shower fell steadily to the ground.

No doubt they were victualing columns sent out to obtain provender for the rest of the army. The discovery did not surprise Leiningen. He did not need to be told that ants are intelligent, that certain species even use others as milch cows, watchdogs and slaves. He was well aware of their power of adaptation, their sense of discipline, their marvelous talent for organization.

His belief that a foray to supply the army was in progress was strengthened when he saw the leaves that fell to the ground being dragged to the troops waiting outside the wood. Then all at once he realized the aim that rain of green was intended to serve.

Each single leaf, pulled or pushed by dozens of toiling insects, was borne straight to the edge of the ditch. Even as Macbeth watched the approach of Birnam Wood in the hands of his enemies, Leiningen saw the tamarind wood move nearer and nearer in the mandibles of the ants. Unlike the fey Scot, however, he did not lose his nerve; no witches had prophesied his doom, and if they had he would have slept just as soundly. All the same, he was forced to admit to himself that the situation was now far more ominous than that of the day before.

He had thought it impossible for the ants to build rafts for themselves—well, here they were, coming in thousands, more than enough to bridge the ditch. Leaves after leaves rustled down the slope into the water, where the current drew them away from the bank and carried them into midstream. And every single leaf carried several ants. This time the farmer did not trust to the alacrity of his messengers. He galloped away, leaning from his saddle and yelling orders as he rushed past outpost after outpost: "Bring petrol pumps to the southwest front! Issue spades to every man along the line facing the wood!" And arrived at the eastern and southern sections, he dispatched every man except the observation posts to the menaced west.

Then, as he rode past the stretch where the ants had failed to cross the day before, he witnessed a brief but impressive scene. Down the slope of the distant hill there came towards him a singular being, writhing rather than running, an animal-like blackened statue with a shapeless head and four quivering feet that knuckled under almost ceaselessly. When the creature reached the far bank of the ditch and collapsed opposite Leiningen, he recognized it as a pampas stag, covered over and over with ants.

It had strayed near the zone of the army. As usual, they had attacked its eyes first. Blinded, it had reeled in the madness of hideous torment straight into the ranks of its persecutors, and now the beast swayed to and fro in its death agony.

With a shot from his rifle Leiningen put it out of its misery. Then he pulled out his watch. He hadn't a second to lose, but for life itself he could not have denied his curiosity the satisfaction of knowing how long the ants would take—for personal reasons, so to speak. After six minutes the white polished bones alone remained. That's how he himself would look before you can—. Leiningen spat once, and put spurs to his horse.

The sporting zest with which the excitement of the novel contest had inspired him the day before had now vanished; in its place was a cold and violent purpose. He would send these vermin back to the hell where they belonged, somehow, anyhow. Yes, but how was indeed the question; as things stood at present it looked as if the devils would raze him and his men from the earth instead. He had underestimated the might of the enemy; he really would have to bestir himself if he hoped to outwit them.

The biggest danger now, he decided, was the point where the western section of the ditch curved southwards. And arrived there, he found his worst expectations justified. The very power of the current had huddled the leaves and their crews of ants so close together at the bend that the bridge was almost ready.

True, streams of petrol and clumps of earth still prevented a landing. But the number of floating leaves was increasing ever more swiftly. It could not be long now before a stretch of water a mile in length was decked by a green pontoon over which the ants could rush in millions.

Leiningen galloped to the weir. The damming of the river was controlled by a wheel on its bank. The planter ordered the man at the wheel first to lower the water in the ditch almost to vanishing point, next to wait a moment, then suddenly to let the river in again. This maneuver of lowering and raising the surface, of decreasing then increasing the flow of water through the ditch was to be repeated over and over again until further notice.

This tactic was at first successful. The water in the ditch sank, and with it the film of leaves. The green fleet nearly reached the bed and the troops on the far bank swarmed down the slope to it. Then a violent flow of water at the original depth raced through the ditch, overwhelming leaves and ants, and sweeping them along.

This intermittent rapid flushing prevented just in time the almost completed fording of the ditch. But it also flung here and there squads of the enemy vanguard simultaneously up the inner bank. These seemed to know their duty only too well, and lost no time accomplishing it. The air rang with the curses of bitten Indians. They had removed their shirts and pants to detect the quicker the upwards-hastening insects; when they saw one, they crushed it; and fortunately the onslaught as yet was only by skirmishers.

Again and again, the water sank

Continued on page 238

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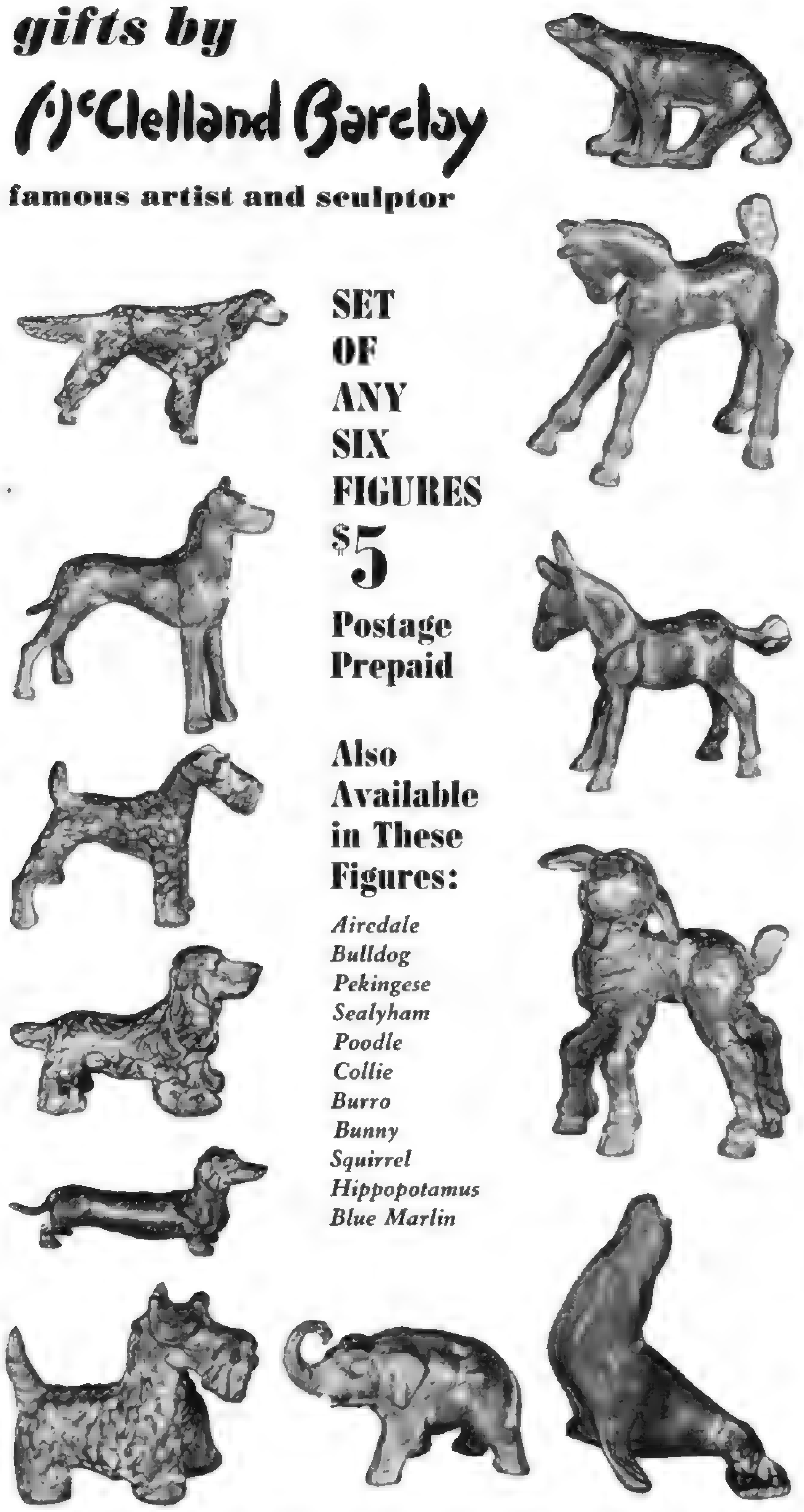

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Leiningen Versus the Ants

Continued from pages 99-235-237

and rose, carrying leaves and drowned ants away with it. It lowered once more nearly to its bed; but this time the exhausted defenders waited in vain for the flush of destruction. Leiningen sensed disaster; something must have gone wrong with the machinery of the dam. Then a sweating peon tore up to him—

"They're over!"

While the besieged were concentrating upon the defence of the stretch opposite the wood, the seemingly unaffected line beyond the wood had become the theatre of decisive action. Here the defenders' front was sparse and scattered; everyone who could be spared had hurried away to the south.

Just as the man at the weir had lowered the water almost to the bed of the ditch, the ants on a wide front began another attempt at a direct crossing like that of the preceding day. Into the emptied bed poured an irresistible throng. Rushing across the ditch, they attained the inner bank before the slow-witted Indians fully grasped the situation. Their frantic screams dumbfounded the man at the weir. Before he could direct the river anew into the safeguarding bed he saw himself surrounded by raging ants. He ran like the others, ran for his life.

When Leningen heard this, he knew the plantation was doomed. He wasted no time bemoaning the inevitable. For as long as there was the slightest chance of success, he had stood his ground, and now any further resistance was both useless and dangerous. He fired three revolver shots into the air—the prearranged signal for his men to retreat instantly within the "inner moat." Then he rode towards the ranchhouse.

This was two miles from the point of invasion. There was therefore time enough to prepare the second line of defence against the advent of the ants. Of the three great petrol cisterns near the house, one had already been half emptied by the constant withdrawals needed for the pumps during the fight at the water ditch. The remaining petrol in it was now drawn off through underground pipes into the concrete trench which encircled the ranchhouse and its outbuildings.

And there, drifting in twos and threes, Leiningen's men reached him. Most of them were obviously trying to preserve an air of calm and indifference, belied, however, by their restless glances and knitted brows. One could see their belief in a favorable outcome of the struggle was already considerably shaken.

The planter called his peons around him.

"Well, lads," he began, "we've lost the first round. But we'll smash the beggars yet, don't you worry. Anyone who thinks otherwise can draw his pay here and now and push off. There are rafts enough and to spare on the river, and plenty of time still to reach 'em."

Not a man stirred.

Leiningen acknowledged his silent vote of confidence with a laugh that was half a grunt. "That's the stuff, lads. Too bad if you'd missed the rest of the show, eh? Well, the fun won't start till morning. Once these blighters turn tail, there'll be plenty of work for everyone and higher wages all round. And now run along and get something to eat; you've earned it all right."

In the excitement of the fight the greater part of the day had passed without the men once pausing to snatch a bite. Now that the ants were for the time being out of sight, and the "wall of petrol" gave a stronger feeling of security, hungry stomachs began to assert their claims.

The bridges over the concrete ditch were removed. Here and there solitary ants had reached the ditch; they gazed at the petrol meditatively, then scurried back again. Apparently they had little interest at the moment for what lay beyond the evil-reeking barrier; the abundant spoils of the plantation were the main attraction. Soon the trees, shrubs and beds for miles around were hulled with ants zealously gobbling the yield of long weary months of strenuous toil.

As twilight began to fall, a cordon of ants marched around the petrol trench, but as yet made no move towards its brink. Leiningen posted sentries with headlights and electric torches, then withdrew to his office, and began to reckon up his losses. He estimated these as large, but, in comparison with his bank balance, by no means unbearable. He worked out in some detail a scheme of intensive cultivation which would enable him, before very long, to more than compensate himself for the damage now being wrought to his crops. It was with a contented mind that he finally betook himself to bed where he slept deeply until dawn, undisturbed by any thought that next day little more might be left of him than a glistening skeleton.

He rose with the sun and went out on the flat roof of his house. And a scene like one from Dante lay around him; for miles in every direction there was nothing but a black, glittering multitude, a multitude of rested, sated, but none the less voracious ants: yes, look as far as one might, one could see nothing but that rustling black throng, except in the north, where the great river drew a boundary they could not hope to pass. But even the high stone breakwater, along the bank of the river, which Leiningen had built as a defence against inundations, was, like the paths, the shorn trees and shrubs, the ground itself, black with ants.

So their greed was not glutted in razing that vast plantation? Not by a long chalk; they were all the more eager now on a rich

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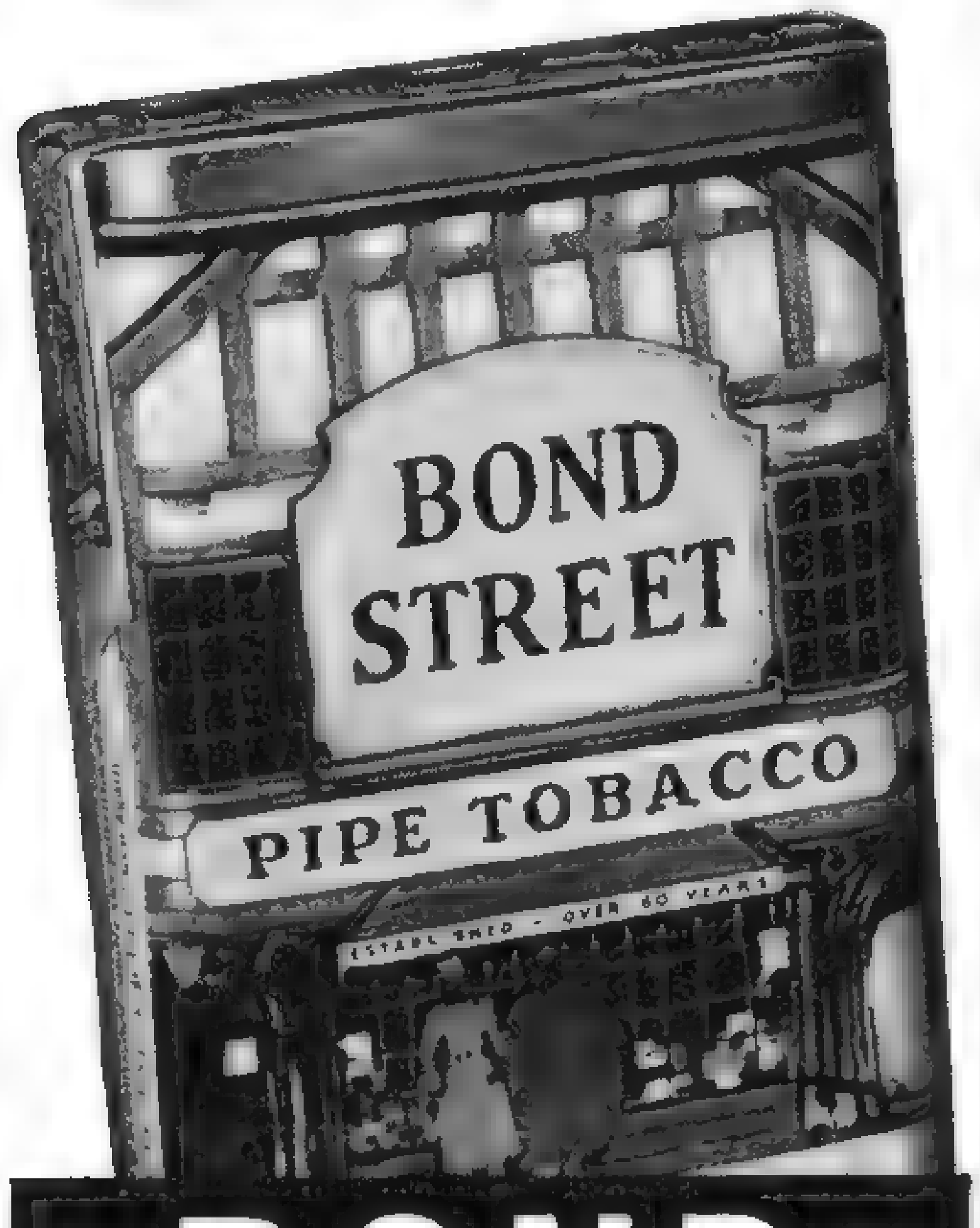

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and certain booty—four hundred men, numerous horses, and bursting granaries.

At first it seemed that the petrol trench would serve its purpose. The besiegers sensed the peril of swimming it, and made no move to plunge blindly over its brink. Instead they devised a better maneuver; they began to collect shreds of bark, twigs and dried leaves and dropped these into the petrol. Everything green, which could have been similarly used, had long since been eaten. After a time, though, a long procession could be seen bringing from the west the tamarind leaves used as rafts the day before.

Since the petrol, unlike the water in the outer ditch, was perfectly still, the refuse stayed where it was thrown. It was several hours before the ants succeeded in covering an appreciable part of the surface. At length, however, they were ready to proceed to a direct attack.

Their storm troops swarmed down the concrete side, scrambled over the supporting surface of twigs and leaves, and impelled these over the few remaining streaks of open petrol until they reached the other side. Then they began to climb up this to make straight for the helpless garrison.

During the entire offensive, the planter sat peacefully, watching them with interest, but not stirring a muscle. Moreover, he had ordered his men not to disturb in any way whatever the advancing horde. So they squatted listlessly along the bank of the ditch and waited for a sign from the boss.

The petrol was now covered with ants. A few had climbed the inner concrete wall and were scurrying towards the defenders.

"Everyone back from the ditch!" roared Leiningen. The men rushed away, without the slightest idea of his plan. He stooped forward and cautiously dropped into the ditch a stone which split the floating carpet and its living freight, to reveal a gleaming patch of petrol. A match spurted, sank down to the oily surface—Leiningen sprang back; in a flash a towering rampart of fire encompassed the garrison.

This spectacular and instant repulse threw the Indians into ecstasy. They applauded, yelled and stamped, like children at a pantomime. Had it not been for the awe in which they held the boss, they would infallibly have carried him shoulder high.

It was some time before the petrol burned down to the bed of the ditch, and the wall of smoke and flame began to lower. The ants had retreated in a wide circle from the devastation, and innumerable charred fragments along the outer bank showed that the flames had spread from the holocaust in the ditch well into the ranks beyond, where they had wrought havoc far and wide.

Yet the perseverance of the ants was by no means broken; indeed, each setback seemed only to whet it. The concrete cooled, the flicker of the dying flames wavered and vanished, petrol from the second tank poured into the trench—and the ants marched forward anew to the attack.

The foregoing scene repeated itself in every detail, except that on this occasion less time was needed to bridge the ditch, for the petrol was now already filmed by a layer of ash. Once again they withdrew; once again petrol flowed into the ditch. Would the creatures never learn that their self-sacrifice was utterly senseless? It really was senseless, wasn't it? Yes, of course it was senseless—provided the defenders had an *unlimited* supply of petrol.

When Leiningen reached this stage of reasoning, he felt for the first time since the arrival of the ants that his confidence was deserting him. His skin began to creep; he loosened his collar. Once the devils were over the trench there wasn't a chance in hell for him and his men. God, what a prospect, to be eaten alive like that!

For the third time the flames immolated the attacking troops, and burned down to extinction. Yet the ants were coming on again as if nothing had happened. And meanwhile Leiningen had made a discovery that chilled him to the bone—petrol was no longer flowing into the ditch. Something must be blocking the outflow pipe of the third and last cistern—a snake or a dead rat? Whatever it was, the ants could be held off no longer, unless petrol could by some method be led from the cistern into the ditch.

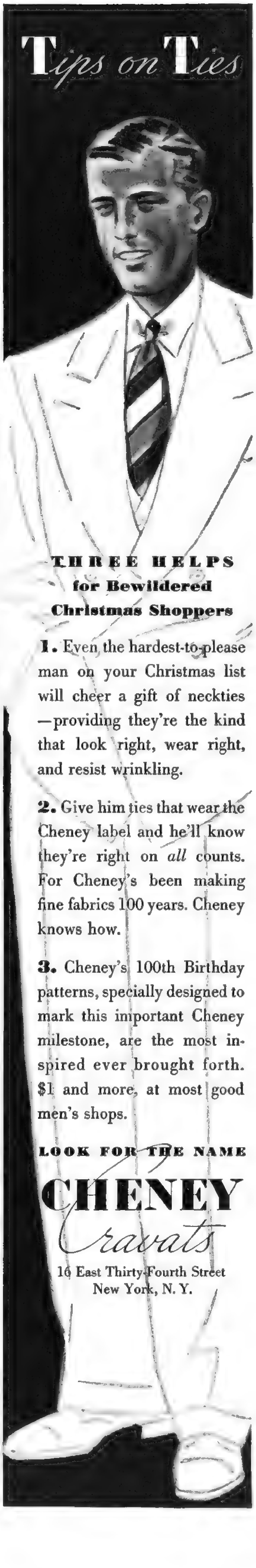
Then Leiningen remembered that in an outhouse near-by were two old disused fire engines. Spry as never before in their lives, the peons dragged them out of the shed, connected their pumps to the cistern, uncoiled and laid the hose. They were just in time to aim a stream of petrol at a column of ants that had already crossed and drive them back down the incline into the ditch. Once more an oily girdle surrounded the garrison, once more it was possible to hold the position—for the moment.

It was obvious, however, that this last resource meant only the postponement of defeat and death. A few of the peons fell on their knees and began to pray; others, shrieking insanely, fired their revolvers at the black, advancing masses, as if they felt their despair was pitiful enough to sway fate itself to mercy.

At length, two of the men's nerves broke: Leiningen saw a naked Indian leap over the north side of the petrol trench, quickly followed by a second. They sprinted with incredible speed towards the river. But their fleetness did not save them; long before they could attain the rafts, the enemy covered their bodies from head to foot.

In the agony of their torment, both sprang blindly into the wide river, where enemies no less sinister awaited them. Wild screams of mortal anguish informed the breathless onlookers that croco-

Continued on page 240



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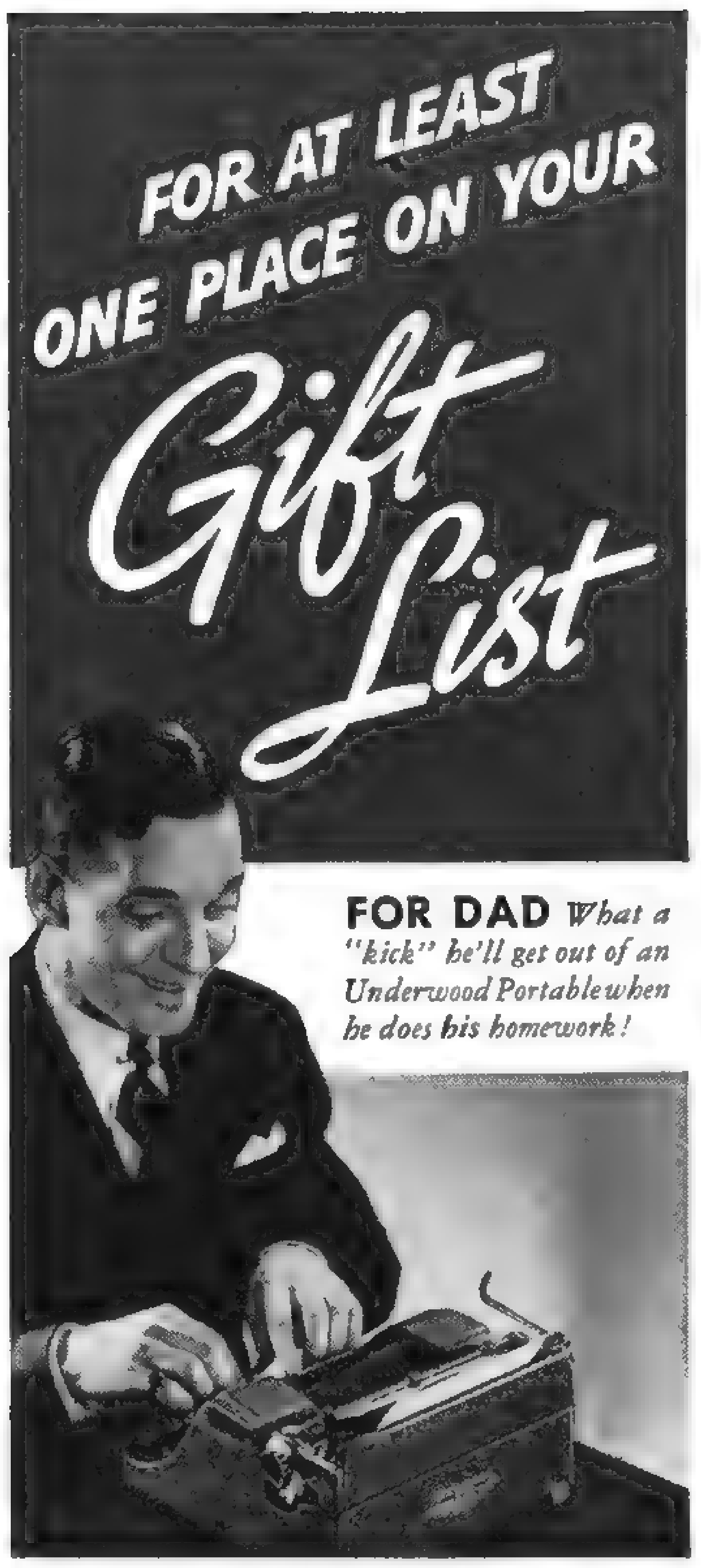
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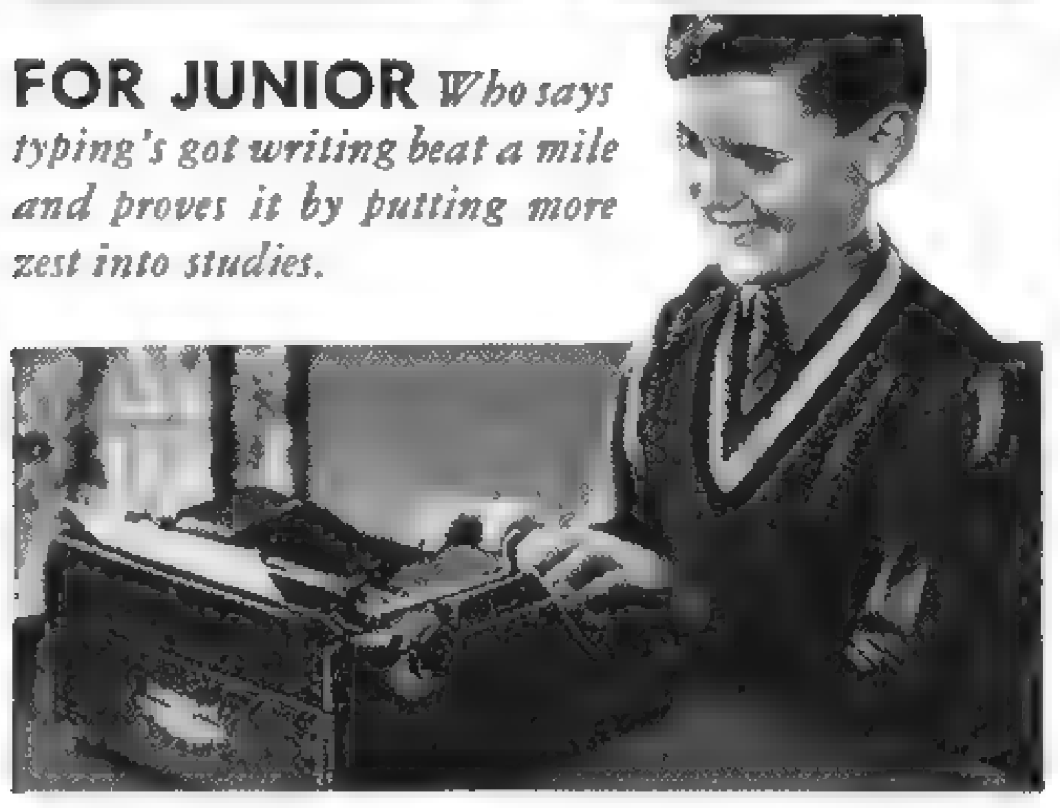

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Leiningen Versus the Ants

Continued from pages 99-235-237-239

diles and sword-toothed piranhas were no less ravenous than ants, and even nimbler in reaching their prey.

In spite of this bloody warning, more and more men showed they were making up their minds to run the blockade. Anything, even a fight midstream against alligators, seemed better than powerlessly waiting for death to come and slowly consume their living bodies.

Leiningen flogged his brain till it reeled. Was there nothing on earth could sweep this devils' spawn back into the hell from which it came?

Then out of the inferno of his bewilderment rose a terrifying inspiration. Yes, one hope remained, and one alone. It might be possible to dam the great river completely, so that its waters would fill not only the water ditch but overflow into the entire gigantic "saucer" of land in which lay the plantation.

The far bank of the river was too high for the waters to escape that way. The stone breakwater ran between the river and the plantation; its only gaps occurred where the "horseshoe" ends of the water-ditch passed into the river. So its waters would not only be forced to inundate into the plantation, they would also be held there by the breakwater until they rose to its own high level. In half an hour, perhaps even earlier, the plantation and its hostile army of occupation would be flooded.

The ranch house and outbuildings stood upon rising ground. Their foundations were higher than the breakwater, so the flood would not reach them. And any remaining ants trying to ascend the slope could be repulsed by petrol.

It was possible—yes, if one could only get to the dam! A distance of nearly two miles lay between the ranch house and the weir—two miles of ants. Those two peons had managed only a fifth of that distance at the cost of their lives. Was there an Indian daring enough after that to run the gauntlet five times as far? Hardly likely; and if there were, his prospect of getting back was almost nil.

No, there was only one thing for it, he'd have to make the attempt himself; he might just as well be running as sitting still, anyway, when the ants finally got him. Besides, there *was* a bit of a chance. Perhaps the ants weren't so almighty, after all; perhaps he had allowed the mass suggestion of that evil black throng to hypnotize him, just as a snake fascinates and overpowers.

The ants were building their bridges. Leiningen got up on a chair. "Hey, lads, listen to me!" he cried. Slowly and listlessly, from all sides of the trench, the men began to shuffle towards him, the apathy of death already stamped on their faces.

"Listen, lads!" he shouted. "You're frightened of those beggars, but you're a damn sight more frightened of me, and I'm proud of you. There's still a chance to save our lives—by flooding the plantation from the river. Now one of you might manage to get as far as the weir—but he'd never come back. Well, I'm not going to let you try it; if I did I'd be worse than one of those ants. No, I called the tune, and now I'm going to pay the piper.

"The moment I'm over the ditch, set fire to the petrol. That'll allow time for the flood to do the trick. Then all you have to do is to wait here all snug and quiet till I'm back. Yes, I'm coming back, trust me"—he grinned—"when I've finished my slimming-cure."

He pulled on high leather boots, drew heavy gauntlets over his hands, and stuffed the spaces between breeches and boots, gauntlets and arms, shirt and neck, with rags soaked in petrol. With close-fitting mosquito goggles he shielded his eyes, knowing too well the ants' dodge of first robbing their victim of sight. Finally, he plugged his nostrils and ears with cotton-wool, and let the peons drench his clothes with petrol.

He was about to set off, when the old Indian medicine man came up to him; he had a wondrous salve, he said, prepared from a species of chafer whose odor was intolerable to ants. Yes, this odor protected these chafers from the attacks of even the most murderous ants. The Indian smeared the boss' boots, his gauntlets, and his face over and over with the extract.

Leiningen then remembered the paralyzing effect of ants' venom, and the Indian gave him a gourd full of the medicine he had administered to the bitten peon at the water ditch. The planter drank it down without noticing its bitter taste; his mind was already at the weir.

He started off towards the northwest corner of the trench. With a bound he was over—and among the ants.

The beleagured garrison had no opportunity to watch Leiningen's race against death. The ants were climbing the inner bank again—the lurid ring of petrol blazed aloft. For the fourth time that day the reflection from the fire shone on the sweating faces of the imprisoned men, and on the reddish-black cuirasses of their oppressors. The red and blue, dark-edged flames leaped vividly now, celebrating what? The funeral pyre of the four hundred, or of the hosts of destruction?

Leiningen ran. He ran in long, equal strides, with only one thought, one sensation, in his being—he *must* get through. He dodged all trees and shrubs; except for the split seconds his soles touched the ground the ants should have no opportunity to alight on him. That they would get to him soon, despite the salve on his boots, the petrol in his clothes, he realized only too well, but he knew even more surely that he must, and

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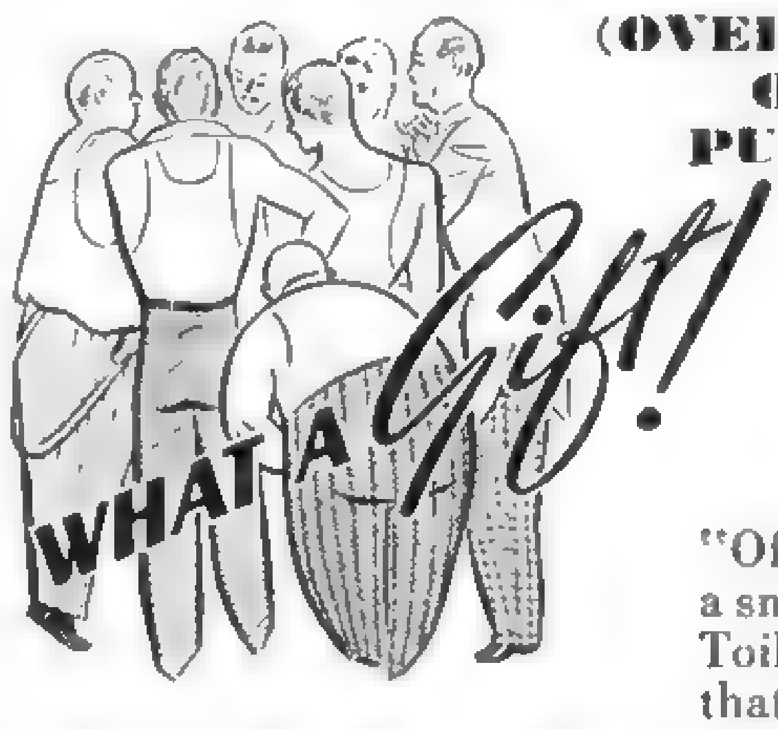

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that he would, get to the weir.

Apparently the salve was some use after all: not until he had reached halfway did he feel ants under his clothes, and a few on his face. Mechanically, in his stride, he struck at them, scarcely conscious of their bites. He saw he was drawing appreciably nearer the weir—the distance grew less and less—sank to five hundred—three—two—one hundred yards.

Then he was at the weir and gripping the ant-hulled wheel. Hardly had he seized it when a horde of infuriated ants flowed over his hands, arms and shoulders. He started the wheel—before it turned once on its axis the swarm covered his face. Leiningen strained like a madman, his lips pressed tight; if he opened them to draw breath. . . .

He turned and turned; slowly the dam lowered until it reached the bed of the river. Already the water was overflowing the ditch. Another minute, and the river was pouring through the near-by gap in the breakwater. The flooding of the plantation had begun.

Leiningen let go the wheel. Now, for the first time, he realized he was coated from head to foot with a layer of ants. In spite of the petrol, his clothes were full of them, several had got to his body or were clinging to his face. Now that he had completed his task, he felt the smart raging over his flesh from the bites of sawing and piercing insects.

Frantic with pain, he almost plunged into the river. To be ripped and slashed to shreds by piranhas? Already he was running the return journey, knocking ants from his gloves and jacket, brushing them from his bloodied face, squashing them to death under his clothes.

One of the creatures bit him just below the rim of his goggles; he managed to tear it away, but the agony of the bite and its etching acid drilled into the eye nerves; he saw now through circles of fire into a milky mist, then he ran for a time almost blinded, knowing that if he once tripped and fell. . . . The old Indian's brew didn't seem much good; it weakened the poison a bit, but didn't get rid of it. His heart pounded as if it would burst; blood roared in his ears; a giant's fist battered his lungs.

Then he could see again, but the burning girdle of petrol appeared infinitely far away; he could not last half that distance. Swift-changing pictures flashed through his head, episodes in his life, while in another part of his brain a cool and impartial onlooker informed this ant-blurred, gasping, exhausted bundle named Leiningen that such a rushing panorama of scenes from one's past is seen only in the moment before death.

A stone in the path . . . too weak to avoid it . . . the planter stumbled and collapsed. He tried to rise . . . he must be pinned under a rock . . . it was impossible . . . the slightest movement was impossible . . .

Then all at once he saw, starkly clear and huge, and, right before his eyes, furred with ants, towering and swaying in its death agony, the pampas stag. In six minutes—gnawed to the bones. God, he *couldn't* die like that! And something outside him seemed to drag him to his feet. He tottered. He began to stagger forward again.

Through the blazing ring hurtled an apparition which, as soon as it reached the ground on the inner side, fell full length and did not move. Leiningen, at the moment he made that leap through the flames, lost consciousness for the first time in his life. As he lay there, with glazing eyes and lacerated face, he appeared a man returned from the grave. The peons rushed to him, stripped off his clothes, tore away the ants from a body that seemed almost one open wound; in some places the bones were showing. They carried him into the ranch house.

As the curtain of flames lowered, one could see in place of the illimitable host of ants an extensive vista of water. The thwarted river had swept over the plantation, carrying with it the entire army. The water had collected and mounted in the great "saucer," while the ants had in vain attempted to reach the hill on which stood the ranch house. The girdle of flames held them back.

And so imprisoned between water and fire, they had been delivered into the annihilation that was their god. And near the farther mouth of the water-ditch, where the stone mole had its second gap, the ocean swept the lost battalions into the river, to vanish forever.

The ring of fire dwindled as the water mounted to the petrol trench, and quenched the dimming flames. The inundation rose higher and higher: because its outflow was impeded by the timber and underbrush it had carried along with it, its surface required some time to reach the top of the high stone breakwater and discharge over it the rest of the shattered army.

It swelled over ant-stippled shrubs and bushes, until it washed against the foot of the knoll whereon the besieged had taken refuge. For a while an alluvial of ants tried again and again to attain this dry land, only to be repulsed by streams of petrol back into the merciless flood.

Leiningen lay on his bed, his body swathed from head to foot in bandages. With fomentations and salves, they had managed to stop the bleeding, and had dressed his many wounds. Now they thronged around him, one question in every face. Would he recover? "He won't die," said the old man who had bandaged him, "if he doesn't want to."

The planter opened his eyes. "Everything in order?" he asked.

"They're gone," said his nurse. "To hell." He held out to his master a gourd full of a powerful sleeping draught. Leiningen gulped it down.

"I told you I'd come back," he murmured, "even if I am a bit streamlined." He grinned and shut his eyes. He slept. #

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No Soul in the Photograph

Continued from page 121

the rope is the only bit of action in the picture, and it is not essential; there isn't a trace of social meaning, of criticism or protest, in the whole thing; but it is a document, a fact; this is what a useful object on the Atlantic seaboard looked like at a given time. It is a beautiful picture because the solid curves and the balance of the bollard give a physical pleasure to the eye, and the contrast with the long thin line of the rope is perfect.

In the book is a picture of a Negress walking along the street in New York, which has the same effect—straight lines for the steps leading to the El, all curves for the hat and the fur and the face and the first suggestion of the breasts of the woman.

There is a third, the back of a fat girl in a short flowered dress, leaning over the boardwalk railing at Coney Island, mostly rump and the calves of the legs rubbing one another, and the white high-heeled slippers awkwardly twisted, which becomes a positive study in character.

But as in the others, the object—what the lens was trained on—tells the whole story. Someone has said that Walker Evans steps cautiously so as to disturb no dust from the normal atmosphere of the average place—you have the feeling that not only the human beings, but the houses and rooms he has photographed didn't know they were being taken; this is the way they were, this is the way they will be; this is their essence.

It is the opposite of the heavily posed photograph at one end, of the candid, remorseless, embittered shot at the other.

Take the lot, as a whole, and you see what Americans looked like at a time (the past ten years or so) and what they lived in; people and places. Not a complete rendering; a pretty distinct emphasis on the ramshackle, the dilapidated, the impoverished, among the places; more variety for the people, although the worried faces of a boy and a girl in a parked car, the hard prosperous faces of people on a park bench, the dubious, knowing expression of a little girl by an outhouse wall, the superior smugness of a Legionnaire, and a dozen others load the book a little with the accent of a faint unhappiness. But there are contrasts: the boys, with watermelons, the Legionnaire's bright sons, the young men in front of a bank who are not going to rob the bank, suggest that Evans' eyes, like his camera, can take in most of America.

One thing he has taken which most others have neglected: the Gothic architecture of America, which has almost entirely disappeared, and which now, far from being hideous, has a positive dignity of its own. You look at the streets of identical houses in company towns, in Pennsylvania or Alabama, or wherever you find them, and compare their sheer manufactured ugliness with the separate and ornate decoration of the American Gothic; the jigsaw house at a New Jersey resort is cockeyed; but pointed arches over diamond windows over a pyramidal balcony ending in a spiral, all covering a water pump, never becomes ridiculous. To these and dozens of others, Evans has taken his camera, so that the record be complete, so that you can see the object as it is. The block-long verandahs of hotels at Saratoga, the delicate wrought-iron galleries of the French Quarter in New Orleans, elaborate "Grecian" doorways in New York City—they are all here, and in contrast are ghastly shacks, roadside stands, Negro churches in the far South, railroad sidings in small towns (houses right by the rails) and magnificent views of factory towns, without glorification of dynamos, without any particular fear, or any special emotion; but a confrontation: this is what things looked like.

The first time I saw these pictures, the separate prints were not identified, and I got a strange sense of wandering through America, not knowing whether this rooming house was in New York or Birmingham, this auto junk heap in California or Vermont. The significant local detail is never missing; but the universal American feeling is always captured; and when I got the names, it still surprised me that so many of the houses and people might well come from half a dozen other parts of the country. I am not one of those who despair of the nation because everything is the same, everywhere.

I know that differences persist, and the people who find monotony in America are those who haven't seen America. Evans has found something different; that something which is American cannot be eradicated from any part of the country. He may not have done it intentionally, but he has made it a little easier for himself by taking so many pictures of industrial habitations on one side, and of so many relics of the gaslight and Gothic era on the other. But, after all, I have seen only a hundred pictures. He has done many more; he ought to be encouraged—and subsidized—to do thousands.

Somebody ought to photograph America.

It is amazing that this hasn't been done before. In my childhood I used to see albums of pictures—perhaps 250 prints of the Chicago World's Fair; or 150 pages of pictures of the Spanish-American War. Today, when the photograph has become a prime commodity, it is used as a social weapon; it deals with the immediate news item and the quick personality. But we ought to have the picture of America as a whole, before we forget what it looks like, because we

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have gone by its roadsides so fast. The reason Evans ought to be put to the job of making these pictures is that, as Kirstein says, his pictures are full of facts. They are, I think, verifiable statements. You could take one of them to a real estate man and say, buy me this property; another to a marriage broker and say, I want to marry this woman.

And the whole batch to a statesman and say, this, my friend, is what you are talking about when you say, America; be sure you know what you are doing to it. #

Man of Nature

Continued from page 81

supplied with all of his fuel, some of his clothing, a large part of his food, all of his shelter, by the woods in which he lives. He uses money for only a part of his needs. A dollar goes a long way with him. The city man, who goes around with his hands moving in and out of his pockets like pistons, hewing his way through the city with money as a woodsman hews his way through the forest with an axe, as a consequence receives for his work sums which in the eyes of the guide are next to fabulous.

Yet when in his world, the world he dominates, you are scarcely more than a child. Since his is the basic, the fundamental life, you seem to him somehow unnatural. You are a weakling. In his scale of values, the weakling struggles, perishes. Yet here you are, helpless, scarcely able to blow your own nose, and you are sitting on top of the world. It doesn't make sense.

The more money you make in the city, the more helpless you are in the woods. Those who come up to the woods and don't take guides, can't afford guides, seem to him to be pretty normal individuals. As city importance rises, the qualities which make for success in the guide's world slough off, until by the time you come to a captain of industry, you have reached the acme of helplessness, utter dumbness, a mentality which seems to the guide to be thoroughly infantile. The whole thing seems upside down to him. He resents it.

Thus on the one hand you stir up envy in his breast, and on the other, disgust. The two, mixed, equal fundamental hatred.

What does the guide do about it?

He does just one thing: He plunges the sword in up to the hilt, then he twists it.

We are up against a psychological situation here which is recognizable, and invariable, and the guide works out the answer in his own way. He proceeds to lift himself by your bootstraps. He does not try to prevent you from making mistakes; he does not explain things to you fully. He watches and waits for your errors, lets you get in above your depth, then pounces on you, squeezing every last ounce of satisfaction out of the result. Or he more actively encourages your downfall by giving you partial information, just enough so you will try to act on it and get involved to the point where you must throw yourself into his arms.

He is the boss. He directs you, not only when it is necessary but whenever he can find an excuse—he directs you without explanation, as one directs a child. You have hired him, your general position is superior to his, but right now he has you in the palm of his hand, he's the big boss, and he's going to work on it. After all, it's got to last him all winter.

I am speaking, throughout this article, primarily of the guide of the central north woods, where the present generation usually is the first in the guiding field, where no established professional caste has been built up, as in the northern New England forests. My sketch is general in nature. While long observation and association —not as a client but as an off-season companion — are summed up in my analysis of the basic psychological elements involved, their manifestations naturally will vary with the individual.

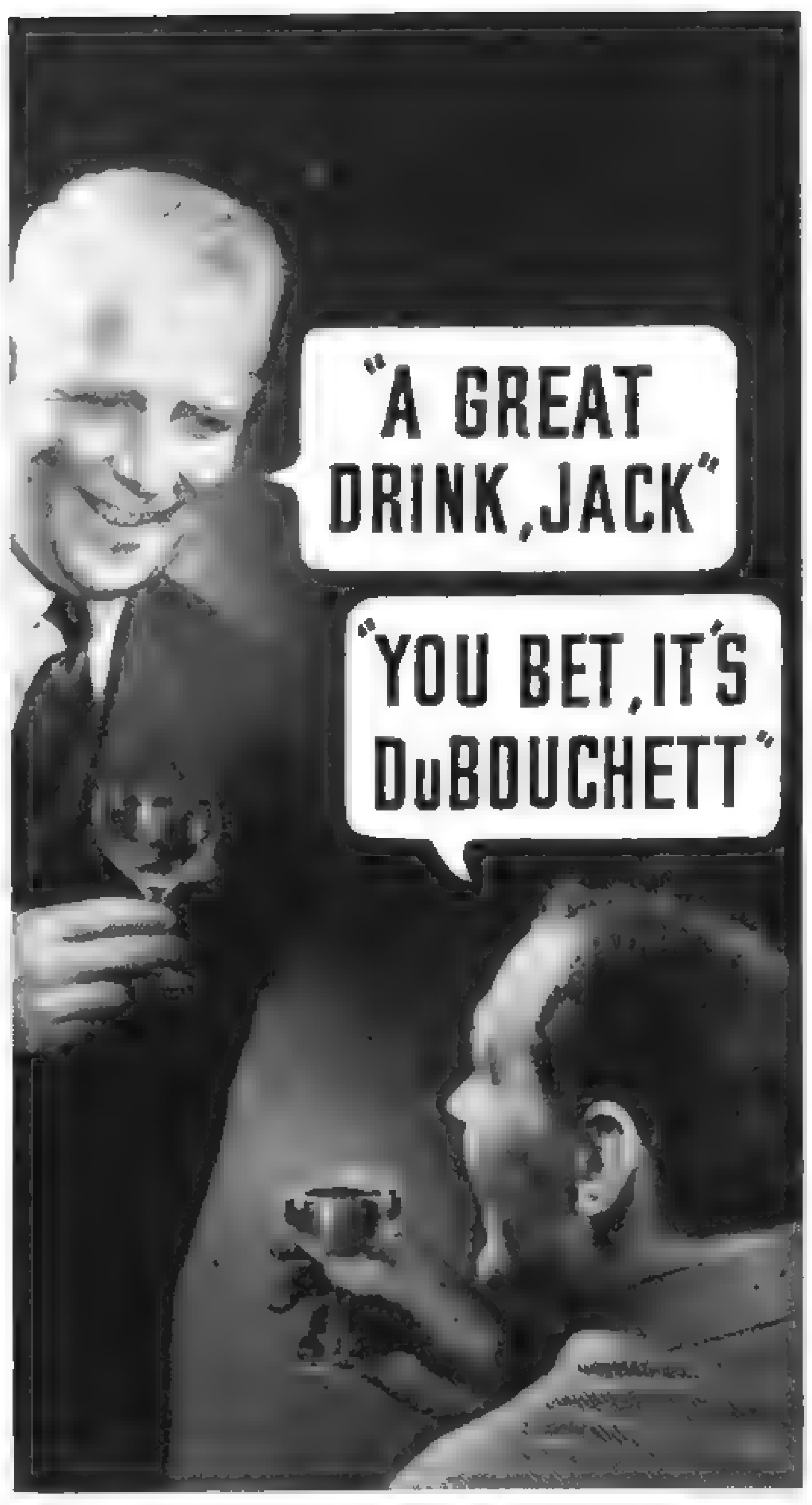
Sometimes, among older guides, this takes on the nature of a cranky paternalism which is not without its charm: its naïveté, its very transparency, pleases the customer. Among younger guides, particularly the more independent natures, it amounts to outright, irritating domination.

In many cases the guide seems to have struck up a real friendship with the man from the city. And this really does happen. Usually, however, it may be observed that the guide has bestowed his friendship upon the more affluent and important of his clients. This is satisfying to the guide, and often he takes down his hair when he is sure he can do so without losing caste. It is fun to boss a captain of industry who has capitulated, not only to one's superior knowledge of the woods, but to one's social charm.

The guide's attitude toward your possessions is much the same as his attitude toward you. Primarily, he resents them because they are better than his. It does not flatter him when you bring along an outfit that he would give a winter's catch of furs to possess, then treat it with disrespect and neglect, and likely as not throw some of it at him when you leave.

He is a tyrant over your equipment. He scoffs at your boots, your leather jacket, your hat, your knife. He insists that his equipment is the only kind; he points out that yours are all store knickknacks, no good at all, made only to catch the money of the unwary. This of course is all nonsense. The equipment the average vacationist takes into the woods, all jokes and cartoons notwithstanding, usually is infinitely superior to that owned by the guide, and nobody knows it better than the

Continued on page 244



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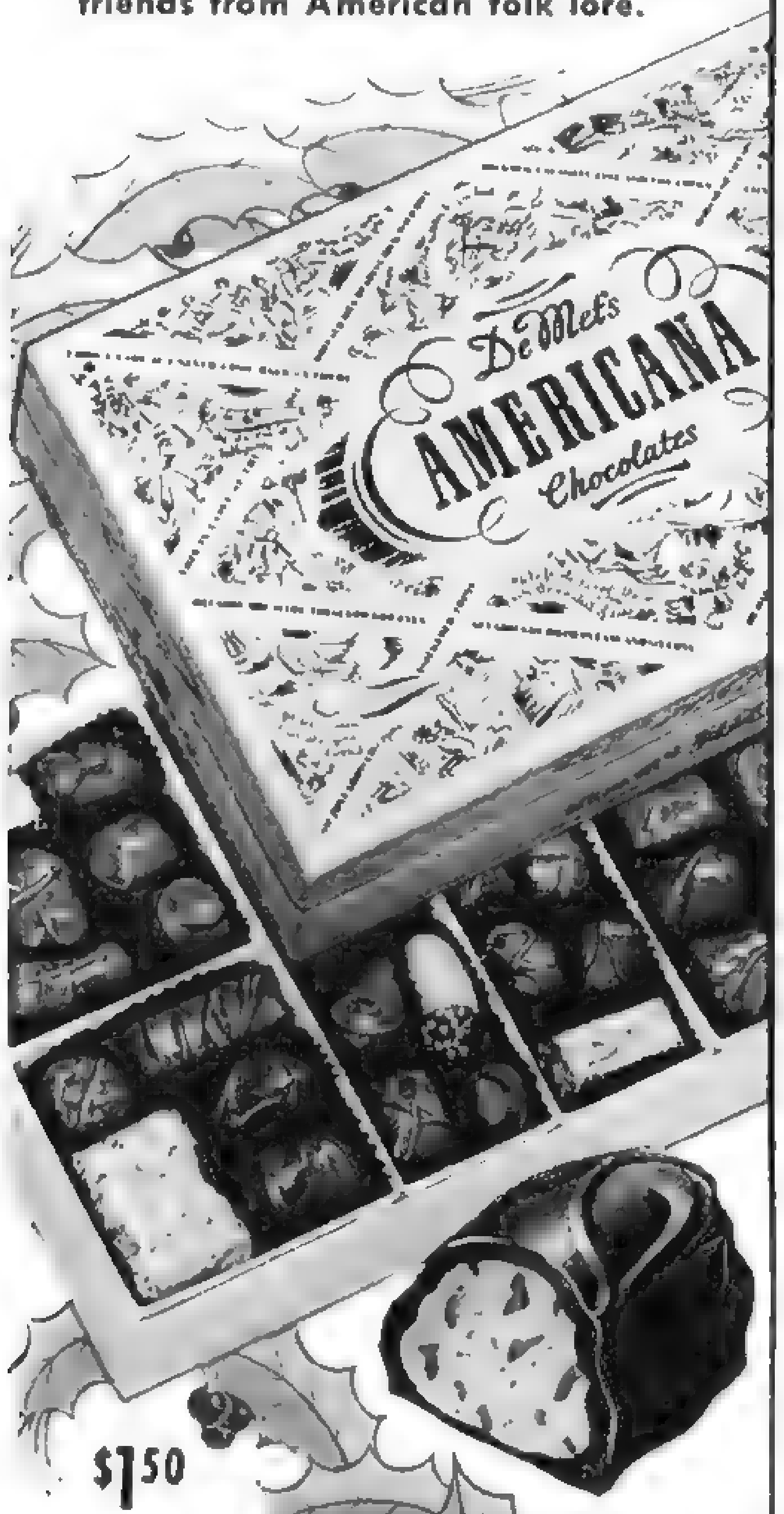
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., Chicago, Ill.

FUN! TO THE LAST BITE—

America's finest candy in America's funniest box—

entirely covered — paper cups and all — with the sparkling humor and good fun of the brilliant caricaturist, Connie Moran. See Casey Jones, Calamity Jane, Little Eva and dozens more of your old beloved friends from American folk lore.



TASTE THRILLS you'll never forget

Chocolate covered fruits, nuts, caramels, creams and many others too luscious for words—you must taste them to know their goodness!

The most original gift you've ever seen—a guaranteed success with your dearest intimate and your toughest customer as well.

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FINE CANDIES SINCE 1915

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DE MET'S, INC.
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Gentlemen:
Please send me Parcel Post Prepaid, insured............boxes of De Met's Americana Chocolates, at $1.50 per 17-ounce box. I am enclosing $...... cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐
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Name..............................
Address..............................
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Inclose 15c additional post office delivery charge with C.O.D. orders.

Order Americanas for your whole Christmas list. We'll ship direct enclosing your card.

Man of Nature

Continued from pages 81-243

guide does. He takes a sadistic delight in vetoing fine articles of equipment. He is whittling you down to his size.

The matter of fishing tackle is a case in point. The fancy equipment of the city angler, versus the bent pin and willow wand of the farm boy, long has formed the basis for a bit of American folk humor. But in all truth the city angler's equipment will catch ten times as many fish as the crude implements of the native, so far as tackle has anything to do with it—which is pretty far. It is much more efficient tackle than the average guide has at his disposal. Not only is it more satisfying to use, but it will catch more fish than the makeshift junk the guide insists is the only thing the fish in his part of the world will deign to get killed with.

On top of all this, the guide wants you to enjoy your trip. And this entirely aside from business considerations. He wants you to like his woods. He wants you to see the beauty by which he is surrounded; he wants to show you why he is up here in the woods, a poor guide, instead of back in the city, a captain of industry like yourself. He wants you to catch fish, he wants you to shoot a moose, he wants you to sleep well, he wants you to enjoy your stay up north. It is his, and he loves it. He is his own chamber of commerce, an evangelist of his way, as we all are evangelists of ours.

As a result of this he gives you your money's worth. Some guides cheat, but not many. Legend has it that a guide working out of a northern Minnesota town for years took canoe parties all over the international boundary region without once leaving a large, irregular lake not far from town. According to popular belief, he disposed of his duties by simply portaging across peninsulas, across islands, weaving through the intricacies of the lake, making up names for each "new" body of water. I don't suppose this is true. When lost, a guide often will ad lib until he gets back into his stride, and I suppose a few have circumvented long portages by conversation, but generally speaking the guide is proud of his woods and likes to show them off too well to soldier on the job.

The guide's love for the woods is very real. Often he treats his surroundings with familiar contempt before city folks, occasionally he gives voice—good naturedly—to the hardness of his lot, but by and large he is there because he likes his forest. But since he despises the superficial ravings of the visitors, who seldom understand what they are looking at, he shelters his own feelings. He feels that the vacationists, in genuflecting before the mere surface manifestations of a great fundamental force, are in some indefinable way desecrating it.

His respect for the processes of Nature is more deep-seated, because of his understanding of these processes. He loves the woods for primary reasons—the shelter, the fuel, the food—as well as for their grandeur and beauty. And don't think these latter are lost on him. On the contrary, he has an eye for beauty of form and color that is far above the average. His love of his environment is too deep to be expressed through the sunsets-and-flowers type of gush; his perception of beauty extends beyond this and into the storms and the winds themselves.

This attitude extends beyond the inanimate, into the wild life of the forests. Perhaps the guide's major business is to destroy wild life; in addition to guiding fishermen and hunters, he often is a trapper, spending the winter in a continuous round of killing wild animals. Yet his love for these animals is far greater than that of the average vacationist. He lives with them, he understands them, he admires the worst of them, loves all of them. There is nothing ambiguous about this position. His use of the wild life is a part of the whole of his existence, it blends naturally into the general rhythm of the forest. This parallels the attitude of others toward domestic animals. Everybody loves a cow. Most people eat beef. All wear shoes.

The guide is sensitive, in a deep, practical way, to the beauty of the wild life by which he is surrounded and of which, in a sense, he is a part. For example, he may take a deer out of season without any appreciable tinge of conscience, yet despise the hunter who shoots an animal, legally, for the trophy and the thrill.

When the tourist season is over he takes a good rest, gets some decent sleep, eats some civilized food, and recovers from the pleasures of camping out much as his erstwhile clients are doing, at home.

In the winter he runs a trap line, lives as snugly and comfortably as he can, has things around him as nice as he can. He does not like the cold any more than you do, and he cannot stand any more than you can. Human blood all freezes at the same temperature.

He will travel miles to visit a friend, he hates to go out and split wood, frequently lets the dishes go until morning, wishes he had the money for a trip to town, listens to the radio, writes letters to his customers telling them about the Canada jay that even now is pecking at the suet outside his door, and knits socks.

Some of the socks he makes white, with orange heels, others white with green toes, a few with both. The socks are better than he can buy, for anywhere near the money, and the knitting breaks the monotony of his chores, his trap lines, his partner's grumbling, and the long wait for the coming of summer and the tough, hard-boiled guys from the city. ⧺

PAJAMA PROBLEMS

"The Lost Cord"

Lose a pajama cord in the unreachable depths of its tunnel and you've really lost something, for before you know it, time and temper are lost, too.

The solution is simple,—just call for woven elastic waistband pajamas, and you will always find a long-wearing elastic waistband all the way around,—no more lost cords, tight knots, or sagging. Washable, of course. Manufactured by cooperating makers in a variety of styles, fabrics and prices.

Woven Elastic Waistband
PAJAMAS
with all-elastic waistbands
NARROW FABRICS INSTITUTE
309 State St. New London, Conn.

GIVE THE Kenfold MONEY-MINDER

Neat! is the word for this clever bill fold. It's practical too—for her purse, or his vest pocket. Size of cigarette case. Cover of Kensington metal, lustrous alloy of Aluminum, lined with moiré silk—bills are held by strong tape. Scuff proof, dog-ear proof. At better department stores, jewelers, and gift shops.

THE KENFOLD MONEY-MINDER...$3

Kensington
OF NEW KENSINGTON PENNSYLVANIA

It Was Easy In Those Days

Continued from page 54

uncle, Charles E. Wood, who lived in Lebanon, Ohio. He listened to us sceptically, then agreed to put up one thousand dollars if we did the same. To raise our one thousand dollars I sold the old home in Lebanon.

Uncle Ed had faith in our young energy, but he was worried when he found that we had immediately changed our firm name to Wood, Harmon and Company. He was the only one with an established reputation to lose. But we carried him along with our enthusiasm.

At this time real estate had not yet been sold on the installment plan, although furniture and some other things had.

We bought and laid out a second addition to Hazelwood, bought three-quarters of a page of the Sunday Cincinnati *Enquirer* and made a big splash, advertising the opening of the sale of the second addition to Hazelwood on Monday morning in our office in the Johnson Building.

The advertisement had eaten up nearly all our working capital and when on Monday morning ten o'clock came and no buyers, and eleven o'clock came, and still no buyers, we were beginning to get nervous.

Uncle Ed cleared his throat. "What I need," he said firmly, "is a little bracer."

"Uncle Ed is right," echoed Elmer, "I think I'll go along with him."

I sat in the empty office and waited.

At eleven-thirty, I heard steps, but it was only Uncle Ed and Elmer.

"Nobody yet?" asked Uncle Ed.

I shook my head.

"What about another little bracer, Uncle Ed?" asked Elmer, and down they went again.

At twelve o'clock I heard steps again, and this time it was a customer. Right after him came a second. I attended to them as fast as I could, but there were soon half a dozen. By one o'clock the little office was jammed. Others, arriving late, seeing what a rush there was, were all the more eager to buy. I put a map on the wall and as I sold each lot I marked it off the map.

I was handling all the buyers as best as I could, when I saw Uncle Ed and Elmer craning their necks over the crowd. They did not look very sober to me, so I called to them, "It's all right, I can take care of everything."

"Comin' right in," cried Uncle Ed and dived through the crowd, Elmer following.

I caught them and tried to get them into a corner.

"It's all right, folks, we'll sell you lots," they cried out.

"Keep still," I whispered at them fiercely, "I'm doing all right alone."

"Glad see so many buyers," they persisted.

Purchasers began to get impatient. They had to get back to their offices and did not have much time.

"Get me a policeman," I asked.

A big Irish policeman came up.

"Arrest these men," I said to him, "they're disturbing the peace."

"The hell we are," shouted Uncle Ed, "we own this office."

"Get along with ye," said the policeman pushing them out, "and none of your blather."

By four o'clock I had sold scores of lots on the installment plan. The purchasers had never seen the lots. Elmer and Uncle Ed were in their right minds once more and utterly enchanted with the work.

My fellow runaway on the old *Wyoming*, Benny Knowles, joined us as a salesman when we opened another addition a few weeks later. For one year we developed the sale of real estate on the installment plan in Cincinnati, putting our profits on each sale into advertising another.

When we had five thousand dollars clear of all obligation in the bank, Uncle Ed and Elmer went over to Pittsburgh, a bigger field, bought a piece of property and again advertised lots on the installment plan, a system unknown also in Pittsburgh at that time.

We saw big right away and before this property, which we named Allison Park after the original owner, was put on the market, Uncle Ed and Elmer were off to Boston and other cities. I was left in charge of the office. I was only twenty-one, but I knew the game.

We, or rather I, opened the sale on December 18th, taking prospective purchasers out to Allison Park free. There was snow on the ground and there was no railroad station nearby. But day after day, I stuck to the job, extolling the virtues of Allison Park and selling lots. After the Allison Park lots were sold, we opened another residential suburb, Clifton, and then a still better one, Ivanhoe, and after that Sheridan Terrace. They sold well and developed into a beautiful section of Pittsburgh. We made a handsome profit.

When Sheridan Terrace was off our hands, I looked around for another piece of property to develop and decided on a hill adjoining Sheridan Terrace which ran down to the railroad on one side and to the river on the other.

My brother and my uncle were absent and the price Mr. Nimich, the owner, asked was forty-two thousand five hundred dollars. It was a large investment for me to decide on alone, but I was sure I could sell it off successfully. So I put up ten thousand dollars for the option and wrote my brother about it.

When he and my uncle returned I took them out and showed them the property with pride.

My brother looked it over.

"It's nothing but a goat hill," he commented sourly.

I was piqued.

"If you don't like it," I replied

Continued on page 246

. . . Gentlemen prefer MONARCH . . . for true masculine comfort in easy-fitting—but always correct—outdoor wear. The SURCOAT, with Talon closure...pictured here in sturdy, "able-to-take-it" goatskin.

● At better stores . . . $27.50. Also in suede, corduroy and wool plaid . . . $8.95 to $25.

Posed by RICHARD DIX . . . starring in RKO Radio's "Sky Giant".

MONARCH
MANUFACTURING CO., MILWAUKEE
Coats and Jackets for Style Outdoors

MONARCH BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS
UNITED STATES TESTING CO. INC.

PROOF OF TESTED QUALITY . . . Look for the United States Testing Company seal of approval.

A DOUBLE SOLE BETWEEN YOU AND DIRTY WEATHER

Something's been done about the weather... underfoot! Slip into double-soled, moisture-proof Uptowns and stay dry. They're just as smart in sunny weather. See your Uptown dealer's shoe-of-the-week! Uptowns are priced from $5.00 to $6.50.

Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Co.
Division of International Shoe Co.
St Louis, Mo.

The rounded, seamless heels of the exclusive Freemold construction, follow the natural contours of your heel. Go Uptown for comfort!

Uptown FREEMOLD Shoes

DESIGNED BY A PHYSICIAN FOR A BETTER SMOKE

DR. GRABOW

Pre-Smoked Pipe

A LINKMAN PRODUCT

DELUXE

IN HOLLYWOOD OR IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN

PREFERRED

BECAUSE IT'S

Pre-Smoked

MELVYN DOUGLAS
Star of "There's That Woman Again"—a Columbia Picture.

Here's one gift that brings Christmas Cheer from the very first puff because *only* Dr. Grabow Pipes are *Pre-Smoked* with fine tobacco. That's why it's "The Sweetest Pipe This Side of Heaven".

NO BREAKING IN • NO BITE • NO BITTER TASTE

NICOTINE TRAP
SALIVA TRAP
INTERLOCKING FEATURE

CHOICE OF STYLES

$1.50

At Your Dealer's—IN GIFT BOX FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT GIVING

M. LINKMAN & COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILL.

Join this tropical

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY HOUSEPARTY

INCLUDED
★
GOLF FEES
DANCES
PARTIES
SPECIALS
ALL MEALS
(American Plan)

DEC. 20
to
JAN. 15
★

New York Office
HOTEL SHERRY NETHERLANDS
5th Ave. at 59th St.

Glorious days and nights of carefree merry-making—but different! Surfing, sunsuits, golf and gaiety. A brand new idea for the holidays. Something planned for every minute. And EVERYTHING included in our REGULAR pre-season rate. All the extras are our Christmas gift to you. Come when you can—leave when you must. Pay by the day as long as you stay. The coupon below will bring full details.

HOLLYWOOD BEACH HOTEL
HOLLYWOOD BY THE SEA
Florida

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Hollywood Beach Hotel, Hollywood, Fla. (1)
Please send full details on the "Holiday Houseparty."

Name

Address

City State

It Was Easy In Those Days

Continued from pages 54-245

instantly, "I'll take it on myself."

"You can have it," my brother answered and my uncle agreed with him.

I had to admit to myself that it was not the best piece of property we had bought, but I set to work on it. Instead of giving it a name I decided to advertise for a name promising a house and lot worth five thousand dollars to the lucky winner. I took half and whole pages in the newspapers, a brand new method in advertising at that time, and worked over my advertising copy to give it all the pulling power possible. Sometimes I worked late into the night before my copy was ready. The copy boy from one of the newspapers whom I often kept waiting a long time was a bright young fellow with whom I struck up a friendly acquaintance which lasted all his life. He became later the proprietor of the newspaper and was Ambassador to Spain. His name was Alexander Moore, also known to fame as the husband of the famous beauty, Lillian Russell.

The advertising cost twenty thousand dollars, but I helped it out by rigging up a wagon with a very pretty miniature cottage on it, attached four Shetland ponies and put a midget on the box. The midget drove through the city, working a hurdy-gurdy in the cottage with his feet and blowing a horn. No one could help seeing the advertisement "A $5,000 cottage and lot for a name."

We received 23,500 answers which were sorted out by a group of prominent business men. The name which pleased them most was Melrose, but nineteen had suggested it. What to do about it? Finally, it was decided to put the nineteen names in a hat, the thirteenth one out to be the winner.

The wife of one of the barbers in the Anderson Hotel won and all the others sued, each for a house and lot. The trial court decided in their favor, but the appeal court reversed the decision and gave one house and lot for the eighteen.

I built the house, as the court ordered, and gave each a deed for one-eighteenth of it. They all met and tried to decide whether to sell it or hold it for a higher price when the addition built up, and argued about it so long that the windows were smashed in and it was half in ruins before they could agree on what they were going to do about it.

The barber insured the original prize-winning house for twenty-five hundred dollars. One night it burned down. He collected the money on it, and, deserting the wife who had won it, ran off with another woman.

The opening day of sale almost proved a fiasco as, by this time other real estate operators had taken up the installment method of sale and one tried to steal a march on us. The day our sale opened, he, without any costly advertising at all, opened a sale of lots right at the railroad station (ours were some distance away).

I discovered this the morning of the sale when I saw his signs up, advertising a hot free lunch to all prospective purchasers. On the platform there was a band of six pieces to attract the attention of the purchasers who had read my advertisements and were coming out to my lot sale.

I rushed back to Pittsburgh, hired all the band musicians who could be rounded up in a couple of hours and sent Hagen, the best caterer in Pittsburgh, out to the lot sale with all the hot lunches he could get together before noon.

My horse and buggy were at the door of my office to take me back to Melrose. As I came out of my office, a very handsome young man handed me his card, "H. M. Olcott, *North American Review*." I had spent enough money on advertising and did not want any more and I told him so. But he replied.

"I don't want to sell you advertising, I want a job."

"All right then, get into my buggy," and we started off for Melrose. On the way I explained about the sale and when we arrived, he was all prepared.

We got back as the noon trains were coming in. Half the platform was filled with my band, which was seventy-five strong and had four bass drums. The opposition's little band of six was lost. Dividing my band into sections, I sent off one after another leading the lot buyers up the hill to the excellent lunch Hagen was serving.

We sold off Melrose in two weeks with a net profit of one hundred sixty thousand dollars and my partners began to have a better opinion of my judgment. That was enough to satisfy me. So the firm paid off the purchase price and the profits were divided equally as always.

The young man I picked up on my way back to Melrose outsold any man we had and has been with me ever since. This was forty-five years ago and he is now the manager at my Harmon property.

Our office was always busy. We opened suburb after suburb for sale on the installment plan, working up some new advertising scheme for each one. Our bands and bag-pipers brightened the murky streets of Pittsburgh. One of my most successful, and comparatively inexpensive, stunts was hiring fifty of the two-horse carriages then common to the streets of Pittsburgh. On the top of each carriage I fastened big muslin-covered boxes advertising the lots and completed the effect with muslin coverings on the sides of the horses. A drum corps finished the procession. Nobody could resist standing on the sidewalk while the carriages filed by, to see what new offer Wood, Harmon and Company was making.

Once Uncle Ed tried his hand at direct advertising appeal with results he never forgot.

As our advertising expenses

$5
#7829 Men's
$4
#7845 Women's

HAND
SEWED

PUGS

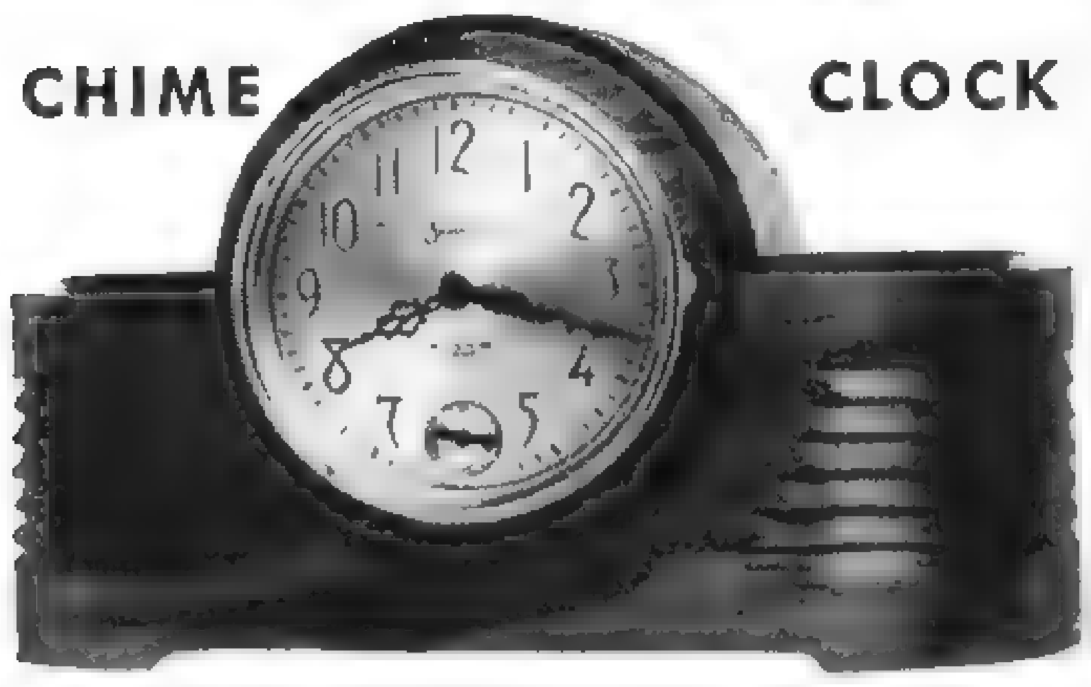
The Smartest Things on Two Feet

A new style smash hit . . for campus and sports wear. What comfort! Your dealer will demonstrate the cradle construction. Write Dept. E for his name.

COLT-CROMWELL CO., Inc.
Stoughton, Mass.
1239 Broadway, New York
840 So. Los Angeles St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

$4
#7834 Men's
Pig Grain.
#7844 Women's
All Brown.

WESTMINSTER
CHIME CLOCK



Here is a beautiful, modern, quarter hour Westminster Chime Clock, built by a century old clock company.

It has a self-starting, electric, 5 rod Westminster Chime movement. 16¼" long and 9½" high, it sells for only $29.00.

THE SESSIONS CLOCK COMPANY
FORESTVILLE, CONN.

CALDWELL'S
Old Newburyport BRAND
RUM 100 PROOF

No finer rum in the world. Use Caldwell's in your Christmas egg nog.

Famous since 1790

A. & G. J. CALDWELL, INC.
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Is there a lady in the house?
MARSHMALLOW
fluff
makes swell desserts

were very heavy, Uncle Ed thought it was worth while buying hundreds of copies of the newspapers in which we were running full page advertisements and having them distributed free on the streets of Pittsburgh.

He was down early the morning of his experiment and, as usual, he was immaculate. He looked cool and fresh in a spotless suit of pongee as he headed out into the hot street to see how things were getting on.

The messenger boys were going through the streets, offering the newspapers to all comers. Following them were angry newsboys who, naturally, could not sell a paper.

Suddenly, a bunch of newsboys rushed a messenger boy, grabbed his papers, ran and grabbed another's, and, the messenger boys resisting, they were fighting up and down the street.

The newsboys had the best of it, and piling the free newspapers in the street, started to set fire to them.

"I'll straighten them out," cried Uncle Ed, rushing into the street. "Here, you little hoodlums, leave those papers alone."

The newsboys took one look at Uncle Ed in his "ice-cream" clothes, grabbed handfuls of mud from the gutter and plastered him lavishly.

Uncle Ed retreated into the messenger office, looked at the handfuls of mud all over him and said, "Let them burn the damned papers as far as I am concerned."

Before one sale was finished, we had another under way in another city. At the same time we widened our territory to one important city after another, until we were operating throughout the East, from Cincinnati to Buffalo, from Washington to Boston.

During the lifetime of the firm we organized two hundred sixty subdivisions and made millions.

We never foreclosed on a purchaser, but when installments were slow in coming in, we sometimes made purchasers believe that they risked losing what they had already invested, if they did not pay up. In fact, every cent that was ever paid in for a lot was kept to the credit of the purchaser, even if he failed to pay his installments and he was always able to apply it later to some other lot in one of our other developments. Ours was a legitimate money-making business that also beautified cities and made it possible for many thousands of salaried men to build themselves homes. During the many years the firm existed we were also never accused of any business irregularities. When our profits were big, we spent our income proportionately. For my own part, I have always been able to have anything I wanted and to help others when I wanted to.

By the time I was twenty-five I had a big bank account and as fast a trotter as anybody in Pittsburgh. The city was full of rich young men with sporting blood. Each had his string of horses and any morning by six o'clock a group of us could be found at the race track.

My pleasure was in training colts. Some of our horses became famous on the track, but we raced for fun.

By nine I made a point of always being in the office.

At breakfast in the morning I often noticed Mr. Jenkins, the wholesale grocer. As he was not interested in horses I wondered what made him rise so early, and finally asked him.

"I get up early in order to be the first person in the office," he replied. "Make it a rule to be first in your office and you will be ready to answer questions instead of asking them." I followed his advice.

Forbes Street, in Pittsburgh, was the meeting place for all the horsy young men in town. We brought out our best trotters and pacers and showed them off up and down this broad street. On Saturday afternoons all the young bloods were there. I was there with the horsiest of them. I could not bear to have anyone with a faster horse than mine and I was always on the lookout for new trotting material.

My sporting chum, George Fisher, and I got wind one day of a pacer named Shaker with a record of 44¼ which had been at pasture all winter fifty miles from Pittsburgh. We went over to look him over and found him out in the field where he had been let out every day all winter to forage for himself and harden up.

During the long cold months his hair had grown very long and at a distance he looked like a buffalo. His unshod hoofs were also long and uncut.

I bought Shaker, took him to Pittsburgh, had him shod, but did not clip him. George and I tried him out on Forbes Street and he had the speed, there was no doubt of that; with that long hair of his he looked like some kind of wild, legendary horse.

That gave us an idea. We hired a butcher's wagon, greased it so it ran easily, dressed ourselves up like butchers with caps pulled over our foreheads and long false moustaches, piled four sheep in the back of the wagon, and late Saturday afternoon we drove up to the top of the street and warmed up Shaker beyond the point to which the drivers came. We waited until the crowd had been up and down Forbes Street many times and everyone had had a good look at the performance of the horses of all the others, then, when the horses were tired and just as there was a group at the top starting down towards Soho Hill, we came speeding down Forbes Street. Shaker was well warmed up by this time and Forbes Street was also slightly inclined at this point so that the butcher's wagon, with the four staggering sheep behind, raced at Shaker's heels.

As we came up behind the sports in their sulkies and light rubber-tired buggies, I lifted the lines above my head and, leaning for-

Continued on page 248

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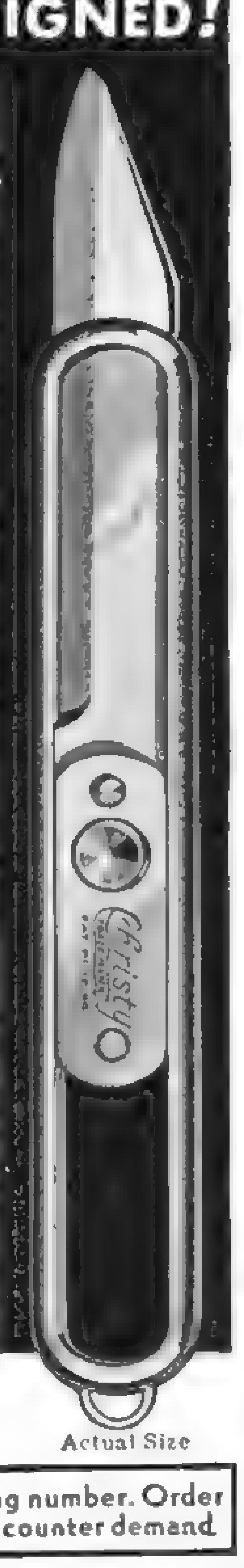

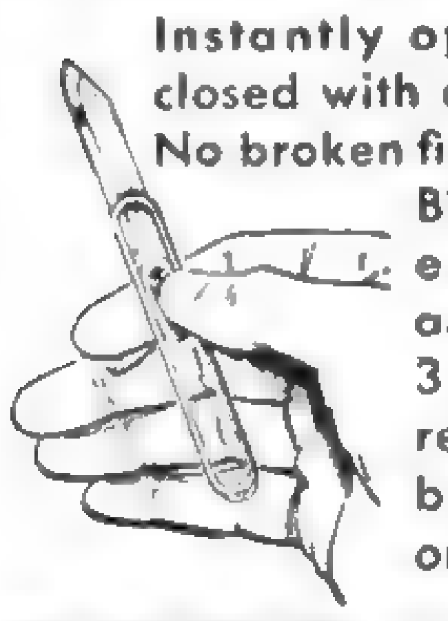

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It Was Easy In Those Days

Continued from pages 54-245-247

ward, cried "Aye, aye, aye," and George whipped the shaft like a very devil.

Down the stretch we went, Shaker all hair, his nostrils distended, his eyes wild with my shouting and the beating on the shaft, and pacing like mad.

Forbes Street had never seen such speed. We raced through the whole Saturday afternoon crowd in a flash. Astounded, the eyes followed the miraculous butcher's horse. None had a chance to catch up with us as we sped down Soho Hill, down through Liberty Street and were lost to view long before we got back to my house in East Liberty.

The next day, I had Shaker clipped and took him out to the race track to train, and everywhere I heard the tale of the miraculous butcher's horse with a whole wagon load of sheep which came like a demon through Forbes Street. No one recognized the clipped Shaker.

George and I never told the truth, and only about two years ago I was recalling old times in Pittsburgh with an old sport whom I encountered at Palma when he told me the whole story of the big wagon filled with sheep, the two drivers yelling and whipping like mad men and the steady pacer that left all the best horses on Forbes Street glued to the pavement. "Fastest horse in the world," he said, "and we could never trace it."

I had a heart and told him.

I was now giving my early mornings to Shaker who was shaping up very well and never missed his pacing stride.

Every morning a professional jockey, Johnnie Collins, was out with another horse, Plunger, who was equally good, except for the fact that he had to wear hobbles to keep him from breaking.

My professional driver, Win Evans, was as clever in the sulky as anyone in that whole racing region of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, but I did most of the training myself.

One morning, Collins approached me.

"Mr. Harmon," he said, "I have a suggestion which will make us a lot of money."

"All right, Collins," I replied, "what is it?"

"I will take Plunger to Newcastle and win my race. You go to Little Washington with Shaker and you lose your race. The purse is only $500 anyhow. Then we will both go to Wheeling. Plunger will be favorite. Shaker will be very cheap in the books. You bring the money down and bet it on Shaker and you can get so much money on the books that when he wins we will all make big money."

This was not very honest but there are many things around a race track which are not honest.

When we went to Wheeling, Plunger was the big favorite, and Shaker was only two or three in the books of two hundred to three hundred, but Collins came up to me and said,

"Mr. Harmon, Plunger is so fast that he will have to fall down for Shaker to beat him."

"All right, Johnnie," I answered, "the deal is off then."

I was not sorry as I was going into a crooked deal without giving it much thought, and now that Johnnie realized he could not pull his horse, it could not be carried through. But I decided to back Shaker anyhow with all the money I had with me.

There was wild betting. I took all the Shaker money. But, when we were preparing for the race, Evans was nowhere to be found. It looked as if I would have to turn professional driver, and, as I had trained Shaker, I knew I could drive him as well as Evans, but, as we were scoring up, I noticed Evans sitting over on the fence.

"Evans," I yelled to him, "what do you mean by throwing me down?"

"I didn't throw you down," he replied, "you sent me two telegrams not to come."

More dirty work.

"Come down right away to the judges' stand," I called back.

He came, but the judges did not want him to drive as the race had started, and I was obliged almost to force them to let him get into the sulky.

It was a race by heats, the first horse winning three heats to be the winner.

The first, Gypsy Boy won. The next heat Plunger won. The next heat Shaker won. The fourth, fifth and sixth heats were also won in the same order.

That gave each horse two wins. The excitement was intense. Every bit of money there was on the track was on one of those three horses. But the racing was called off for the night on account of darkness.

We watched over Shaker and took as much care of him that night as of a baby. We sponged him off in witch hazel and bedded him in very deep straw.

In the morning the betting was wilder yet, and the three horses started with every cent of every spectator on one of the three.

Shaker walked away from them, and I went back to Pittsburgh with nearly fifteen thousand dollars more than I had taken with me.

I must confess that I put in a good deal of my spare time at the race track.

One day as I was going over to Monongahela to the races, I noticed five shell-game workers, familiar figures at every race course, standing outside the railroad station. One of them, a one-eyed man called Steiny, caught up with me and asked me the price of one ticket. "We made the mistake of coming back to town and the police cleaned us out," he explained.

So I lent him what he asked for and all five of the race-track graft-

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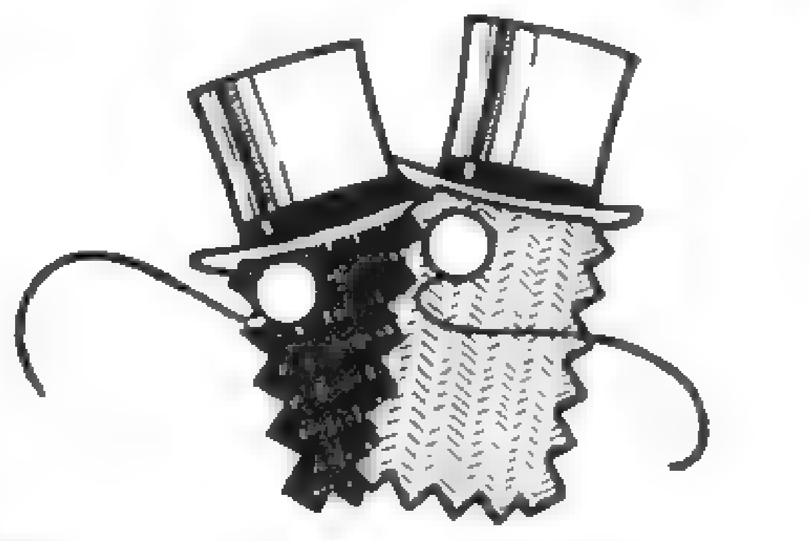

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ers took the train, sitting on the end seats.

Just before the conductor came along, four of them went into the toilet room. Steiny presented his ticket and immediately went into the toilet room too. The conductor, seeing him go in, presumed it was empty. As soon as he was gone, all five came out and took their seats again.

Some weeks later, I went to a meet at Tarentum to watch the performance of a little black mare, "Velvet," I had bought from Frank Rockefeller. On the track in those days we used to wear the biggest diamonds we could afford to fasten our ties and once in a while someone came back without his pin. On this occasion, I was wearing a diamond worth two thousand dollars. As I entered, Steiny passed me and said, "Look out. The boys are after your spark."

I was too interested in Velvet to take all the precautions I should have. Just at the end of the race a black handkerchief got in my way and I grabbed it. Then I noticed my diamond had been clipped off.

Hunting up Steiny after the race, I offered him one hundred dollars to get the diamond back for me.

In a few minutes he came back with it. He was paying me back for that ticket.

One morning I came to the office and inquired from my secretary where Joe, the office boy, was. She said,

"He was naughty and I sent him home. He kept yelling that he was going to commit suicide. He had a handful of Paris green in his hand and put it in his mouth."

"My goodness," I cried, "did you send for a doctor?"

"He didn't swallow it and I told him to wash his mouth and sent him home."

I immediately jumped in my buggy, which was waiting at the office door, and rushed to his home, picking up a doctor on the way, but when we got there, he was dead.

The next morning, as soon as I had opened the office, a very small boy came in. He was very clean and nice. He had a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

"I see by the papers," he said to me, "that you have lost your office boy."

I looked at him closely and he was so small that I replied, "But you can't read."

"Oh yes, sir, I can," he replied and read me the news story of our office boy's fatal accident.

"What is your name?" I asked.

He told me. It was a pretty rhythmical name.

"You have a very nice name," I said. "You must have a very nice mother and father."

"I have a very nice mother," he replied, "but my father is not nice because he has left my mother and my sister and I have to work."

"Are you tall enough to put your cap on the doorknob?" I asked.

"Yes sir," he replied, walked over and hung his cap on the doorknob.

At this moment my brother came in and paused to stare in surprise at my small friend.

"What's this?" he said.

"Our new office boy," I replied.

"Get out," Elmer said to me, "this is no kindergarten."

The little fellow stood up for himself.

"I can run errands, sir, and run them faster than anyone." Then he began to cry.

"Never mind," I said to him, "you can be my private office boy."

I took him to my secretary and said, "This is my new office boy."

She liked the little fellow and took an immediate interest in him. In their spare time, she taught him stenography and typewriting and by the time he was ten years old he could take dictation and write letters faster than any girl in the office.

But at ten he was so little, such a tiny bit of a boy, that he looked about five, as he sat at the typewriter. One of the typewriter companies used to borrow him for exhibitions.

Half the day I sent him to business college and the other half he worked in the office. One day I was ill and he came out to my house with some letters. Otto Felix, president of the Pittsburgh Supply Company, was at the house when he came in.

"That's a smart boy. Why don't you educate him?" remarked Mr. Felix.

Nearby was a good preparatory school, Shadyside Academy. So I sent the little fellow right then to arrange to be admitted as a pupil. His progress there was so rapid that I sent him on to college. He graduated at an age when many boys are entering college.

I have educated or helped educate many boys and girls, but there is no one of whom I have been more proud. When he finished college I looked him over and decided that I had no job suitable to his abilities, so I went across the street to the office of Andrew Mellon, and asked him if he could use the boy.

"Send him over," he said, "and we'll see."

I brought him over, and Mellon took him into his bank. It was not long before he was promoted and jumped from one responsible position to another until he became one of the men on whom Mellon relied the most. Eventually he became wealthy and raised a fine family.

Another one of my Pittsburgh protégés was a newsboy known as Swipes. I forget his family name.

He was full of ambition and told me he wanted to go to school. I took him out myself to a good school I had chosen. As we were being shown around we passed through the gymnasium.

Swipes looked at the boxing gloves and remarked,

"I've got a better pair of mitts than them."

It wasn't long before he ran away. I didn't see him for twenty

Continued on page 250

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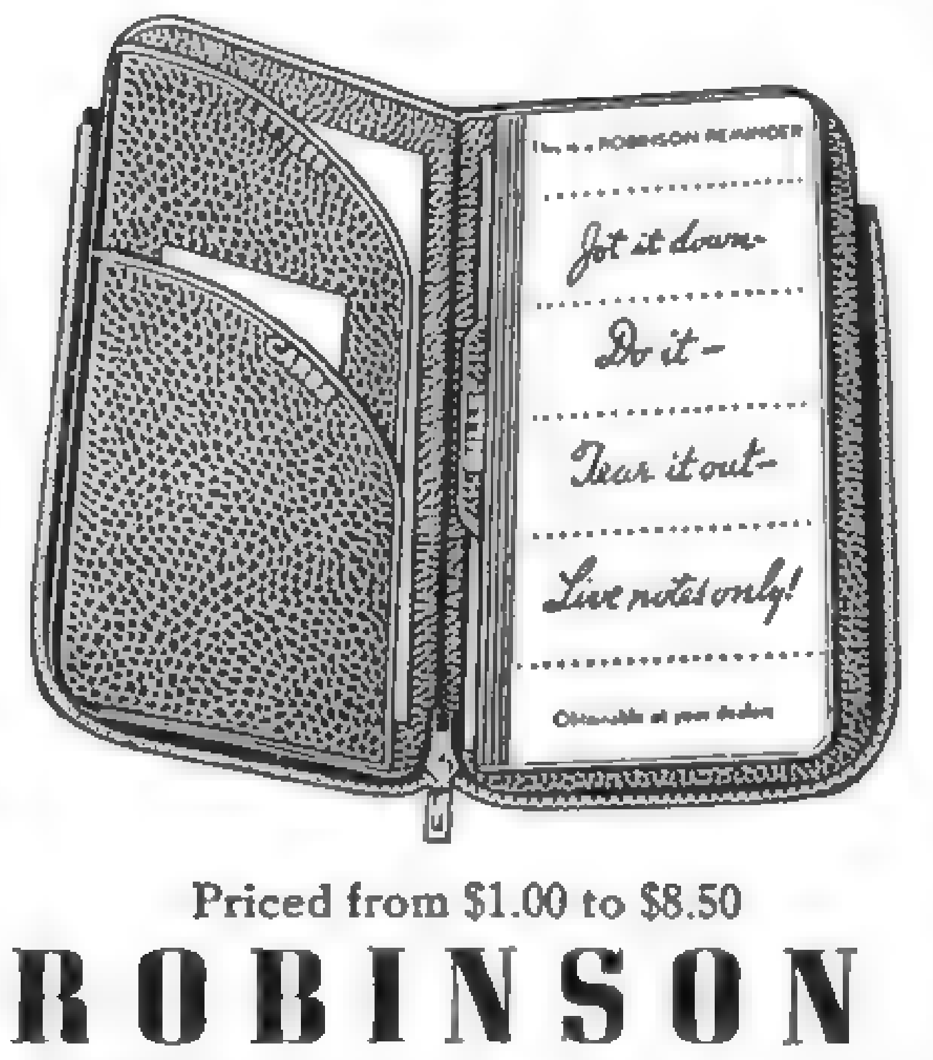

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Plugs in any AC or DC socket. No wet cloth or board required. Can be used by anyone at home, office, when traveling, and by all means, remember the young fellow at college; he'll tell you the Empire is a lifesaver and an allowance-saver.

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DEALERS All stores should carry this fast-selling gift item. Over 750,000 sold to date.

It Was Easy In Those Days

Continued from pages 54-245-247-249

years. One day, in Pittsburgh, a big stout man called down to me from the top of a brewery wagon.

"How do you do, Mr. Harmon."

There was something vaguely familiar about the man but I could not quite place him.

"You wouldn't remember me," he said, "I was only a kid when you last saw me. I'm Swipes."

I was twenty-five when our firm, Wood, Harmon & Company bought a big piece of property near Scranton, divided it into lots for sale on the installment plan and prepared a big advertising campaign. To attract the crowd, we arranged a free excursion to the lots, for a balloon ascension and a parachute jumping, rare events at this time, as there were only three parachute jumpers in the world.

The opening of the sale and the parachute jumping were advertised for the afternoon of Memorial Day.

I was at the railroad station, wearing a blue badge, with "salesman" written on it, to handle the crowds and arrange for sufficient railroad cars to carry them.

The crowds were so big it took several trains to handle them, and as the last one pulled out, I climbed aboard.

At the last moment, a very pretty girl with curly hair was lifted in through the open window. She landed in front of me and seeing the blue badge asked,

"Where is Mr. Wood?"

"I guess he is in Washington," I replied.

"Well, where is Mr. Harmon?" she persisted.

"I am Mr. Harmon," I said.

"You don't mean to tell me that *you* arranged this great event, this great excursion for the lots sale?"

She looked up at me with wide and trusting eyes and added,

"I think you are perfectly wonderful."

My chest bulged with pride. I thought so too.

"When we get up there, may I stick along with you?" she asked.

"You surely may," I replied.

When we arrived every lot had already been sold with the exception of three which had been reserved for the finders of three lucky envelopes which the parachutist was to let fall from the sky.

As she and I walked along we came upon the parachutist who was dressed in spangled tights and was busy filling the balloon with hot air from a wood fire.

She stopped to admire the whole spectacle. Then she turned to me and said,

"*You* are not brave enough to go up in that thing."

"*Me* not brave enough," I scoffed. "Why I'm the man who invented that word bravery."

I did not think for a minute, of course, that the parachutist, Jewett, would let me take his place.

"Jewett," I said, "will you let me go up in that contrivance?"

"Sure, Mr. Harmon," he replied.

There was nothing for me to do then but to make the ascension instead of Jewett.

He laid a coat over the trapeze so it would not cut my legs, tied my hands to the ropes on both sides, put the release cord in my hand and said,

"Now, when I shoot a pistol you pull that cord. Ready?"

He released the balloon and up I shot. My heart was in my mouth. Up and up and up I went. I began to think that Jewett must have shot the pistol and that I had not heard it.

As a matter of fact in a balloon you can hear a rooster crow five thousand feet in the air and the click-click of a railroad train at ten thousand feet, but I did not yet know this, as this was my first time in the air.

Finally Jewett shot the pistol when he judged that I was up about one thousand feet. I pulled the cord and down with the parachute I went.

It seemed ages before the parachute opened. By that time everything that had been in my stomach was in my face. I began to feel better when the opening parachute slowed me up and I sailed on down merrily towards the ground. I landed in an apple tree, a little bruised, but that was all that happened to me.

The curly-headed girl rushed up and gave me a hug and a kiss.

I was the fourth man to come down in a parachute and I had made a good descent.

I asked the curly-headed girl her name.

"Mary," she said.

"Well, Mary, how about dinner in Scranton?"

And dinner in Scranton it was.

I was tired after the long day, but when I learned that she lived three miles out in the country, I hired a horse and buggy from a livery stable and drove her home.

"Have you ever been in New York?" I asked her.

"No, but I'd love to go."

"I've never been either," I said, "let's go together."

"All right."

We decided to meet in Wilkes-Barre and go to New York. She said she would tell her family she was going to visit friends in Wilkes-Barre.

This being settled, I said good night to her, wrapped the lines around the whip and went to sleep, letting the horse find his own way back to the livery stable.

Two days later I put two thousand dollars in my pocket and went to Wilkes-Barre to keep the appointment.

"We'll stay as long as our money lasts," I said as we got on the train for New York.

We took a suite of rooms at the St. James Hotel, at the corner of Twenty-Sixth Street and Broadway, hired a deep-sea-going hack for cruising purposes, drove up and down Broadway, Fifth Avenue and through Central Park which was filled with elegant barouches

HE TOLD YOU HOW TO *win* FRIENDS—*NOW* HE SHOWS YOU HOW TO *entertain* THEM!

DALE CARNEGIE himself, author of that famous best-seller "*How to Win Friends and Influence People*" gives you this brand new idea. It has all the elements needed to make a game exciting, yet by playing it you learn the keys to Carnegie's success-building philosophy . . . develop poise and personality . . . acquire the ability to talk on your feet.

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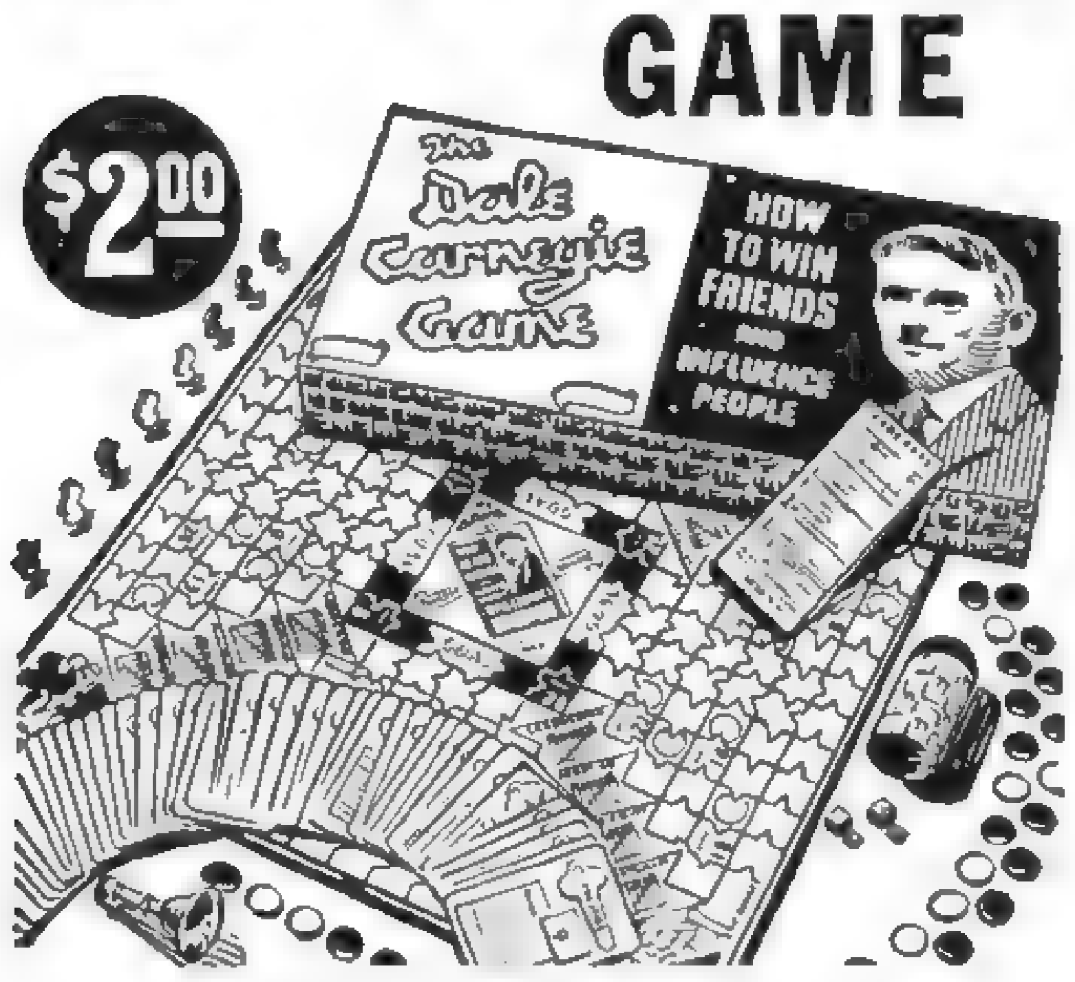

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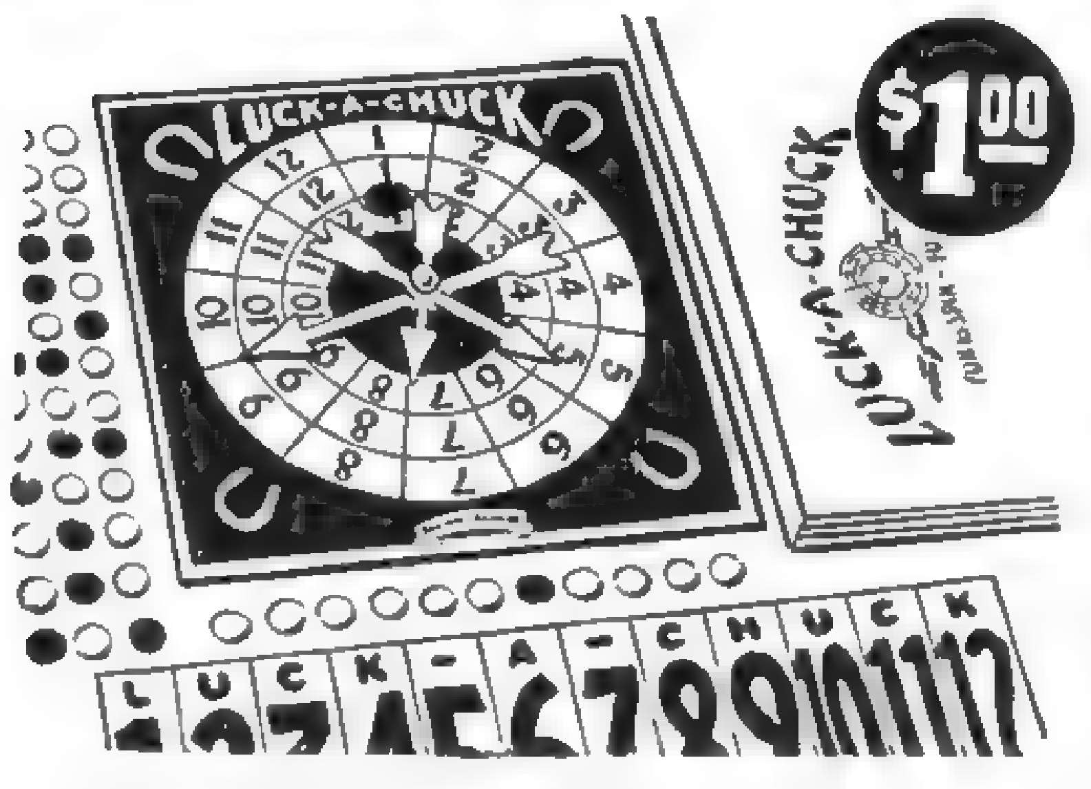

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and open and closed carriages drawn by well-matched horses.

Usually we dined at Muschenheim's where there was a table d'hôte dinner for $1.25.

Every day or so we counted our money and were surprised to see what a small dent we were making in it. It began to look as if we would have to spend the rest of our lives in New York, if we were to get rid of that two thousand dollars before we went back.

When we had been in New York ten days, Mary said,

"You know I think I'd better go home."

"I've got to get back to business myself," I replied.

That day the Brooklyn Handicap was being run, so we put aside enough money to cover our hotel bill and our expenses back and decided to put all the rest on one horse.

At the race track I saw Captain Sam Brown, a coal and steel magnate from Pittsburgh and a racing enthusiast whom I knew quite well.

"What's the best bet, Captain Brown?" I asked him.

"I like Judge Morrow pretty well," he replied, so I went over to the bookmaker and placed all the money, sixteen hundred dollars, on Judge Morrow.

When the horses came out on parade, Judge Morrow did not look much compared with some of the other entries. He was a little sway-backed sorrel and I didn't think he had a chance. Mentally I kissed my money good-bye.

I wanted to lose that money, but just the same my heart went up into my mouth.

When the horses set off, Judge Morrow broke away at once to the lead and was never caught up with. I won over fourteen thousand dollars.

From the bookmaker I bought two bags for fifty dollars apiece, shoved the money into them and went back to the hotel.

Dumped out on my bed it was a pretty big pile. I reached in for a couple of double hands full, emptied them into Mary's lap and said, "This belongs to you."

Mary gathered up her winnings and I took the rest to a bank where I bought a check on Pittsburgh. I told her I would be back at seven to take her to dinner.

When I returned she was parading up and down before the mirrors in a gorgeous red velvet gown with the longest train I have ever seen.

With it she was wearing a little felt hat. On her feet were her simple country shoes and cotton stockings.

"Aren't I beautiful?" she said.

"You surely are."

"You've always said," she went on, "that you couldn't take me to Delmonico's because I didn't have an evening dress, so I went to Fifth Avenue to Redfern's, and Mr. Redfern sold me this five-hundred-dollar gown for two hundred fifty dollars as it was a little off-season."

"It's beautiful," I said, "but take it off. I'm not going to take you to Delmonico's."

"Are you ashamed of me?" she asked, and began to cry.

"No, no, my dear, you don't understand," I said, trying to soothe her, "but I'm jealous. I don't want all those people to see my gorgeous Mary in such a wonderful gown. We shall have our little dinner right here, so I can admire you all by myself."

I took Mary back to Scranton and it was ten years before I saw her again. We met by chance in Scranton.

"Mary," I asked, "what ever did you do with that red velvet gown?"

"It has been the joy of my life," she replied, "when the folks go to church, I go over to the barn, put it on and parade up and down in the hayloft."

We were a sporty crowd in Pittsburgh. They used to say that each of us had a fast horse and a fast girl.

At any rate each of us had a "Saturday night girl." Mine was a manicurist. Every Saturday night I took her out behind my fastest horse to meet the crowd at Gus Titzer's roadhouse.

One night my manicurist begged off.

"I have been invited by one of my best customers this evening," she explained. "He always has his nails manicured twice a week and pays me five dollars each time. If I refuse him I am afraid I shall lose him."

So I went out with another Saturday night girl, and the manicurist came with a well-known doctor. The supper was gay. As usual after supper, the whole crowd raced back to town over a plank road that was known as "The Butcher's Run."

Coming down the plank road behind me was the doctor and he was constantly trying to pass me, but I kept ahead easily until the road was narrowed by a mortar bed about five feet high and twenty feet long which extended to the middle of the street. It was filled with the last coating for a house, the white or lime coating.

I was on the right side, and, as I slowed up at the mortar bed, the doctor tried to cut in ahead. His front wheel hit the corner of the mortar bed and both he and the girl were thrown into the middle of it.

We all pulled up and rushed to drag them out and hose them off, but they were very much burned and were taken to the hospital.

About two weeks later the doctor came to my office, his head all done up in bandages.

"I've come to demand satisfaction," he said, glaring out from his bandages.

"Let's see first whether that accident was my fault." I replied quietly.

Gradually I argued him into the realization that he caused the accident himself by trying to pass me when there was not room and I got him away with a fight.

It was not long after this that

Continued on page 252

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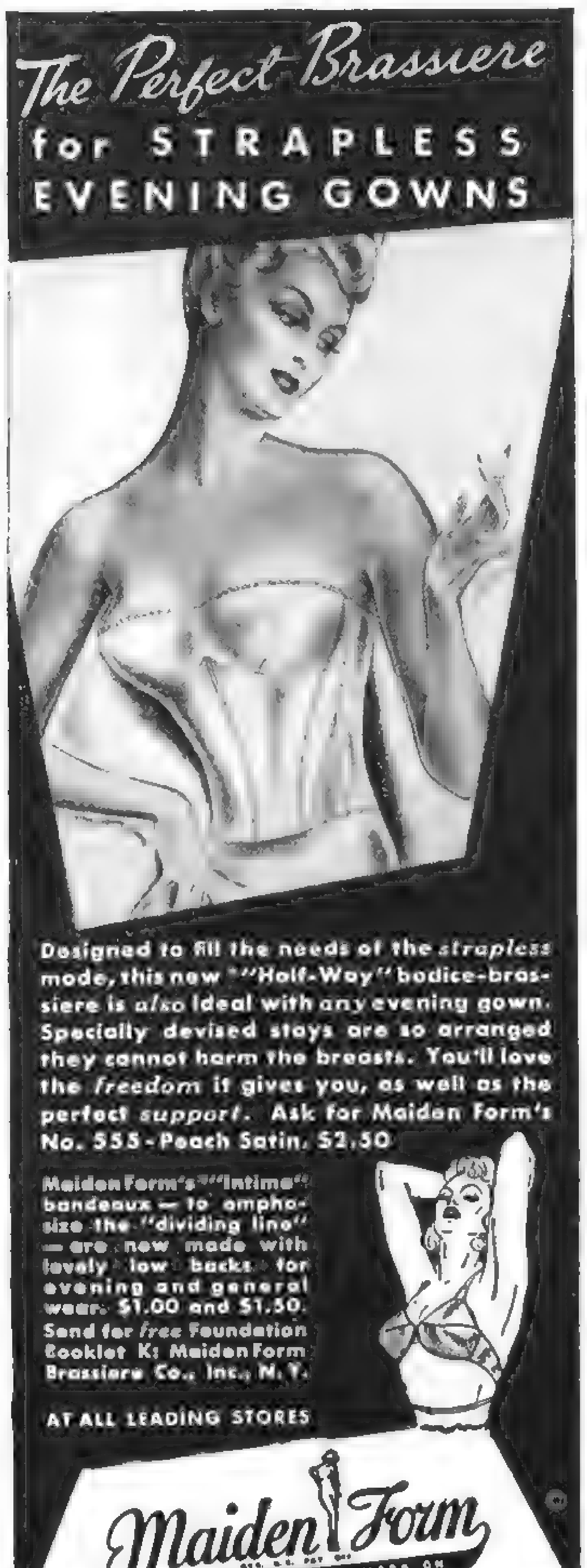

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Maiden Form's *"Intime" bandeaux — to emphasize the "dividing line" — are now made with lovely low backs for evening and general wear. $1.00 and $1.50. Send for *free* Foundation Booklet K: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., N. Y.

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES GIRDLES • "ONCE-OVERS"

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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

It Was Easy In Those Days

Continued from pages 54-245-247-249-251

I had an accident myself. I had just matched up a pair of horses. You could hardly tell one from the other, and they were the admiration of everybody when I drove them out on Sunday mornings to the fashionable East End.

One Sunday morning, I put on my box-coat, hitched my team to my new one-man Brewster buggy and started out to the East End with my long whip almost touching the horses' ears. With this outfit I was the last word.

On the way to the East End the road lay over Soho Hill, not a very good neighborhood. That day as I started up the hill, a woman ran screaming from a house with an enraged man behind her; and as I came up to them he caught her, struck her violently and knocked her into the street.

I forgot where I was, I could only see that woman falling under the brute's blows, and jumped over the wheel. Letting my horses go, I seized him, he struck back and, as he was a big, husky fellow, I had a hard struggle downing him.

Meanwhile my horses ran away up the hill, smashed the buggy and were never the same afterwards.

But I knew nothing of all this. The first thing I knew I awoke in a hospital with a terrible headache.

"You had rolled over your man," I was told, "when his wife picked herself up, seized a cobblestone and hit you on the back of the head putting you out of business."

I resolved never to interfere again in another man's family quarrels.

I belonged to a carefree crowd. We were all members of the Union League Club. I had been living in a hotel downtown, but I decided that I wanted a house of my own in a fashionable quarter. So I rented a very nice house at the corner of Merchant Street and Shady Avenue. As it had a big stable attached it was just right for me.

After living in this house for some time, I decided that it was not furnished well enough for my pocketbook, so I went to the best furniture store in Pittsburgh and got an estimate on what it would cost to furnish it adequately. Their estimate seemed at first high, but when they showed me the mahogany and silk draperies they were to furnish it with, I agreed.

Finally the house was refurnished, and I sent invitations to all my friends in the Union League for a housewarming.

I wanted to impress my friends with my liberality, so I bought a great deal of champagne and all through the house there were tubs of ice filled with champagne bottles.

There was also plenty of whisky and the crowd of sixty that turned up drank freely of both during the dinner which lasted until eleven o'clock. By that time we were all plastered and looking around for something to spend our energies on.

I remember a few of the things that happened. In the drawing-room hung a crystal chandelier, which tinkled as the swaying guests plunged about the room.

"Ball-bearing chandelier," one of my guests cried, and jumping up, began to swing on it.

A second jumped and, seizing the other side of the chandelier, started them swinging from side to side, the crystals tinkling wildly.

"Hold on there," cried a third, rushing in from the next room, "I can bring it down."

He threw himself upon them and down came all three with the chandelier on top of them.

In the scramble they knocked over some kerosene lamps, and, to put them out, threw them in the fireplace. The blaze that sprung from the fireplace caught the draperies and everybody rushed to tear down the draperies and throw them out of the window, but dropped the burning ones on the rugs.

In the midst of the excitement, I heard someone crying from the upper floor,

"Here, this punch bowl is empty."

The punch bowl came rolling down the hardwood stairs and smashed at the bottom, the pieces flying in all directions.

In the hall a gang were shooting one another with champagne corks, letting the full bottles roll over and empty on the floor. Others were emptying other bottles of champagne into the billiard table "to make a lake." From the bathroom were cries of joy, "I've never had a chance to have a champagne bath before." Two of my guests were pouring champagne over a third who was standing, drunk and gesticulating, in the bathtub.

Gradually the hubbub died down and I ordered out several vehicles to take my guests home. I took my own best team and, after delivering two of my guests at their homes, I stopped with my remaining guest, Charley Melick, at a night restaurant. But, as the night was cold and I was afraid my horses would be chilled, I asked Melick to go and get some supper for us, while I walked the horses up and down. As he did not come out as soon as I expected, I asked someone to hold the horses and took a look inside. He was sitting comfortably, eating and just ordering some ham and eggs.

"I'll be out soon," he called to me.

When he did not come at the end of fifteen minutes, I started to drive home, but, just then he came out and ran after me.

"Nice trick to leave me stranded," he growled, as he climbed in.

"Do you think I am your coach-

It's a GANTNER

GIVE someone else (or yourself) the smartest sports coat of the season . . a *Sportjack*, by the makers of Gantner WIKIES! British diagonals in solid tones or heather mixtures. Sturdy yet soft! Wrinkle-defying!

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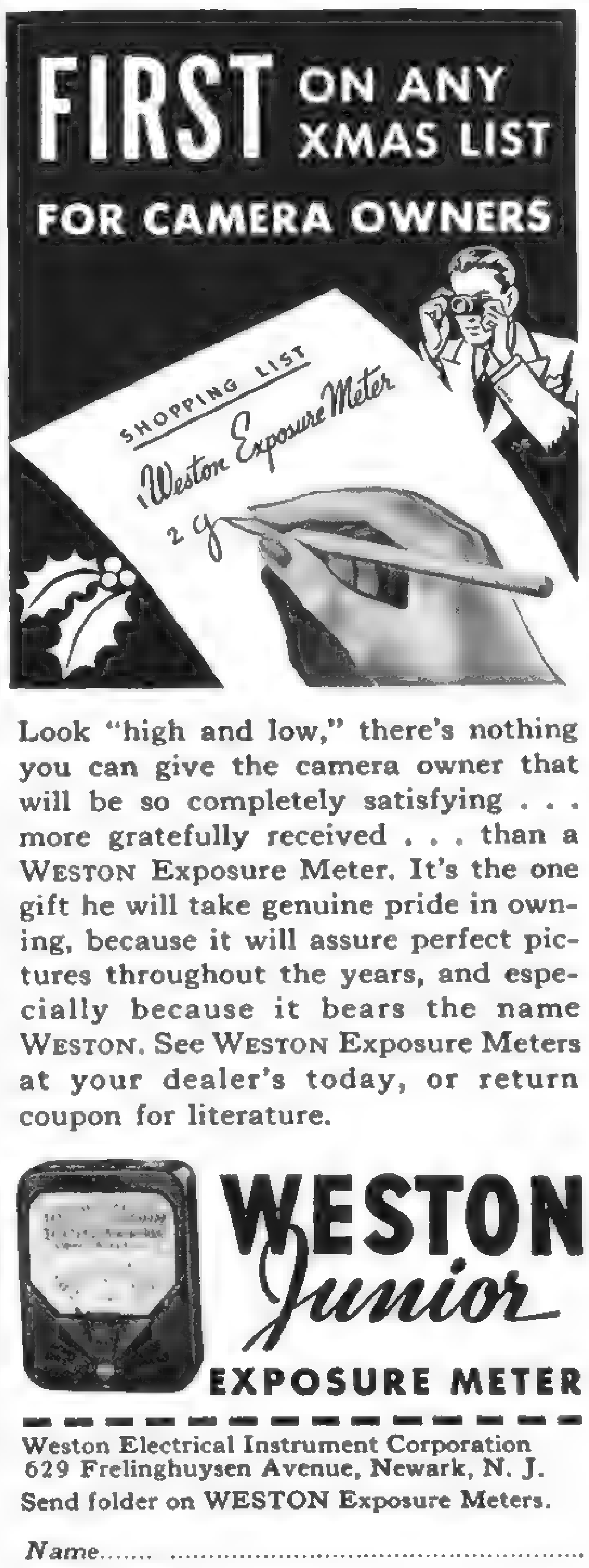

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man?" I asked him questioningly.

He brooded over that for a while, until we had reached the Court House.

"If I thought you meant that," he said, "I wouldn't drive another step with you."

My anger boiled over. I pulled him out of the seat and kicked him out of the buggy in front of the Court House and drove on back to the total wreck on Shady Avenue.

I did not see Melick again for years.

The next time I saw him he was running a railroad in Mexico.

The house was a mess. I figured it would cost me as much to clean it up and make it habitable as to refurnish it again. So I sent all the furniture into storage, insured it for ten thousand dollars, and forgot about it. The insurance policy ran out and the storage house burned down, but one piece of furniture was saved and delivered to me: a mahogany table, the top scratched and ruined by someone who had tried to dance a jig on it the night of my housewarming. ###

Selecting the Proper Gun

Continued from page 115

one-fourth-inch castoff.

A skeet gun can be made to serve for upland bird shooting though not ideal; likewise, the trap gun might, in a pinch, do for duck shooting although not perfect. Guns for upland game should be lighter than guns for trap, skeet, and duck shooting. Trap and skeet guns, particularly, should be ordered with two sights, a small one in the center and a larger one at the muzzle. Rib must be reasonably high and beaded to prevent glare.

If the sportsman is partial to repeating or automatic shotguns, he can arrange to have the action hand-honed, the gun engraved in accordance with his wishes, and stocked to his requirements, but refinements permissible in double guns cannot be fully duplicated in automatic and repeating shotguns.

American firms produce custom-built rifles and pistols as well as shotguns. Suppose, for example, the sportsman desires a highly efficient, .22-caliber, sporting rifle. Such an arm, made to his exact specifications, can be furnished by Marshall Field, Abercrombie & Fitch, Griffin & Howe, R. F. Sedgley, Inc., National Target and Supply Co., Niedner Rifle Corporation, and others, and, of course, the custom departments of the big firms like Winchester, Remington, and Savage produce rifles to individual specifications.

Our finest, commercial, .22-caliber, hunting arm is the superb Winchester 52 sporting rifle, built on a new action designed especially for use with the hunting type telescope sight. It is a medium weight —7¼ pounds—de luxe model with a surprisingly accurate barrel. Balanced to perfection and stocked as well as a custom-built shotgun, this rifle is the choice of informed sportsmen—admittedly an outstanding arm. If the standard stock does not fit the shooter, it is a simple matter to have a special one built to individual requirements.

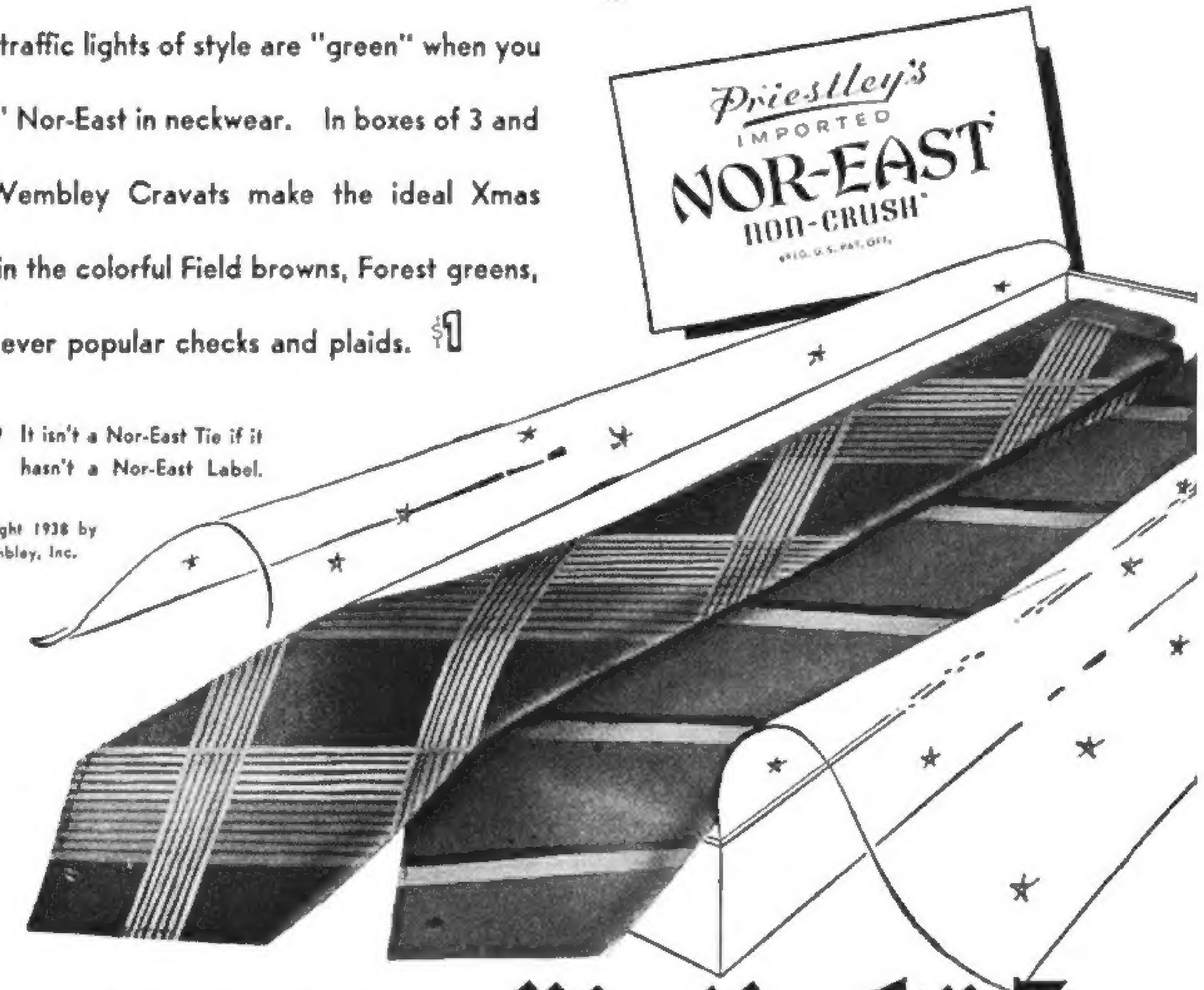
If perchance the sportsman desires to take up small-bore target shooting, he should countenance nothing short of the best equipment that money will buy; otherwise, he will be hopelessly outclassed by his more fortunate competitors. Small bore-match shooting calls for a strictly modern, heavy barrel, super-accurate rifle stocked especially for prone shooting, fitted with a micrometer receiver rear sight and globe front sight with aperture inserts, and, of course, equipped with blocks for target type scope mounts. A wide sling is essential.

There are only two commercial rifles produced in the United States at this time that exactly fill the bill: Remington Model 37 *Rangemaster* and the heavy barrel 1937 pattern of the Winchester Model 52, the latter furnished with two types of excellent target stocks, the *Marksman*, which is preferable, and the smaller target stock. Here again the special stocker may be called upon to produce a stock to the shooter's measurements if the standard article cannot be altered to fit him. Engraving to choice may be specified, but is rarely seen on target rifles.

In the high-power, bolt-action field, there is but one rifle produced commercially in this country that has a strong appeal to discriminating sportsmen and that is the Super Grade Winchester Model 70. It is the last word in top-notch, commercial, bolt-action arms. Truly, Winchester did a bang-up job of designing and manufacturing on the Model 70, target patterns as well as sporting. An excellent sporting arm can be produced by our custom gunmakers on the latest type Mauser speed actions, stocked, engraved and sighted to the purchaser's order, and chambered for any of our splendid hunting cartridges. Those who prefer lever-action rifles have a larger variety from which to choose: Winchester Models 64 and 71 and the Savage Models 99-R, RS, EG, and T. All of the above high-power rifles are fitted with excellent stocks for the sportsman of average physical conformity but may require alteration to fit the individual or be replaced by a custom-built stock to his specifications. Special ornamentation is always preferred on sporting rifles.

If the sportsman is interested in long-range target shooting, he could not possibly do better than to choose a Winchester Model 70 in the .300 H.&H. Magnum caliber in one of the three Winchester target patterns: National Match, Target Model, or Bull Gun, weighing about 9½, 10½, and 13¼ pounds, respectively. These guns are the last word in big bore target

Continued on page 254



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Wembley Cravats

The traffic lights of style are "green" when you "go" Nor-East in neckwear. In boxes of 3 and 6, Wembley Cravats make the ideal Xmas gift in the colorful Field browns, Forest greens, and ever popular checks and plaids. $1

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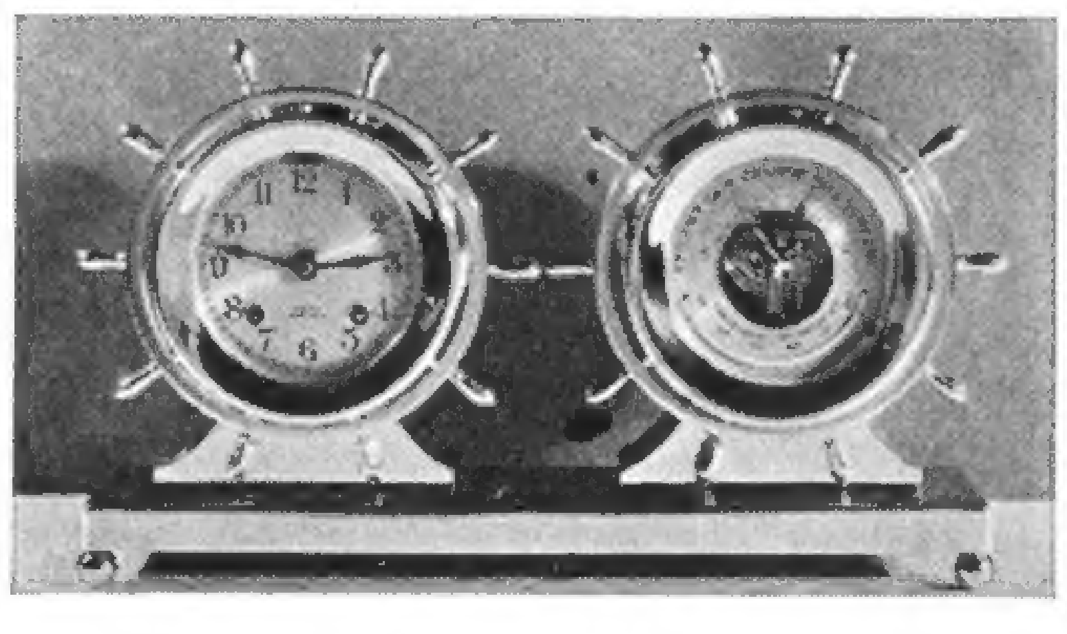

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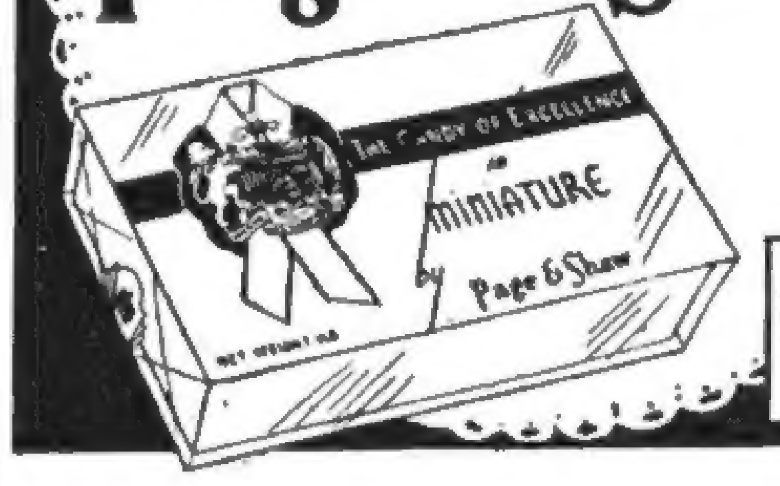

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At the Plaza, Waldorf, Savoy—wherever style counts, you'll see these streamlined patent leathers with grosgraine silk tops. Light and flexible as an old slipper. They're nailless Osteo-path-iks—need no breaking in—and offer superb quality at

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See your dealer! If unobtainable, then order direct from Osteo-path-ik, Belgium, Wisconsin. Cash, money order or C.O.D. State size and width. 5 to 13 AAA to E. Midnight Blue: Satisfaction guaranteed. Also in black, all patent leather.

Allen Edmonds

WHEN THE HAIR GOES YOUTH GOES WITH IT

COMPARE THE TWO PHOTOS

THE artist has painted out the hair and retouched the head in one photo. Otherwise it is exactly like the other. These pictures illustrate how hair plays such an important part in preserving youth. It should be an object lesson for you not to neglect your hair.

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The wise man begins early in life to take care of his hair. Science cannot grow hair on a bald head. Itching scalp and dandruff are often forerunners of early baldness. That's where your care should begin. Correct itching scalp—fight dandruff.

TRY Lucky Tiger

The QUICK-ACTION DANDRUFF REMOVER

Lucky Tiger does a quick and effective job in removing loose dandruff, checking excessive falling hair and stopping that miserable itching. Lucky Tiger corrects scalp irritations and beautifies the hair.

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Get Lucky Tiger at drug stores or your favorite 10¢ store. Or ask your barber for a professional application.

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An amazing NEW KIND of desk *Writing Set!* How grand to never again have a dry pen; NO MORE MESSY FILLING! FOUNT-O-INK has an AUTOMATIC supply bottle that feeds ink to the pen which ACTUALLY fills itself. Thrilling to use! Makes writing a pleasure.

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FOUNT-O-INK *Writing* SETS

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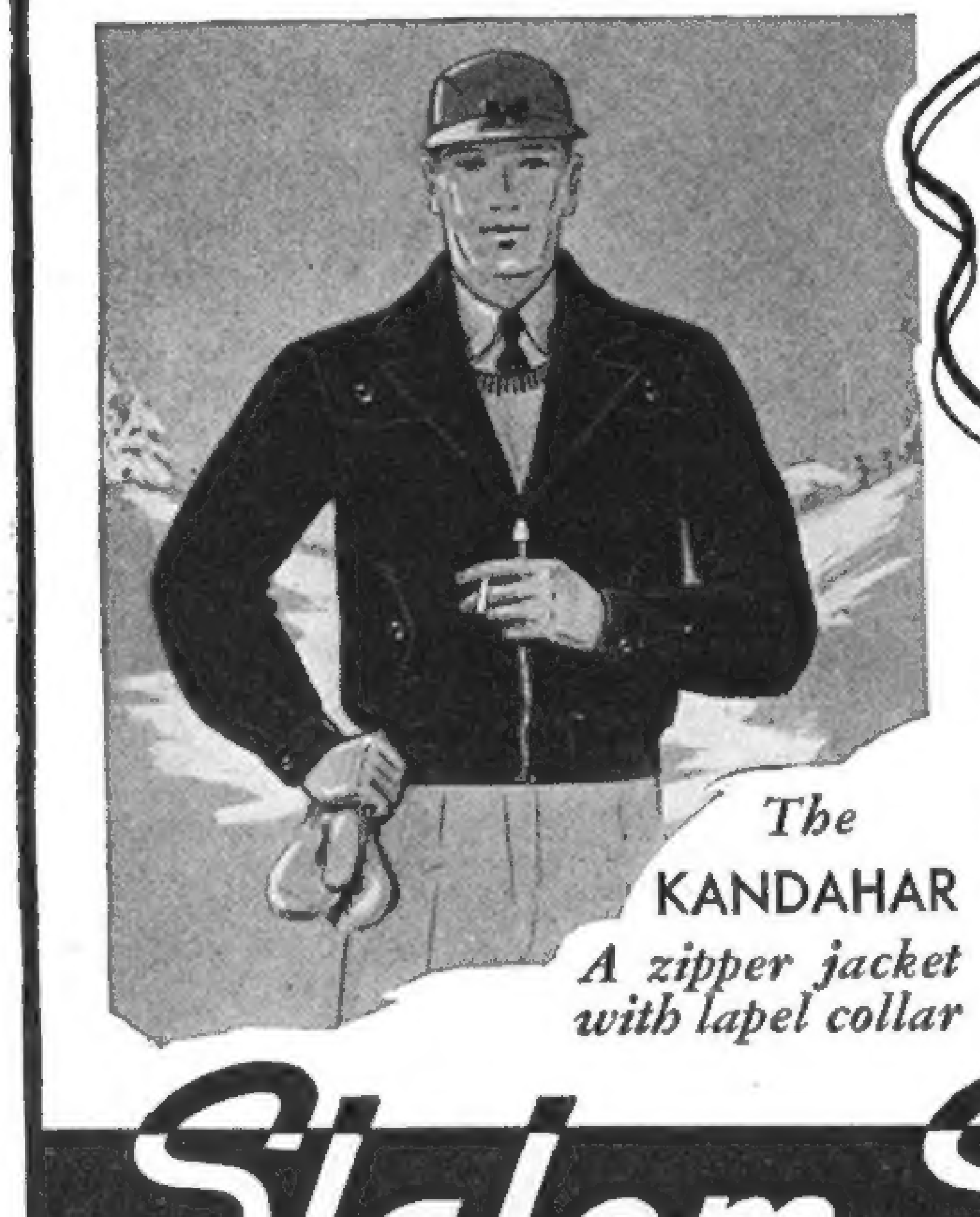

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There are no fussier sportsmen than these skiers. It's therefore a compliment that so many of them will wear nothing but "Slalom." The KANDAHAR jacket meets instant approval. A smart weatherproof of Burton's Poplin in Navy, Sand, Natural, or Gray. $9.50 at better stores everywhere. Folder and name of nearest dealer on request.

B. F. MOORE & CO., NEWPORT, VERMONT

The KANDAHAR
A zipper jacket with lapel collar

Slalom Ski Wear

Selecting the Proper Gun

Continued from pages 115-253

rifles; they usually "bring home the bacon" at the big matches. For shooting at 1,000 yards, no other caliber can remotely approach the .300 H.&H. Magnum, which has won all the 1,000-yard events at the National Matches for three consecutive seasons. Here again the sportsman may require that the stock either be altered or replaced by a handmade stock to his individual specifications and he may even demand something more ornate than the standard product. Actions and barrels of these M/70 target rifles have never been surpassed, and the heavy stock is almost ideal for the man of average physical build.

Individuality can be added to the standard sporting rifles through the medium of engraving, which may be just enough to take away the plain appearance of the arm, consisting of neat London scroll on floor plate, trigger guard, pistol grip cap, screw heads, sling swivel, sights, on the muzzle just back of ramp, on rear part of the barrel, and on the receiver; or ornamentation may be more elaborate, such as gold, ivory, or platinum inlay, including the name or monogram of the owner. All the major arms manufacturers and custom gunmakers can be depended upon to carry out the most exacting specifications of ornamentation, or the arm may be sent to R. J. Kornbrath, Hartford, Connecticut, who probably is America's most noted firearm engraver.

* * *

Discriminating pistol shooters have a very limited number of weapons from which to choose. Small-bore target arms include the Colt Officer's Target Model revolver with heavy barrel, Colt Camp Perry Target Model, a single-shot arm, the Colt *Woodsman* Automatic, and the Smith & Wesson Model K-22, all chambered for the .22-caliber Long Rifle rim-fire cartridge, and all with 6-inch barrels except the *Woodsman*, which has a 6½-inch barrel, and the Camp Perry Model, which is furnished with an 8-inch barrel. The Colt guns seem to fit a large hand better than the Smith & Wesson, which are made with smaller grips. Few arms can boast as fine a finish as the Smith & Wesson. The accuracy of one brand is as high as the other, unsurpassed anywhere on earth.

The most accurate revolver cartridges are the Colt .38 Special and the .38 Smith & Wesson Special, which are identical except in name. This caliber is the favorite with pistol shooters generally, and hand arms chambered for this highly developed cartridge are produced in greater numbers than any other. In the Colt line, the .38 Special Colt Officer's Target Model with heavy barrel is a darb. Companion arm in the competitive make is the Smith & Wesson Military and Police Target revolver, a "honey" in any language. Six-inch barrels appear to be favorites with veteran target shooters although a number of 7½- and 8-inch barrels are seen. The shorter barrel balances better.

In the .45 Colt Automatic caliber, target shooters have only one selection, the Colt Automatic .45 caliber, National Match Grade, a hand-finished version of the Standard grade. Special efforts have been exerted to produce the smoothest action possible in this type of gun, and the arm is much finer than the regular product. Few persons realize that the .45 Colt Automatic pistol is a remarkably accurate arm; given good ammunition, many Colt Automatic pistols will make 2-inch groups, or better, at 50 yards, shot from machine rest, and select barrels will often make such groups at 75 yards under like conditions. Incidentally, in actual shooting, the best scores are usually made with arms chambered for the .22 Long Rifle cartridge, then comes the .38 Special, and finally, the .45 Automatic, which is the most difficult of all handguns to shoot accurately and constitutes the acid test of pistol marksmanship.

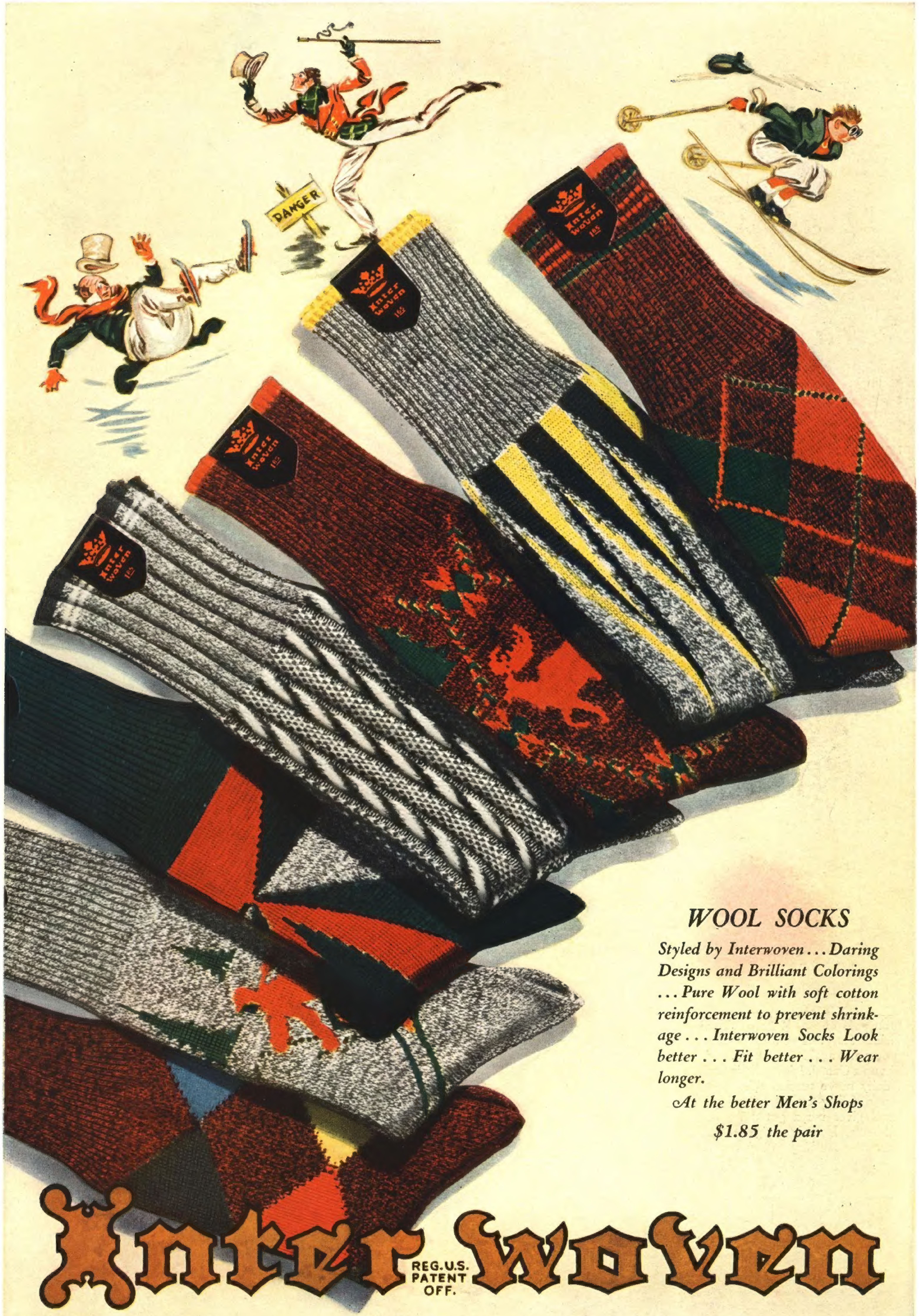
In the case of pocket guns, the barrel must be no longer than 4 inches, a shorter one being preferable, and sights should be of the stationary variety. Tops in this type of weapon include the Colt Official Police Revolver, Colt Police Positive Special, Colt Detective Special, Smith & Wesson Military & Police Revolver, and the Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum Revolver. The arms should be chambered for the .38 Special cartridge as anything less powerful is lacking in stopping power, and an even more effective cartridge may be desired.

Guns to be carried in a shoulder holster, or in a scabbard on a belt, or to be kept in the bureau drawer would have longer barrels, possibly be of larger caliber, and weigh more.

Individuality can be added to any of these handguns through the medium of hand-honed triggers, special grips, unique engraving, or in the matter of sights. Extra weight is often desired in target arms and this is obtained by adding either a heavy barrel rib or by wrapping lead around the barrel.

Partridge-type sights are best for target shooting and, strange as it may seem, the square notch in the rear sight and the square-faced, post-type front sight must be rather wide for greatest accuracy under varying light conditions.

The secrets of success in rifle and pistol shooting are correct trigger squeeze, ability to hold like a rock, good eyesight, and the rare knack of accurately judging the mirage, wind, and light. This may not sound difficult to the uninitiated, but try and do it. If you can qualify in these respects, you may become an expert marksman; if you stub your toe—oh, well, the dubs have the most fun anyway, and that's not hokum! ⧺



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Your tired nerves need frequent relief

SCOTTIE

Known variously in early Scottish history as Skye terrier, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier, although that dog bore no resemblance to Skyes and Cairns of today. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport.

He's giving his nerves a rest . . .

and so is he

LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs are kinder to their nerves than we are. They rest when they need rest . . . while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up with the fast pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Camels are *so mild*, a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's mild tobaccos *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise "Let up . . . *light up a Camel*"

RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals an "inside" story. "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. It's the little breaks in daily nerve tension that help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

DID YOU KNOW:

—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild, ripe, fragrant tobaccos. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic.

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LET UP—*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves